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A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 358.

Good Intentions.

I stole their goods to do them good,
To make them whole I sucked their blood;
I would restore it if I could,
But, as I can't, I am their god
And give them just a little food,
Or park, if I'm in generous mood.
I speak to those who are not rude,
Reprove the atheist and the lewd,
Put down the painting from the nude,
Sneer at the follies of the dude,
Am lenient, unless intrude
Free speech and all its hellish brood.
I give the priest a stole, a hood,
I stole to do the people good.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

The Essential Spirit of Reform.

1

The strong repugnance with which the suggestion of social reform is often met is strangely out of accord with the spirit of the age. The field of possible development in the arts and sciences generally still spreads to an indefinable horizon, and no one dare assert that the highest stage is even approximated. The continents of the earth are still undergoing changes; at some points the shores of great oceans steadily sinking, at other points rising; great geological changes are known to be constantly under way in the interior of the earth as well as on its surface. Despite the most strenuous efforts of conservatism views of religion even are unquestionably varying, and new phases of thought daily presented for consideration are daily finding more extended acceptance. What warrant can there be for the assumption that social organization alone has reached the ultimate point, and with this of all things humanity is to rest content? Is its present form so manifestly perfect that it leaves nothing to be desired? How can any fold their hands in peace while the eyes and ears of the most fortunate as how conceived are assailed on every hand by evidences of the distress of their fellows making happiness impossible to any, and the measure of happiness attainable exactly graduated by the degree of insensibility to the sufferings of others? The situation is admittedly perilous in the extreme and ominous of trouble to come. Let those who find it possible to close their eyes and ears still do so; but no candid observer denies the constant coincidence of the highest civilization with the most abject destitution and degradation. To a great proportion of the laboring class a life of incessant toil yields no other result than an old age of dependent mendicancy; millions are so entirely uneducated

as to be cut off from every intellectual enjoyment; the horses of the one class are stabled more comfortably than the wives and children of the other class are housed; in the largest and wealthiest cities the poor are so crowded and huddled together that in countless instances all the members of a family herd in a single room.

In the so-called lower stages of society—savagery and barbarism—there are squalor and destitution, but where these exist they are features of the common lot. If any suffer, all suffer; such provision of food and shelter as any have is shared with others. In civilized countries alone do men, women, and children starve under the shadow of stores overflowing with food, are naked amid unlimited supplies of clothing, are exposed to the harshness of the elements with means of shelter in abundance. Admit that civilization affords amelioration for many evils, yet how far the relief falls short of the demand, and how many evils are created by the higher civilization unknown to less advanced conditions of society. Is the remedy then a return to savagery and barbarism? By no means. But civilization is not what it is assumed to be, if in the constant rearrangement of conditions there is not preserved as large a share as possible of all that works for the happiness of every section of the community. Progress is not what it is assumed to be, if in its development there is not carried on from stage to stage as much as possible of the phases of society from time to time left behind that work for the general good, allowing to drop away only those features that are useless and detrimental.

Bald cannibalism is revolting in the extreme to civilized man, but the theory of existing society is far more horrible than the mere killing of human beings and using their mortal bodies as meat. The present social order meets millions of infants at the threshold of life with a death warrant to be executed by tortures extending thru every instant of their existence on earth, and these tortures inflicted only that others may revel in enormous excess, superfluity so great that scarcely anything is more certain of munificent reward than the invention of some new device for the gratification of the sated rich, some novelty for the entertainment of those to whom the power to command every form of indulgence has brought nothing but weariness, some feature of unique or supremely magnificent display by which one set of the dominating class may outdo all previous undertakings of others. The use

of these strong expressions is not intended to imply individual condemnation of the apparent beneficiaries of the conditions under which we live, but only as a feeble attempt to characterize the condition of things, a system under which all suffer, in different ways but in scarcely differing degrees.

Social reform aims at an amendment of conditions which would benefit all alike, notwithstanding it is frequently stigmatized as a scheme of spoliation, having really nothing in view but to take from those who have for the purpose of giving to those who have not. The adverse discussion of this subject is in fact constantly marked by willing ignorance and careless misrepresentation, in a degree highly exasperating to the intelligent student and greatly obstructing the effort to obtain light upon it. It is so much easier to assume an understanding of the position of an opponent than to expend the effort necessary to really comprehend him, that controversy degenerates into a fruitless multiplication of words. The desire for change in the social order is generally asserted to spring from the idle, the incapable, the ignorant, the envious, and the incorrigibly vicious, and the inference is constantly held out that all who have attained to any degree of prosperity under existing conditions naturally array themselves in opposition thereto. It is a fact open even to casual observation that social reform counts among its adherents men and women from every rank in life, by no means notably from the lower ranks, rather the contrary; men of great wealth and high social position have been at all times and are today found among the advocates of radical reforms; men of distinguished abilities in business and professional pursuits have devoted much time and means to efforts in this direction, and such men are heartily enlisted in the cause of reform today; men of the highest scientific attainments are associated with men in the front rank of literature as exponents of advanced views; the most cogent arguments of reformers are couched in language admittedly standard; while men of exalted rank in aristocratical countries, and of ecclesiastical rank in other countries, have laid aside all the advantages pertaining to such position to become apostles of the most obnoxious because most maligned theories. But there is no novelty in this to those who recall the early phases of the French Revolution, in which wealth, rank, and special privileges of every kind were enthusiastically cast away for the general good. So far from

ignorance being a peculiar feature of the advocacy of reform, the criticism of its measures is largely marked by an utter confusion of ideas, especially shown in the indiscriminate use of terms applicable to diametrically opposed theories. Those who cherish the idea that reform is but a synonym for spoliation class all projects together, viewing with equal repulsion the mildest attempt at cooperative distribution and the wildest suggestion of violent upheaval with social chaos as an apparent end; the idea of reform in any shape or need of reform is wholly incomprehensible.

The feature that differentiates what is now known as civilized society from other forms of association among human beings is the accumulation of property, and property understood in a widely different sense from that in which it is understood in every other order. Property in the most highly-organized society is rarely that which a man has himself produced, it is only to a very limited extent goods of any character used in exchange with others, nor does it consist of the things by which he is immediately surrounded which are the source of gratification to his eyes or his intellectual tastes, or minister to his daily wants. The supreme object of civilized man is to acquire possession of or to create some means of laying tribute upon his fellows, that he and his descendants may be enabled to draw from day to day constantly-renewed stores of food, clothing and other necessary supplies, without themselves being required to labor in their production; that they may live at ease and in distinction as the possessors of this tribute-laying power. All know that the necessities of life can be stored up for but a short time comparatively, subject as they are to deterioration, the attacks of the elements and of vermin, so that all the principal wants of humanity demand supply from day to day from fresh products of human labor. These cannot be stored up and accumulated for a term of years without loss, much less for generations, but the present order recognizes the acquiring of power to levy tribute upon all coming generations of toilers, which may be held securely as long as existing conditions continue. This is done by securing control of something necessary to existence, or some appliance of highly organized society which people by long use have become accustomed to consider necessary, and to obtain the use of which others must give up tribute from the fruit of their toil to compensate the controller, such tribute taking the form of rent, interest, or dividend-contributing labor.

It may be considered a tenable proposition in morals, theoretically admitted even by upholders of property, that every man and woman in the world owes to those about him (or her) the duty of contributing something according to ability to the general welfare, in return for his or her maintenance from the general store. This proposition rests entirely in theory, as present conditions in practise foster the idea that a considerable class owe nothing to their fellows, but may righteously demand of them support in ease and luxury, and that their children and children's children shall be maintained thruout coming generations in the same manner. Much argument is based upon the assumption that accumulated wealth repre-

sents a laboriously-acquired reward for services rendered to humanity, but all know that in a majority of instances this is no more than a legal fiction, that much of the tribute-laying power in which wealth essentially consists has been acquired by lucky strokes, astuteness, or sheer fraud. There is in truth little criticism upon the holding of property which actually connects itself with the individual; it is artificial property only that finds condemnation. Scarce any, however extreme their views, would disturb anyone in the possessions by which he is immediately surrounded, no matter how luxurious they may be, provided only the possessor maintains himself by his own industry, energy, and individual skill. Nor would any find occasion to restrict the distribution of such an estate among the descendants of such an owner or possessor. It is the tribute-laying power alone that arouses resentment, the holding what others have use for merely for the purpose of extorting a share of their labor or its fruits. This it is that gives rise to poverty, misery, degradation, and crime.

In the state called savagery, and to some extent under barbarism, men are measurably free. Hunting, fishing, unrestricted access to the wild fruits of the earth and to natural pasturage for his few domesticated animals, assure to man subsistence under normal circumstances. Civilized man, awakened as he reaches maturity to the necessity of providing for his own wants, finds all nature appropriated; those who have preceded him in existence have not only secured possession of that which they require for their immediate use, but have added the control of resources of all kinds that others and coming generations must have as a means of living. In our own country, with thousands of acres readily accessible still untitled, unoccupied in any way, no part of this vast tract is available to man free of tribute, every acre being covered by a paper title sustained by usages and customs in the forming of which he has had no part. Civilized man is obliged to ask of his fellow the privilege of access to the great storehouse of nature, even where its resources are totally unused, and for this privilege must be for some portion of every day, for days and weeks in every year, virtually a slave to someone who began to live a little earlier, or to the heir of someone preexistent. Not only his constantly pressing necessities but penal laws force him to seek a master, for without employment, in default of other conventional means of exchange, he becomes a vagrant, and is liable to arrest, confinement, and compulsory degrading labor.

The right of subsistence is indeed more fully protected, the right of absorption and control of resources less fully recognized, under forms of government falling short of those considered most perfect, than in highly civilized communities. On the occasion of the temporary occupation of Afghanistan by British troops some years ago, the demand for food supplies and expenditures for labor in connection with the presence of non-producing military forces gave opportunity for traders to reap where they had not sown by advancing prices for such stores. The inhabitants appealed to the native authorities, and the shah, moved for his people, and

in accordance with the immemorial custom of the country, commanded the traders to reduce their demands to meet the necessities of the people. The traders in turn appealed to the British, and the appeal in this quarter was sustained, the invaders maintaining fully the right of the merchants to avail of the opportunity for extortion in accordance with the distinctly commercial idea of civilization. Is it to be wondered at that the people shortly rose and drove out the British? So it is reported by Mr. Hawthorne that the existing * famine in India does not arise from actual scarcity of grain, of which he asserts there is abundance for all, and that it would simply result in commercial chaos to add to the stock in the country. But civilized government knows of no way to regulate the demands of the traders who control the supply, so that the abundance may be brought within reach of the people.

ALDEN S. HULING.

(To be continued.)

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New York's Amazing Law.

The General Assembly of New York seems to have gone a bowshot beyond the legislatures of all other States in fool-legislation aimed at Anarchists, ostensibly, but in reality at one of the most cherished rights of American citizens. It passed and the governor last week signed a bill that imposes a fine not more than \$5,000 and imprisonment for a term not to exceed ten years, upon anyone advocating Anarchistic doctrines by speech, writing or otherwise; a fine of \$2,000 and two years' imprisonment, upon any publisher who issues Anarchistic literature, and a like punishment upon any agent, owner or occupant of a house who permits an Anarchist to live in it. In short, the law declares that mere expression of belief in a political creed makes a criminal of a man.

We know of no law more outrageous and vicious in principle—more un-American, and more dangerous as a precedent. An Anarchist is merely a person who does not believe that there should be any such thing as a government. He may not by any means believe that resort should be had to violence to destroy government. Not all Anarchists do so believe. And yet, under the provisions of this bill any man who should say that he believes mankind would be happier if all government were abolished would be liable to ten years' imprisonment, and any man who should allow him to sleep under his roof would be liable to two years' imprisonment. We know of nothing better calculated to make converts to the Anarchistic creed, or to inculcate a belief in the innate iniquity of government, than such a tyrannical and inhuman law.

That it flies in the face of the United States Constitution is neither here nor there. The man convicted under it would probably find himself ruined in purse before he could get the unconstitutionality of it determined, if he should get it determined at all. But apart from that, it marks a departure from the right and robust Americanism of the fathers that must be a source of uneasiness to every patriotic citizen.

According to the theory upon which this

* This article was written several years ago.

republic was founded, the Anarchist has the same right to advocate the abolition of all law or government, so long as he keeps clear of violence or a conspiracy to commit violence, that the Democrat has to advocate election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, or that a Republican has to advocate a protective tariff. That is a sound and healthy theory and no democracy can perpetuate itself that is based upon any other, for the moment that mere belief is made a crime, a club is made ready to the hand of the despot. It is this theory that the New York law and the bill now before congress transgresses. And the constitutional convention of this State, before it finally adjourns, should make it impossible for any future legislature of this State to make any such assault upon the right of Virginians to free speech and a free press.—*Virginian-Pilot*, Norfolk, Va., April 7, 1902.

Echoes from Europe.

A Spanish republican paper, *El Pais*, says: "The general strike seemed to be a dream; but it is no more so since the first attempt in Barcelona. Under more favorable circumstances, more careful preparations, the general strike will become a reality. The Social Democrats, who pointed to the fruitless attempts made in Barcelona, Gijon, Coruna, and Seville in the past, and therefore condemned the general strike as utterly futile, have so to say lost their case since the late instance in Barcelona. They say that nothing practical was gained; but to give such assertions greater credence, they must first prove that to arouse and spur the selfish, indifferent, and indolent means nothing practical. And in this respect the workers of Barcelona have certainly done more in seven days than the Social Democrats in seven years. In consequence of the late event the whole world,—thinkers, workers, exploiters, rulers, and subjects—all are busy discussing the social problem. The hard-hearted rich, with their buttoned pockets, have become more anxious than they ever were thru all the sermons of their priests."

The *Imparcial*, a liberal monarchical daily, cunningly advises the government to emulate the French and German governments, which have been able to split and paralyze the workingmen's movement thru men like Jaures, Millerand, Liebknecht, and Bebel. "But this trick is no novelty to the Spanish government," remarks *Neues Leben*. "Iglesias, the Socialist leader, has long since been a favorite with the government, and has not been forsaken. The ministry of agriculture contemplates establishing a bureau for social problems, and Iglesias is named as the prospective director."

It is significant that, while nearly all Spanish daily papers designate Iglesias' attitude toward the strikers as treacherous, and the English trades unions and French Social Democrats have sharply denounced this Judas, the Socialist *Vorwärts* in Germany joyfully publishes his denunciations. "What!" exclaims *El Pais*, "when a hundred thousand workers in Catalonia strike from sympathy with the metal workers, and declare that they have no demands for themselves, the Social Democracy keeps its treasury closed? One can differ as to the suitability of a strike as a means to an end,

but to refuse aid in such important moment and yet to slander the brave workers, is outrageous and mean, of which infamy only open treachery is capable."

What is Iglesias' excuse for his attitude? He says: "Either the strike was inaugurated by the Republicans in order to accomplish a change of government, or else the government itself, to have a chance to exercise mildness and to grant amnesty on the occasion of Alfonso's coronation, in order to make him popular."

Anent Iglesias' infamy our contemporary in London, *Freedom*, has the following to say:

"We are accustomed to be prosecuted by our friends the Social Democrats. But to be treated as *agents provocateurs* of a government has not before occurred. When our comrades were executed in France or elsewhere, the late Liebknecht could say: 'Anarchists are petted by bourgeois and governments.' Yet even he never went so far to contend that Anarchists in Spain were acting in agreement with the Spanish government which tortured them in Montjuich, strangled them at Xeres, and keeps them at hard labor at Ceuta and elsewhere. But now the Spanish Social Democrats openly declare that the Barcelona General Strike and the brutal bloodshed which followed peaceable efforts to obtain a nine-hour day, was organized by Anarchists together with the government!! Already at the beginning of the strike, Iglesias—the same who during the police persecution of 1893, together with Lafargue, published in the Brussels journal *La Liberté* a list of names of members of a revolutionary Anarchist committee—instead of supporting the strike condemned it in his journal, *El Socialista*, saying that it was provoked by Anarchists. Now his friend Joyer, leader of the Barcelona Social Democrats, in an interview given the liberal bourgeois paper *Heraldo de Madrid*, accuses the Anarchists of having a secret understanding with the government in order to give the latter an opportunity thru street fighting to suppress liberty and institute martial law so as to force the workers to lose their cause."

"So monstrous a slander is even unequalled by a professor of the art like Chamberlain, and the *Heraldo's* reporter finds it necessary to make his excuses for reproducing so damnable and base an accusation, while the editor of the paper, an honest bourgeois and naturally a political enemy of Anarchism, expresses in a foot-note his deep indignation, regretting that any self-respecting man could advance so unparalleled a calumny."

The Italian Socialists have lately declared that they will assist the "liberal" ministry as the smallest of two evils. What next?

The French and Belgian governments prohibited meetings in which some Spanish Republicans were invited to speak on the Barcelona strike and the atrocities perpetrated by the government. Thus the solidarity of all governments in concealing their bloodshed outrages was once more demonstrated.

The Russian minister of the interior, M. Sipiaguin, who undertook to stamp out independent thought in the institutions of learning, has been exiled to some heavenly abode by a young student.

Law.

Most people labor under the delusion that law is based on equality, and that its spirit recognizes one man to be as good as another.

Blackstone says something like this. It has pleased God to create a certain class and endow them with great wealth, and whose prerogative it is to rule and to create another class of poor who are dependent upon the wealthy class for their means of support, and whose prerogative it is to obey. This, he further says, is the fundamental principle upon which all law is based. Blackstone is recognized as the greatest authority on common law in our courts today.

H. W. KOEHN.

Correction.

I have read with much interest Albina L. Washburns' letter in *FREE SOCIETY* of April 6, but I think she has made a mistake in attributing to John Sherman, the man who sold himself body, soul, and breeches to the money power, the saying "the way to resume is to resume."

Unless I am much mistaken, it was Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*, who first used the phrase.

As secretary of the United States treasury, John Sherman notified all the collectors of the custom houses to commence January 1, 1878, to accept greenbacks in payment of duties, and it was this action that made the so-called resumption of specie payments possible.

J. T. SMALL.

Provincetown, Mass.

Voices.

Cassidy: "Why don't ye ate yer dinner?" Casey: "Shure this is Froiday, an' Oi'm wonderin'." Cassidy: "What are ye wonderin'?" Casey: "Is turtle soup fish whin it's made out o' veal?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Attempt on every occasion to provide for nothing so much as that which is safe: for silence is safer than speaking. And omit speaking whatever is without sense or reason.—Epictetus. If some of our legislators obeyed the latter, they would never speak at all.—*Melbourne Tocsin*.

"Christian Science" is making great headway among "society" ladies in Potsdam. People with plenty of money and nothing to do, the idlers, the parasites of human society, generally catch on to the nonsense of the hour. They haven't the brains for real science, but *Christian Science* is quite another matter. Let us hope the Potsdam "society" ladies will not get into the toils of a "Horos" and a "Swami."—*London Free-thinker*.

The authorities of New York city could not afford to expend \$5000 a year to keep the light burning in the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, which was erected in New York harbor by patriotic Frenchmen and presented as a token of esteem to the city; but it easily raised \$50,000 to expend in fawning and flunking over the young German prince, Henry. Is not this reason for believing that Liberty is fast becoming a back number in this country? Are the lessons at Bunker Hill and Cowpens forgotten? It seems so.—*Southern Mercury*.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Notes.

The publication of C. L. James' "History of the French Revolution" is now assured. Those who have subscribed for the book, but have not yet sent in the money, are requested to do so at once. All who contemplate procuring this excellent history of the French Revolution, should send in their advance subscriptions without delay. This work shows Comrade James at his best, being concise, accurate, with a wide scholarship and a broad comprehension of events. It is an important contribution to the literature of the Revolution; and proves clearly that the events at this interesting period, always held up as an infallible argument against the Anarchist philosophy, are one of the strongest vindications of it.

A memorial meeting in honor of John P. Altgeld will be held in the Auditorium on Sunday, April 20. Clarence S. Darrow and others will deliver addresses.

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Splinters.

Newspaper dispatches have it that the New York Supreme Court has confirmed the sentence of the lower court against John Most. Thus the judicial outrage against him is now coolly consummated. Further details are not yet on hand.

New York now has a law "against Anarchy," compared with which the "omnibus sections" 249 and 250 of the Russian penal code will have to take a back seat.

Several comrades in New York have been arrested for distributing the pamphlet "Czolgosz, Roosevelt, and Anarchy." Their cases were postponed by the police magistrate, who hoped to have them arraigned under New York's sanguine law concerning "Anarchy."

Two editors have been arrested for "sedition" at Manila. It is a "crime" that was very common in America in Washington's time, and has made famous many Americans who were guilty of it.

Major Waller, altho he did not deny the atrocious charges against him, has been ac-

quitted because he "obeyed orders." While this is a legally valid excuse for a soldier, who "does not think, but obeys," what about General Smith, who gave the order?

An enormous deficit in the English budget is one of the fruits of the Boer war for the British taxpayer. The chancellor of the exchequer proposes to raise a part of the \$200,000,000 deficit by additional taxes, and saddle the rest on future generations thru a loan. This must be a gratifying outlook for the English workers; who, however, have the remedy in their hands by stopping the war.

The Boers continue their defensive warfare with an admirable tenacity. In England on the other hand grumbings are becoming louder and louder at the enormous cost of the conquest.

The *Torch of Reason*, seconded by *Discontent*, suggests that Louis F. Post, editor of the *Public*, be asked to form a committee to take up a fight against the present encroachments on free press by the federal government, especially in its postoffice department. It is a suggestion which I heartily endorse. It is time something is done to stem the tide of advancing arrogance, which threatens to make out of every postmaster a press censor.

This week news comes from Europe that Switzerland has broken off diplomatic relations with Italy, on account of its refusal to prosecute an Anarchist paper at the request of the Italian consul. It is to be hoped that this is a "tendency" sign, and indicates a change of policy on the part of Switzerland. For over twenty years, beginning with the expulsion of Kropotkin, Switzerland has been acting as scavenger police for the despotisms of Europe, giving up political prisoners, banishing Anarchists continually at the request of one nation and another, until the dismemberment of the Swiss nation has been unblushingly proposed. Indeed a cringing nation deserves no better; and for its own sake, it is high time that Switzerland leave her position as maid for the European political police.

I would very meekly like to suggest to the big guns Winn and James that the space of FREE SOCIETY could be used to better advantage than casting personal reflections. It is not true, as Winn says, that James "advised" the assassin to act; nor did he call Czolgosz either a fool or an imbecile. Nor on the other hand is it fair for James to assume that Winn had not been acting on the general strike idea. I earnestly hope that further discussion of this question will have a different tone.

JR.

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Current Comment.

A few weeks ago, all that remains of the grand old Populist party humped itself together at Louisville, Ky., and quietly committed suicide. A brand new party was started; at least the name is new, but the "party" is composed chiefly of wire-pullers, men like Joe Parker and his man Milton Park, both of whom I happen to know personally. Parker is a professional politician of limited caliber, and Park is a well-meaning fellow,

who, so far as political principles are concerned, couldn't find either end of himself in the dark. The new "party" will probably now go 'way back and sit down.

Statesman and Patriot Hawley, from the land of wooden nutmegs, bobbed up in the Senate during the debate on the so-called anti-Anarchist bill, and heroically remarked that he would give (I forget how much) for a good shot at an Anarchist. The difference between this senatorial pin-head and Leon Czolgosz is, that the latter was willing to give his life for a good shot at his man, and had the courage to act up to his convictions, while this would-be assassin, Hawley, is too cowardly to fire off anything but his mouth, and doubtless, if confronted by a real live Anarchist, he would run like a mule-eared rabbit.

C. L. James, champion of his copyrighted "Movement in Favor of Ignorance," including vivisection and vaccination, probably intended to be witheringly sarcastic in disposing of my comments on the General Strike, but his witticism needs a diagram and a couple of foot-notes for proper illumination. He says that, since I am tired of talk and want action, it might seem advisable for me to act. James, however, once wrote a eulogy of the Monster Slayer, in which he advised the assassin to act, and, when a few months later, Czolgosz took his advice and acted, James was one of the first to fling the stigma of "fool" and "imbecile" at his *ante* Buffalo Monster Slayer. He makes a curious arrangement of the army of Social Revolution, when he places Anarchists as the reserve. An army's reserve is always in the rear. Is that James' conception of the Anarchist position? It is not mine. The Anarchists are the vanguard, not the reserve, and they will be found under the red flag on the first barricade.

The fashionable swells of the Paris boulevards are wearing leather neckties, as the latest fad. It seems that these parasites of wealth must have something new to amuse them. Perchance the workers, whose plundered labor supply the luxuries of these useless butterflies of fashion, will one day supply them with still another fad in neckties—that of hemp.

A job lot of political rainbow-chasers and government-worshipping gold brick dupes, including that host of palpitating pulpsters who have quit the preaching of purgatory to pump wind for the prohibition fallacy, as well as an assorted aggregation of well-meaning but witless wights who clamor for the government ownership of everything under high heaven's vaulted dome, from railways to the Presbyterian religion, are chuck-full of the fool notion that all the ills to which frail flesh is heir, from the failure of the Montana wheat crop to the blind-staggers, can be cured by law. The legislative lunacy is fast becoming an intolerable nuisance, and nowhere more so than in America, the so-called land of liberty.

I observe that, since the Buffalo tragedy, Brother James F. Morton, Jr., of *Discontent*, has become a *philosophic* Anarchist. Now,

James ought to know, if he doesn't, that B. R. Tucker has a copyright on that term, which he took out about the time of the hanging of the Chicago martyrs, for reasons very similar to those which probably influenced Morton to try the same dodge. Tucker is now in Europe, but when he returns, the chances are he will go after the frolicsome James, for claim-jumping, and the latter had better hold on to his scalp with both hands.

What the Anarchist movement in this country needs and needs the worst kind, is a good big subscription fund for the purpose of supplying some of its members with backbones. A fellow with a backbone as elastic as an India rubber string is not a glittering success as a soldier in the army of revolutionary radicalism.

The guests at the luncheon for Prince Henry on the occasion of the launching of the Meteor, stole all the silverware as souvenirs; and, in consequence, the chef, who had borrowed most of the silver knives, forks, and spoons from his neighbors, is bankrupt. The fellow is entitled to but scant sympathy. He ought to have known that the class he was to entertain live by theft; and that the idea of honor among thieves is an exploded myth. He will, on the next similar occasion, keep both eyes upon everything not locked up or nailed down.

I notice that a number of Chicago's pious pulpiteers have gone into convulsions over the brutal killing for pass time of pigeons and other birds by feelingless sportsmen. This meets my hearty approval. The fact that these advance agents of brimstone and blazes have not evaporated all their milk of human kindness preaching damnation for heretics is encouraging—gives me renewed confidence in human kind. But if they will skip the sporting page of the daily papers for once, and allow their pious imaginations to absorb some of the details of what is going on in South Africa and the Philippines, in the name of Christian civilization, they may find that the brutal killing, plundering, and starving of HUMAN BEINGS by the agents of government, is a fact also deserving of their pious protest. But I have a faint suspicion that these cruel and causeless crimes against men, women, and helpless children will be treated by these sanctimonious soul-savers with a perfect hurricane of silence. ROSS WINN.

By the Wayside.

That the legislators of New York are fit for the insane asylum, no intelligent man will doubt; but that the "Anarchy bill," which makes it a crime to give an Anarchist shelter, could be even contemplated without comment and protest from the press, shows clearly whither we are drifting.

The female students of the Chicago University had one of their eyes opened by Prof. Starr. When he informed them that the wedding-ring, which Comrade Emma Goldman compares with a dog license, was but a relic of barbarism,—an appliance by which the female slave was dragged from the market by her master, the co-eds became indig-

nant and contemplate starting an anti-wedding-ring society. Now, if Prof. Starr dares to unearth the origin of marriage, we may soon hear of an anti-marriage society among the learned Brunhilds,—a step which would strike at the institution of slavery and not simply at the symbol. The present husband may be more lenient toward his wife than the master of ancient times, but she is still a slave,—the property of her husband.

"My wife is a free woman; she can do as she pleases," a Socialist boastfully asserted during a friendly chat on the social problem. "Does it ever happen to you to come home after midnight?" he was asked. "Oh, yes, quite often," he replied frankly. "Then, as you do not believe in the ownership of human being, and your wife is a 'free woman,' you do not mind it if she happens to come home after midnight?" "Oh, well, that's a horse of a different color," he said. Yes, the wives are "free women" as long as they are obedient slaves, and strictly comply with the double standard of morality and the whims and notions of their masters.

A healthy revival is taking place in the ranks of the Socialists all over the world. The axiomatic formula that, "as the mode of production changes, all institutions must change, in obedience to inexorable laws," is being analyzed, and they begin to realize that such "faith" leads to disastrous fatalism, and that Socialism will not come about as a gift from heaven.

It never occurred to the fanatical Marxist that, while the mode of production has been completely revolutionized during the last century, the mass of mankind still clings to ideas and institutions hundreds, nay, thousands of years old. It never dawned upon him that the events in remote Russia, where the mode of production is still ancient, upset his philosophy. There the ideas of thousands of poor peasants have been completely revolutionized. In fact so much so, that they recognize no marriage laws, refuse to serve in the army, and recognize the czar only as a brother—not as their superior.

Recent events in Europe are encouraging, and the coming dawn of a free and happy humanity is clearly visible on the horizon. The refusal of Russian soldiers to shoot at their fellow men, the uprisings in Spain, and the friendly attitude of the Belgian troops toward the Socialist demonstrations,—all these phenomena are of a greater significance in the course of human progress than millions of so-called Socialist votes.

Even the American workers are awakening. Thousands of laborers of this city decided to go on strike despite their leaders, and the latter were almost thunder-struck at such unusual independence. The leaders favored a settlement and were "enraged at the ingratitude of the unions," when the latter showed unwillingness to obey orders. True, the workers yet manifested considerable timidity in walking on their own feet, and failed thru the trickery of their own leaders; but after the infant has made its first attempt to walk alone it will soon accomplish the task.

"I certainly obey the law while it exists," says Sadie A. Magoon in *Discontent*, and Comrade Morton believes that she "states the correct position of the philosophic Anarchist." What an absurdity! Neither Morton nor Sadie Magoon, nor anyone else for that matter, "obey the law while it exists." If all people did obey the laws they would neither be altered nor repealed; for it is the law-breaker, the image-breaker, the man who begins to ignore and to defy laws and customs, who is the forerunner of a revolution. Before I can be convinced of the correctness of such position, he must prove that institutions ever continued to exist until the collectivity was ready for the change. It appears to me from what I know of history, which is very little, that institutions have ever been revolutionized thru the defiance of a comparatively very small number of rebels,—long before the masses desired a change.

According to the logic of Comrades Morton and Magoon, the New York comrades may soon have to quit the propaganda, live in balloons or emigrate, and wait patiently until all the people of the State have embraced the idea of Anarchism, which the "Anarchy bill" forbids to be advocated. But I think if all the comrades of the State resist such law, a few more penitentiaries will have to be built, and instead of deadening reason, as resistance does according to Morton, it will soon animate the reasoning faculties of the legislators.

Even Tolstoy, who is considered the foremost apostle of non-resistance, does not advocate obedience to law while it exists. On the contrary, wherever people refuse to obey military laws, marriage laws, etc., Tolstoy is ever ready to encourage them in their resistance, and points out very emphatically, that there is no hope for betterment unless we "refuse to do evil." And to obey all laws involves doing a great many evils.

"It is fear of the club, not conscience, that makes cowards of us all," says J. Wilson in his supplement to "Life Without a Master." "Fear, fear of a little trouble or inconvenience determines our course, and we obey the officer of the law for the same reason that the slave obeys his master. In both cases, it is not a question of right or preference, but one of fear and expediency. So the world goes, and a race of cowards who dare not assert themselves in any way continues to perpetuate itself."

Since the "Buffalo tragedy" the anxiety of many Anarchists to be classified among the goody-goddy people has become quite a fad in our ranks, and the term "philosophic" seems to be a convenient substitute for timidity. For it occurs to me that when the Christians had gained the esteem of the Roman ruling classes, they had gone quite a distance on the downward slope of compromise and corruption. The Anarchists may differ on methods of propaganda and tactics to realize our ideal, but the adjective "philosophic" applies to every Anarchist on the globe, and it is rather presumptuous on the part of those who monopolize the term. Men do not become Anarchists unless they become philosophers,—each according to his capacities.

INTERLOPER.

THE PITY OF IT.

The air is filled with frosty rain and a frost-tipped moon on high;

The city pavements are gleaming wet where the snow-flakes flutter and die.

In the gray dawn of a late December morning, passing where three avenues meet and cross each other, I glanced over my shoulder; and the unusual sight of the moon at full, partially obscured by the leaden clouds gave rise to the thought.

The next moment I was struggling to maintain my balance, hold my hat, and keep the cape about my shoulders; for the rain-wet snow beat with a fury of wind upon me. A worm-like street lined with factories turned off from the main way, and into this I stepped hoping to find shelter from the wind.

I had gone but a few yards when out from an alley-way darted a small child, a shawl covered her head and shoulders and was grasped firmly in her hands; her bare limbs protruding from beneath a short skirt terminated in a pair of rubbers many sizes too large; which she shuffled along the pavement, at the same time bending her head, and hurrying along at a pace which told of long practise.

Filled with a curious desire to know what brought a child out so early on such a morning I followed, perhaps two blocks, when she stopped near a main street and mounted a flight of stone steps, leading to one of three houses.

She glanced about, and satisfied that she was not watched, lifted something to her head.

The window on the second floor of the house was thrust open, and a man's angry voice shook the silence—

The kettle dropped from the child's hands, spilling its milky contents as it rattled angrily along the pavement and settled in the gutter. The child shuffled around the corner—the house-door flew open and the man hurried after her, drawing on his overcoat as he went. And the next minute shrieks and cries startled the listless neighborhood into action; and reaching the corner I saw the man grasping both the child's hands in his, and seeking to loosen three buns from her grasp, while she bit at his fingers and screamed in a fury of protest.

A policeman appeared, and to him the man told he had been trying to catch this thief for three weeks; and together they dragged the child toward the patrol box.

She no longer struggled to escape, but stood perfectly still when they loosened their hold, cramming the last of her three buns into her mouth, as tho fearful of losing it.

From under a mass of tangled hair a pair of small black eyes glittered with rat-like cunning, but showed not the least gleam of interest in what was taking place about her.

The man insisted; the policeman rang for the patrol; while a number of people and another officer gathered to ask what the trouble was:— I turned away—the vision of a child offered for sacrifice to the ancient Druids flashed thru my mind; and I turned again to see if what I had witnessed was real or only some vision of the Pagan times.

Yes! it was real enough. The two policemen and the other might in the dim half-light have passed for the Druid priests; but the child!—

It needed the nineteenth century with its factories and culture, its poverty and slums to finish that piece of premature cunning.

It had never entered the head of a barbarian to make the victim he meant to sacrifice.

MARY HANSEN.

The Slack Season.

I

When the workmen reach the factory in the morning they find it looking frigid, as if overcast by a cloud of ruin. The machine with its slender limbs and motionless wheel, stands silent at the end of the great room; and this adds to the feeling of depression, for its puffing and vibration, in ordinary times, convey to the whole house the courage of a giant inured to the task.

The master comes down from his little private room, and with an air of sadness addresses the workmen thus:

"My good fellows, there is no work today—I receive no orders; countermands reach me from all quarters, I shall remain with goods on my hands. This month of December, on which I relied, this month which, in previous years, has been a very busy one, threatens to ruin the most stable firms—we must suspend everything."

And noticing the workmen looking at one another dreading to return home, in terror of approaching hunger, he added in a lower tone:

"I am not an egoist, no, I vow I am not. My position, also, is dreadful, more so perhaps than yours. I have lost fifty thousand francs in a week. I am stopping work today so as not to deepen the abyss; and I have not the first sou of the money I shall require to meet my acceptances on the 15th. You see I am speaking to you as to friends, I am hiding nothing from you. Tomorrow, perhaps, the process-servers will be here. It is no fault of ours, is it? We have struggled on to the end. I would have liked to have helped you thru this bad time; but it is all over now, I'm struck down; I've no more bread to share."

Then, he held out his hand to them. The workmen grasped it in silence. And, for some minutes, they remained there, gazing with clenched fists at their useless tools. On other mornings, the files sang, the hammers marked the rhythm from daybreak; and all his seems already to be sleeping in the dust of bankruptcy. Twenty or thirty families will be without food in the coming week. Some of the women who had been working in the factory have tears in the corners of their eyes. The men endeavor to appear more firm. They put on a plucky look and say that no one can die of hunger in Paris.

Then, when the master leaves them, and they see him walk away bowed down in a week, overwhelmed by a disaster which is perhaps even more serious than he acknowledges, they withdraw one by one, choking before they are out of the room, with lumps rising in their throats, and as disheartened as if they were leaving a deathbed. The corpse is work, the great silent machine, the sinister skeleton of which stands there in the obscurity.

II

The workman is outside, in the road, on

the pavement. He has been running about the streets for a week without being able to find employment. He has been from door to door, offering his arms, his hands, his whole self for any kind of labor, the most revolting, the hardest, the most fatal. All doors have been closed to him.

Then, he was willing to work at half price. The doors did not open. Were he to work for nothing, he could not be employed. It is the slack season, the terrible slack season that sounds the death-knell of the garrets. The panic has stopped all trades, and money, cowardly money, has hidden itself away.

At the end of the week it is, indeed, all up with him. The workman has made a last effort, and he returns home slowly, his hands empty, worn out with wretchedness. It is raining on that particular night, and Paris looks dismal in the mud. He walks along in the downpour without feeling it, thinking of nothing but his hunger, stopping so as to reach his destination later. He has leant over a parapet of the Seine; the swollen waters flow with a prolonged noise; sprays of white foam are scattered in the air at one of the piers of the bridge. He leans more forward, the huge torrent passes beneath him, hailing him furiously to come. Then he says to himself that it would be cowardly, and he goes away.

It has stopped raining. The gas is flaming in the windows of the jewellers' shops. If he were to break a sheet of glass, he could grasp with one hand wherewith to give him bread for years. Lights are appearing in the kitchens of the restaurants; and behind the white muslin curtains he sees people eating. He hurries along, ascends to the faubourg, passing by the eating-houses, where poultry is roasting on spits, by the ham, and beef, and pastry-cooks' shops, by all that epicurian part of Paris, which displays its comestibles when one is hungry.

As his wife and little girl had been crying in the morning, he had promised to bring food home at night. He had not dared to go and tell them he had lied, before the evening. As he walked along he was thinking how he would go in, what he would tell them to give them patience. However, they could not remain any longer without eating. He was willing to try and do so, but his wife and little one were too delicate.

And, for a moment, he has the idea of begging. But when a lady and gentleman pass beside him, and he thinks of extending his hand, his arm becomes stiff, and he feels a lump in his throat. He stands there on the pavement, while respectable persons turn aside their head, fancying, at the sight of his ferocious, starving look, that he must be intoxicated.

III

The workman's wife has gone down to the front door, leaving the little one asleep upstairs. The woman is quite thin, and is dressed in a cotten gown. She is shivering in the icy blast of the wind in the street.

She has nothing more at home. She has pawned everything. A week without work was sufficient to clear out the lodging. On the previous evening she sold the last lot of wool from her mattress to the second-hand dealer; the mattress had gone thus; now, there only remained the tick. She has hung

that up before the window to keep out the draught, for the little one coughs a great deal.

Without saying anything to her husband, she, on her side, had endeavored to get work. But the slack season has been more cruel for the women than the men. There are unhappy creatures in rooms on her landing whom she hears sobbing at night. She met one begging at the corner of a street; another is dead; another has disappeared.

She, fortunately, is married to a good man, a husband who does not drink. They would be in comfort, if the slack season had not despoiled them of all. She has used up all her credit. She owes money to the baker, the grocer, and does not even dare pass by their shops any more. In the afternoon she went to her sister to borrow a franc; but there, also, she had found such poverty that she began to cry without speaking, and both of them, her sister and herself, had wept for a long time together. Then, as she was leaving, she promised to take her a piece of bread if her husband brought anything home.

The husband does not return. It rains. She seeks shelter under the doorway; great drops of water splash down at her feet, and the fine rain soaks her thin gown. At times she feels impatient; she goes out, notwithstanding the downpour, goes to the end of the street, to see if she cannot perceive the person she is expecting coming along the road in the distance. And when she returns she is wet thru; she smooths down her hair with her hands, to wipe it; she still takes patience altho troubled with short feverish shivers.

Passers-by elbow her as they go backwards and forwards; she makes herself as small as possible so as not to be in anyone's way. Men stare her full in the face; at times she feels warm wafts of breath skim across her neck. It seems as if all the dubious side of Paris, the street with its mud, its raw lights, its rolling of carriages, would like to clutch her and cast her in the gutter. She is hungry, anyone can take her. There is a baker opposite, and she thinks of the little one asleep upstairs.

Then, when her husband at length appears, hurrying along close to the houses like a worthless fellow, she dashes forward and gazes at him anxiously.

"Well!" she stammers.

He does not answer, but hangs his head. Then, she goes upstairs first, as pale as death.

IV

Upstairs, the little one is not sleeping. She has woken up, she is thinking in front of a candle end that is flickering on a corner of the table. And something monstrous and heart-rending passes over the countenance of that child of seven, who has the worn and serious features of a grown-up woman.

She is seated at the edge of a trunk which serves her for a bed. Her bare feet are dangling down, shivering with cold; her sickly, doll-like hands gather the rags that form her covering, about her chest. She feels a burning there, a fire she would like to extinguish. She is thinking.

She has never had any playthings. She cannot go to school because she has no shoes. She remembers that when she was younger her mother used to take her out into the

sun. But that was a long while ago. It had been necessary to move; and, since then, it seemed as if an intense chill had spread over her home. Then, she had ceased to be happy; she had been always hungry.

She is entering upon something very profound, without being able to understand it. Everyone is hungry then? She has sought; however, to accustom herself to the feeling and has been unable. She thinks she must be too little, that it is necessary to be big to understand. Her mother, no doubt, knows all about this matter which is concealed from children. If she dared she would ask her who it is that puts you into the world in this way in order that you may be hungry.

Then, their home is so unsightly! She looks at the window where the tick of the mattress is flapping, at the bare walls, the rickety furniture, at all that disgraceful aspect of the garret to which the slack season conveys such a look of despair. She fancies, in her ignorance, that she must have dreamt of warm rooms with beautiful shiny things; she closes her eyes to see them again; and, thru her eyelids, which have become thinner, the candle light seems a great blaze of gold into which she would like to go. But the wind is blowing, and such a draught comes thru the window that she is seized with a fit of coughing. Her eyes become full of tears.

Formerly she felt afraid when left all alone. Now she does not know whether she is afraid or not; it is all the same to her. As they have not had anything to eat since the previous evening, she fancies her mother has gone downstairs to get some bread. Then that thought interests her. She will cut her bread into very small pieces; she will take them slowly, one by one. She will play with her bread.

Her mother has returned, her father has closed the door. The little one looks at both their hands very much surprised; and, as her parents say nothing, she repeats, after a moment, in a hum-drum tone:

"I'm hungry, I'm hungry."

The father is seated in an obscure corner, with his head between his hands; he remains there, bowed down, his shoulders quivering with heavy, silent sobs. The mother, stilling her tears, has come to put the little one to bed again. She covers her with all the clothes in the place, and tells her to be good and go to sleep. But the child, whose teeth are chattering with cold, and who feels the burning in her chest more acutely, becomes very bold. She hangs round her mother's neck, and then murmurs softly:

"Tell me, mamma, why are we hungry?"

— From "Stories for Ninon," by Emile Zola.

For Prompt Action.

Now, just as the eighth financial conspiracy against the people is being completed at Washington, by handing over the sole right to issue paper money to the bankers—to one very, very small class of the nation, the class that fomented and profits by war, and supports Churches. Now is the opportune time for the general strike, and, not for shorter hours and more wages, but that the people issue their own money, to themselves, and that the unit of value shall be ONE HOUR OF LABOR. Let the \$ mark be a

relic of past barbarous cannibalism.

The Labor Exchange was a logical attempt to better conditions, but it did not enlist the confidence of the millions.

Labor's own medium of exchange, based on the only standard of value, that ever did or ever will exist, will have the confidence of that class of which every nation depends for everything it enjoys; and, Labor's paper money would have all the people and all that Labor produced, at the back of it.

With such a medium of exchange, Usury would die, and with it that other demon, which gave it birth, and which suckles it—government.

Will some noble fellow, of either sex, undertake to send this suggestion to every labor union in our nation, (I would do so but for the lack of two things—one is lack of knowledge of the names and addresses of all unions and the other thing, well guess.)

The Central Labor Union of Cleveland, Ohio, have as their first plank—"ABOLITION OF NATIONAL BANKS, AND SUBSTITUTING LEGAL TENDER TREASURY NOTES FOR THEM, ISSUE ALL MONEY DIRECT BY THE GOVERNMENT."

Surely this is feasible on honest ground on which to undertake a general strike, as the first step toward the Abolition of Wage Slavery.

KINGHORN JONES.

San Francisco, Cal., 36 Geary St.

[I would suggest to Comrade Kinghorn Jones to read Kropotkin's "The Wage System," which may convince him of the futility of the labor-checks scheme. A. I.]

Works Both Ways.

To all opposed to any form of so-called scientific medicine (barbarism) I wish to say anent Comrade James, read Hosea iv; 17, and let it go at that. FRANK D. BLUE.

LETTER-BOX.

J. T. Small.—Please accept our appreciation and thanks for your interest and kindness in sending the marked papers.

H. W. Koch.—The "Reformation" was a most decided revolution. To re-form anything, is still to retain it. How much of the present system do you wish to re-form, that is retain?

Mrs. L. M. P., Swanton, O.—Thanks for subscription and encouraging words. We almost think we can congratulate you as being the oldest Anarchist woman in this country. At least we do not know of any other at the age of 85. Greetings.

M. C. Kirk, Colo.—Yes, we still contend that "equal freedom is a ridiculous term." If all mankind submits to walk in chains, we are equally free, i. e. slaves. In short, "equal freedom" may mean everything in general and nothing in particular, as Comrade James puts it. The phrase, "Do as you please unless you infringe the equal rights of others," is as also but a metaphysical term, and means nothing. Anything you may consider legitimate and proper, your neighbor will consider an infringement—and government begins. "Do as you please and take the consequences," is the correct definition of the philosophy of freedom.

P. E. D., Denver, Colo.—The note which you sent is not worthy of attention. It simply demonstrates that Altgeld's action struck home.

T. W., New Bedford, Mass.—The "French Revolution" will appear soon now. You will see the announcement in the notes.

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April 19, J. M. Clark will speak on "Law and its Evil Effect on Society."

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— BY —

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