A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 20. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1902. WHOLE NO. 362.

The People. *

The people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own force and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties
And gags itself—gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things b-tween earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

—Campanella.

* Written three centuries ago.

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The Essence of Legislation is Organized Violence.

What is legislation? And what enables people to make laws?

There exists a whole science, more ancient and more mandacious and confused than political economy, the servants of which in the course of centuries have written millions of books (for the most part contradicting one another) to answer these questions. But as the aim of this science, as of political economy, is not to explain what now is and what ought to be, but rather to prove that what now is, is what ought to be, it happens that in this science (of jurisprudence) we find very many dissertations about rights, about object and subject, about the idea of a State and other such matters which are unintelligible both to the students and to the teachers of this science, but we get no clear reply to the question, What is legislation?

According to science, legislation is the expression of the will of the whole people; but as those who break the laws, or who wish to break them, and only refrain from fear of being punished, are always more numerous than those who wish to carry out the code, it is evident that legislation can certainly not be considered as the expression of the will of the whole people.

For instance, there are laws about not injuring telegraph posts, about showing respect to certain people, about each man performing military service or serving as a juryman, about not taking certain goods beyond a certain boundary, or about not using land considered the property of someone else, about not making money tokens, not using articles which are considered to be the property of others, and about many other matters.

All these laws and many others are extremely complex, and may have been passed from the most diverse motives, but not one of them expresses the will of the whole people.

There is but one general characteristic of all these laws—namely, that if any man does not fulfil them, those who have made them will send armed men, and the armed men will beat, deprive of freedom, or even kill the man who does not fulfil the law.

If a man does not wish to give as taxes such part of the produce of his labor as is demanded of him, armed men will come and take from him what is demanded, and if he resists he will be beaten, deprived of freedom, and sometimes even killed. The same will happen to a man who begins to make use of land considered to be the property of another. The same will happen to a man who makes use of things he wants, to satisfy his requirements or to facilitate his work, if these things are considered to be the property of someone else. Armed men will come and will deprive him of what he has taken, and if he resists they will beat him, deprive him of liberty, or even kill him. The same thing will happen to anyone who will not show respect to those whom it is decreed that we are to respect, and to him who will not obey the demand that he should go as a soldier, or who makes monetary tokens.

For every non-fulfilment of the established laws there is punishment: the offender is subjected by those who make the laws to blows, to confinement, or even to loss of life.

Many constitutions have been devised, beginning with the English and the American, and ending with the Japanese and the Turkish, according to which people are to believe that all laws established in their country are established at their desire. But everyone knows that not in despotic countries only, but also in countries nominally most free—England, America, France—the laws are made not by the will of all, but by the will of those who have power; and, therefore, always and everywhere are only such as are profitable to those who have power, whether they are many, a few, or only one man. Everywhere and always the laws are enforced by the only means that has compelled, and still compels, some people to obey the will of others—that is, by blows, by deprivation of liberty, and by murder. There can be no other way.

It cannot be otherwise; for laws are demands to execute certain rules; and to compel some people to obey certain rules (that is, to do what other people want of them) cannot be done except by blows, by deprivation of liberty, and by murder. If there are laws there must be the force that can compel people to obey them, and there is only one force that can compel people to obey rules (that is, to obey the will of others), and that is violence; not the simple violence which people use to one another in moments of passion, but the organized violence used by people who have power, in order to compel others to obey the laws they (the powerful) have made; in orher words, to do their will.

And so the essence of legislation does not lie in the subject or the object, in rights or in the idea of the dominion of the collective will of the people, or in other such indefinite and confused conditions; but it lies in the fact that people who wield organized violence have the power to compel others to obey them and to do as they like.

So that the exact and irrefutable definition of legislation, intelligible to all, is that: *Laws are rules made by people who govern by means of organized violence, for non-compliance with which the non-complier is subjected to blows, to loss of liberty, or even to being murdered.*

This definition furnishes the reply to the question, What is it that renders it possible for people to make laws? The same thing makes it possible to establish laws as enforces obedience to them—organized violence.—From "The Slavery of Our Times," by Leo Tolstoy.

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Anarchy in New York.

New York is on the war-path. The Anarchists must go, says the law. The Anarchists WONT go, say the Anarchists. We are here to stay; not only that, we are increasing in number and are carrying on our propaganda with even more vigor than before we were "outlawed" by the wise men at Albany.

Most of the edition of twenty-five thousand of the pamphlet "Roosevelt, Czolgosz, and Anarchy" has been distributed by a corps of energetic young comrades of both sexes, whom even repeated arrest does not deter. The first arrest was made for violation of a city ordinance prohibiting the distribution of literature, and a fine of three dollars imposed. The next arrest was for the same offense, but the circumstances were different. On the occasion of the Altgeld memorial, when the great western orator and man, C. S. Darrow, addressed a large

audience in the big Cooper Union, our comrades were very much in evidence with their pamphlet, and hundreds were distributed before two of them were hauled off to the station.

When the meeting was opened and Henry George was introduced as chairman he came forward with a copy of the pamphlet in his hand and said, "Before this meeting proceeds I wish to state, emphatically, that we repudiate the pamphlet, 'Roosevelt, Czolgosz, and Anarchy,' which is being distributed in the hall." Those who had already received the essay tightened their grips upon it, and those who had not received it reached frantically for it. Then the captain of police stopped the work and hauled up the boys.

George's remark proved a splendid advertisement for the book, altho they were not so intended, and it is safe to say every person who got a copy read it before going to bed that night. Henry George read his copy and hurried to the court room next morning to defend the boys, telling the court that he agreed with nearly all it contained. The wizen old judge, however, was not willing to let the case go as a mere petty offense, but thought he saw in it an opportunity of being the first to cage an Anarchist under the new law. He therefore continued the case twice, and finally held the comrades to the grand jury, where he hoped they would be indicted as "criminal" Anarchists. This old fossil of a "justice," who must hate Anarchy very much, showed the ridiculous extreme to which prejudice will carry a person's mind, and the expressively damaging influence it has upon our reasoning faculties. Triumphantly he read the passage "McKinley reaped only what he had sown," interpreting it to mean he got what he deserved. But he clearly showed the intense malice of his narrow, bigoted mind, and took his deepest draught from the cup of scorn, when he read the clause "Anarchy is a conspiracy," and growled at the prisoners in the dock, "Do you agree with that?" "We accept the book as a whole," came back the speedy answer.

To give the readers who have not read the essay an idea of the high sense of justice which dominated the capacious mind of the "Hon. Judge" Pool, I will quote the paragraph in full from which he culled the clause upon which he held the comrades to the grand jury:

> Anarchy springs from a higher conception of human relations awakening in the breast of the mass of mankind as a result of the experience of the ages. Once the dream of the poet and philosopher, it is now upon the lips of the workers in factory, mine, and farm. The enemies of Anarchy—exploiters of labor whose privileges it would destroy—raise the cry of conspiracy against it. As well to charge Evolution with being a conspiracy. If the electric light is a conspiracy against the tallow candle, if the Pullman train is a conspiracy against the stage coach, if the self-binding harvester is a conspiracy against the sickle, if the modern civilized man is a conspiracy against the savage—then Anarchy is a conspiracy against government. Well, if you like, Anarchy is a conspiracy. It is the conspiracy of the future against the past, of the rose against the weed, of love against hate, of humanity against barbarity, of knowledge against ignorance, of progress against retrogression, of reason against belief, of science against superstition, of liberty against slavery, of honesty against hypocrisy, of truth against falsehood, of rationalism against mysticism. This is the conspiracy of Anarchy. Now let the governments of the world proceed to stamp it out.

The grand jury promptly dismissed the case, and now the "Hon." Pool must feel a deep contempt for its ignorance of the "meaning and intent of the law."

* * *

The next crash between the Anarchists and the law took place at a great mass meeting, called for the purpose of protesting against the encroachment of the rulers upon the liberties of the people, and to bid a public farewell to the old soldier of the revolution, "the valliant and well scarred battleman of freedom," John Most, who was about to enter upon his one year of imprisonment for reprinting an extract from Karl Heinzen, at the time McKinley was shot; and a large hall was jammed, and hundreds were turned away for want of standing-room. When Comrade Most entered the hall he received a grand ovation, the cheering reechoed thruout the block; and, when he came forward on the platform, raised his hand for silence and proposed three cheers for the Social Revolution, the building literally quivered with the vibration of the cheers.

The writer opened the meeting, and, in his usual manner, trained his logic upon the bulwark of authority, whose fond hope has ever been that it might permanently extinguish the flaming torch of freedom.

Comrade Most followed and exhorted his hearers to enter into the work of propaganda with greater energy because of his temporary departure from the field of battle. He was hoarse and did not speak long, but promised to close the meeting with a recitation. This, however, he was prevented from doing, for his arrest took place shortly after. As Comrade Most took his seat the audience burst forth with the soul-inspiring strains of the Marsellaise.

Comrade MacQueen, editor of *Liberty*, spoke next. He had evidently been deeply affected by the remarks of Comrade Most and the boundless enthusiasm of the vast audience of four thousand people, for he immediately began a bitter castigation of government. His speech lacked the fundamental elements of argument and would better be classed as an harangue. The audience encouraged him by frequent applause, and he ended with the prophesy that the Social Revolution was near at hand.

Comrade Grossman followed with an address in German, and the meeting ended by a speech in Jewish by Comrade Yanoffsky, editor of the *Freie Arbeiter-Stimme*.

At the conclusion of his address, Comrade MacQueen, accompanied by Comrade Most, left the hall, and they were arrested by a squad of police with drawn revolvers who awaited them at the door. A large crowd of sympathizers who stood in the street jeered the police as they led their prisoners away. MacQueen was the main offender; Most was charged only with applauding him. After a continuance for two days Most was discharged and MacQueen held to the grand jury under bail of $1000, which was promptly furnished by Comrade Greenblatt. Comrade Heller, who is charged for having attempted to shield Most from the police, is also held to the grand jury, which will act upon the cases in probably a week. The readers of FREE SOCIETY will be duly acquainted with the disposition the grand jury will make of the case. J. F.

P. Kropotkin and C. Pobiedonostseff.

Quite an interesting controversy is going on in *The North American Review* between Comrade P. Kropotkin and "his excellency" Constantin Pobiedonostseff, the procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia. The question at issue is the Russian methods of education and the Holy Synod.

In the Review of May, 1901, there appeared an essay by Kropotkin on "The Present Crisis in Russia," in which he tried to explain the reasons of the late disturbances of the students of that unhappy land.

"Everything has been reformed in Russia since 1861," says Kropotkin, "serfdom was abolished; corporal punishment was nearly got rid of; new, open courts, with juries, were introduced; some sort of self-government was given; military service was entirely reformed and rendered obligatory upon all—education alone was treated as a step-daughter, with suspicion. All Russia wanted and loudly called for education; women and men of the wealthier classes were ready to give any amount of time and and money to spread education among the peasants. They are ready still. And everywhere the efforts of the university professors and of the directors of the colleges, of the provincial self-governments, of the wealthy municipalities and the private donors, were rebuked, annihilated, by the successive ministers of public education, who, since 1862, have always been nominated, not to spread education broadcast thruout the country, but to prevent its spreading."

Kropotkin further shows by facts and figures that the paltry sum spent annually for primary education in Russia, goes as subsidies to the village clergy, who, aside from their general ignorance, "keep schools on paper only." European Russia has only one school for each 2,230 inhabitants, and only one child out of every 20 or 30 children of school age goes to school (as against seven in England). And still, "the ministry of public instruction, for years in succession under Alexander II, returned every year to the State exchequer one-half of the poor allowance of $4,000,000 a year for the primary schools, which was inscribed in the budget."

Russia is crying, shouting and agitating for a reform of the lyceums; they want natural sciences and technical knowledge instead of Latin and Greek; they demand more engineers, more chemists, more skilled workers and technical experts. But they can't get them. The ministry maintains that a scientific and technical training would breed revolutionists.

"The fear of the revolutionary spirit, which would grow, it was said, in Russia, and render absolute rule impossible, so soon as education is spread in the country, was so great that two generations of young men were sacrificed to it."

"As to the universities," says Kropotkin, "nearly all the best professors, the glories of Russian historical and humanitarian sciences, were compelled to abandon their chairs; Kostomaroff, Kavelin, Stasulevitch, M. Kovalevsky, the physiologist Syechenoff, and others like them, were forced by ignorant heads of educational districts, and equally ignorant ministers of education, to retire. . . .

"The study of comparative state law was prohibited, and the Russian students had to remain in ignorance of the constitutional laws of the civilized nations. The study of Russian history, law, and economics became a study of 'conventional lies.' With natural sciences it was still worse; such chairs as that of geology and physiology remained unoccupied for years. A geologist myself, I have passed thru the St. Petersburg University without ever having heard one single lecture on geology."

Every student is placed on the list of suspects and treated by the higher authorities of the ministry of education as an enemy of society; both the deans and curators of the educational districts are chosen by the ministry from among men who were better known for their police capacities than for their learning. Police spies and provoking agents swarm in the universities. "Consequently, when three or four years ago, the St. Petersburg students, at their anniversary meeting, whistled at the appearance of one of their professors, while they cheered the others, a thing that happens and will happen in every university, the dean sent immediately for the police, who brutally assailed and dispersed the students as they were leaving the university building in a crowd, and the famous beating of the students on a bridge across the Neva followed. Many of the students were arrested on this occasion, and hundreds were excluded from the university. On learning this all other universities made a strike, refusing to follow the course so long as their St. Petersburg comrades were not released; the result being that many hundreds of young men were excluded from the other universities as well."

At the request of the dowager empress, who happened to witness the brutalities of the police on the Neva bridge, the ex-minister of war, General Vannovsky, was appointed to make an inquiry. He proved that there was not the slightest reason for calling in the police, lectured the police authorities, cancelled nearly all the orders of exclusion of students, and released all of them. A military officer had thus to interfere for the defense of the students against the ministry of public instruction.

"And the far more serious riots of Kieff started in a similar manner. The Kieff students, excited by the fact that one of them had been brought before the justice of the peace for misconduct, held a meeting, whereupon the dean excluded a number of students from the university for one year, and put others under arrest. The students then held another general meeting and asked the dean to have a talk with them. The dean immediately sent for the town police, the State police and the troops. All this may seem incredible, but it is confirmed by the *Official Messenger* itself. The meeting of the students was a perfectly quiet and peaceful one; still this peculiar dean was neither a lunatic nor a fool. He was simply an obedient functionary, who acted in accordance with the instructions of his principal—the minister of public instruction, Bogolepoff. This Bogolepoff was a mere tool in the hands of the procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonosteff, a narrow-minded fanatic of the State religion, who—if it were only in his power—would have burned at the stake all the protestants against orthodoxy and Catholicism. And it were these two men, Bogolepoff and Pobiedonosteff, who reported the Kieff affair to the czar." . . . . .

"The further development of events is well known thru the daily press.* When the Kieff disrders were reported to Nicholas II, he said, first, that he had enough of these students' riots and would close all the universities. † He spoke next of sending all 'riotous' students to Port Arthur, and finally issued, thru the minister of public instruction, but against the advice of the minister of war, an order, in virtue of which the 'disturbing' students would henceforth be punished by being sent as privates to the army for terms of from two to three years—the punishment to be inflicted by special courts nominated *ad hoc* and composed of university professors, town police and State police officials, and military officers; their sittings to be kept secret. One hundred and eighty-three Kieff students and twenty-two St. Petersburg students were condemned to this punishment and were carried away as criminals, in absolute secrecy, to some unknown destination, presumed to be Port Arthur. Twelve of them refused to take the military oath of allegiance to the czar, and were consequently court-martialled and condemned to death, and finally sent to military hard labor for life in military punishment battalions.

"This produced a general commotion all over the country. Hundreds of parents rushed to St. Petersburg in order to try to save their sons. Representatives of the law—namely, the public prosecutors at Kieff and St. Petersburg—two generals who took part in the above-mentioned courts, protested in writing against the application of the imperial order; and sixty-five university professors wrote to the czar a letter, at the risk of being treated as rebels and sent to Siberia, urging him to withdraw his order, and sending their letters to London for publication. And when 12,000 students united in a general uprising, and the student manifestations at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kharkoff, supported by demonstrations of the organized workingmen, were dispersed by the lead-weighted horsewhips (*nagaikis*) of the Cossacks, who cut open the faces of men and women in the streets, the general indignation was so intense that it burst out openly. The 'respectable' society of authors, a venerated member of the Council of State, Prince Vyazemsky—nay, the very Cossacks of the body guard—protested against the treatment of the crowds; and finally the Committee of the Ministers, assuming for the first time since the reign of Alexander I the role of a "ministry," discussed the imperial order and insisted upon its withdrawal. It refused to acquiesce in the will of the czar, which was to proclaim a state of siege of St. Petersburg, and it obtained from the emperor the dismissal of the St. Petersburg prefect de police, General Kleigels."

* See also an article of mine in the *Outlook*, April 6, 1901. The doubts which were expressed there as to the accuracy of the sensational telegrams concerning plots against the czar's life have been fully confirmed since. It is now stated by the New York daily press itself that they were mere inventions, coming no one knows whence. P. K.

† Telegram to the London *Times* from its own correspondent, confirmed since by private letters.

After reviewing the constituional movement in Russia, and showing that twice within the last forty years—in 1860–1863 and 1880–1881—Russia has been on the eve of becoming a constitutional monarchy, Kropotkin ends his highly instructive contribution as follows:

"It is thus seen that foreign rather than domestic causes prevented Alexander II from taking in the sixties further steps in the constitutional direction; and that twice during the year 1881, the two czars, Alexander II and Alexander III, were on the very point of granting to Russia a constitution, or, at least, of taking the first decisive steps in that direction. The idea of a constitution is ripe in Russia, even in the highest administrative spheres, and consequently one need not be astonished to see that disturbances which began in a university suddenly acquired the importance of a constitutional question. In fact, this idea has never been abandoned since 1881, and it has ripened especially since the death of Alexander III. The nomination of Vannovsky to the post of minister of public instruction will not diminish the difficulties of the general situation, and new conflicts are sure to arise upon minor points between the young czar and the country, as well as the highest functionaries in the State administration. Speaking plainly, the fact is that Russia has outgrown the autocratic form of government; and it may be said confidently that if external complications do not disturb the peaceful developments of Russia, Nicholas II will soon be brought to realize that he is bound to take steps for meeting the wishes of the country. Let us hope that that he will understand the proper sense of the lesson which he has received during the past two months."

Well, this lesson seems not yet to have been understood by the desperate czar of all Russias. It is now one year since the above lines were written by Kropotkin, and Russia is now more than ever maintaining her autocracy upon the crater of a fuming volcano. Turmoil and chaos reign supreme the land over; there is no end to the riots and demonstrations of the people, and the flames of revolution seem to grow fiercer and fiercer every day. It is no more the students and the intelligence alone, but the proletariat of the factory, the peasant of the country and even the raw recruit of the army—all classes of the population are plunging into a desperate war against the wretched czarism. The universities and the factories, the mines as well as the fields are silent, the heads as well as the hands are striking, rioting, rebelling; the "red rooster" (fire) is let loose all over central Russia; the nobility is fleeing from its castles and mansions; many regiments are disobeying the command of their officers and refuse to shoot at the people; the whole of southern Russia is rising; the sugar factories of Voronezh are demolished by the enraged masses; the peasantry is taking the land from their exploiters; blood is flowing from Moscow to Vladimir; whole villages are going down in flames; Bogolepoff, the flunkey minister of education, and Sipiaguin, the tool of Pobiedonostseff's bigotry, and minister of the interior, have both been shot dead within a few weeks by students; Pobiedonostseff's life itself has been attempted within the last year,—the country is undoubtedly on the verge of a revolution.

The words of Comrade Kropotkin uttered in the *North American Review* and the *Outlook* have come true to the letter, and they seem to have struck home mighty deeply, when the procurator of the Holy Synod himself, and the real ruler of the 150,000,000 Russians, deemed it necessary to refute Kropotkin's statements in the September issue of last year's *North American Review*. But of this later.

MICHAEL COHN.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of orderwith the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individua liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 18, 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.

Notice.

Correspondents and exchanges will please take note that we have moved from 515 Carroll Ave., and change and direct their mail accordingly. Our new address is **331 WALNUT ST.**

* * *

Also all mail intended for LA PROTESTA UMANA should be sent to the same address.

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Notes.

It is intended that C. L. James' "History of the French Revolution" shall appear about June 1. All advance subsrcibers are asked to send their remittances before that date. Those who wish to receive the book immediately on publication, are asked to subscribe in advance. The price will be $1 for cloth bound copies, and 50 cents in paper.

The work has been copiously revised, and will be a decided improvement on the serial which appeared in FREE SOCIETY. It is a clear and precise account of the Revolution, and invaluable to all students of history and social movements.

* * *

W. P. Barnard will speak on "The Place of Woman in Society," at the Philosophical, 26 E. Van Buren St., on Sunday, May 10. He is an excellent speaker, and has become popular among the radicals. All are cordially invited to attend.

* * *

Dr. Juliet Severance requests us to announce that she has changed her residence to 6127 Drexel Ave., and is now able to speak on any of the reform questions of the day for associations.

* * *

The pamphlet "Roosevelt, Czolgosz, and Anarchy," which is so unpalatable to the New York police authorities, can be obtained of R. Fritz, 267 Madison St., New York, N. Y. Single copies 3 cents; in lots of 25 or more one half cent a copy.

* * *

FOR PHILADELPHIA.—The League of Tolerance, formed May 4, 1902, meets every Sunday afternoon, 3 p. m., at 870 N. Marshall St. Lectures and discussions are held. Everybody is welcome.

Pen Shots.

In the *People's Press* of Chicago there appeared some time ago a letter from Lois Waisbrooker, informing us that Leon Czolgosz had communicated to her from the spirit world that he had had been "obsessed by a monster to kill McKinley," and that he was now "learning the right way to work for humanity." When we pause and consider the result of Czolgosz's act, and compare the small red stain at Buffalo with that "long damning line of red" which began under the McKinley administration, and has not yet ceased to flow with its attendant train of evils in the way of official corruption and military brutality, the question naturally rises why the crime that has slain thousands of human beings did not merit some explanation at the hands of spirits? From what I have observed of so-called spirit communications, I am led to the conclusion that the "messages" are highly colored by the receiver's ideas and prejudices; that they in fact originate with the medium and not the spirit of the departed. I also admit that many mediums honestly deceive themselves in this respect, among whom I certainly include outspoken Lois Waisbrooker. As proof that honest mediums are the victims of mental hallucinations, I will wager that messages from the "Monster Slayer" would be in line with the mental attitude of every medium toward the act at Buffalo, and that the "reason" transmitted from the spirit world would vary accordingly.

I have never taken kindly to the idea that a fellow creature could be possessed of a devil; this idea belongs to a dead past. The nearest approach a man can make to the character of being "obsessed by a monster," is when armed with authority and at no personal risk to himself he metes out death to his fellow beings.

* * *

The April *Iconoclast* quotes Judge Tuley of Chicago as saying that he often "feels like a giant that society has armed to punish the victims that it creates." A fine specimen of the above creation is furnished by a California thief as detailed in a San Francisco paper. The thief in question spent twelve of his twenty-eight years of life in prison, having served out four different sentences. The sum total of all his thefts is $67. His third sentence was four years in San Quentin for stealing a five-dollar suit of clothes. Who can measure the unspeakable wrong done this young man whom prison swallowed when a mere child? We can well call him a nursling of justice, one only out of the thousands of poor infants "hand raised" by this withered harlot in her dens of degradation, the penal institutions of the State.

* * *

Not long ago a San Francisco judge sentenced a fourteen-year-old boy to the reform school, and preceded the sentence by a short lecture. He stated that he knew the boy would be discharged a confirmed criminal, but that no other course except to send the boy there was open to him, as he had been up once before for petty thievery. Undoubtedly the judge reasoned from facts that had come under his observation as to the effects of reformatories and prisons on the human character. Now the question arises was not this judge a criminal for sentencing a child to what he declared would mean a life of vice? Knowingly and deliberately he wrongs a fellow creature. Doubtless those comrades who are in favor of obeying the laws as long as the law exists, will approve of the lawful action of the judge. But here is a man whose intelligence disapproves of a certain law, yet he lends himself to that law's use to ruin and degrade a young boy. What excuse is there for such action on his part? Were he a *man*, rather than be a tool to such infamy he would step down and out of his judicial career and saw wood for a living; but he is not a man, but a cowardly excuse for one; and his sleep is sweetened by the thought that the law is responsible, not he who disapproves of it in his heart. Men forget that the law is powerful only thru their action; and that he who sees the evil effect of that power can only contribute to the remedy of the evil by refusing to be a tool of the law.

* * *

In all due deference to the honest opinion of Comrade Winn, I will state that I do not consider the great events of the past, like the American and French Revolutions, all failures. No, they bore a lesson that some few have learned, namely that liberty does not come thru a change of masters, but thru the abolition of masters.

Reliance upon leaders feeds the power of government. The only good that ever came of it was the knowledge gained by experience: thru that reliance the followers are betrayed and enslaved, and the leaders degraded by the very conditions that create them. They who have learned the lessons of past events certainly do not wish to repeat their mistakes; and it seems to me that the leaders in the great "events" mentioned by Comrade Winn attained their influence by swimming with the current of popular sentiment, that had arisen in the minds of thousands against priestly and kingly domination. Those men who could best express the rebellious thoughts that were firing the human brain at that period, became the leaders. The people did the work, and the leaders got the glory. Once a man has gained the utter confidence of his fellows, or of a large faction, it is a simple matter to utilize that confidence to his own advantage or the furtherance of his ambitions. If a leader is to accomplish anything, he must have the implicit faith of his followers. And that faith is the germ of slavery. Why waste time and energy in its cultivation, since the ideal of Anarchy can never be attained till it is uprooted?

KATE AUSTIN.

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Current Comment.

I am deeply indebted to Comrade Ross Winn and our masquerading comrade who signs himself "Interloper" for their courteous and fraternal imputation of cowardice.—James F. Morton, Jr., in *Discontent*

In the eloquent language of a certain Arkansas statesman, I "deny the allegation and defy the allegator." I do not regard Comrade Morton's present attitude as in any sense cowardly, and my criticism, which *was* fraternal and courteous, contained no such imputation. I regard James F. Morton, Jr. as one of the ablest and most scholarly exponents of the Anarchist philosophy, the compeer of Tucker, Van Ornum, and

James. And, in tossing a literary brickbat at his present "policy" attitude, I intended no reflection upon his courage. But when he appropriates the term, philosophic, and applies it as a qualifying adjective to Anarchy, I cannot but suspect that he is playing to the gallery for effect, which, for a genuine philosopher, is decidedly grotesque. At least, it struck me that way.

* * *

In taking from the people of Home their postoffice, the United States government has made evidently its final heroic effort to "stamp out" Anarchy. This contemptible action, and still more contemptible motive back of it, reminds me of an incident of the war between the States. When the federal army was stationed at Nashville, after Hood's defeat, an order was issued that no person in the city should go beyond the military lines without a written permit from the commander. A woman, whose milchcow had strayed beyond the lines (without the specified permit) applied in person to the general for the necessary permit to pass the lines, stating the reason of her request. "Where is your husband?" inquired the officer. "In the rebel army," defiantly answered the sturdy matron. "Just what I thought," said the general, angrily; and bringing his fist down forcibly upon the table, he added: "You can't get your cow, madam! This rebellion must be put down at all odds!" "All right, general," said the southern lady, cheerfully. "If you think you can put down the rebellion by starving Betty Simpson's old cow, why do it, and be drat to you!"

* * *

Wm. J. Bryan in his paper, the *Commoner*, has a very excellent article on the rule-or-ruin, might-makes-right, policy of the Roosevelt administration and the Republican party generally. To be sure, the article has the misleading caption "Wholesale Anarchy," and the great champion of Democracy uses language calculated to confuse the uninformed, but a close reading of the article shows that no attack upon the Anarchist philosophy is intended. After quoting a Republican's definition of the Anarchist position as that of the "might-makes-right" theory, he very cleverly shows that the Republicans occupy the same ground, hence they are perfectly inconsistent in denouncing Anarchists for their supposed advocacy of that principle. Bryan may be a politician, but he is a politician of the Altgeld type—one of those fearless souls who constitute that rarest of rare phenomenons,—an honest politician.

* * *

Comrade James Beesen, of Hytop, Ala., by an appeal to the Supreme Court of that State, has established the right of a Freethinker to testify in the courts of that religious ridden State, and given the pious bigots a slight setback. While he is to be commended for his stubborn defense of religious liberty on a technical principle, I regret that he should have sacrificed all of his hard earned possessions for a principle that is practically worthless from an Anarchist point of view. It should be a matter of small moment to an Anarchist whether he be allowed to testify in a court of law or not, because much more is accomplished by showing that our legal machinery is nothing but organized injustice.

* * *

H. W. Koehn, who is not sure that he is an Anarchist, but imagines he is, has astonished himself with the discovery that the Social Revolution is not a thing of the future, but a present day fact. Having thus discovered the Social Revolution like Columbus discovered America, the brother will, doubtless, proceed to get it duly copyrighted, after the manner of the illustrious father of the "Movement in Favor of Ignorance." However, Brother Koehn has really made a discovery, which is a new and properly descriptive term for that new school of Anarchists, whom I have hitherto, for want of a better word, designated as Sunday school Anarchists. They are Imaginary Anarchists. I respectfully submit "Imaginary Anarchism" to those Grundy-scared comrades, who think it necessary to placate bigotry and stupidity by qualifying the Anarchist label with something soft-sounding and meaningless.

* * *

Whether the Social Revolution is now in progress, the future will determine. Those who regard the Social Revolution as the next great epoch in human progress have long contended that humanity was already in its grasp. The world-wide social unrest, discontent, discussion of new systems, the existence of Socialism and Anarchism,—the two great constructive philosophies,—all these portend a great and radical transformation of human society at no very distant day. This transformation, which is already in process of operation, tho scarcely perceptible, is what is meant by the term Social Revolution. I do not believe that its successful realization will be accomplished by peaceful means alone. Some of its manifestations today, even in its incipient stage, are far from peaceful. I could mention the assassination of President McKinley as one of the fruits of this Social Revolution that is now in progress. I abhor violence, and especially the taking of human life. But the present system is based upon violence, and is maintained by force and murder. To destroy it by peaceful means is an impossible undertaking. Therefore, while my soul revolts with horror from scenes like the reign of terror, my reason compels me to recognize the justification of violence, when its purpose is to counteract and destroy violence of a more invasive and inexcusable character.

* * *

Interloper charges me with inconsistency, because I believe in the sacredness of human life, yet propose hemp neckties for the plutocrats. I will admit that I am inconsistent. I will also confess that consistency is a virtue extensively monopolized by fools. It is only men with one idea, the hobby riders of mediocrity, who are consistent. But I never advocated hemp for anybody. I have said, and repeat it here, that the life of any man is sacred—*unless* it stands in the way of other lives, more precious. If I could believe that the death of William McKinley has resulted in enough benefit to humanity to outweigh the other effects, I would not hesitate to defend assassination, not alone in that, but in all similar cases. The excesses of the French Revolution were in themselves horrible crimes, but they were a necessary part of a revolution which put an end forever to far greater crimes. I believe in the sacredness of human life, and because I do so believe I wish to destroy that order that is founded upon violence and which makes murder a mere pastime. And believing that the overthrow of this sword and bayonet-propped social order is impossible thru peaceful means, I am an insurrectionist, an apostle of physical force. And I admit that I am inconsistent.

ROSS WINN.

—o—

For the McKinley Monument.

A long row of Filipinos stretched out on the ground, with their limbs chained, Uncle Sam holding down their hands with his knees, while some of our noble soldiers are pumping gallons of water into their stomachs, and others dancing on their swollen bellies to force the water out of the dying "savages,"—of course the soldiers to bear he sublime visage of the glorious hero-martyr of our mourned president.

The same countenance to illumine our magnanimous soldiers shooting down a lot of Filipino boys and girls over ten.

I am no painter or sculptor, but would most humbly suggest for some genius of an artist to paint a picture or chisel a statute on the model outlined above. Who knows! It might perchance outlive the fame of the subject represented.

M. A. C.

—o—

Observations.

The 1st of May was to have been a grand affair in St. Louis. At least that was the anticipation of the members of the Socialist party, or whatever they call themselves in Missouri—there are so many kinds of them now that it is difficult to know them by the name. After paying my ten cents I entered the hall where the grand affair was to come off.

The hall is owned by a rich brewer, Mr. Lemp, who sells his beer there, giving a certain percentage to the renters. The beer in the glasses is of such small quantity that to approach the bar is to enter a cold-blooded robber's territory. Now the Socialists, who in company of a good many other reformers are always shouting from the housetops that they want to free the people from robbery, patronize such places instead of boycotting them. Why? In order to pay Mr. E. V. Debs $100.

The speech of Mr. Debs is too long to be reproduced. If nothing unexpected happened I am sure he is talking yet. I heard from people who left a good while after I did that he was still speaking.

When I got outside I made the acquaintance of an unemployed brewer, who told me that he was a Socialist and had been marching in the parade all afternoon, but now the rest of the celebration took place in the hall, they refused to let him in because he had not the necessary dime.

And such people talk about an economical class struggle, and call themselves "class conscious"! They pay Debs $100, and a poor workingman who gets arrested for speaking on the streets nothing. Shame on you! Hypocrites on the one side and fools on the other.

ALFRED SCHNEIDER.

The Buddhist's Forgiveness.

No people in the world moralizes so much as the Chinese. Their political regime seeks to realize the principle of morality. Their sociology is composed entirely of moral propositions. Their philosophy is simply to unfold the first principles which preside over human actions. Their immense literature, even in its frivolous and libidinous portions, is only a vast and at times most surprising exemplification of moral theorems. We in Europe go out of our way to reproach Chinese civilization, because it sometimes appears annoying to us, eternal seekers after new sensations, which, in truth, have but very rarely any connection with morality.

Nevertheless, we consider the Chinese people, without hesitation, as the most immoral people in the world. That is because the Occidentals forget too easily that morality does not consist at all in fear of the penal code, but in strength of will which directs actions independently, and, even to the contrary of all exterior considerations.

It is Strength of Soul which matters, and one might almost say that disdain of institutions is the beginning of morals.

Now it is manifest that in no quarter of the world are institutions as strong as in Europe; hence it is not surprising to see a man who, like Tolstoy, disdains them that he may live according to his individual strength of soul, may follow the path which allures the hero.

In China, everyone is somewhat of a Tolstoy; everyone endeavors to harmonize practical life with the theoretical principles of morality. That these principles are the same in China as among the Christians, has been said so often that it is hardly necessary to repeat it. The fact is so striking that western theology finds it impossible to feign ignorance of it. The Jesuit Fathers of the eighteenth century, on the one hand, surprised and angered thereby, found no other way out of it but to declare it a diabolic phantasmagoria, designed to create trouble for the missionaries. On the other hand, the savants of the nineteenth century, such as Duplay, saw therein a renewed proof of the glory of God; and they strained themselves to exalt the magnificance of Christianity by establishing that God had given the Decalog even to the Chinese!

In theory, then, there is no difference; it remains to learn the manner in which the application of these theories to life is manifested.

There is, above all, a sublime quality which the Christian, in remembrance of the myth of the Savior's death, has deemed it his duty to claim as the special grandeur of *his* Morality,—the power to forgive. No system of morals, no people in the world, has attained, says he, to a conception of equal grandeur, a conception contrary to all the instincts of resentment, vengeance, and cruelty, which characterize the man not yet emancipated from his animal nature.

Now, it must be admitted, all is error in this assertion.

In the first place, the moral conception of forgiveness is in nowise of Christian, but of Buddhistic, origin; and the Christian is wrong in wishing to monopolize for himself the glory of an idea, which he has, in fact, but borrowed from the hundreds of millions of Buddhists who existed before the birth of Christianity thruout all civilized Asia.

But it is still more erroneous to believe that the conception of forgiveness is the absolute negation of the vulgar instincts of resentment, vengeance, and cruelty. Quite the contrary.

The most erroneous idea of all, however, in the conception of forgiveness as we still pretend to have it in our days of Christianity, is the presumption with which we still teach non-Christian peoples that forgiveness is the foundation and the crowning jewel of Christian civilization and religion. When we look at the codes of all the "civilized" peoples, those great volumes full of vengeance well administered, those shameful proofs of the fact that the Christian is too gross to be punished by forgiveness, we turn with a livelier admiration to the Chinese and Thibetan Buddhists, who are still capable of using forgiveness as the strongest means of effecting a useful revenge.

It has been given to me to observe an example thereof, no more typical instance of which could be invented, which places in direct contrast the Asiatic and European conceptions, and which, while furnishing a sublime lesson, constitutes one of the most touching anecdotes one can imagine. The story has been officially reported in the *Priamovsky Krai*, but unfortunately in a form so garbled, that the sense of it is entirely altered, and it appears important to reestablish the facts, so much the more as the distorted official report has gone the rounds of the European press.

It happened at Kharbin, in northern Manchuria, in the month of August. The Russians had occupied the city. The frightful events of Blagoveschensk, where, in consequence of the false interpretation of an imperial order, an imbecile general had caused four thousand peaceable Chinese to be drowned, had aroused the ferocious instincts of the Cossack warriors. "We don't make war for the sake of politics," said a Cossack officer to me, over there, "we make it from our hearts, for war's own sake. It is our element."

One evening, one of them was amusing himself by interrogating a Chinese trader, who was selling cucumbers in the street. The Chinaman, who did not understand Russian, did not know how to answer; whereupon the Cossack, exasperated at the other's not replying to him, discharged his gun directly into the Chinaman's belly. The Russian fled precipitately, and the poor Chinaman was carried to the military hospital.

This occurrence affected the general disagreeably. With him, indeed, it was a question of gaining over the Chinese by mildness, the government having the intention of annexing the country. Hence he thought to counteract the bad impression which the incident must necessarily have produced on the Chinese, by ordering a severe judicial inquiry and punishing the offender in an exemplary manner. The inquiry assumed a highly dramatic character, from the glaring juxtaposition of Chinese morality with European "justice."

To declare the identity of the murderer, the military judge of inquiry went to the hospital to interrogate the wounded man, who was near his agony. The interpreter was a Russian. I transcribe as faithfully as possible the Chinese questions and answers.

"Did you see clearly the soldier who shot you?"

"Yes, I saw him very clearly, for he was talking to me quite a while before he discharged his gun."

"In case we should show you a great number of soldiers, would you be able to recognize him among them?"

"Undoubtedly. *But I do not wish to denounce him.*"

"What! you don't wish to designate him? Why not?"

The Chinaman, already a wan specter, opened wide his great eyes in which a strange flame seemed to sparkle. He raised himself and extended his hand.—"You, a Russian, mighty and learned, you do not know? You do not understand? I will tell you. Very soon, I am going to die; I know it, I feel it. But I want to die tranquil, at peace with the universe. That is why, before quitting this existing, I wish to forgive him. I do not wish to cause more suffering. We must reason: why cause two to perish if it is possible that I alone should die?"

"But, if you do not denounce him, we might make a mistake, and cause an innocent man to expiate the crime committed against you."

"Is it so?" exclaimed the dying man; and by a superhuman effort he sprang up with a gesture of truly majestic grandeur. "You are going to institute a tribunal, to accuse, judge, condemn, altho I do not want it! O infamy, crime, ferocity! You are going to assassinate, you to whom no one has done any wrong, because something has been done to me? By what right? It is my affair, mine! I have not invoked your power to avenge me. He has killed me, I forgive him. It lies with me. If I do not want it, you have no part to play. I forgive. It is no longer for you to judge."

The Russian functionaries stood aghast. Their brains, accustomed to dwelling upon the paltry principles of the Occidental idea of justice, were not prepared to receive such a stroke. There was silence. At last one of them recovered the thread of his disconcerted logic, and insinuated:

"But if we do not punish him, he may again do evil to others."

"No, no," cried the Chinaman, more and more excited, "you are wrong. If you punish him, he will become exasperated and sin again thru ill temper. If I forgive him, he will not again do evil to anyone. He will not do it again, *because* he will have been forgiven!"——

All the same, the examining judge confronted a certain number of soldiers with the dying Chinese. Among them also was he upon whom, from the beginning, the gravest suspicion had fallen. The Chinaman let them all pass by, repeating simply, "No—no—no—"

At last came the inculpated one— Immediately an intense emotion was reflected in the dolorous features of the victim. The Chinese looked at him a long time in the midst of a profound silence. After some minutes he asked the judge: "What will they do to him, if I denounce him?"

"He will be sentenced to hard labor for life."

"I will denounce no one. In the first place, I would be in error; it is not he. And, aside from all other considerations, I wish to forgive that I may punish usefully and die tranquil."

The examining judge, desperate at the turn the affair was taking, said to him, in an insolently official tone: "You must denounce. It is my will. It is your duty. You are rebelling against the action of law and of justice."

"Be still, and do not speak to me of duty. What my duty is you cannot know; it is my personal affair. If it is your duty to hunt out a guilty man restored to innocence by my forgiveness, that you may wreak upon him a vengeance which does not concern you, that is your affair. I will have nothing to do with such abominations. And I tell you, if among the soldiers you have shown to me, there had been the guilty one, I would still say 'no, he was not there'; and if, in spite of me, you have him whom you believe to be guilty, judged and sentenced, I delare you ten times guilty, against him and against me. You will be a criminal.—I forgive."

The Chinese, who had spoken trembling with emotion and accompanying his supreme words with convulsive gestures, the last before death, fell back and fainted.

"I forgive"—that was his last word. He never recovered consciousness; an hour later he was dead.

Even the hardened souls of the Cossack officers were profoundly moved by the spectacle of this majestic death. Once again the divine thought of Buddha had conquered the blind and sanguinary Themis. Asia, incarnated in the murdered body of the Chinese peasant, humiliated Europe, proud of her culture; and there are four hundred million peasants over there. . . . . .

I saw the Cossacks weep. The inquiry was abandoned. And never since have we heard of Russian violence in Kharbin.—Alexander Ular.

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Law Breaking and Anarchism.

Some arrests were made on the occasion of the Altgeld memorial meeting in New York last week, the prisoners being charged with selling Anarchistic literature. When they came before the magistrate it appeared that they had been selling a pamphlet entitled "Roosevelt, Czolgosz and Anarchy" with an addendum on "Communism," a tract in advocacy of Anarchistic Communism and in criticism of President Roosevelt's message on Anarchy. Since this arrest we have examined the pamphlet in question. So far as the criticism of Roosevelt is concerned, it is written in much better temper than are most political editorials and the gravamen of the charge is fully sustained. As to the Anarchistic Communism which is advocated, while we do not accept it but distinctly and we believe intelligently reject it, we are at a loss to know why anybody should be arrested or prosecuted or be in anywise personally condemned for writing or publishing it. Yet the police magistrate before whom the sellers of this pamphlet were haled, was so indignant that he refused to be satisfied with the charge that the prisoners had sold the pamphlets without having a license, and remanded them until he could discover if possible some law under which they might be prosecuted for inciting "Anarchy." Whoever will read the pamphlet will, while running no greater risk than that of getting a wider horizon for his world of thought, be apt to conclude that the solicitous New York magistrate is probably a good deal of a demagog. Demagogs do not ply their trade, however, unless there are masses of people willing to be fooled. Is it not time, then, for the people to put these Anarchy baiters out of buisiness? Why should the masses of the people any longer raise a hue and cry against free speech whenever demagogs label it "Anarchy," and so furnish a convenient noise to conceal the operations of the truly dangerous Anarchists—those who live in palaces instead of tenements, and go to the Senate instead of the jail? These Anarchists were justly held up to public execration at a ministers' meeting in Cleveland this week by the pastor of John D. Rockefeller's church, the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton. "Anarchy," he said, "is rampant everywhere. The Anarchists are not all poor men. . . . The man who gets rich at the expense of the people is an Anarchist of the worst kind." It would be better to get seriously to work pulling down this kind of Anarchy, than to chase poor men into jail for publishing wholesome criticisms of the president's message and legitimate essays on the foundation principles of government. —*The Public*.

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The editorial reprinted from the *Public* in this issue, is for the most part eminently fair and timely; but the last part is weak. The pastor of John D. Rockefeller's church is not a likely man to be calling one "who gets rich at the expense of the people" "an Anarchist of the worst kind" unless calling him so amused the dear people without hurting him. The pastor doubtless knows; "the man who gets rich at the expense of the people certainly knows"; it is only the people themselves who do not know, that laws are not made to be kept by the legislative class. The longer the people can be retained in ignorance of that truth, the better for law, legislators, and "the man who gets rich at the expense of the people." One way to keep the people in such ignorance is to call "the man who gets rich at the expense of the people" "an Anarchist of the worst kind." For this encourages the people to think that a few "more laws" will fix him;—an erroneous idea, inasmuch as laws are not made to be kept by lawmakers. "The man who gets rich at the expense of the people" is not an Anarchist, of the worst kind, or any other kind. It is by means of laws which he procures, that he gets rich at the expense of the public. True, he does not keep those laws himself: but if liking the law only so far as one can see it suits his own interest be Anarchism, then we are all Anarchists. If the word Anarchist is to denote any kind of men in particular, it must not be applicable to all kinds of men in general. A criminal is not an Anarchist. About fifteen years ago, some fellows in New York were caught setting fires to get insurance. They tried to enlist sympathy by calling themselvs Anarchists. Tucker, at that time our best known publisher, made haste to repudiate them; and every real Anarchist followed his lead. More recently the quacks who spread disease and death thru inducing people still more ignorant than themselves to discard all sanitary science later than Hippocrates, have made some capital out of abuse of compulsory vaccination laws and the law which makes a medical practioner responsible for harm done by his ignorance of his art. Such laws are objectionable to Anarchists, for this reason among others, that they give the quacks a hobby to ride. But they are just as good as the laws against arson—a less mischievous practise than quack-doctoring. Neither the quack-doctor-murderers nor the firebugs are Anarchists at all. The quack will sue for fulfilment of his contract, and the fire-bug for his insurance, as quick as "the man who gets rich at the expense of the people." They dislike law only when it does not suit their personal interest; and only because it does not suit their personal interest, just as everyone else does when such is his own case. The Anarchist dislikes it because he sees that it is necessarily made by, for, and not to bind, "the man who gets rich at the expense of the people."

> "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law."

The more, therefore, the Anarchist dislikes law, the more it concerns him to disclaim all identifications of his motives with the rogue's. C. L. JAMES.

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Medical.

I shall respectfully decline to follow the trail of the herring which Dr. Leverson has drawn across his track, into a debate about the comparative merits of Pasteur and Béchamp But I will state that by those "nearest half dozen surgeons" whom Dr. Leverson supposes may be imaginary or no better informed than myself, I did not mean the half dozen nearest to *me*, but the half dozen nearest to *any reader* who may care to learn from specialists in a particular branch of science whether I or Leverson be right about its history.

What Dr. Leverson means by the following paragraph I confess not being able to make out. I would not be severe on an oversight; and think he must have omitted some essential words. He cannot surely mean that the discovery of anesthetics furnished the groundwork of Lister's successes in surgery, inasmuch as Lister's principle success, to which his name has been given, had nothing to do with anesthesia. Yet that is what Dr. Leverson appears to say—

> If . . . Mr. James had taken the pains to study the history of anesthetics, he would have learned that vivisection had absolutely nothing to do with *its* discovery, and that it was ITS discovery and not vivisection, or the nonsensical germ theory, which furnished the groundwork of Lister's successes in surgery. (Euphasis mine.)

C. L. JAMES.

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Imperialism.

The following is an exact copy in part of a letter I received today from C. C. Post, Seabreeze, Fla. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Home, Wash., April 23, 1902.

Dear Friend,—It is true that Helen's mail is still returned marked "fraudulent." It is also true that the postoffice officials assert that they have the authority to do the same by anybody's mail at their option, and that they do not need to even hear any evidence offered by the accused, and that a decision of the courts that the party has violated no law is not binding on the department.

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— BY —

C. L. JAMES.

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