



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 371.

Alton Locke's Song. 1848.

Weep, weep, weep and weep,
For pauper, dolt, and slave!
Hark! from wasted moor and fen
Feverous alley, stifling den,
Swells the wail of Saxon men—
Work! or the grave!

Down, down, down and down
With idler, knave, and tyrant!
Why for sluggards cark and moil?
He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil!
God's word's our warrant!

Up, up, up and up!
Face your game and play it!
The night is past, behold the sun!
The idols fall, the lie is done!
The Judge is set, the doom begun!
Who shall stay it?

—Charles Kingsley.

Church and State.

There is no necessary connection between religion and a Church; a religion can exist without a Church, as a Church can and does without religion. Religion is a truth, a principle, a fact; but a Church is an institution, an organization, an establishment, a mere contrivance by which to concentrate and utilize power. But there is no need of an organization to maintain or advance morality, any more than there is need of institutions or contrivances to maintain or advance justice, right, kindness, virtue or goodness. They exist and advance by their own inherent power. Truth and right are strong in their own might, and no human service can either aid them or retard their progress.

But with religion, especially the Christian religion, the case is different. In Christ's time there was no Church, no organization, there were no ceremonies, no formalities of any kind; there was not to any appreciable extent any such institution as a Church even in Paul's time. No one thought at that time of combining or organizing Christians in order to create a new power with which to advance the interests of any individual or to carry out the schemes of any ruler. Christians in those days were few, but they were intensely in earnest; they were Christians in the proper sense of the term. Mosh-eim well says, "Neither Christ himself nor his apostles have commanded anything clearly or expressly concerning the precise method of its government."

But two or three hundred years later, in Constantine's time, the religious status had changed. Paganism, the prevailing religious system at that time, had steadily declined

until it had reached the verge of ruin; while Christianity, without the aid of any Church organization and independent of human aid of any kind, had gradually risen till it began to attract the attention of the civilized world. Then it was that Constantine saw in Christianity a lever that he might use for his own advancement. He did not embrace Christianity, he merely converted it to his own purposes, and used it to promote his own selfish ends; and thus it was that the world came to have, and still has, a Church, which, by the way, is an entirely different thing from religion properly so called.

It may be well to remind the reader here, before proceeding farther, that the foundation of all government lies in the belief in a Supreme Being, some governor or ruler of the universe who cares for the interests of mankind. The simplest, most unintelligent man that has ever been born knows very well that no one man is any better than any other man, and that to no one man has ever been given the right to lay down rules and doctrines by which to govern the actions of other men. The worst tyrant or despot that has yet lived never pretended that he himself was endowed with any such "inalienable right" as that of dictating what other men should do or leave undone. Every one of the governing class puts forward the false and fraudulent claim that he is serving the Lord, that he is acting in God's name and operating by God's grace! Of course he could not prove his claim—no tyrant or ruler ever could—but he puts forward his dogma with so much assurance that the humble citizen comes to think that perhaps there is something in the claim after all. A little prodding with a bayonet, or a few blows with a whip or club, helps the subject's faith greatly in all such cases. After the claim is once established, absurd as everybody knows it to be in fact, matters go along smoothly enough and very little trouble is experienced. Soon the law of inheritance comes in, and a right that is inherited, no matter from whom, be it a thief or a murderer, is just as good as any other right, especially when it is backed by a suitable amount of force.

If we go back in history and examine the record that government has left for hundreds and even thousands of years, we shall find it uniformly based upon religion and a belief in God, or gods. Priests and prophets were our first masters, and the kings and rulers that came later were merely priests in another dress. Down to very re-

cent times the office of King and High Priest was held by one and the same individual, as it is in Russia at the present time. But when we come to the Middle Ages a new state of things is seen to exist. For a long time the Church and State had been allies, precedence and priority being conceded to the former; but as might have been expected, jealousies began to arise and conflicting interests made their appearance. The pope claimed to be infallible and he assumed to be the source of all lawful power and authority; but the kings and emperors who had been gaining strength for a long time and who began to feel that they had less use for the pope than formerly, boldly disputed his pretensions and declared their own independence. This is the struggle that has been going on in Europe for centuries, and it is going on still. The State does not really want to make a break with the Church and sever relations completely, for it realizes that the Church still has a powerful hold upon the affections of the people, but it demands a readjustment of relations and advances new views of State rights and State responsibility.

J. WILSON.

To the Strikers of Paterson.

Since Wednesday, June 18, when the police caused a riot by opening fire on a body of strikers whose offense consisted in the attempt to induce those working in the mills to make common cause with them, the mouth-piece of the Weidmann, Auger & Simon and the other upstarts in the silk trade, the *Paterson Guardian*, has exerted all its "literary genius" to spread fallacious and vindictive reports about the Wednesday outbreak and the strikers in general. Since that time it has employed every device to prejudice the public against the workers by maliciously holding up the foreign element of the strikers and the Anarchists as the cause of the whole trouble.

As long as this worthy member of capitalistic hirelings indulged in vile denunciations of Anarchists and Anarchism, we deemed it below our dignity to refute any of its statements. We know too well that it requires intelligence to discuss Anarchism, and to do justice to its adherents; and to credit a yellow, sensational and vicious journal like the *Guardian* with such cultured qualities, would even make the Gods laugh; but since it persists in holding us responsible for the general strike, we consider it highest time to speak.

We speak because we wish to have a heart to heart talk with you, the strikers. You men and women of the large masses, whose life is an endless chain of drudgery, of darkness and despair, to you we speak. In times gone by when the workers dared to assert their rights, when driven to strike thru years of suffering and abuse, they have ever been misrepresented by the capitalistic press. Their demands were stamped as unjust, and their brothers denounced as mobs and violators of Law and Order. In those days a whole machinery was employed to show that the workers had no cause for discontent; that the conditions were good; and that each man could earn a comfortable living if he so desired. But those days are gone, and none but the intellect of the "Guardian angel" can have the impudence to blow life into the shadows of a past prejudice. Today every intelligent man from the professor's chair down to the pulpit, from the literary genius down to the poorest scribbler, from the wealthy drawing room to the poorest hut, all have recognized this one great truth: that the condition of the workers is far from being good; that they are getting poorer; that of 70,000,000 people in the United States not merely foreigners, but Americans also, are at the mercy of a small number of men who have accumulated all the wealth of the country, thereby widening the gulf between the rich and the poor.

Everyone recognizes that these conditions render it impossible for the producer to rise out of a life of drudgery and dependence, a life of hopeless submission, while giving to the non-producer all opportunity for culture, development and affluence; and that strikes and conflicts between those who toil and those who live without work are the most natural results of such conditions.

Everyone knows that, and many there are who try their utmost to bring about a change for the better—to educate and elevate the laborer, to raise his self-respect, and to awaken in him self-consciousness. But the majority who could do much for the oppressed dare not speak, for they have sold their manhood for a mess of pottage; and their degraded occupation consists in making laws as a protection for a privileged few in their greedy rush for wealth; or to shoot peaceful men and women who dare occasionally to ask for more than a mere crust. They are engaged in spinning cobwebs over the eyes of the public and inventing new excuses, new apologies and new lies as a cause of all labor troubles.

Now it is the Anarchist, the outlaw, who is responsible for it; he who believes in no master save his own intelligence, who insists that no man has a right to live at the expense of his fellow man, or to invade his freedom and to coerce him into submission. The Anarchist, who proves that all government is based on force and violence, and can only thrive on force and violence. He knows that the whole machinery of government breeds corruption, fraud, and crime. Yes, the Anarchist is responsible for it. "Stamp him out! Imprison him! Hang him until dead and a little longer!"

Now could the *Guardian* or any other yellow journal have raised a better cry as an excuse for strikes, than popular prejudice

against Anarchists and Anarchism? Certainly not. Nothing excites the bull more, than the waving of a red cloth. However, the thinking people among the strikers know better than to heed such sensational talk. They know that Anarchism means anything but crime and violence; that it is a philosophy dealing with all human life, based upon a deep longing for independence and a strong sympathy with the human family. Of course the *Guardian* cannot be expected to know anything of philosophies.

Again we hear, it is the foreigner who is to blame, the Italian, the French, the German, etc. They are responsible. They, the strangers who come to our shores and have the audacity to speak a language we do not understand. They who came to America because they could not resist the treacherous charms of Dame Liberty, yet will not submit to the policeman's club. They who will not starve silently while our own patriotic boys swallowed embalmed beef or died of fever without a murmur. Yes, the foreigner is responsible for the labor trouble. Another popular prejudice which may satisfy an ignorant populace, but never those who are united in a common cause, those who have worked side by side in the time of peace, and who now strongly hold together in the time of war.

How ridiculous, how illogical it is to hold any given idea, or any set of men, responsible for an evil that is deeply rooted in the very system of economic relations between millions of people who produce all the wealth, yet are forced to live on a mere pittance, and a small minority, that not only owns all the products, but that can dictate terms according to a moment's caprice. This system has given birth to all labor troubles, because it has given birth to its enemy, capitalism. These two enemies can never under any circumstances be united, because the rise of one means the fall of the other; the independence of one, the submission of the other; and when the submission has reached its limit, what then? Ah, yes, what then? Then it breaks forth with all its pent up energies, all its hopes, all its dreams and its aspirations, and spreads like thunder and lightning all over the country in the form of strikes, conflicts, and riots. And the militia and the mayor with the vigilance league might as well attempt to sweep back the rushing waves of the ocean with a broom, as to stop the current of discontent and long suffering.

Just such a strike is on in Paterson today, and if the "Guardian angel," together with Weidmann, Auger & Simon, Geering, etc. will continue, like the ostrich, to hide their heads beneath their feathers, you strikers of Paterson cannot and must not follow their example. You know yourselves that the cause of your strike is neither Anarchists nor foreigners. You know as well as one of your brothers, who states these facts in a New York German evening paper, that the strike was brought about thru your meager earnings, which made it impossible for you to exist. The writer, who, as the paper assures us, is a very conservative man and is opposed to both Anarchism and Socialism, explains the strikes as follows: The mill owners, who are mostly upstarts, that is to say, have recently risen to wealth, treat

their workingmen in the roughest and rudest possible way. They have accumulated large fortunes and built magnificent mansions out of the sweat and blood of their employees. They live in luxury and abundance, while men with big families can hardly earn eight dollars a week, and this not all year around.

You see that even the most conservative among you realize that the men who have become rich thru you, and who will with the greatest ease squander thousands, yet not grant your small demands, that they who in their cowardice called for the militia to shoot you, and to protect their ill gotten wealth, that they and the system that breeds them are responsible for the strike and no one else.

Mr. Weidmann and his companions claim that they cannot pay the price demanded by the strikers. Perhaps they will change their minds when the whole industry of Paterson will be tied up; when all the textile workers, machinists, and car drivers will join you in the general strike (the strike which is not composed merely of foreigners as the *Guardian* will have it but which has involved a large majority of American workingmen) which to all appearance is but a question of a few days.

Commercialism has tried hard to crush human sympathy, but nature, in her all abounding love has come out victorious. She knows not of Italian, German, French or other nationalities; she knows that all blood is red, and all tears are salt. She sees but her children with pale faces and bleeding limbs, and she faithfully leads them on to victory, which they can only gain thru a strong, deep tie of sympathy and devotion in the battle for their rights.—Emma Goldman, in *La Question Sociale*.

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Historic Facts.

Mr. Strickler's prize essay on Anarchism is by far the best production of the kind I ever saw written by one who, I suppose, does not call himself an Anarchist. Its appearance, and the circumstances which brought it out, are another signal proof how great an Anarchist victory has followed the attempts which the bourgeoisie began against us last fall; how vast an impetus has been given to study and knowledge of Anarchism in America by the seemingly untoward events of September, 1901; and how rapidly the young are falling into line. We shall soon be all Anarchists at this rate!

It contains, however, a few historic statements, which I think are incorrect. For example, we are told that Proudhon did not assume the name of Anarchist. Now, surely, one of the most and important and peculiar facts about Proudhon's work was that he not only did assume but originated the name, at least in any except an abusive sense. It was because he dared to call himself an Anarchist that he is so often (incorrectly) described as the founder of Anarchism. But his use of the word was far from an unimportant event. It amounted to capturing the enemy's big Gatling gun, and turning it against him. Proudhon was a journalist, the bulk of whose fifty volumes consists in pamphlets, tracts, articles, correspondence, and other literature of that

sort. His work for Anarchism consisted chiefly in agitation. As an agitator, his power was mostly in that very name which he, for the first time, set up as a standard.

Again, it is hardly correct to say that Josiah Warren was the first exponent of "Anarchism as a revolutionary political factor, a great modern intellectual and social movement," etc. Either this distinction belongs to Proudhon, or it may be sent back further than Warren. As I have elsewhere endeavored to show, Anarchism sprang from the peculiar conditions of England between 1688 and 1760. Since Burke published his "Vindication of Natural Society," in the latter year, neither England nor America has ever been without Anarchists. Paine, "Junius," Jefferson, are among the best known. Godwin's "Political Justice" and Condorcet's "Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind" (1794), certainly attain the dignity of making Anarchism "a revolutionary political factor."

There are two points in this great subject which Mr. Strickler has grasped very firmly. One, embodied in Condorcet's work, is that "the vision of a society in which none shall exercise a restraining influence over his fellows" has been "a haunting dream of the human mind since the first emergence of the ego from the tribal conception of existence in the unrecorded days of primitive Communism." The other point is that Anarchism, by the simplicity of its program, has come to include the whole individualistic tendency in morals, literature, philosophy, economics, —that is the whole modern tendency. "The stone which the builders rejected"—the "emergence of the ego from the tribal conception of existence"—"has become the chief stone of the corner." It is the central point on which all that is new rests. To remove it, if that were possible, would bring down modern civilization too; and on whomsoever it should fall, it would grind him to powder.

C. L. JAMES.

Louise Michel as Lectress.

No great display of placards had been made; only the day before the meeting insignificant little handbills announced that Louise Michel would speak. Yet there was a closely crowded hall of an international audience—international in the true sense of the word. Long before the beginning of the lecture, the subject of which was "The International in the Nineteenth Century," there sat at the end of the hall an old, black-dressed lady with gray hair but flushed cheeks, her head bent forward, but with a vigorous and erect body. She sits there listening to her neighbor, looking straight and searchingly at the speaker. Two brilliant, lively eyes which we seldom see in a person of sixty-nine years. But when she ascends the platform, repose and self-possession vanish. Then she is not a woman, not an aged person, but an agitator in the full sense of the word. Every motion, every word is effective. Her hands never rest, and her head and her body accompany her words. A discourse full of vigor and impressiveness. But it is her voice that is the most effective. No clamorous word, no shrieking sentence,—all is spoken in a low tone, but full of excitement and restrained passion,—mitigated,

one could almost say transfigured thru a really admirable affecting sincerity and genuine good-heartedness. When, for instance, you hear her speak of the victims of Russian government and her soft and low voice expresses a heart-rending pain, then you understand everything. Not only her success as an agitator, but also her life. Then one understands how this woman as a teacher of twenty-three years of age would rather establish a private school than to accept a position in a public school; then one understands her struggles against the empire, her activity in the Paris Commune, and that she would run from the meetings to the barricades.

That Louise Michel possesses great intelligence even her enemies must admit, and she showed her intelligence in the lecture, which was to prove that governmental institutions retard the development of mankind.—Geneva correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Germany.

Discussion Favored.

Noticing the divergence of opinion expressed by comrades in FREE SOCIETY regarding the methods of Anarchist propaganda, I at first thought that now there will be a good chance for a thoro debate on both Anarchism and human nature, upon which its tenets are chiefly based. But to my disappointment, I perceive there is an anxious disinclination among the comrades to raise a thoro discussion on the subject, fearing, I suppose, that the results, if showing more and wider divergence, would be detrimental to the brotherly feeling now teeming among them. If this is the case, I regret it heartily.

Discussion—exchange of opinions—is indispensable to the promotion of truth! A proposition to which most Anarchists will agree. Hence a thoro discussion on love and hate with their attributes, would, at present, be the most desirable thing in FREE SOCIETY, I think,—at least, to the undersigned. How about Comrade James? Doesn't he think it worth while to enlighten us on said subject with this opinion, or rather, positive knowledge?

As for myself, I think that love without hate would be like day without night, courage without fear, like a picture without a background, and white in exclusion of all other colors would be monotony and death! What we Anarchists want, I believe, is not so much the abolition of night as the predominance of day, not so much the extermination of hate as the triumph of love, not so much the annihilation of prejudice as the triumph of reason; and, in general, the prevalence of good over bad! Am I right or wrong?

M. WOLFMAN.

Lillian Levison.

Ever since McKinley was shot, the Tacoma daily Republican papers have acted toward us as if we were somehow responsible for the deed. Since then at intervals our little settlement has been a target for such wholesale lying as unprincipled politicians can so readily furnish. Now, after a season of comparative rest, here comes another broadside. The ridiculous story of an insane woman is sent out as truth. The story

purports to be that of Lillian Levison, who "escaped from the Anarchists at Home."

Had there been one particle of honor in those editors, they could easily have ascertained the utter falsity of the story. As it is, we cannot know how much of it is Lillian's, and how much of it those Republican editors have added to what she said; but she evidently gave them the framework. Lillian came here the first day of last December with her husband and her son, a boy some ten or twelve years of age—came of her own free will; we never encourage, much less "urge" anyone to come. When people write and ask, we give them the facts and then leave them to decide for themselves what to do. Lillian had not been here long before we decided she was either insane or a morphine eater; she acted so strangely. Finally she ran away from her husband, at which he seemed much distressed; said that she was not wholly in her right mind and was growing worse.

He seemed a quiet, inoffensive man and much attached to her. Her trunk went on the boat from here, but she said she must see a man in Lake Bay. One of the colonists, Mr. King, sent his son with her and the boy over there in his rowboat. They remained a few days, she having their meals brought to their room, then walked nearly four miles to Longbranch and took the boat from there to Tacoma, instead of being "in an open boat all night to escape the Anarchists."

If editors enjoy publishing the tales of the insane we can stand it. Our stay is the conscious rectitude of our lives. But this woman has method in her madness, and while others call her insane I feel inclined to class her with those in Bible times who were called possessed of an evil spirit, and whom Spiritualists call obsessed. She is a good letter writer, has a wide correspondence among liberal thinkers, and it is for their sakes that I publish this. We know she wrote to one prominent liberal saying that the men here drink and are cruel to their wives. Nothing could be more false. There is no liquor kept here, and but few of the men use tobacco.

I am told that the woman has passed thru much suffering, and I pity her; but feel that justice demands this statement. Indeed, the conditions of society are so unsuited to the finely organized and highly sensitive, it is a wonder that more of us are not insane.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

For Boston.

Solidarity Picnic for the victims of the Paterson strike, to be held Sunday, August 3, at Buitta's Farm, away in the woods of liberty, Newton Upper Falls. Music by the Lynn comrades. International songs and social games. Admission 25 cents. Children free. Refreshments and eatables can be purchased on the grounds. Directions.—Take Subway cars to Newton Boul., there take Norumbega cars, ask for transfer (free) to Newton Upper Falls. Leave car at Oak Street and walk down to Pumping Station, then turn to the right to Highland Ave., where the farm is. Teams will wait for visitors from 12 till 3 p. m.

In case of bad weather the picnic will be postponed to the following Sunday.

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 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.

Comrade T. Appel is collecting subscriptions for FREE SOCIETY in Chicago. Those in arrears may expect a call from him at an early date.

To anyone sending us \$2 we will send FREE SOCIETY one year and Dr. Greer's "A Physician in the House." Also to anyone sending us one new subscriber and \$2 we will send the same. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

"Pages of Socialist History" by W. Tcherkesoff, is now ready. This book is recommended to Socialists of all schools, as it deals with the history of the "International," and the attitude of Marx and Engels towards Bakunin. Paper cover, 25 cents. By mail 30 cents. Send orders to Chas. B. Cooper, 114 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

It is the intention of the editor of Helena Born's "Whitman's Ideal Democracy" to bring out a volume of the poems and prose writings of Miriam Daniell, with such sum as accrues from the sale of the first book over and above expenses. Enough examples of Miriam Daniell's work have appeared in FREE SOCIETY to prove that a very strong and effective volume could be got together.

Certain Comments.

On reading William Thurston Brown's stirring words in FREE SOCIETY of June 29, I recognize a great soul. No wonder he felt himself compelled to leave the pulpit, where the man of honesty is at a sad discount. Nor has he yet found his rightful home. He does not belong by nature to the creed-bound Marxians, with their narrow view of human nature, their petty dogmas and mechanical social contrivances. His article is full of passages which have no meaning to the "scientific" Socialist. Mr. Brown needs to take but one step more. Let him come to understand the real nature of the Anarchist philosophy; and he will recognize in it the only pathway to the freedom he so earnestly and eloquently depicts.

His own comment on the men of 1776 applies with equal force to the Socialists of to-

day. As a body, they have no conception of liberty, and do not desire it. Altho free speech is the burning issue of the hour, altho the rights of free assemblage are infamously denied, altho a systematic attempt is being made all over this country to annihilate all freedom of the press, altho without free expression progress is choked at its fountain-head, no Socialist platform has a word to say of this primary issue; and the leading Socialist papers are silent as the grave with reference to the monstrous outrages of Comstockism and Maddenism. They exhibit not the slightest perception of the fact that the denial of free speech to one, even if he be an Anarchist, is a blow against all, and involves the establishment of a terrible precedent. Human rights are of no consequence in their eyes, unless it happens to be one of their own party who is assailed.

Strong in all other respects, his statement becomes weak in its conclusion that the socialization of industry will bring all freedom in its train. If this were true, we should all belong in the Socialist ranks. Unfortunately, however, Socialism shows not the slightest vista of escape from the tyranny of the majority—the most wretched and hopeless of all tyrannies. The attempt to establish a rigid uniformity in religion, in sex relations, and perhaps in food, clothes and amusements, under the pretense of public policy, is a natural outgrowth of that majority rule which is the cornerstone of Socialism. Superstition, the desire to "boss," the itching for legislation, the mania for uniformity, the notion that it is the duty of all to think and act alike—these roots of tyranny and persecution are not to be eradicated from human nature by the simple process of abolishing economic exploitation, and substituting the dominance of the majority for the dominance of the capitalist. If freedom is the fundamental condition of self-expression, and self-expression is the fundamental law of life, it follows that freedom must be sought first. It will never be secured as the adjunct of something else. What is secondary flows out of what is primary; what is primary never appears as the appendage of what is secondary. Economic justice is the daughter, not the mother of freedom; and Socialists will never succeed in reversing the relationship. A society of free men and women on a free earth can readily grapple with and adjust the problem of production and distribution; but the solution of that problem by those who are not free from the superstition of government will never prevent them from crippling each other's individuality.

The amount of truth in the so-called "new thought" movement is yet to be clearly ascertained. In any case, it seems probable that either this movement itself, or some more coherent religio-philosophical cult of which it is the precursor, will be the ultimate successor of orthodox Christianity as the creed of those who reject materialism. A noticeable fact is that the Church which first ignored this movement, and then fought it vigorously, is now attempting to capture it or at least to make an ally of it.

I have sometimes had occasion to refer to *Occult Truths*, one of the attempts to engraft mysticism on the decaying trunk of orthodoxy. Its editor, one Smiley, stopped

exchanging with *Discontent*, after I had exposed him once or twice. Last fall, he indulged in a string of prophecies concerning this nation, including a successful war with all the Latin nations of Europe during the present administration, the unanimous reelection of Roosevelt, and the establishment of the millennium in 1914. His first prediction, that congress would "this [last] winter" vote to build the Nicaragua canal, has already been falsified, thus condemning him as he condemned other false prophets. Yet there will be silly dupes, who will continue to be humbugged by this insolent pretender.

"Christian Mysticism" also has an inning in the New York *Magazine of Mysteries*, which attempts to catch students of the occult, and to feed them with Christian pap. It is about equally devoted to Jesus worship and adoration of modern capitalism. "No man can be good or great who criticizes the Bible. . . . It is the *only* book in the whole world that contains *all* the Truth and *all* the Law." "Our present president knows no classes; and he is an optimist and a God-loving Christian Gentle Man." "The men of great wealth are Spiritual men. I am not speaking of men of small fortunes, but men of many millions. . . . These are God's stewards of great wealth. They do not stop accumulating, but keep on expanding their enterprises, because the All-Wise One inspires them to keep on and develop the wealth of the planet." Such are a few samples of the gems of thought by which this spiritual guide links together Christianity, Capitalism and Imperialism. It is indeed a noble trinity. We are informed that the whole world will be Christianized by the end of 1925, and the Golden Age ushered in to complete existence. An alliance of Jehovah, Morgan and Roosevelt ought indeed to be irresistible. All hail the "Golden Age" of enslaved humanity!

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

By the Wayside.

The president of the University of Chicago, Mr. Harper, has given out a warning that some of the professors shall not be so careless in their radical utterances. This will induce the professors once more to cast reflections upon the freedom of speech in "a free country" and the "free institutions of learning."

Nowhere in the so-called civilized world is human life so utterly disregarded as in this "glorious" country. It has not yet been ascertained how many miners lost their lives in the mine disaster of Johnstown, Pa., but the miners are already working side by side with the decaying corpses of their dead fellow toilers. The State inspectors have declared that work could be taken up in the mines, but they are conspicuously silent in regard to the cause and responsibility of the horrible disaster.

While the czar of Russia and the king of Italy are feasting, their subjects are suffering starvation.

But "prosperity" is burdening the United States. The money kings are bathing and fishing or traveling in Europe, while the

toilers—the "sovereigns" of America—are striking everywhere for a more human condition.

Since the Russian czar has shown a desire to be enlightened on State affairs, President Roosevelt has also promised to study the social question, which indicates that he, too, realizes his dense ignorance on the subject. Perhaps these two precious students will join the Socialist party, and the millennium will be declared thru a decree.

But aside from mockery, there is a healthy sign in the air elsewhere. The toilers are slowly awakening. The recent teamsters' and the present freight handlers' strikes of this city manifest a sentiment of solidarity among the workers that surpasses the expectations of the most optimistic agitators. As soon as the freight handlers went on strike, the teamsters refused to haul freight, ignoring the dictates of their leaders and the agreements previously made with their bosses. The "leaders" are furious, of course, at such insubordination; and the daily press is clamoring for State arbitration.

INTERLOPER.

Observations.

The student of men had ample opportunity for the exercise of his faculties on the 4th of July, in Shenley Park, Pittsburg, at the reception of Teddy, the Pet of the Plutes. How much of the noise was the outward manifestation of real joy and how much was only bluster would be hard to say. The brawny iron workers were there by the thousand. The speech of the strenuous president was the event of the day. He was frequently applauded. If he had called them a lot of idiots (it would be nearer the truth than anything he uttered) they would have applauded that also—so eager were they to gulp down everything he said without thought or criticism. I confess my optimism got a severe shock on this occasion. Standing amid that mighty throng, the thought occurred to me, is it possible that all of the people can be fooled all of the time? Lincoln said they could not, but sometimes it seems that he was mistaken. Here were hundreds of thousands of people going wild because of the presence of a refined ruffian, when a month's shut-down of the mills would drive three-fourths of them to the necessity of soliciting aid from those who have fleeced them by legal process. No wonder the occupants of the grandstand looked smiling and happy at such an endorsement of their methods, for well they knew that the composite ideal of that gathering was employment six days a week digging in the gloomy mines or sweating at the fiery furnace in the mills.

Pittsburg was brought prominently before the public eye on a less glorious occasion recently. The old process of stamping out smallpox by compulsory vaccination was resorted to. The newspapers called it the heroic method. If a victim objected to having the filthy virus injected into his or her veins, they were intimidated by the clubs of the blue-coated ruffians or forcibly held by them until the deed was done. I am glad to record that it raised quite a storm of pro-

test among many of the liberty-loving citizens; and there is no telling what would have been the outcome if the weather had not taken the matter out of the hands of the mercenary clique of vaccinators. They contended, of course, that their work was done in the interest of humanity. So was the work of the Inquisition. The inquisitors punished disbelief of certain religious doctrines because "it endangered the eternal welfare of all." The water cure and other punishments are administered to the Filipinos in the interest of progress of the Rooseveltian type, and so on down the line. If those self-appointed guardians of the common weal would try their quack remedies on that great social disease, poverty, in making the rich disgorge, what a howl we would hear about the intrusion of personal rights!

In all ages there have lived those who have cherished liberty above life itself. The present is not lacking in men and women who hold that any proposed remedy against disease should be left entirely to individual choice, tho death and devastation follow as the result of its non-enforcement.

Braddock, Pa.

T. SHEEDY.

Comment.

I rise to make a few remarks in answer to B. Gerstine's "Letter to Carlos Condor."

Carlos Condor did right in saying, "I own." If he said, "Here is a fruitful land, it is free," how would anyone know that he could get and keep possession of any part of it? Nowhere is land free in the true sense, and everywhere someone must "own" it. Under these circumstances it is far wiser to go where land is owned by a comrade who extends such a cordial invitation.

It was wise in the extender of the invitation to tell of the numerous profitable industries possible. The lack of these elements, and of the commercial sense shown by Comrade Condor have prevented some previous efforts from succeeding. If, with these things to hand, a number of mentally free are gathered there is nothing to prevent success. We are in a world of commercialism, and while we may be free among ourselves, we must be commercialists in dealing with the outside, commercial world.

I am glad Comrade Goodwin has gone to investigate Cosmos. I met Goodwin when he was touring the country with Debs, and a conversation with each convinced me that he was a far larger man, intellectually, than Debs. He is commercial enough to see Cosmos in a commercial light, and at the same time size up the other advantages.

Interloper has got things mixed. The Western Federation of Labor has not declared itself in favor of political action. I am inclined to think that he refers to the action of the Western Labor Union and Western Federation of Miners at their recent convention at Denver.

The Western Labor Union, including the Western Federation of Miners, has always allowed the discussion of politics in its organizations, and has advocated and encouraged the reading of Socialist and Anarchist literature.

At the late Denver Convention a representative of the A. F. L. tried to swing the W. L. U. into the A. F. L., but Debs combatted this and threw all his eloquence in favor of endorsing the Socialist Party, which was done.

While I consider all political action foolish, I would much rather see the W. L. U. go with the S. P. than to become a part of the A. F. L., for, today the A. F. L. stands for perpetual wage-slavery, the only question being with regard to the conditions under which the slaves shall work.

A nominal indorsement by thirty-six delegates out of sixty, of the Socialist Party does not bind the 160,000 members of the W. L. U. and W. F. M. to vote that or any other party ticket, and with its broad and liberal program the now American Labor Union is the one great labor organization to which we may look for real progress.

H. A.

A Suggestion.

In FREE SOCIETY of July 6, there appeared a prize essay on the "Origin and Creed of Anarchism," written by Mr. Albert Strickler, a pupil in the junior class of the classical course of the Philadelphia Central High School, and for which Mr. Strickler received the first prize—a gold medal.

The essay written at this time under such circumstances, and appreciated so highly by such well known friends of popular education as Judge Hanna, who presented the medal, and Dr. R. E. Thompson, president of the High School, deserves permanent recognition from all truth-seeking Americans interested in their country's institutions and the philosophy and life-work of some of its most noted reformers, thinkers, and scholars. To this end the Chicago Philosophical Society will have the essay published in pamphlet form, with a suitable introduction by some well-known student of Anarchism.

It is only fair to say that all the heat and passion, strife, threats, persecutions, prison sentences, laws enacted and laws contemplated are but the reflections of the general ignorance of this fast growing thought; and instead of having to raise money every little while to defend the victims of this ignorance, the friends of freedom and progress should consider it a sacred duty to deal more with cause, and the effect will care for itself. This can be attended to in no better way than by having the essay published in pamphlet form and if possible the other essays on the same subject which received honorable mention, and then mailing one copy to the president, the members of his cabinet, senators, congressmen, State legislators, State and federal judges, and to all teachers and professors of the United States.

It is in the nature of atonement for our cruelty to men and women differing from the majority of their fellows in their standard of ideals, to have an American school, in one of the oldest American cities, send forth one of its students to expose the ignorance of our officials, and force an honest and earnest study of this philosophy that has caught in its net such men as Tolstoy, Ibsen, Zola, Spencer, Carpenter, Hardy, Kropotkin, Reclus, and a host of others of the world's greatest and best teachers and most profound thinkers.

It will require considerable money to distribute this pamphlet; but it is unquestionably worth the effort, and we request that the effort be made without delay. We would suggest that clubs be formed, where none now exist, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds.

We are aware that there is room for a quibble as to the merit of the essay because of some of its "historical inaccuracies," but this is not the time to quibble, when jail doors are closing on truth-lovers and truth-speakers, and every political demagog in the law making bodies with brains enough to draft an anti-Anarchist law, waiting to get recognition from the chairman so as to introduce his bill. Let us keep in mind that the essay was written by an American boy for an American school, was approved by American teachers, and that its chief claim is that Anarchism is not a foreign but a native product, and for this reason will prove the most palatable reading for the American "patriot."

T. P. QUINN.

P. S.—All contributions raised by individuals or associations for this purpose should be made payable to R. Goodheart, 919 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Thoreau's Joy in Nature.

Our love of nature is utilitarian. On our summer vacations, if we are not of the pleasure-seekers, we half reluctantly allow ourselves a brief respite from routine in the hope of securing health or increased capacity for remunerative work. During such periods of leisure the observer can estimate fairly well how large a place nature occupies in the affections of average mortals. As a rule, various other matters appear to take precedence, and the appreciation of natural beauties is more or less perfunctory. The weather on such occasions is apt to be of two genders: there are certain days when it would be all very well for a man to venture out-of-doors, but quite out of the question for women. Women have unhappily become more habituated to indoor life than men, and so feel the deprivation less. The amount of labor and expense involved in damage to their flimsy attire is enough to make them unwilling to take unnecessary risks. Few of our urban residents of either sex, however, display any conspicuous hardihood or enthusiasm in their return to Mother Earth in her varying moods, and delight in the elemental abandon of primitive unconstraint is rare to find. Owing to various reasons, therefore, the sanest joys embodied by poet or artist in poem or picture are known to us chiefly on paper or canvas, and we accept this second-hand refreshment without regret.

Even under the pressure of modern commercial demands we might have more opportunity for the enjoyment of nature, or for following the bent of our own natures, than we do, if there were less of the Shylock in our business dealings. The severity has been somewhat relaxed within the walls of workshop or office, and stools or chairs are now provided where a very few years ago they were rigidly prohibited. But the employe is still compelled to yield the full legal quota of time to the purchaser of his labor,

equally whether he rushes at breathless speed or sits, during dull spells, with folded hands. Perhaps this wastefulness is inevitable at the present stage of evolution, and it may be a more humane system awaits the growth of consciousness—that quality which modern competitive methods have done their best to enfeeble. The desire for tangible results eclipses the desire to *be*—to grow into harmony with the universal life. To be harmonious with conditions and with one's fellows—the two streams of development are in this direction. We evolve not by mere abstract love of nature and humanity, but by the specific love, based on sympathy, of natural beauties manifested in sky or ocean, animal or plant, and by the love of soul-beauties manifested in individuals. "Men nowhere east or west live yet a *natural* life round which the vine clings and the elm willingly shadows. Man would desecrate it by his touch and so the beauty of the world remains veiled to him. He needs not only to be spiritualized, but *naturalized*, on the soil of the earth." There is always a tendency to value things at cost, and therefore to set little store by things that are free to all. Simple pleasures, like weeds, are often despised. "Heaven may be defined as the place which men avoid."

Thoreau's world was a world of thought; it was this inner realm that delighted him, and the outer world was but the canvas to his imagination. Like Whitman he esteemed diversity and deprecated discipleship. "I would not have any one adopt my mode of living on any account, for beside that before he had fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself, I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue his own way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead." His feeling is akin to that of Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann, of whom he reminds us when he voices the isolation of spirit of which at times all highly differentiated types are overwhelmingly conscious: "In what concerns you most, do not think that you have companions. Know that you are alone in the world."

Let it not be imagined, however, that the love of nature is exclusive or incompatible with depth of human affection. To some readers it appears that Thoreau subordinated human nature to nature. Isolated passages may be cited in support of this view, but taking his work as a whole, I find no evidence that he lacked the proper sense of proportion. In common with many other pioneers, he sought to emphasize the unpopular side of questions, believing that there were plenty in the conventional ranks to champion orthodox institutions. The conservative tendency of the race may always be counted on. There is every reason to suppose that Thoreau's individuality was strengthened by sympathetic association with nature, and that he thereby developed a higher conception of human relationships and a correspondingly high capacity for such. Here is one of his inimitable similes: "As I love nature, as I love singing birds and gleaming stubble and morning and evening and summer and winter, I love thee, my friend." When men and women once more

fraternize with nature and cease to pay homage to superficialities and shams, will they indeed love one another thus—with a love so spontaneous, so confident, so constant, so devoid of calculation?

Thoreau aimed "above mere morality." The bounty of nature left its impress on his thought. His pleasure was not enhanced by monopoly. He was non-invasive and self-sufficing. He desired to be honest with his fellows. "There is none who does not lie hourly in the respect he pays to false appearance. How sweet it would be to treat men and things for an hour for just what they are!"

In the pursuit of happiness, in order to understand the use of materials and attain intellectual power and experience on various planes, we have wandered far. We have learnt the futility of many of our ambitions, and with the final needs of the soul still unsatisfied, we return to behold in the universe, and in ourselves what our unpractised eyes had previously failed to discern. "The ears were not made for such trivial uses as men are wont to suppose, but to hear celestial sounds. The eyes were not made for such grovelling uses as they are now put to and worn out by, but to behold beauty now invisible."—From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born.

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My Village.

There is, in my village, a certain worsted mill, which has been owned and run, these seventy years past, by a Gomersal family. This family has lived, during that period, in a beautiful seventeenth century house, surrounded by gardens; they have maintained several servants, footman, etc., and have been, if not loved, at least honored, in the village. They have a pew in church like a small drawing room, as well as a family vault detached from the graves of the common people. All this has always been taken as a matter of course. The men of my village have labored in this mill at low wages, thruout a lifetime, and died in poverty—hurt and bruised in spirit, it is true, but not knowing what hurt them.

Times are changing. During recent years the active members of this family have been gathered to their fathers, the one exception being an old gentleman, who seems to constitute the last leaf on the tree. Unmarried daughters, it is true, still linger to absorb the income derived from the ancient property. The old gentleman in question, seeing the drift of things, some few years ago, perhaps five, chose from the ablest of the men in the factory those upon whom its prosperity seemed mostly dependent, and made them partners.

Today these selected men are in the possession of small fortunes. It is, however, an open secret in the village that the plunder thus acquired by their fellow workmen, is not being viewed with that degree of equanimity with which the toilers regarded the depredations of the "family." And these newly-rich workmen are not ignorant of the growing feeling of disapproval which is being cherished towards them.

Recently a good villa property was for sale in the village, and more than one of those fortunate sub-partners would have

liked to have purchased it. But fear deterred them. Fear of what? Fear of the workmen, whose eyes are being opened by the suddenly acquired competencies of those who so recently shared their own lot. Men who have never asked, "Where does this Burnley family get the money on which they live like gods among us?" are now saying one to another, "Smith and Jones and Robinson are buying houses and piling up bank accounts out of our labor. It is because we work for four dollars a week that they can haul in at the rate of thirty or forty dollars." And because of this growl, which is almost a threat, Smith & Co. do not dare to make a parade of their gains, and the sweetest morsel on the platter of him who wins in the race for wealth is forbidden fruit to them.

Yet the people are afraid to speak these things openly lest they should be made to suffer for it by a discharge. They wait for a mouthpiece. The whimsical part of it is that I, who would love to blurt it out, am muzzled, too, for I am under obligation to one of those fortunate men. He is one of my father's trustees, and has performed his duties so generously and efficiently that it would be simply ingratitude on my part to take any hand in an exposé.—Mary Elwell, in the *Conservator*, April, 1899.

Medical.

I, too, can find numerous reasons for declining to assist Dr. Levenson in procuring the appointment of a commission by the New York politicians. 1. If the ulterior object is to get rid of compulsory vaccination; I will sign a remonstrance against that without any commission. If the object is to get vaccination, the use of anti-toxins, or the cultivation of medical knowledge by experiment, prohibited; I will protest against that without being enlightened by any commission. 2. Why should I, an Anarchist, encourage the New York politicians to take the people's money, even for a purpose so laudable in itself as further inquiry into the effect of anti-toxins? 3. There have been numerous impartial inquiries, by authority and without it, into the same subject. Vaccination did not gain its present position in the favor of the medical profession without having to run the whole gauntlet of ignorance and prejudice, like any other new discovery. It was not at all general earlier than the forties; not by any means universal in England, despite compulsory legislation, till after the epidemic year, 1871. The Royal Commission, in England, appointed to inquire into the effects of vaccination, was a fruit of just such agitation as Dr. Levenson is making in New York. It included opponents of vaccination. It served eight years (1889-97). Its voluminous figures were conclusive in favor of vaccination, thoro vaccination, and periodical re-vaccination. What good did it all do, so far as the antis are concerned? Not a particle. Give them the official figures, and they will tell you that "statistics are notoriously unreliable." Yet they "show themselves joyful with trumpets and shawms" whenever they can produce such "statistics" as the unsworn, unsifted, unattested statement of some crank that a single town, as Leicester* or Cleveland, has

neglected vaccination for a few months—and had less smallpox than shortly before! My capacity for reasoning and understanding may be limited; but, such as it is, it teaches me that *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is the smallest fallacy in such "reasoning" as this. That very *Physical Culture*, to which Dr. Levenson refers, has just been placarding Eau Claire with huge posters representing Death in the act of vaccinating, under which appear the "statistics" of Cleveland; where, concludes the screed, "vaccination has been abolished." That is what anti-vaccinators are. You cannot turn over a page of their literature without lighting either on a gross blunder or a tarradiddle—the obvious reason being that they are mere sensationalists, who make money not by preventing or curing disease but working on the still unsubdued ignorance of the masses. 4. It would be superfluous to add such minor objections as that three members of the proposed committee out of five are to be without opinions on the subject (which no person of ordinary education is) and, for further assurance of an old-fashioned ignorant jury, are to be sifted by six peremptory challenges.

C. L. JAMES.

* This town of Leicester, an anti who claims to have lived there has recently stated, fought the British government with the result that not five per cent of the children are vaccinated,—and, of course, there is no smallpox. This is just like an anti's "reliable" statistics. The following figures are official. During the fight (1892), the Smallpox Hospital contained twenty-eight doctors and nurses. Fourteen had had smallpox or been re-vaccinated; eight underwent the latter process at the time; six (vaccinated in childhood) refused. Six cases occurred among them, and one death. Five of these, including the one who died, were among those six who would not be re-vaccinated.

Queries.

1. What is the essential idea of Anarchism as held by the Anarchist Communists?
2. What is the distinctive idea of Anarchism?
3. What are natural rights?

A. J. AULT.

1. The essential idea of Anarchism is the absence of government in any form; and, in order to secure the greatest freedom conceivable, all the natural resources and the necessities of life must be free for everybody's enjoyment without let or hindrance. In short, commercialism and monopoly of any kind must be utterly eliminated before all—men, women, and children—can escape enslavement. The formula is: "From each and to each according to desire." The term "Communist" is, of course, superfluous, and was only used to distinguish the Anarchists from the so-called Individualists who also assumed the name Anarchist.

2. See above.
3. I know of no "natural rights."

A. I.

On account of the disorder in Paterson, Editor MacQueen of *Liberty*, who made a speech there, has been arrested by the New York police. Hitherto the police have been accustomed to run Herr Most in whenever anything happened, but as Mr. Most is now doing time on account of Czolgosz, MacQueen goes on as his understudy.—*Truth Seeker*.

International Publishing Association.

To promote the dissemination of radical ideas and to aid the revolutionary propaganda, the comrades in London have taken the initiative for the establishment of a printing house, in which works will be published in any of the European languages. If an individual comrade or groups desire to publish a pamphlet, etc., this association will make it possible for them to do so.

For further details write to the following address: Gaston Lana, 6, Upper Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W., London, England.

LETTER-BOX.

F. R., New York City.—FREE SOCIETY has been mailed regularly to the Public Library for several years. Call for it. Besides, you can find the paper in the "Free Reading Rooms."

C. C. L., Ida Grove, Ia.—No; "in the absence of human law" we would enjoy freedom and not "equal liberty." You would call the "equal liberty" of the Kilkenny cats "equal slavery." One is as logical as the other. "Their tails were tied together." Exactly. But they had "equal" liberty. And this ought to show you that freedom permits of no proviso, such as "if you do not infringe," etc. "Do as you please and take the consequences," will establish freedom. Queer, is it not, that the Anarchist Communists have to contend with the so-called Individualists for a greater scope of locomotion?

C. A. R., Shamokin, Pa.—Thanks for remittance and encouraging words. Yes, the miners have a hard struggle and we wish they would win the battle. But they have much to learn, and it is much to be regretted that the Anarchists have not the means to make more propaganda among them.

M. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—Last September the government prevented us from mailing the paper for a few weeks, but the paper was never suspended on our own account.

—, New York City.—We congratulate you and hope you will ever be successful in defying the "boss" in the house; for it is the rebellious woman who gives hope for a speedy regeneration and not the obedient house drudge. Unfortunately there is too much domineering even in the Anarchist families. Greetings.

Bill Jones.—Since you privately assure us that you do not believe what you write, we refuse to waste space for the amusement of nobody. The conundrum, also, has taken the short route to its original elements. We do not care to father it.

A. J. A., Ukiah, Cal.—Who has ever asserted that the "arbitrary abolition of coercive government would be a step toward the realization of our ideal"? But when people come to understand that government is a nuisance and the creator of crime and disorder, then it will be abolished. How it will be abolished, is another question.

A. L., St. Louis, Mo.—The issue of July 6 is exhausted or else we would have sent a larger bundle for distribution.

Home Defense Fund.

Previously reported, \$194.88. Free Speech defence fund, N. Y. City, N. Y. \$10; D. L. Conn., \$5; E. M. R., Kansas, \$1. J. C., Conn., 50c. Total, 211.38. Home, Wash., July 7, 1902. O. A. VERITY, Tr.

For Chicago.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Club a basket picnic will take place in Humboldt Park, July 20. Comrades and friends who desire to participate are invited to gather on corner California and Noth Ave. at 10 o'clock a. m. All are welcome.

There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth.—Dickens.

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PHILADELPHIA—Natasha Notkin, 242 N. Second St.
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RECEIPTS.

From 4th of July picnic at Lock No. 3, Pa., by Henry Bauer, \$10. Ault, Voltman, Raker, each \$2. Shiftan, Boyer, Kotler, each \$1.50. Poggi, Guidici, Ullman, —, Rumiz, Goetz, Gronnel, Harman, Currie, Chauvet, Meitlen, Levine, Cruzon, Musoff, Mehrlarber, Keinath, each \$1. Fisher, 75c. Goldberg, 50c. Allen 25c.

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— BY —

C. L. JAMES.

Probably no historical period has commanded so much attention as the French Revolution. This history needs no commendation to those readers who have been following the serial in FREE SOCIETY.

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