A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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On the Wings of a Bird.

A sudden bird sped rapt and singing swiftly toward the blue
From woodlands dark and dim,
Whose somber borders I was slowly, sadly wandering thru,
And my heart followed him.

Startled from doleful dreams and sick, a sense of doomed dismay,
With eyes upon his flight,
I reached him soaring surely in the glowing dome of day
Far toward the realms of light.

All strong, as tho upon some gracious, glorious errand bound,
He blithely winged the air;
My feet were leaden weights, and firm and fixed upon the ground,
Yet I went with him there.

And joined him in his music mad; a melody in praise
Of freedom, love and life;
A song of rapturous effort, and of long-drawn, gladsome days
Where richest deeds were rife.

It seemed we sought fair regions far upbuilded in the vast,
Which here no eyes may see;
Where blest accomplished wonders wait, and joy has strength to last,
And tears may never be.

Forgetful for one instant perfect in new-born desire,
Of pain, of woe, of death,
Beyond all reach of thought marked with the scar of sorrow's fire,
In hope I drew my breath.

The soul within me thrilled with aspiration new begun,
Power came to heart and mind,
Winging my way at that vast height which I had scaled and won,
With memory left behind.

On, on we flew far toward the distant, placid, purple peaks,
And eastern springs of dawn;
And where some clouds lay soft, and rose and stretched in snowy streaks,
We vanished and were gone.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

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The Morality of Numbers.

Taxation without consent is as plainly robbery when enforced against one man as when enforced against millions. Taking a man's money without his consent is also as much robbery when it is done by millions of men acting in concert and calling themselves a government as when it is done by a single individual acting on his own responsibility and calling himself a highwayman. Neither the numbers engaged in the act nor the different characters they assume as a cover for the act alter the nature of the act itself.

When two men meet one upon the highway, or in the wilderness, have they a right to dispose of his life, liberty, or property at their pleasure simply because they are the more numerous party? Or is he bound to submit to lose his life, liberty, or property, if they demand it, simply because he is the less numerous party? Or, because they are more numerous than he, is he bound to presume that they are governed only by superior wisdom and the principles of justice and no selfish passion that can lead them to do him a wrong? Yet this is the principle which it is claimed should govern men in all their civil relations to each other. Mankind fall in company with each other on the highway or in the wilderness of life, and it is claimed that the more numerous party, simply by virtue of their superior numbers, have the right arbitrarily to dispose of the life, liberty, and property of the minority; and that the minority are bound, by reason of their inferior numbers, to practise abject submission and consent to hold their natural rights—any, all, or none, as the case may be—at the mere will of the majority; as if all a man's natural rights expired or were suspended by the operation of a paramount law the moment he came into the presence of superior numbers.

If such be the true nature of the relations men hold to each other in this world, it puts an end to all such things as crimes, unless they be perpetrated upon those who are equal or superior in number to the actors. All acts committed against persons inferior in number to the aggressors become but the exercise of rightful authority. And consistency with their own principles requires that all governments founded on the will of the majority should recognize this plea as a sufficient justification for all crimes whatsoever.—Lysander Spooner.

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General Smith and Imperialism.

If any person retained sufficient credulity to believe that any rudimentary honesty or decency appertained to imperialism, his childlike faith must have received a rough shock on learning the result of the trial of General Jacob H. Smith. "War is hell;" and its special function is to breed devils. Nevertheless, even in hell there are certain grades of infamy. The ordinary code of war, sanctifying mutual murder in set engagements, is certainly bad enough. But even this code forbids the torture and murder of prisoners, as well as war on women and children. These latter villainies are ranked as heinous crimes in the eyes of all who pretend to be civilized, however much they may apologize for war in general. The ultra barbarism of American imperialism is shown by its reversion to the atrocious deeds of the most degraded savages. The outrages in the Philippine Islands are no longer denied. The American people have sunk to so low a depth as to tolerate them with complacency, and to reelect to high office those most responsible for these deeds of darkness.

General Smith, it will be remembered, is the officer who in Samar proved himself such an unmitigated monster as to shock the whole civilized world. He ordered his subordinates to "kill every male over ten years of age," and to "make a howling wilderness" of the whole island of Samar, adding, "The more you kill and burn, the better you will please me." These fiendish commands were only obeyed in part, since they went too far for even the hardened natures of his subordinates; but enough was done to brand the author of it all with the ineffaceable mark of damnable iniquity, and to redound to the eternal disgrace of the American nation.

Now, what do we find done in the matter? The wretch was a deliberate criminal, a murderer on a giant scale, even according to the laws of war, which excuse so much crime. Yet this unspeakable fiend, instead of being shot, according to military law; instead of being hung, according to civil law; instead of being sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, according to a merciful standard; instead of being marooned or exiled, according to the wish of those who would protect society, without inflicting a mere vindictive punishment on its enemies; this collosus of crime is mildly rebuked, and let off from active service, to be placed on the pension list as a retired officer, to be supported in idleness with the money of the American people. Roosevelt and Root both go out of their way to apologize for the hoary ruffian, and to regret that they are forced to take any action at all. The *Army and Navy Journal*, true to its calling, defends the villain Smith, and objects to even the mild sentence which he has received. It would put a halo around his head, for so beautifully exemplifying the true military spirit. It prates about his being punished for mere "words," forgetting that these "words" were orders, which made him exactly as responsible for deeds committed in consequence of them, as if he had performed those deeds with his own hands. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, (whoever acts thru

another, is himself the doer of the deed,) is too old and too obvious a maxim to be ignored even by the *Army and Navy Journal.*

As an Anarchist, I do not believe in punishment at all. By eliminating the cause of such monstrosities as Jake Smith, I would prevent the necessity of dealing with them. But the advocates of government, who deal so sternly with lesser criminals, are neither honest nor consistent in using mildness toward an inhuman blood drinker of the Smith type. The least that could honorably be done, from their standpoint, would be to strip off his uniform, drum him out of the army to the tune of the "Rogue's March," and brand him with the perpetual stigma of a dishonorable discharge. But imperialism could not do this, or any other honest deed, without condemning itself. Jake Smith is its fitting representative. But what will the future say? JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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The "Windmills."

A reader of FREE SOCIETY accuses me of being unjust in my criticisms of the Socialist parties; that I am "fighting windmills"; that their "aim is that of the Anarchists—complete freedom for the individual," and that we only differ in our tactics to attain the ideal. Now, I am well aware that many well-meaning Socialists imagine individual freedom will be achieved as soon as they have "captured" the government, and all other social problems will be solved as a matter of course when the Socialst majority has established "economic freedom." But, aside from the fact that a revolutionary government is an impossible proposition, which the government that would proclaim Socialism would necessarily have to be, individual aspiration is of no avail in judging political parties in which the ignoronce of the majority turns the scales. As Schiller says:

"Each of them taken singly, is passably gifted with reason;
Let them assemble—and straight into a blockhead he turns."

Only their literature, their press, and the tendency of the drift of the movement can be taken as a criterion; and for the benifit of our Socialist friends I will quote a few words from Karl Kautzky, one of the most prominent writers of the Marxian Socialists in Germany. In his book "Basis of Social Democracy," Ch. IX, he says:

All forms of present wages: remuneration by the hour or piece, special bonuses for extra valuable work . . . all the forms of contemporary wages, a little modified, are perfectly practicable in a Socialist society.

From this the tendency of the present Social Democracy is apparent. It neither proposes to establish equality nor abolish the wage system. The Communism Marx so vigorously advocated has gradually deviated to State Capitalism pure and simple,—a very natural development in the slippery path of "political action." And what will have remained of the original aim—the "revolutionary principles"—when they have the government captured?

But let us consider their present aim and see wheter our Socialist friend is correct in saying that "under a Socialist administration of things the individual will be free to choose his occupation and location according to talent and inclination." Kautzky does not coincide with him. In the same book, Ch. X, on "Socialism and Liberty," he says:

Socialist production is not compatible with liberty of work, that is to say with the worker's freedom to work when or how he likes. . . . It is true, under the rule of capitalism a worker still enjoys the liberty up to a certain degree. If he does not quite like a factory, he can find work elsewhere. In a Social Democratic society, all the means of production will be concentrated by the State and the latter will be the only employer; there will be no choice. The workman of today enjoys more liberty than he will possess in a Socialist society.

It is not Social Democracy that eliminates the right of choosing work and time, but the development of production itself.

What wonderful somersaults "scientific" Socialism performs! But, mind you, neither Social Democracy nor the corrupted leaders are to be made responsible for the slavery the workers will enjoy with a "full dinner pail." Another deity—"development" is its name—has been invented, and so nothing is left for the ever deluded toilers but to bow in silent reverence to this new divinity. As tho not man's intelligence but some mysterious power is the sole factor in the evolution of social institutions, and to disobey this peculiar deity would be a social crime. Such is the result of the theory of "economic determinism," or "dielectical reasoning," which the ancient philosophers very aptly defined as sophistry.

But the climax of effrontery is reached, it seems to me, by Kautzky in the following paragraph:

Goal and movement in the Social Democracy belong together and are not to be separated from each other. When, however, goal and movement do come in conflict with each other, it is the later that must give way. In other words, social development stands higher than the interests of the proletariat and the Social Democracy cannot protect proletariat interests when social development stands in the way.

Do you know what this means in plain English? Simply this: Never mind, no matter what may happen. If we compromise, if we act treacherously, if we forsake the interests of the toilers, if we tell you not to rebel but patientiy starve and suffer and observe strict discipline,—do not blame us. God—pardon me, "social development,"—stands higher than the interests of the workers and we can do nothing for you when this mysterious, omnipotent and omniscient divinity stands in the way. "God deliver us from our friends."

And Kautzky has failed to tell his readers by what means the fool voters are to decide whether it is treachery or "development" when the Socialist representatives should fail to do something for the ever hoping and ever duped workers; but from inference I assume that is to be left for fate to decide. A wonderful divinity this "social development"! It has frustrated many hopes and aspirations of many a toiler, but the "parties grow wonderfully."

But our Socialist friend would not have it so. "No compromise will ever satisfy me," he continues. Very well; but the discipline of the party and the new deity are against you, and so it means either to comply with "social developments" or join the Anarchist ranks, for political parties feed on compromise and corruption. Stoddard Dewey observes in the *Contemporary Review* that in France and Germany Social Democracy has developed into mere "Nationalism." "Bernstein [who advocates alliances with liberal parties] is still fought in theory, but in practise we have agreed with him for the last twenty-five years," said Mr. Vahlteich, an ex-member of the Socialist representatives in the Reichstag, now on the editorial staff of a German Socialist daily in New York, recently. At the Socialist congress in Germany, October, 1898, where Bernstein's book was discussed at length, Auer said he had written to Bernstein: "Dear Ned, you are an ass; for such things [as expressed in Bernstein's book] are not said but done." (See Prot., p. 208). Thus we see that not only are the Socialist voters deluded by illogical reasoning but also by deliberate falsehood. INTERLOPER.

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What is Libery?

In my last under this title I dwelt more on organization, I fear, than on liberty. It is a failing of mine, this harping on "organization." If only its advocates would defend the idea and not use the word so loosely. As it is one never knows really what the word means, and it is the same with liberty. It seems to me we should delve for the principles.

I early discovered in liberty a principle of right action. I then donned the red cap of Anarchism. I said freedom is the soil in which right actions grow. As Archimedes discovered in water a principle whereby he could determine the pure metal in Hiero's crown, I had found in liberty a principle determining the right action of men. It is the logic of history. Just in proportion as liberty has advanced, and restriction and restraint have retired, has good-will—right action—and the betterment of men been manifested. Says Auberon Herbert:

Has any race of men ever fairly tried even the humblest experiment of freedom and found it fail? Have not the human faculties grown in every field just as freedom has been given them. Have men ever clung to protection and restraint and officialism without entangling themselves deeper and deeper into evils from which there was no outlet?

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved."

And I loved liberty and would trust it absolutely; and it grieved me when I learned, as I did in time, that my teacher who had inscribed this motto of John Hay's over the doorpost of his dwelling, did not really dare to trust it, but would establish an organization to insure it.

Freedom established by organization has the same relation the Church has to religion. This truth is wellpresented by J. Wilson in FREE SOCIETY. He says "there is no need of an organization to maintain or advance morailty, 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 aud right are strong in their own might, and no human service can either aid them or retard their progress."

How does the idea of an organization to maintain "equal liberty" differ from the argument of the governmentalist, that government is necessary to preserve freedom? We are told that only under government could liberty be maintained, and that government is the only effective organization. Organization to be effective must exercise

the governing power; not only this, but there must be no higher power. And when my teacher assured me that Anarchism contemplates courts, police, and jails, I failed to see any difference between the governing power of such an organization and that of government. In those days I did not argue the question with my comrades. I was not clear as to the position of all Anarchists. I knew that this organic power was opposed by many, and by many held to be simply another form of government. Victor Yarros, in defending the Anarchist Club in Boston, said:

> Granted that our chairman *is* a despot, and that on a specific occasion and in certain clearly defined matters we *do* abdicate our individual liberty, it will still be hard for critics to show that there exists any affinity between such action and the principle and methods of government by compulsion. Individual liberty includes the liberty to make and unmake kings, to establish and disestablish governments. If we choose to be governed by a despot, we are simply exercising our sovereign freedom to govern ourselves as we please.

Now while I have no objection to men entering such an organization, I do protest against calling it Anarchism. I want friends to contemplate such a condition, and what it would amount to if the general government was abolished. Would despotism under such condition be something different than under government? Would the abdication of individual liberty under Anarchy be different from the subjugation of the individual under government?

When I broadened my horizon with the study of Anarchist Communism, my vision became clearer, and liberty as a principle governing the action of men became more apparent and more essential.

To me it is the higher plane of Anarchism. I did not like the word Communism, but neither did I like the word Anarchism at first. But association has endeared it, and I may come to love the term Communism. Still I think it superfluous. Anarchism is the whole thing; and our commercial friends are granting us the title. And really as the idea unfolds, distinction and difference are becoming more and more non-essential.

The logical conclusion of Anarchism is the establishment of liberty, equality and fraternity. The evolution of liberty means the elimination of man's dominion,—absolute individual liberty. The evolution of equality is the establisment of the sovereign individual. The evolution of fraternity means the brotherhood of mankind.

Trust Liberty, as a plant 'twill spring
And thrive in any soil;
And nurtured it will surely bring
The just reward of toil.

Trust Liberty, 'twill enrich the soil;
The more its growth we guard,
The more we in its harvest toil,
The more is our reward.

A. LEROY LOUBAL.

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Like a Witchcraft Trial.

The conviction of Lois Waisbrooker, which took place in the federal court at Tacoma, Wash., July 15, is another item of proof that no person's liberty or property is safe who publishes unpopular views so long as the fate of such is left with a narrow-minded jury, whose native prejudice against new ideas is expanded by the rant of an unscrupulous prosecutor. Mrs. Waisbrooker printed what is called a "free love" article in her paper, *Clothed With the Sun*. The Tacoma *Daily Ledger* states that "the article was not claimed to be obscene in language"; the offense consisted in the doctrine expounded. The conviction, therefore, is a plain denial of freedom of discussion.

Mrs. Mattie Penhallow, who was indicted with Mrs. Waisbrooker, but acquitted, was postmistress of the Home colony. Mrs. Waisbrooker is described by the Tacoma *Ledger*:

> In appearance the woman under conviction is white-haired, bent with age, and upon her face the years have left their deep impress. The wrinkles and the shrunken cheeks and thin and trembling lips are there, the common heritage of age, but in the eyes there is none of the vacancy of senility. They still show forth the gleams of an intellect defiant to the flight of time and unheedling of the body's weakened vigor. They reflect the maturity of thought that comes with not only years, but decades of thinking and writing along particular lines. For thirty years has Lois Waisbrooker written on subjects having to do with ethical questions viewed from standpoints seldom taken by authors, man or woman.
>
> Yesterday during the course of the trial, her physical strength, taxed by long hours attendance at court, and by sustaining a rigid examination on the witness stand, gave out and she all but fell on the floor in a faint. She was taken from the court room by friends and partially revived, but was unable to be present last evening, when the verdict of her conviction was returned by the jury.

The judge in passing sentence took occasion to show his disagreement with the jury. He felt free to say that in his opinion the article was not obscene, and on that account he would impose the lightest penalty permitted by the law, which would be one hundred dollars' fine, without costs or imprisonment. The friends of Mrs. Waisbrooker paid the fine, and she returned with them to Home.

If some shade from the seventeenth century could have been present on the occasion, it must have revived his memory of the witch trials of that period.—*Truth Seeker.*

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Comrades to the Front.

The undersigned and others have united themselves into a community which will be located on 640 acres of timber and meadow land in Wisconsin, about eight hours ride from Chicago. We expect to break ground September 1, for our town, and the necessary buildings, such as a comfortable community home, shoolhouse, lecture room, postoffice, warehouse, and stables for live stock will be put up very quickly. Our first and immediate step after the buildings are up, will be the cutting and marketing of timber, running a chicken ranch of about one thousand birds, a sheep ranch of one hundred head of breeding ewes, cows to supply milk, cream and butter for our table will be kept, also the necessary driving horses, work mules and oxen. By January 1 we expect to manufacture our own shoes and clothing, the spinning and weaving of cloth will be taken up as soon as possible. We now have members who are carpenters, shoemakers, iron workers, and farmers. Other lines of manufacturing will be taken up later. Our aims are to produce all our wants, or nearly so, as possible, buying nothing and selling nothing. This is not a buisiness proposition. We do not want to make profits from each other or the old world. We simply want to make a living with the least effort. This will be accomplished by eliminating the profits of the landlord, the trader, the Church, the banker, the railroads, and the creations of the fashion carpenters of Paris and London. Commodities of all sorts will be put on the free list, as free as air to all of our members. When a comrade wants anything he goes to our store room and helps himself or herself, as the case may be. This plan will work all right if people will take their table manners along when they go to the store.

We want free comrades to join us at once. Those who do not believe in common property can buy land adjoining ours and practise free Socialism or Individualism, and enjoy all the social and educationial advantages which the town affords. We shall locate our community buildings so that the Socialists and Individualists can locate their buildings right across the street from ours and thus form the town. The following named property, viz., a driving mare, two buggies, one work wagon, a set of carpenter tools, a small chicken ranch, household and office furniture, and about $1,000 cash has already been merged into the community. Comrades who are interested may apply to either of the undersigned.

Austin, 54 N. 52d Av. J. H. ROWELL.
ROSA SULLIVAY.
Chicago, 332 S. Morgan St.

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Pity the Poor Rich.

It would seem that nothing in this world of ours may be taken for granted—not even the fact that riches are better than poverty. Again and again we hear or read statements in which someone bewails the lot of the rich and bespeaks pity for them, arguing that they are hardly any better off than their less fortunate neighbors, the poor, since, with all their riches, "they cannot eat more than one dinner, wear more than one suit of clothes, or occupy more than one building at a time." Besides, "they have all the worry and anxiety incidental to the possession of wealth and the management of large business enterprises."

Poor rich! Yours is, indeed, a pitiable lot, and many a tear I shed for you. But there is one thing—which in your miserable plight you seem to overlook—that may afford considerable relief from the misery of wealth: Why not give all you have to the poor, and change lots?—D. A. M., Philadelphia *Times*.

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A man arrested at the White House as a crank declares that he has "the power of telling where Uncle Sam is being robbed." There are lots of that kind of cranks in Washington, but they are shrewd enough to keep quiet about it.—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

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There is no measurable or definable "present." All time is "past" or "future." Are you preparing for eternity, Churchite? I'm living in eternity now—here. K-J.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 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 SSCIETY 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.

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Current Comment.

In a Socialist publication I notice an advertisement of the work "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," by Peter Kropotkin. That about the "ad" which struck me as peculiar, was the absence of the author's name, and the statement that the book is "by a Russian nobleman." Certainly, Kropotkin is a noble man—one of the noblest the world ever produced—and he is also a "prince," I believe. But to see his works advertised by a publisher so weak kneed as to fear mentioning his name is laughable. I am sorry my Socialist brethern are so badly frightened by Anarchy that some of them do not dare to mention by name its most distinguished apostle. I am glad, however, that the Socialists are reading Kropotkin. From him they will learn the one great truth which political Socialism lacks, viz., that true Socialism is utterly antagonistic to human authority; and when they master this, they will be pretty sure to land in the Anarchist sheepfold. Courage, my brave boys; the Anarchist bandwagon has already started, and you had best hurry, or the "Injuns" will get you.

* * *

Liberty! "What crimes are committed in thy name!" And what absurdities! The discussion between Simpson and James on this subject is both entertaining and instructive; but I fear it will be barren of practical results. Long ago I came to the hylo-idealistic conception that nothing is absolute, that all ideas are merely relative, that mental conceptions are made by comparison, and that no proposition outside of mathematics was or ever will be exact. The trouble with all plumb-liners is that their atom-dividing logic carries them beyond the domain of relative facts and loses them entirely in a ten-foot fog of metaphysical speculation, in which the truth of anything depends upon each disputant's arbitrary definition of words. For example, take the assertion; "Force in defense of equal liberty is justified." And what, pray, is equal liberty? And where is the limitation of "defense" beyond which the use of force becomes invasive? Some one must settle these questions, but who? Ah, there's the rub. If equal liberty and defense and invasion were terms of exact and absolute meaning, all would be well. But they are not. They are mental conceptions of relative conditions, and any attempt to enforce them by compulsion will destroy "equal liberty," overthrow "defense," and set up force in its inevitable form—government. To my notion the non-resistants are the most consistant and logical of the Anarchists, but I am not a non-resistant. Having to choose between non-resistance, which leads logically to slavery, and resistance, which as logically leads to aggression and authority, I sometimes feel like the old darky, who, when told by an excited revivalist that one road led to hell and the other to everlasting destruction, cried out: "Bress gawd, dis here nigger's gwine take to de woods!" I hope James and Simpson will solve the riddle—but

> The faintest whisper of the wind's
> Not fainter than my hope.

* * *

Plutocracy, in its contest with labor, has no more servile and pliant tool than the judicial power. Recently, Judge Jackson, of Virginia, in passing sentence upon "Mother" Jones and other labor organizers of the coal miners' strike, for "contempt," let the feline escape from the judicial wallet as follows:

> In the case under consideration there is no adequate remedy at law: in fact, the law furnishes no satisfactory remedy against professional agitators, *unless the powers of the courts of equity* [?] *be invoked.*

By his own admission then, these "professional agitators" had violated no law, and this judge therefore proceeds to make the law he enforces. Can the czar of Russia do more? Where, then, is our boasted American liberty and "popular government"? Throttled by judicial tyranny, which the stupid people suffer without a protest, blinded with the splendid rhetoric of paltroon politicians, who tell them they are the sovereigns, who make their own rulers, we are ruled by a money oligarchy, and the government officials are but its paid and pliant tools.

* * *

Judge Jackson further gives expression to the growing hostility of the judiciary to free speech. If anyone thinks for a moment that this most cherished prerogative of freedom is not seriously menaced in sentiment by the official class, let him ponder these words from Judge Jackson's decision:

> No publicist or statesman, loyal to his country, ever claimed that free speech gave the right to anyone to advocate and defend treason to his country, *or dissatisfaction to its institutions.* Free speech inspired the Anarchists . . . and I now ask, whether it is not time for our lawmakers . . . to consider whether freedom of speech should not be considered by statutes to suppress seditious sentiments.

There you have the frank statement of a sentiment that has permeated the editorials of the daily press, found utterence from the pulpit, and been presented in innumerable guises in the speeches delivered in congress during the past few months; and, which has, in a general way, found expression during the last dozen years. The dominant power of this country propose simply to regard as criminal any expression of dissatisfaction on the part of anybody with the existing beautiful arrangement of things—an arrangement so highly satisfactory to the commercial free-booters and their hireling tools, the government officials. And, if the people will only submit (as the non-resistants suggest) this benevolent sentiment will very soon find expression in legislation, as the Virginia Jefferies has proposed. The overthrow of this fermenting conspiracy of plutocracy and political power must be achieved by the energetic action of the people, if they desire to prevent the utter extinction of popular freedom in this republic.

* * *

I advise the writers who contribute to FREE SOCIETY to be careful. An editorial published in an Anarchist journal of Switzerland came near shattering to fragments the peace of Europe. War between the country named and her neighbor, Italy, was only averted by the mediation of the German kaiser. So you see what a terrible responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the Anarchist editor. A three line paragraph from James or Simpson might unlash the dogs of war on this continent, and send our heroic Theodore forth at the head of his embattled legions to bathe in blood the hostile shores of some distant land, embroiled on such account. Let every pencil wielder of the FREE SOCIETY force equip him or herself at once with a goodly supply of proper diplomacy. The Anarchist editor may hold the peace of the world in the hollow of his composing stick; and the cause of the world's next great war may e'en now be serenely reposing on the copy book. Let us be careful.

* * *

To some extent, Comrade James F. Morton, Jr. is correct in his recent criticism of my remarks on Edgar A. Poe. I confess that my comments were not properly qualified. The article was hastily written, and I did not even read it until in print. What I really intended to say was that Poe, in my own poor judgment, was the greatest genius of the American poets. I consider Victor Hugo's a greater intellect than that of Poe, and perhaps Byron deserves to rank with "the genius of the night." Then, too, my admiration of Poe is for his style rather than the breadth of his intellect. Certainly, as a *thinker*, a student of human thought and passions, Whitman was greater than Poe, but not in language—in the power of

expression—or, still, to be more exact—in imagination. I confess that I do not appreciate Whitman's literary style. I admire him, not as a poet, but as a prophet of sublime ideals—one whose great soul could *feel* the truth—and who dared voice the truth as he grasped it. Aside from this, the only fault I find with Mr. Morton's criticism was his omission of William Morris from his list of the world's great poets. Certainly Morris was greater than Markham—greater in style and thought. This is not said in disparagement of the author of "The Man with the Hoe," who has undoubtedly enriched the store of poetical literature with one of its finest gems. But nothing else from Markham's pen has so far approached "The Man with the Hoe." It is the author's only masterpiece. ROSS WINN.

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The Strikers at Work.

The strike situation is unchanged; no sign of weakness on either side. The coal barons doggedly insist there is nothing to arbitrate; and that under no circumstances will they let the miners dictate to them whom they shall hire and how much wages they shall pay, the slaves who dig their miserable lives away, down deep in the bowels of the earth, while the miners insist the time is now at hand when they must have a voice in the sale of their labor. No longer, they say, will we submit to the indignity of being forced to submit to such terms of employment as the bosses see fit to offer us. Henceforth labor in the mines must be conducted upon certain specific plans agreed to by both parties to the contract. The millionaire is steadfast; so is the miner.

The millionaire will not attempt to fill the mines with other miners for some time to come. The task would be hard. It will not be so easy to get 147,000 miners and workers and camp them behind stockades.

It has taken no little courage on the part of the miners, many of whom had not enough to keep them in food for a week of idleness, to leave the mines and enter upon a struggle with such a powerful enemy as they imagine the millionaires to be.

And indeed the millionaires are a powerful foe, for have they not tightly gripped within their powerful hands the very earth upon which it has been the misfortune of the miners to have been born? In this respect we are all miners, all victims of the grasping ignorance of a very low strata of civilization. Organized society is a bandit who plunders the many for the benefit of the few. In theory it protects all its members. In practise it throws all its weight upon the side of the millionaire and actually assists him in starving the workers into an acceptance of the terms of labor he, in his greed and avarice, chooses to impose.

What is organized society?

The legislator with his law book; the soldier with his gun; and the policeman with his club. These compose organized society. The gun and club are subject to the book; and the book is in the hands of the millionaire. The miner is not yet fully aware of this fact; but the force of events will one day implant it in his mind; and he will be a much wiser man for having learned it.

The miner is a sort of blind force moving in a direction he wots not of; he knows where he is at, but not the direction in which he moves. He knows he is a slave, but not that freedom is so near at hand. His vision is obscured by ages of slavery and superstition; none the less he moves in obedience to internal activity and faces the hell of starvation rather than submit longer to a condition that has become intolerable. He faces an enemy most powerful. Powerful for the reason that the millionaire, as well as owning the earth, owns organized society likewise.

When the miner awakes he will see that the ownership of organized society—the State—by the millionaire is essential to his ownership of the mines and the earth in general. The State, whatever it may be in theory, is in practise a gigantic trust having for its purpose the protection of its fellow trusts. The miner believes this latter trust is necessary to the perpetuation of the race and the progress of mankind. He thinks it protects him, which it often pretends to do; and appeals to it to assist him, a poor helpless child, from the cold, iron grasp of the coal trust.

Poor miner! So soon as he quits the mine, if he attempts to move, he finds himself hedged in on every side by a network of law which he must not break thru, or the whole weight of the State comes thundering down on his head. Even now the military is ready to march down upon him at a moment's notice and bore him full of holes, if he refuses to quietly starve by the roadside. He hires an agent to go among his fellows and acquaint them with his wants, and the agent is clapped into jail. A judge, a member of the State trust, convicts him of the crime of agitating among slaves contented with their lot; and more, denounces him as a vampire.

"Labor leaders," says a venerable looking old fossel named Jackson, as he sentenced some miners to prison for ninety days for the heinous crime of spreading the glorious gospel of discontent among their fellows, "Labor leaders are vampires that live and fatten on the honest labor of the coal miners of this country, and are busybodies creating dissatisfaction among a class of people who are quiet, well disposed, and who do not want to be disturbed by the unceasing agitation of this class of people."

This is a very fine speech and will no doubt start some miners on a line of thought that will lead them to the conclusions expressed in this letter, that the government is the guardian of the trusts; and that all its officers from the president down to the thug who wears a deputy sheriff's badge, "are vampires that live and fatten on the honest labor of the coal miners"—and all the other workers of the land; and who are ever ready to order out troops, issue injunctions, and shoot the sacred spark of life out of any worker at any time the millionaires bid them do so. If this is not clear to the miners I bid them study the development of the strike.

The millionaires, "vampires who live and fatten on the honest labor of coal miners" and other honest toilers, are masters of time, and our questions of right are vain conceits. The miners may starve and be damned; the sacred rights of property to crush its creators must not be changed. The millionaires lounge quietly in the cool, refreshing breezes of the seaside resorts, content with the "justice of their cause"; while the miners famish in dusty roadsides of Pennsylvania, the millionaire waits the miner to starve. Hunger is the weapon that will drive the miner back to the mines at the old terms of employment; but while he sits by the roadside and watches his wife and children slowly starve, he wonders what is the meaning of it all; and dreads the humiliation of having to cringe to the haughty toughs who "own" the mines.

For the moment the miner is the hero in the great tragedy of life. Thus far he has played his part well. It depends upon us, whose turn will come soon to take the leading role, to support him properly, or the whole drama will be a failure. Will we feed the miner? This question no doubt puzzled the miners at Indianapolis. They feared the spirit of solidarity was not yet sufficiently strong to depend on the labor unions of the country and the world feeding the miners, so they decided to stay at work and feed the brothers themselves as well as they could. But we must help them, and herein we prove the progressive spirit, the solidarity of the workers of all lands, awakening, growing, in the breasts of trade unionists. Watch it flourish. JAY FOX.

New York, 210 E. 19th St.

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Calculations made by an English paper show that in the past eight years 1,529 people have been inprisoned in Germany for leze-majesty, their aggregate sentences amounting to 2,500 years imprisonment. And in spite of it all, people continue to doubt that Emperor William rules by divine right.—*Truth Seeker.*

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LETTER-BOX.

F. McQ., Park City.—After a perusal of the article "Windmills" in this issue, you will perhaps admit that our criticisms of Socialist parties are *not* "wholly unwarranted." Of course there would be chaos for awhile if "Anarchy would be thrust on the masses today." So it would be with the "administration of things" if it could be introduced suddenly. But people must be given the opportunity to frequent the rivers before they can learn to swim.—Certainly; "the more freedom we enjoy the greater the responsibility," but this sentiment must evolve spontaneously in a free condition and cannot be forced upon a people. However, read "Pages of Socialist History," by Tcherkesoff, and you may "awaken."

C. C. L., Ida Grove, Ia.—A perusal of the Simpson-James discussion will prove that all your queries and objections have been answered—and why repeat? I want to know how the terms "maximum" and "minimum" can be applied to freedom? Does it not raise the question how long the rope on the tails of the Kilkeny cats must be to be "equal" enough? If you should attempt to take my watch, you would soon find that there is a limit to "invasion" without stipulated prineiples—excepting in a society where government protects legalized robbery. Your contention that it takes "angels" to live in unrestricted freedom is on par with the Christian's argument that "if it was not for God we would kill each other." And as long as the Individualists clamor for "restricted freedom" they should not label themselves Anarchists.

M. C., New York City.—Ask the Defense Committee why we have so little about Comrades Grossmann and MacQueen in FREE SOCIETY. Unfortunately we are not omniscient, and so we do not know what's going on in New York unless we are informed by comrades familiar with things concerning the movement.

ALDERMAN KRISLEY'S DEFEAT.

The sense of duty well done has a tendency to make a man self-complacent. The knowledge that he is contrasted with another to the other's disadvantage, and is acclaimed a good man in most unlikely surroundings, has the effect of giving him an excellent opinion of himself. In consequence, Alderman Krisley was in a complacent mood; he was satisfied with his record and his reputation. It was conceded on all sides that the ward never had been so well represented. His predecessor had been a practical politician of unsavory record who had prospered wonderfully in the city council and had been unexpectedly turned out as a result of a reform movement. The success of Alderman Krisley had not been anticipated, even by himself. He had made a good fight, for he was earnest in all that he undertook; but his election was a surprise. It had been generally conceded that Bensinger had a mortgage on the ward, being regarded by the poor, and not infrequently by the evil-doers, as little less than a guardian, and there were a great many of both within its boundaries. His influence was always at the disposal of his constituents, and they cared little about the nature of his dealings with others.

Krisley was a different type of man. His honesty was of the aggressive kind. He had sympathy for the poor; but, in his opinion, his first duty was to protect the city's interests. He did not hold himself aloof. His office door was open to all at all times, and he was ready to do what he could conscientiously for any who sought favors from him. The lesson of Bensinger's long career of success in the ward was not lost upon the new alderman, but there were certain things he could not and would not do. The poor he would help to the best of his ability, but the man who was in trouble with the law had to seek elsewhere for influence. Nevertheless, Krisley was hailed as a success. The newspapers said he was the right man in the right place. He combined incorruptibility with sympathy and affability. He looked out for the people of his ward, gained their friendship, was one of them. So, as he read what the papers had to say of him, he was pleased. It was now six months after his election, and he was satisfied he had been gaining ground all the time.

A timid knock at the door of his office interrupted his meditations, and he called out cheerily, "Come in!"

A poorly dressed woman entered hesitatingly. The alderman offered her a chair as promptly and politely as if she were a duchess.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Fenny?" he asked.

"You know me?" she returned, surprised and pleased.

"Of course I know you," he answered heartily, "and I know what a hard time you've had."

"And my little girl?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, speaking sympathetically now; "I know. She was killed by a trolley car. It was very sad, Mrs. Fenny, and the company——"

"That's what I came to see you about," interrupted the woman quickly. "The company has cheated me."

"Cheated you!"

"Yes. I didn't know—how could I know—and when the man came and offered me $100, I signed the papers and took it. With poor Gracie lying dead in the next room and no money in the house for the funeral, it seemed an awful lot, and—and—I didn't know, anyway. I didn't think they'd cheat a widow when they'd killed her oldest girl—a good girl, too, who gave up the little she earned for her brothers and sisters."

There were tears in the woman's eyes, but she quickly brushed them away with the corner of her shawl.

"Cheat!" exclaimed the alderman wrathfully. "A claim-adjuster will cheat anyone—that's his business. Why, the law gives you $5,000."

"That's what the neighbors said," explained the woman anxiously, "and they told me to come to you. It seems awful to think of Gracie that way, but—but—we need the money, and they say Mr. Bensinger did as much for Mrs. Mallory once."

The alderman was thoughtful.

"Its outrageous!" he said at last, "and if it's a possible thing I'll get the money for you."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the woman gratefully. "We're so poor, and now we haven't even the $5 a week that Gracie used to earn."

"I'll do my best," asserted the alderman, "but don't be too hopeful. I may not succeed."

"Mr. Bensinger did," suggested the woman.

Alderman Krisley scowled, but made no reply.

When the woman had departed, Krisley remained a long time in deep thought. The task he had undertaken was neither an easy nor a pleasing one, and no one knew better than he the difficulties he would encounter. The circumstances were unusual—at least, he thought so. But nothing was to be gained, and much might be lost, by delay; immediate action was important.

The claim adjuster listened to his story, and smiled.

"It is part of the business," he said. "We naturally settle all claims for as little as possible. There was no deception."

"No deception!" cried the alderman. "There was the most cowardly, miserable kind of deception! You took advantage of her ignorance. You may not have assured her in so many words that it was all she could get, but you conveyed that impression and let her think so."

"In any event," said the claim-adjuster, who deemed it the part of wisdom to avoid a controversy with an alderman, "the matter is now out of my hands. I settled the case and paid over the money. Any further action must be taken by some one higher in authority than myself. I would suggest that you go to the legal department. If you wish, I will take you there and introduce you."

The attorney gave him close and respectful attention.

"Personally, I am sorry for her," he said at the conclusion of the recital, "but officially I can only say that she has no further claim on the road. It is not a matter of sentiment, but of business. We must look out for our own interests. It is not our privilege to be generous with the stockholders' money."

"It is your privilege and your duty to be just," said the alderman warmly.

"She has had justice—legal justice," answered the lawyer.

"But not moral justice," insisted the alderman.

"We did not compel her to sign the release," the lawyer argued, ignoring this thrust. "We made no threats. She was free to do as she pleased, and she signed it. She needed ready money, and we gave it to her."

"You took advantage of both her necessities and her ignorance!" exclaimed the alderman, angered by this specious plea. "You knew her rights and she didn't. You defrauded her deliberately."

"Be careful, Mr. Krisley," cautioned the lawyer.

"I mean what I say!" asserted the incensed alderman. "It was fraud—not legal, perhaps, but moral certainly and most despicable."

"You make me hesitate to say what I intended," suggested the lawyer quietly.

There was that in his tone that calmed the alderman quickly, and he waited to hear the proposition.

"Legally," explained the lawyer, "she has no claim against the road, for she has formally released us from further liability. That is business, and as a business affair the incident is closed. As a matter of generosity we might do more——"

"As a matter of self-interest you'd better do more!" put in the alderman. The official's point of view was offensive to him; it stirred his anger again.

"Threats?" said the lawyer inquiringly. "That sounds like an attempt to force us to honor an illegal claim under penalty of having your influence thrown against our measures. Is it a fair deduction?"

The alderman made no reply, but he saw the point.

"The story would shock your associates," the lawyer went on after a pause. "They would not expect you to use your official position to advance the personal interest of anyone. But no matter. I can readily understand that it was a thoughtless remark, for, if you had stopped to think, you would appreciate that you cannot do more to thwart our interests than you already have done. You are the most bitter opponent of our new franchise measure."

"I do not think it fair to the city," said the alderman.

"We need not discuss that now," returned the lawyer. "What I wished to say was that generosity is not a business requisite, and, if we watched out for others' interests instead of our own, we would soon have to pass our dividends. You can see that, of course. But we might make an exception in this case, as a personal favor to you."

The alderman and the lawyer looked at each other for a minute in silence. The lawyer was smiling pleasantly, meaningly.

"I ask it as a matter of justice, of humanity," said the alderman at last. "This woman is in want, in distress. Not only has she lost her child but part of the income that enabled her to exist and feed her children. She is a deserving, hard-working woman—I know her."

"It rests with you to relieve her," said the lawyer slowly and distinctly. "We cannot respond to all the calls of humanity, but if you will authorize me to make this a personal request on your behalf I will bring you a check for $4,900, payable to the woman's order, inside of five minutes."

Again their eyes met. The alderman's face grew red and then very pale. If the money or ten times the sum, had been offered to him directly he would have knocked down the man who offered it, and yet he knew he was being tendered a bribe. He had thought of the possibility of such a thing when he was elected, but the reality was so entirely at variance with his experience that he was left defenseless and for the moment speechless. Not one improper word or thought had been expressed, but the meaning was clear. Self-interest joined with humanity in tempting him. He was naturally sympathetic, and the poor woman's necessities appealed to him. He was ambitious, and he knew what prestige success in this affair would give him in the ward. Nothing he could do in the council would help him half so much. But he was also honest—so honest that the implied obligation would be binding on him. He could not escape it. In view of the circumstances and his unblemished reputation, that the story, as it might be told, would taint, he would not dare attempt it. And the lawyer knew it. People who deal in human beings come to know them pretty well; they know just how tight it is necessary to bind them.

The alderman's breathing was quick and short. He was almost panting, but after a moment he controlled himself.

"I have done nothing for which you should do this as a personal favor to me," he said, "and I cannot promise to do anything. I can only ask it on the grounds of justice and humanity."

The lawyer looked disappointed, but he bowed gravely.

"I will present the matter to the directors," he said, "but I fear they will not be inclined to take a greater interest in this woman than you do yourself."

The alderman made a quick, angry step in the direction of the lawyer, and then stopped short. He had been insulted, but in such a way that he could not well resent it. He could not explain it to others; it was all by inference.

Nor could he explain the matter to Mrs. Fenny; he could only say that he had been unsuccessful.

"Mr. Bensinger wasn't, when he was alderman," she told him reproachfully.

The news traveled. Krisley lacked either the interest in their affairs or the influence that Bensinger had possessed, the poor of the ward decided. Then it began to be whispered about that the check had been offered Krisley, and he had declined it.

Why?

"Because," said rumor, "the company wanted some little favor of him, and he would not inconvenience himself to grant it."

What that "little favor" was no one knew or cared. He would not inconvenience himself to gain a poor widow her rights; that was enough. These rumors could not be traced, they did not gain general currency in the city, but they permeated the ward, and Krisley felt the effect. He was regarded as a traitor to the people, a man without heart, a mere pretender to the throne Bensinger had occupied, a schemer who had sought to deceive the poor as to his real character.

"It will die out," he told himself; "they will forget."

But such things are not easily forgotten in such localities. Gratitude is the emotion which sways all. A man is judged by what he does for the poor; what else he may do is of no moment. And Bensinger appeared one day with the street railway company's check for $4,900, payable to the order of Mrs. Mary Fenny. The news spread with electric rapidity; also the fact that he had casually remarked to the woman, "It's none of my business, but I didn't want to see you suffer. Krisley could have got it for you if he'd wanted to"

On the books of the company it was charged up to politics, as a campaign contribution, and it proved a satisfactory investment. Krisley knew it would when he heard about it, and he was not even a candidate at the next election. He lacked the "practical sympathy" that the ward demanded of its representative.—Elliot Flower, in the *Pilgrim* for July.

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Ingenuities of Economic Argument.

. . . . . It is in the realm of economics that the cleverest arguments are to be found. Old sophistries are slain and new ones are invoked to support the structure venerated by many as the temple of financial prosperity. President Eliot's exaltation of the "scab" as a "creditable type of nineteenth century hero" is novel. It is claimed for the scab that "in defense of his rights as an individual he deliberately incurs the reprobation of his fellows, and runs the immediate risk of bodily injury or even death," and that "in so doing he displays remarkable courage and renders a great service to his fellow men." This view must surprise many good trades unionists, and I doubt if it ever occurred to the scab himself. It is one of those specious conclusions, not born of experience, which issue from the heated atmosphere of the study, to perish in the first contact with the life-current outside. The typical scab, I take it, is actuated by very ordinary unheroic self-interest. If he has conscientious objections to trades unionism, that fact is incidental and not the motive which prompts his action. Were it otherwise there would be instances on record of men abandoning ludicrative positions in order to become scabs. As a rule he is not deliberately obeying the behests of a principle of resistance to trades union tyranny. Up to the time of his backsliding he has perhaps been a good trades union member, but, lacking in class consciousness, with will too weak to stand the crucial test, he succumbs, terrified lest the wolf, never far off, now cross his threshold. If he is an outsider he is possibly ignorant of the merits of the dispute and not disposed to allow considerations of equity to weigh with him. When President Eliot, in his zeal to do honor to his newly discovered hero, further maintains that he "risks his livelihood for the future and thereby the well-being of his family," the bewilderment increases. The trades union leaders risk *their* livelihood for the future. The scab is either an employe reluctant to sacrifice his wages and to incur the possible consequences of his employer's vindictiveness, or he is out of work and glad of any opportunity to earn something. In the former case a not unusual inducement is the possibility of promotion; in either case the favor and protection of the employer can often be counted upon as an aid to the aforesaid "remarkable courage."

Heroism does not consist in indifference to scoffs and obloquy, tho it may include this. The heroic act is "clean contrary to a sensual prosperity" and "measures itself by its contempt of some external good." The action of the scab cannot be thus defined, for it is the "external good" which he seeks for himself. The courage to withstand the jeers and censure of his associates is counterbalanced by the cowardice which refuses to risk immediate personal gain for prospective benefits to be shared with his fellow workers.

There is much to be urged against trades union tyranny, but many people fail to realize that the present alternative to majority rule is autocracy, and that freedom is impossible under the wage system. The organization of labor is an attempt to enable the employe to treat with the employer on more nearly equal terms, and the effectiveness of trades union methods is dependent upon the unanimity of the support they receive. The strike is the barbaric sword which universal love will one day turn into a plowshare. It is a clumsy weapon at best, but it is "Hobson's choice." When labor is emancipated, "when the slave ceases and the master of slave ceases," when we begin to have an inkling of the meaning of brotherhood, then all reason for defensive and aggressive tactics is gone. . . . The courage of the burglar and of the scab is closely allied. Both are the victims of a social system based upon inequality of opportunity, avarice, and self-seeking.—From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born.

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Here and There.

In Spain the peasants held a congress in which 60,000 were represented, and it was resolved to aid the city workers in all their demands and to propagate the general strike idea. Their "campaign issue" will be "the land for the peasants" and "the social revolution."

The pusillaminity of the Belgian Socialist leaders during the general strike in April has created a sentiment of opposition against political action. For the purpose of spreading the idea of a general strike, a group called *L'Entente révolutionaire* has been organized, and the members have been promptly excommunicated by the Socialist leaders.

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For Chicago and Milwaukee.

The comrades of Milwaukee have arranged a picnic for Sunday, August 17, and the Chicago comrades are cordially invited to take part in the pleasent outing at the beach.

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— BY —

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MORIBUND SOCIETY AND ANARCHY.

Translated from the French of

JEAN GRAVE

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