



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 376.

To the Sons of Labor.

(From "Songs of the Army of the Night.")

Grave this deep in your hearts,
Forget not the tale of the past!
Never, never believe
That any will help you, or can,
Saving only yourselves!
What have the Gentlemen done,
Peerless haters of wrong,
Byrons and Shelleys, what?
They stand great famous names,
Demi-gods to their own,
Shadows far off, alien
To us and ours forever.
Those who love them and hate
The crime, the injustice they hated,
What can they do but shout,
Win a name from our woes,
And leave us just as we were?
No, but resolutely turned,
Our wants, our desires made clear,
And clear the means that shall win them,
Drill and drill and drill!
Then when the day is come,
When the royal battleflag's up,
When blood has been spilled in vain
In timid half-hearted war,
Then let the Cromwell rise,
The simple, the true-souled Man;
Then let Grant come forth,
The calm, the determined Comrade,
But deep in their hearts one hate,
Deep in their souls one thought,
To bring the Iniquity low,
To make the People free!
Ah, for such as these,
We with the same heart-hate,
We with the same soul-thought,
Will fall to our destined places
In the ranks of the great New Model,*
In the Army that sees ahead
Marston, Naseby, Whitehall,
The Wilderness, Petersburg—yes,
But beyond the blood and the smoke,
Beyond the struggle and death,
The Union victorious safe!
The Commonwealth glorious free!

—Francis Adams.

* The New Model is the name by which is known that reorganization of the Roundhead Army, without which Cromwell saw that the Cavaliers could not be conquered. No one was permitted in its ranks who did not thoroly believe in the Cause for which it fought.

The Song of Selfishness.

Thoughtlessness sins more than malice against the language and genius of mankind. When they praise the unselfishness of a noble dead person, they think they have said a wonderful thing. If one found satisfaction in work, without making rapaciousness his aim; if one was satisfied to act as an apostle of kindness in a small circle; if one devoted his whole being to the realization of a great idea;—then they say of him he was unselfish. As if these very persons

did not make their strongest impulses felt, their own selves! As if not even the unselfishness, which the Church praises as the highest virtue, which lowers itself to meaningless and canine humility, is simply possible because the individuality of the confessor is such a miserable one. Parsons and religious philosophers have from time immemorial thrown dust in the eyes of the common people by distorting the conceptions of words.

Scientific and philosophical materialism has no more to do with the vulgar materialism: "Let us eat, drink and accumulate, because tomorrow we are dead," than the great discoverer of the law of natural evolution had to do with a grocery merchant. But the common people still believe their spiritual schoolmasters, that a man who does not recognize supernatural revelations, must necessarily be a bad man; and the most ignorant and dissipated sky-pilot can feel sure of the approval of his herd when he breaks out with the rhetorical question: "Is there a difference between a hog and a materialist?" Thus thoughtlessly and designedly are egoism and egotism made synonymous. But whoever sets his heart on the sole purpose of lifting his own self thru external things, who looks for power and honors, which he can only achieve thru the ignorance of others, who for the sake of filthy lucre hundreds of times a day departs from his own manhood, has no self, he is, amidst his riches awfully poor,—he is anything but an egoist.

Egoism is something sublime and lucid. It claims its due; it wants its free, natural development: but not for a moment does it seek this at the expense of the rights and development of others. It is harder for it to dominate than to be dominated. It strives for harmony, but it cannot dismember itself from the whole as an independent part without bleeding from incurable wounds. How could it unfold itself universally, harmoniously; how could it freely, joyfully wander thru the world's garden, when embitterment, mutilation and slavery, like beggars covered with sores, lay in its path?

That is why the egoist is lonesome, and happiness sinks down behind like Eurydice to Orcus. But he has moments to which he can call: "Linger yet, thou art so beautiful!" and that is when his ego like sunrays penetrates another being, and when he finds himself in the sublime thoughts of the other. Egoism burns as the purest flame in love and gratitude. To give is to receive, and to

receive is to find one's self. But when I speak of love, I have nothing to do with the so-called friendship which always terminates in dominating or being dominated, and with normal man does not go beyond the physical bounds, neither do I speak of the phantoms of love which are preached and eulogized as devotion, sacrifice, and unselfishness; but I speak of a natural, healthy and uplifting sexual love, especially of the love which finds in the sexual embrace its climax. Poor slandered sensuality, what hells have not been invented for thee! Such a vile word with such a justified conception, the lust which does one good; but an impeachment, a wanton offense has been made of it. Poor sensuality! As a Phryne thou standst before gray-headed, hypocritical libertines, who condemn thee because all crave thee; one sees them turning away from thee on the streets as from a contagious cadaver, while secretly they have erected an altar in their hearts on which thou dost rule as a goddess. Thou art in fact the unknown goddess which gives birth to a thousand religions, to beauty, to art, yes, even to mankind, and yet none want to recognize thee. But I assert that in sexual lust the noblest feelings of which man's nature is capable assert themselves because the bodily barriers have fallen: the satisfaction in satisfying, the warmth of pleasantness, which comes forth from the fiery lust of the other being. Only here does man give himself wholly, without discretion, without restraint, without deceit. This shall not be stunted by the deplorable wretches who cannot even cease to calculate in the embrace of love, or who have nothing to give.

Many boast of their sensuality who are only libertines; they always seek only *their own* gratification, and are as happy as the gormand who revels *alone* at a well-covered table. They always seek only *their own* gratification—the feelings of others do not concern them. See there the beast in man, which is everywhere the same, whether he buys his pleasure in the boudoir of the finest courtesan or whether in the legal marriage bed where he compels the tired and long since love-barren wife to cohabit with him, or whether during the night of insanity he lacerates the body which satisfies his amorousness. Look also at the beast in the woman, who like a vampire sucks the heart-blood of the best because she—wants to be gratified.

Gratification! the conquering of tranquility, as if it were possible without mutual concord! That is the greatest tranquility,

when in a spring night the rain falls, even if lashed by a storm; when the clouds give and the earth receives, the lightning may be the hymneal torches and thunder the wedding music.

Only the highest selfishness knows the highest lust, it alone recognizes in sexual enjoyment love, it alone finds much more satisfaction in making others happy than in its own gratification.

If the youths and maidens only knew! But of what avail is knowledge so long as law and custom and prevailing perversions do not permit the trial whether "heart and heart find each other"? And of what avail is knowledge and trial when the self-esteem of egoism is lacking, which never lowers itself into tool or property of someone else? "All men born equal are a noble race," sings Herwegh; yes, if only a trace of noble sensitiveness could be found in all men, then would that disgust and hate which in most marriages is developed in the course of many years, already have been born on the wedding-night.

Only egoism is cognizant of the bliss of making others happy in sensuality, it alone knows the sweet enigma: I myself become greater, better, my own self, in those moments when I take pride in creating the greatest enchantment in the beloved being.

Nor do I believe in the recklessness of sensuality. I pity every novelist, even the most bold and realistic one, when he knows only to tell of his hero or heroine, how they thru patience or boldness or intrigue or passion, brought about the moment for which they yearned, only to die away finally in the embrace of white arms—to lose their senses for the time being. I rather mean, that sensuality is also a spiritual activity, and that the most intense feelings are also the strongest thoughts. And is there a higher expression of self-consciousness than to make mine thine, to find myself in thy delight? For weak souls, who must be either slaves or tyrants, love may be hypnotism, but egoism knows nothing of such mystical arts,—to the ego it means a living revelation of the world's harmony which we otherwise can only surmise.

And is not the sister of this love gratitude? If the memory of the union of nudity should even create even a shadow of aversion and disgust, then sensuality in him or her was a lie. But suppose in both it was not genuine? Inordinate lust is destructive, but the splendor of sprouting leaves and blossoms is the gratitude of the earth to the begetting sky.

But gratitude is also a virtue of the Christians and Philistines who do not like to be egoists. One must be grateful to God for everything he has done for us. He furnishes us with all the good things (of the bitter ones we will not speak now), not because it is inherent in his disposition, but because he wants to reap gratitude in the shape of prayers for the crumbs which are furnished the poor from his table and houses built for him. When one is not grateful he becomes angry. And for the same crumbs, which already, out of gratitude for God, fell from the table of the rich, the poor must again be thankful. But even if these religious barriers are only shades such as white poplars throw over a white highway, to whom

and for what must we not be thankful? To the parents that were kind enough to bring us into the world, to the teachers who for poor pay and with great ill-humor knocked some dull knowledge into us, to the women for the celestial roses, and these again to the men for marrying them, to people who "assist"—~~us when they buy our labor~~, to the friend who "obliges" us when he loans us money—altho I have paid him high interest and returned his money, says the good-natured fellow, but I am thankful anyway—oh, such a burdensome chain of gratitude that one is ready to break down under it. It is assuredly not this gratitude in which egoism celebrates its highest triumphs.

"Except ye become as little children"—Ludwig Buechner cannot understand this because he does not possess the love and is only a sounding metal and a ringing bell. Have you ever delighted a child before that cursed "thank you" was trained into it? First it eyes brightened bashfully, quiveringly, beaming more and more, its whole body quivering with the rosiest pleasure, and over the gift it forgot the giver. But you yourself were grateful to whom? the world, the child, yourself, that you had the fortune to gaze on happiness. Have you ever bid a woman farewell, who could not lie, and under the last kisses whispered into your ear: "I love you because you are so—"? You wandered thru the night as if the stars shone only for you in the sky, and tenderly your hand stroked the dewy leaves of the bushes as if it were the hair of your sweetheart. Have you ever found a nook in the woods, where a spring was bubbling, and you went to sleep among buttercups and wind-flowers, as god-like and secure as on mother's lap? All of this is the gratitude of the egoist.

But then you must also strand on a lonely island in the ocean of life and on stone tablets find the inscriptions of the lonely dead, which like lightning illuminates our soul. Or you must find at the resting-place in the high mountain chains the diary of the wanderer who ascended higher and never returned—a light beams out of the lines of the mountain-climber, which at first dazzles your eyes as the spotless white surface of the snow and glaciers, but gradually your heart melts and broadens, and you say to yourself: this man embraces the world; but all he says was in me, awake and yet slumbering, dreaming. You bow your head before the genius, but you place yourself alongside of the man and say: "You are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." And this pride is the gratitude of the egoist.

This egoism has done the greatest deeds in freedom, for its name is love; this egoism has created all art in the world, for its name is gratitude.—Robert Reitzel. Translated from the German by Interloper.

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Methods of Science.

I am glad to see some readers of FREE SOCIETY besides myself are aware that outside mathematics no proposition can be exact; and I am not sorry my little discussion with Simpson has attracted so much attention. I did not wish to prolong it, but feel rather like closing with a few words on scientific methods of reasoning, which may save those who apply them quite a lot of befogment.

Why is exactness possible in mathematics? Because the terms of mathematics are absolute creatures of the human mind. Quantity, the theme of mathematics, has been defined as "an operation in which both operator and operand derive all their significance from its own law." That sounds rather technical and abstract, but allows of very simple illustration. What is the quantity two? It is the double of anything—an operator (multiplier) "which derives all its significance from the law of the operation" (multiplying). And as the operation is performed in thought, this operator is "an absolute creature of human mind." By putting another number for the operator (or multiplier) we may make the two an operand (multiplicand). "Twice two are four, three times two are six," these are statements of operation, and thus the products (quantities) four, six, etc., are here operations, in which both operator and operand derive all their significance from the law of the operation. Still more plainly may this be seen if we reflect that there are quantities, such as the value of pieces in a game, which correspond to nothing objective. The solution of a chess problem is as truly mathematical as that of an algebraical equation. Such "quantities" as "king" and "pawn" are less familiar than such as two and three only because the absence of any corresponding natural objects leaves them without practical use. I took for my first illustration arithmetical quantities, but the principle applies equally to geometrical; for all geometrical relations can be expressed arithmetically. The reverse does not hold; and therefore, as Kant observed, time, the measure of number, is also the measure of space, but space is not a measure of time.

Time and space, as Kant also remarked, are the universal forms of consciousness. Accordingly mathematics prevades all science; and there is much probability in the ancient doctrine of Pythagoras that all relations may be resolved into relations of quantity; which would demonstrate Idealism, since we have proved that quantity is an absolute product of the thinking process.

But tho it looks that way when we see a physical science reduced to a branch of mathematics as extensively as has been done with astronomy or chemistry, we cannot take a step towards proving it if we begin by defining the objects of a physical science as we do mathematical abstractions. For now we are not dealing with what we know to be creatures of the mind, whose nature the mind can describe synthetically, but with what appear to the mind as objects independent of itself and only to be described analytically. I can easily and correctly tell what is a circle—because I know how a circle is made. But what is sugar? It is usually said by psychologists to be the name given a group of sensations which, under certain circumstances present themselves together. But even that statement does not do justice to our ignorance of the subject. Sugar is the name of a group of sensations experienced as above *plus* certain latent sensations, certain potential phenomena, some of which I learn by experiment may then be evoked, but many of which I probably do not know. "Sugar" is the name

of a Thing—"circle" only of an Idea. Thus, an early cultivator of modern methods, John Locke, remarked that, to a child, "gold" means yellow; and he calls a canary's feathers gold; but a jeweler knows that gold has properties unknown to the child—high specific gravity, malleability, softness, etc.; and a chemist adds others still, as solubility in *aqua regia* only. Have we got to the end now? inquires the philologist Max Mueller. What does "gold" mean in the mouth of a broker? True to its old habit, it has taken wings and flown away. The broker may know all about gold the chemist must know. He certainly knows a lot more—that it is, e. g. the measure of intrinsic value. It follows, first that we do not know natural objects as we do abstract ideas, and that the attempt to define them similarly, is a pedantic concealment of our ignorance which will lead only to fighting over words. We needs must speak of them loosely, because we know them only imperfectly. But there is, we see secondly, another method of dealing with them, which is that called induction, and is that of physical science. We did not make them (that we remember) and therefore cannot synthesize them. But, by observation and experiment, we can analyze them. And thus we may finally arrive at their mathematics, as Newton did in astronomy and Dalton in chemistry.

Now if this be true for such a comparatively simple natural object as gold, it should be clearer for a chemical compound; still more for a living organism; most of all for a society, comprising millions of such organisms. Sociological definitions are to fit the most complex objects of any. Then they are the least to be evolved, after mathematical fashion, from our inner consciousness. Above all others, they require to be founded on analysis by wide and careful induction.

That such induction leads to Anarchism, I have several times said, and given my reasons for thinking so. But it would be a very different proposition that induction has already led to final hard-and-fast conclusions,—those of Tolstoy or those of Tucker. The sociological field, till lately entirely occupied by dogma and speculation, is the field of greatest complexities. Therefore it is that into which induction advances most slowly and carefully, but in which its vain precursor, dogma and speculation still gambol, as Bottom says, most "obscenely and courageously." What induction, I think, has already fully demonstrated, is Tendency. In proportion as people apply induction to social matters, they become (I am persuaded) less disposed to revere authority and precedent, to desire power, to practise violence. Behold the solution of Ross Winn's riddle—if he wants a solution, not a wordy battle, which he shall not get out of me. Resolve to practise non-resistance as much as you can; and I think you will probably never reach the aged colored individual's cross-roads. If you happen to arrive there, my advice (speaking, too, strictly as an Anarchist) is—take the one you like best.

C. L. JAMES.

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The true work of all governments is to do away with the necessity of any government.
—Elbert Hubbard.

Certain Comments.

I do not think I can be justly accused of personal hostility or intolerance toward the Socialists, many of whom I count among my dearest and most valued friends. I believe that the Socialist movement has done and is doing a vast amount of good, along educational lines. In the earlier and cruder days of both Socialism and Anarchism, the two movements interpenetrated so closely as to appear almost if not quite identical. Kropotkin uses the term "Socialism" altogether, in his "Appeal to the Young." Several of the Chicago martyrs spoke of themselves indifferently as Anarchists and Socialists. Now that the two movements are more clearly differentiated, it is still plain that they have much in common. Both condemn the present order of things and aim at the emancipation of mankind from exploitation of every sort. There is some difference, however, in the ideal to be attained, and more as to the means to be employed to reach that ideal. The Socialist is sure that we must begin by rectifying economic conditions thru political action; and the Anarchist is quite as convinced that no such program will ever prevail to set men free.

A mutual criticism of methods does not show unfriendliness or intolerance. But when Wilshire dubs the whole Anarchist movement a nuisance, or when the *Worker* or the *People* indulge in the hoary slander that Anarchists are "petty bourgeois"—*Advance* had the nerve recently to apply this term to Kropotkin!—and the paid agents of capitalism, the bounds of legitimate and honest criticism have surely been overstepped.

That the Socialists, as a body, do not desire freedom, is evident from their own actions, altho there are some splendid exceptions. Lawrence Gronlund, in his "Cooperative Commonwealth," declares that Socialists have more in common with the pope of Rome than they have with the Anarchists. The *Weekly People*, in its issue of July 26, declares that "the Socialist Labor Party looks into the daily conduct of its members," and "right it is to so," among other things by expelling free lovers from its ranks. We should enjoy a wonderful amount of liberty in a nation ruled by such people!

That the Socialists do not wish their movement to be confused with any other, is natural and right enough; and I do not in any way blame them for not wishing to be called Anarchists. But I do blame them for attempting to curry favor by false denunciations of the Anarchists of the country. I blame them for their gross cowardice during the era of persecution which followed the assassination of McKinley—a cowardice strongly contrasting with the manly courage exhibited by several of the leading Single Tax organs. If the Socialists, as a body, want liberty, why do not their representative papers and orators say so? However they may differ from the views of Anarchists, they should at least be willing to accord them the rights of human beings. Yet the Socialist press of this country was silent when Millerand and his colleagues prohibited the International Anarchist Conference from assembling in Paris. It was practi-

cally silent while Emma Goldman, the Isaak family and other Anarchists were under unjust sentence in Chicago. During the whole carnival of public insanity, the entire Socialist press, save two or three little papers of small circulation, protested only against any interference with Socialist propaganda, but had no words of condemnation for the cruel and infamous outrages heaped on Anarchists in every part of the land. Nor is the case any different today. The Socialist papers have nothing to say against Sunday legislation and other acts of religious tyranny. They raise no voice against Comstockism, and the devilry wrought under it. They have spoken out against Maddenism only when Madden selected some Socialist paper as his object of attack. Is this line of conduct characteristic of persons to whom liberty means a great deal? Free speech has become the great issue of the day. It is menaced as never before by the minions of power. Without freedom of expression, it is impossible to gain economic freedom or any other kind of freedom. Yet the Socialist press, Socialist conventions and Socialist platforms are silent, where their voices should ring loudest of all. Does Mrs. Whitehead still think that Socialists, as a body, understand and desire liberty?

The principle of liberty includes all its manifestations, of which economic freedom is only one. Perfect economic equality and universal cooperation in production and distribution could exist under a most rigid and hateful bureaucracy, without allowing any freedom of speech, of religion, or of sexual relations. On the other hand, freedom from government would at once destroy wage slavery and all possibility of economic exploitation, leaving the resources of the earth at the command of all the dwellers thereon. Thus meeting on equal terms, the men and women of a free society will be simply following their own interest in so uniting their efforts that each may have the largest possible share of the good things of life. Socialism is a system; Anarchism is a growth. Socialism is mechanical; Anarchism is vital. A free society is the soil in which every good plant may grow.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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The circumlocution office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important department under the government.

It is true that every new government, coming in because they had upheld a certain thing as necessary to be done, were no sooner come in than they applied their utmost facilities to discovering how not to do it. The circumlocution office was down upon any ill-advised public servant who was going to do it, or who appeared to by any surprising accident in remote danger of doing it, with a minute, and a memorandum, and a letter of instructions, that extinguished him.—Charles Dickens.

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The only good laws passed in the last three hundred years were those that repealed other laws.—Buckle.

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Notes.

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.

As was announced some time ago, the Philadelphia comrades have issued a pamphlet on the New Jersey anti-Anarchist law. It places in striking contrast the constitutional guarantee of free speech and free press and this law. It should have a wide circulation in New Jersey. For copies address N. Notkin, 242 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Waisbrooker announces that she will receive any aid proffered to pay her fine. Address her at Home, Wash.

The International Defense Committee is conducting the defense of Comrades Grossmann and MacQueen. Contributions are solicited, and may be addressed to the treasurer, A. Salzberg, 30 Paterson St., Paterson, N. J. We have on hand some subscription blanks, which will be furnished on request.

CHICAGO.—Anthropological Society, 26 E. Van Buren St. J. H. Rowell will address the society Sunday, August 24, 3 p. m., on "Communism the Ultimate Basis of Society."

Current Comment.

The French government, by the enforcement of what is called "the law of associations," is seeking to wrest public education in that country from the clutch of the Catholic Church; and to thus force the conservative masses to accept the ultimate secularization of the schools. I say ultimate, because the law of associations really does not take the present schools entirely from the influence of the Church; it is, like all government measures, a half-way measure, altho sufficiently sweeping to be radical. As this law is an innovation, a reform, it is resisted, and particularly by the rural and most conservative communities. This resistance has, in some cases, taken the form of popular revolt to the extent of armed defiance, and, in consequence, all France is in turmoil.

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This ferment in France is essentially reactionary in character, otherwise it might be regarded as portentous of revolution. But revolutions never go backward; besides, the spirit of the French nation is not in harmony with the pro-religious sentiment which lies at the bottom of the present agitation. The government, unless it weakens from some cause now invisible, will inevitably triumph, because the object it aims at is progressive and in line with the irresistible trend of intellectual advance, an advance in which the French people lead all other nations.

Taking this casual view, those of progressive tendency, even the Anarchists, will at once conclude that the French government is doing a righteous and commendable service for the advancement of human progress and enlightenment. For certainly, the control of public education by the most conservative and reactionary of religious bodies, is an evil, the fruits of which can be seen in every country where it prevails. Therefore, when the civil power undertakes to free the intellect of the nation from the benumbing influence of sectarian education, all freethinking people, the Anarchists included, will instinctively approve.

But let us reflect. Who appointed to the French government the right to determine what is and is not good for the people of France? While the French republic is closing the Catholic schools for the good of the people, the Russian empire is closing the liberal universities of the country on precisely the same pretext. In order to find ample reason to justify one and condemn the other, everything depends upon our individual mental attitude. In order to be logical we must concede that either the end justifies the means in every case, or it does not in any case. If we agree to the former, and, at the same time concede the right of individual opinion, we must logically justify the Inquisition, and every other act of tyranny perpetrated by those who honestly sought to serve a good purpose by bad methods.

Therefore, even tho we concede that the French government is in the right in that which it seeks to achieve, it does not necessarily follow that its crusade against the sectarian school should be approved. On the contrary, it has all the semblance of persecution. It is no defense to say that these schools are supported by taxation. If that is the grievance, then abolish, not the schools but the taxes. Certainly sectarian schools should not be maintained by compulsory taxation. But it seems to me the French government has gone about this business in the wrong way. So long as religious schools are desired by some people, however insignificant their number, I see no reason to justify the attempt of somebody else, who happens to hold a contrary opinion, to prevent their neighbors from satisfying their wants. I believe, therefore, that the advocates for the sectarian schools in France are but resisting tyrannical aggression in refusing to bow to the mandate of the government.

When one reads of the medieval ceremonies attending the coronation of England's puppet king, he is vividly reminded of the essentially non-progressive, but rather retrogressive character of all governments. England, whose people regard themselves foremost among the progressive and enlightened nations of the earth, have shown themselves to be as stupid in the worship of gilt and glitter and the barbarous pageantry of empty ceremony as the most savage tribe of oriental barbarism. The placing of a meaningless symbol on the ball-head of this old man of fifth-rate ability, whose reputation and character would bar any but a king from respectable society, is made an occasion for a grand demonstration, the like of which the world has seldom seen. And yet, Edward with the crown on, and grasping his golden baby-rattle, called a scepter, represents absolutely nothing, except the stupidity of those who love to be called "my subjects," knowing it to be a lie. For Edward has no subjects. He is himself the most helpless individual in the British dominions. His hands, his tongue, his body, and soul, are bound by law and custom. He is a political non-entity. Yet the British nation seriously and in perfect earnestness, participates in a piece of opera buffe that would have been amusingly curious in Peking or Bangkok, but which, in London, at the opening of the twentieth century, looks like a masquerade. And so it is! All government is a masquerade; only when the mask happens to be the one used three centuries ago, one would suppose that even the most stupid could perceive the grotesque sham. Blind indeed are the dupes and devotees of the government fetish.

Down in South America a political dispute is generally settled with coffee and pistols for two, or a civil war. Jefferson, who said, "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without a rebellion," would have been delighted with South America. As proof that climate influences temperament, we have but to note that the ordinary and normal condition of a tropical republic is a state of revolutionary upheaval. Just at present there is fun alive in Venezuela, Columbia, in some of the Central American States, and in Hayti, in all of which countries, revolutions are in progress. In Hayti it is merely a contest between rival candidates for the presidency. But in Columbia and Venezuela more serious issues are involved.

In the first place, Columbia and Venezuela are at war, but the outside world has no official knowledge of the fact; and the two countries maintain the most peaceful of diplomatic relations. This peculiar state of affairs is due to the fear entertained by both countries, that open hostilities between them would engender foreign interference. Besides, by carrying on the war unofficially, so to speak, both countries can confine the fighting to the frontier, and leave by mutual understanding their ports free for commerce. Commercial intercourse with foreign countries is absolutely necessary, for both countries depend upon their import and export duties as the chief source of revenue. While a state of actual war exists between

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the respective governments of Columbia and Venezuela, it must not be supposed that there is any war between the two nations. Here is where the thing is in a delightful muddle, and you must be "up" in South American politics to even vaguely comprehend the situation. There is a revolution in each country. The revolutionary faction in Columbia have the sympathy and support of President Castro of Venezuela. And the Venezuelan revolutionists have the support of the Colombian government. So a double conflict is waging, and that is why the fighting is mostly "unofficial." In the meanwhile, outside of the fortified cities, civil government is about as non-existent as it could be, except in a state of real Anarchy. But there is no Anarchy in this state of affairs, for everybody is trying as hard as he can to enforce his authority upon somebody else with the business end of a cannon. What the outcome will be, time alone will tell.

Meanwhile, our Uncle Samuel is trying to find an opening somewhere in this international tangle, wherein to insert himself into a rumpus; but the difficulty is to intervene without giving the hungry Europeans an excuse to participate. That Teddyboy is content with "the piping times of peace," when his very nature impels him to the excitement of war, is already a source of surprise; but that he will seize the first opportunity to play the Napoleonic act is tolerably certain. Perhaps we are too far away from 1904. At any rate, I venture this prediction: President Roosevelt is ambitious to be a war president, and before the close of his administration he will exhibit himself in the red light dazzle of bloody carnage, if for no other purpose than to make sure his reelection.

ROSS WINN.

The Strikers at Work.

At the request of the Miners' Defense Committee of New York the following resolutions were prepared and presented to the Central Federated Union, which body adopted them without a dissenting voice at its meeting held on August 10:

Whereas, The federal judges have proved themselves the willing and subservient tools of the coal trust by issuing injunctions prohibiting the exercise of the constitutional right of free speech and free assemblage, and also the natural right of relieving a fellow being in distress by seeking to prevent the distribution of food among the starving miners; and

Whereas, If the mandates of these infamous judges are not violated and ignored to the extent of relieving distress, the miners will have either to return to the mines at the terms dictated by the trust or starve by thousands on the public highways; therefore

Resolved, That we condemn the autocratic and malignant action of the federal judges in their attack upon the constitutional liberties of the people by the issue of injunctions preventing trial by jury and assuming at once the role of law-maker, plaintiff, and executioner of unfortunate victims of capitalistic greed and rapacity.

Resolved, That we hold in the most supreme contempt all courts and laws which trample under foot the sacred right of free speech and free assemblage, rights for which the noble founders of this republic fought and bled, but which monopoly thru its paid tools in office has succeeded in nullifying to the last degree.

Resolved, That we urge the miners to insist upon and if need be defend their right to feed starving brothers in defiance of the mandate of the federal courts, and that we pledge them our hearty support to the furthering of that end.

Resolved, That we demand the curtailing of injunction power, and that federal judges be made subject to the imperative mandate of the people.

Resolved, That Labor Day be made a day of ringing protest against these outrageous attacks upon personal liberty, and that the American Federation of Labor be requested to issue a call to that effect.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to all labor bodies for indorsement at their Labor Day demonstrations.

The main object of the writer is to get the trade unionists of the country interested in the important question of free speech. The injunction is the deadliest enemy of freedom; and the trade unionists are its especial victims. The liberties of the workingmen are being limited in so many devious ways that they pay little attention to any new setback unless it is of a particularly striking character. The West Virginia injunctions are such that most all men, let their notions of liberty be ever so vague or limited, are ready to make some protest against them, if the question is brought properly before them. If, as it is the intention of the resolutions, the hundreds of thousands of workers who assemble on Labor Day have this matter brought before their gatherings, it will surely result in the question of free speech having in future a wider range of discussion than heretofore.

Every friend of liberty should see that no opportunity escapes him to agitate this greatest of all immediate questions. With the initiative of this great New York labor body a respectful hearing will be had even among the most conservative workingmen. It is sad that one must sometimes come recommended to discuss so important, far-reaching and vital a question as that of personal liberty; but such has been the power of tyranny and oppression that men have finally grown to regard liberty immoral and indecent, or at most unnecessary to the general happiness of mankind, and can easily be dispensed with, provided a sufficient quantity of food is given instead. These well-meaning individuals who look so lightly upon liberty, while propounding a sure remedy for poverty and misery, fail to see that the object in depriving men of their liberty has ever been that by this means they might the more easily be deprived of the result of their labor.

Poverty is the result of oppression. Tie a man up and you can starve him; but you cannot do so if the man is left free. In like manner tie a people up in a system of laws, conventions, customs, etc., and make it immoral and a hell-fire act to attempt liberation, and that people will consent, as the price of life, to surrender the greater share of its labor product to the ones whom it fancies have the right to starve and otherwise destroy those who do not serve them.

Service is, after all, the thing aimed at. Every new service the State requires, it passes a new law placing a new restriction upon the liberty of its subjects. When the time came that a new power was needed to offset the growing strength of the trade union, the injunction power was invoked in behalf of capital. This is a desperate remedy to apply to the ill of trade unionism. Such drastic measures, while they have the effect of affording immediate relief, yet in the long run produce a reaction greater than the ill itself.

The injunction is certainly a great aid to the millionaires in pursuing their cause, and may, in many instances, procure a victory for them; but it is also doing something else which will reverse things by and by. THE INJUNCTION IS CAUSING MEN TO THINK ON THE QUESTION OF LIBERTY. The far-seeing capitalist would like to win without using the injunction, but it is his high card, the stakes are heavy, so he cannot afford to lose today, even tho his victory may tomorrow bring defeat.

From the viewpoint of things as they are, the most dangerous thing a man can do is to think, and the most dangerous subject he can think upon is liberty. Once get the common man started in this direction, and the future of the labor problem is secure. It will steadily cease less and less to be a problem, culminating, finally, in a ready solution that only liberty can suggest. JAY FOX.

New York, 210 E. 19th St.

Culture and Popular Discontent.

Doctor Van Dyke is reported to have said, in an address at Chicago, that culture is the safeguard against social disturbances. "Popular discontent," he tells us, "comes chiefly from want of power to see the beauty and interest of life, of the world, of the simplest things in their natural charm." This original suggestion opens up a new field for the social reformer. It would be easy, for instance, to establish classes in geology and mineralogy in the coal mines of Pennsylvania during the noon dinner hour, and thus obviate the necessity of employing Pinkerton's men. The beauties of combustion and the chemical qualities of the various gases could be explained to the firemen in our rolling mills and the stokers on the Atlantic liners, and their ten hours' work would pass all too quickly. What is more likely than a book on flowers or birds to instil joy into the heart of a man who spends practically all his waking hours in stumbling after a plow and doing chores? "Nature lovers," Doctor Van Dyke goes on to say, "are seldom mob leaders." Seriously, is this true? What are we to say of William Morris and Rousseau and Kropotkin; of Walter Crane and Edward Carpenter and Ruskin? Or shall we forget the man who knew and loved so well the lily of the field and the sparrow and the mountain top, and who was executed, to use the words of his judge, for "stirring up the people"? No; culture is no cure for revolutions. From the days of Tiberius Gracchus to those of Savonarola, from John Ball to Tolstoy, from St. Paul to Mirabeau, the most cultivated minds have, to their everlasting honor, been glad to place themselves at the service of the "mob." There is one cure, and one only, for social upheavals, and that is justice, and if culture is to devote itself to the discovery of substitutes for justice, it will have its labor for its pains.—Ernest H. Crosby, in *Times*, New York.

We know that a nobility is always insolent, that a populace is always intemperate; and may safely presume that the former began, as the latter ended, by injustice and abuse of power.—Hallam.

The Prisoner.

There was no doubt that he was a brute. One could see it in his face, which was distorted by vice. His eyes were bloodshot, his clothes torn and dirty, and one could feel nothing but disgust for this debased type of humanity. It took a gendarme and three other men to hold him, for he was very strong and made every effort to escape. His cries attracted many of the passers-by. Some looked with curiosity, others joked at his helplessness, none pitied. I was about to pass hurriedly, for scenes like this have no special charms for me, when I was attracted by his cries. Cries, that one would scarcely expect to hear from such lips. This beast in his helplessness and despair was transformed again to a child, and cried to his mother—who had long ago, no doubt, passed to her eternal resting place—to help him. "Mamma! Mamma!" he cried, and tho I knew not how heinous the crime was that he had committed, whether he had robbed somebody, or whether, even worse, he had murdered a companion in a drunken brawl, my heart went out in pity for him.

I no longer saw him the strong man that he was, inured to vice and crime, with no idea of right. I no longer saw the beast before me whom it took four men to hold. Instead I saw a child, born in a dirty hovel; who, amid ignorance, filth, privation and disease, received his first lessons of life. I saw this child grow old enough to walk and sent out to the streets, to beg, to sell newspapers or lottery tickets. I watched him as he stared hungrily into the windows of fine restaurants, where men were eating and making merry. How happy and impossible their condition seemed to him! He would linger around these restaurants with the hope of sometimes being thrown a copper from the diners within, and so he grew up from boyhood to youth, his highest ambition enough to eat, and his knowledge of the world and of life, what he could pick up with other things in the street.

I saw him on Guadalupe and other feast days, standing with a crowd of fellow peons around the table of the itinerant gambler, who as he manipulated the roulette wheel, shouted, "Andale chamacos," and regarding him closely as he watched the wheel go round, I saw very little difference between him and his more fortunate brothers engaged in the same thing in the various stock exchanges of the world.

I saw him, this time hard at work in the street excavations. His legs were bare to his thighs, and from morning until night he stood knee deep in the sewerage of the city, the dirty water freezing his legs in the morning, the hot sun beating down upon him in the afternoon, while his whole body, even his face, was covered with the filthy slime.

After a hard day's work he would go to the only place where he would find friends and companions, the Pulqueria, and stay until he was drunk with pulque, then he would either be arrested for drunkenness, or, if he hadn't enough money to get drunk upon, would retire to the dirty hole that he called home, to sleep off the effects of the liquor, that he might be able to go to work again in the morning.

Amid all of these surroundings he might have grown up a model of virtue. He might

have learned that man had high motives in life. He might have been ambitious and aspired to be president, or done the thousand and one other things that the good philanthropist and ethical culturist advise the lower classes to do. He might also have been economical and instead of spending his money in the Pulqueria, might have saved his centavos and finally have become a millionaire, and endowed settlements, colleges, churches; but instead of taking the advice of these good people, he had done what was more natural under the circumstances, had become a criminal, and was now in the hands of the law.

I thought sadly over the man's fate, his family, the thousands of others who were being born daily, and who at their very birth were destined by society to become its scapegoats as this man was. This and many kindred thoughts were awakened in my mind, and as I was still thinking sadly, the object of my thoughts was dragged to the Comiseria.—Harry Lichtenberg, in the *Comrade*, New York, August, 1902.

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The Last Stand against Democracy in Sex.

..... Physiologists, rational-dress reformers, and Audubon societies have done good service in calling attention to the more flagrant violations of the laws of health and humanity—sometimes they have done more than this, nevertheless the pictorial ideal maintains its hold. True, the number of women is decreasing who may be described as

"Unhappy statuettes and miserable trinkets, Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,"

but they may still sacrifice dignity, concentrative power, comfort, leisure, culture, art, beauty, individuality, on this altar of fashion, and society applauds. Specialists ardent for emancipation dismiss these facts and focus their energies on the removal of the particular grievances that appeal to them. They do not remember that "it is not what is done to us but what is made of us that wrongs us." They confess their fear of imperiling the reform they have at heart if they attack the popular idols. Higher education, the franchise, economic independence,—these will bring about the millennium of freedom and equality. What are the results of this indifference? The perpetuation of the ideal of subserviency in which women are regarded as adjuncts, objects of use or pleasure, or both. Thus woman appeals primarily to the body of man, not to his soul.

Men are not only sufferers from these toy ideals; they are also offenders. Their love of ostentation and sense of what is due to their self-importance often cause them to demand in the dress of wives and sisters an exhibit of financial prosperity. At the summer resorts, or in any form of outdoor recreation, the gulf between the interests of men and women is painfully apparent. The men find strenuous, adventurous, health-giving enjoyment in all weathers, but the women have to consider whether the possible damage to their wardrobe makes it worth while to quit the safe alternative of the rocking-chair and novel. Genuine comradeship is possible only when the man be-

comes effeminate or when the woman to some extent rationalizes her costume. Draperies that incapacitate for practical work might, if fitness were the standard, be reserved for occasions of festivity, where they would enhance the gayety and need not be restricted to one sex.

Concentration on the external naturally breeds neglect of the body. Hence the shame of the physical, parent of grave ethical disaster. Even in a woman's gymnasium, where some appreciation of the dignity of the body might be expected, the rule for restricting the wearing of the gymnasium suit to one part of the building is enforced without protest, lest profane eyes behold the human form in garments so eminently sensible and decent and suited to the requirements of free and graceful motion.

The conventional poison is imbibed very young. Juvenile critics manifest their lofty disapproval of any deviation from the authorized width or pointedness of shoes, or the regulation length of skirts, while the fondness for inartistic artificial floral adornment and for decorations derived from the plumage of slaughtered birds is equally precocious. Paper dolls, modeled upon the latest matured atrocities in style, contribute to the vitiation of the form and color sense, and prepare the young students to graduate in due season as "animated clothes-pegs." Thereafter the milliner and dressmaker, experts in the technique of their trade, but, with rare exceptions, without a knowledge of the first principles of art, wield absolute sway on matters in which such knowledge should be indispensable. The eye has adapted itself to meretricious design. For headgear the most heterogeneous and tawdry masses of material are held up for admiration. A minority with some natural feeling for form and color and fitness are vaguely dissatisfied but helpless, and so the divorce between art and life is perpetuated. Everywhere the same depressing uniformity, or attempt at uniformity. Even the immigrants hasten to discard their picturesque national costumes for the prevailing mode. Thus a legitimate source of joy is eliminated from the streets and from places of public assembly.

The evidences of the power of fashion and the devotion of its votaries, after all, but express pathetic aberrations of the love of the beautiful which will dethrone the usurper and transform the world. These blind gropings are prophecies. Something beautiful is evolved now and then by accident, and wins deserved but unintelligent admiration. Novelty is sought because it is mistaken for beauty. No one who has once looked with appreciation on a group of artists in Liberty woolsens, in art colors, simply made, gracefully following the lines of the figure, could ever again fall into this error; and perhaps no one who has not had the advantage of some similar basis of comparison can realize what we lose by submission to the ancient tyranny.—From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born.

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... and those inevitable persecutions broke out which ensure the triumph of new religions.—Zola, "Lourdes."

A Comparison.

I have always been a curious student of the comparative attitude of the wild man and the tame when brought in contact. Have you noticed it? The accounts all agree. If they meet together as friends for the first time, how invariably the attitude of the dark man is superior to that of the white man? The behavior of the former is frank, generous, trustful, hospitable, dignified—all that that of a true man should be. That of the white man is supercilious, insolent or condescending, critical, suspicious, shrewd, treacherous, plotting. The dark man is opening his heart and home to a friend, the white man is seeking advantage. The whole relation is typical. The "savage" is chivalrous, the "civilizee" tricky. The first a gentleman, the second a jockey. It is typical, and explains all that follows. At home, with his friends, the wild man is a Communist, a true comrade to his last drop of blood, sharing all to his last morsel—and when the white man comes to him he receives him as one of the tribe. But at home and abroad, with friends and enemies, yes, even with his own family, the white man is always a Jacob. Esau and Jacob, the wild man and the dweller in cities, the lesson reads even the same. To the wild man manhood is the great thing, human life is the thing important to make or mar; to the civilizee property is central and humanity its tool. The savage is sensitive, high-spirited, and it is the embodied insult of the white man's whole presence that drives him finally into a frenzied fury. To be insulted and duped at the same time he cannot endure—but always the insult is the worst. But the Insult triumphs, and as the savage sees that his faith in goodness is confused, destroyed; he sinks into moral chaos, debauchery; the center of his life is gone; he has no genius for sordid gain; he is an artist, not a grumbler; despair saps his health; he dies of sick disgust and dull despair. "Civilization" kills his faith in virtue and his self-respect and so slays him swifter than smallpox.

The noble savage was no creation of fiction, but a living fact. And until we revive his virtues—the supreme admiration for manhood, comradeship, character, Nature—we shall rot like pigs in a sty and pessimism will be the breath of our nostrils—shopful of cheats that we are.

It is not the defeat in arms that breaks the savage heart. He can admire that; but the victory of the contemptible over the admirable. He cannot understand it, and his interest in life dies.

The white man's supercilious insult to the nigger" explains the situation in the Philippines today.—*The Free Comrade*, West-Id, N. J., August, 1902.

Opposed to Violence.

Anarchists oppose government because it is a step for invasive force and for spoliation. It becomes them to say and do better than a government. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Violence does return violence. Mr. Winn advises kingmen to arm to resist soldiers called for service in strikes. If Mr. Winn can give an instance where the soldiers

were called into service before strikers or the hoodlum element had attacked non-strikers, I shall be under obligations to him for the names and dates. Neither unionism nor Anarchism can gain anything by misrepresentation. So long as laboring men and women assault other laboring men and women instead of striking at the root causes of their sufferings, so long soldiers will be called out if the civil officers are unequal to the task. If Mr. Winn leaves a newspaper office where he is employed and then assaults the man who seeks to take his place, he must expect to have his violence met with counter violence, no matter how good were his reasons for striking. Breaking heads solves no problems; it but postpones the day of salutary and permanent change.

H. M. BROWN.

The Commercialism of the Age.

If there is one feature which more than any other characterizes this closing nineteenth century it is its extreme commercialism. We sometimes talk with pride and enthusiasm of the progress made in the sciences, the development of the arts, and the spread of philosophical ideas; but the sad and shameful fact remains that in this age commercialism pervades and dominates them all. In this age of ceaseless struggle and merciless competition we are so terribly busy making a living that we find no time to live. We pursue but little philosophy, few of the sciences, and fewer still of the arts from a real love for these subjects; it is always "for what there is in 'em" that most of us today follow science, art, or philosophy. We have more than any age has had of applied science and art—represented by the achievements of the Edisons and Teslas—and a fairly good quantity of applied philosophy—represented by our political sophists; but as for any pure science, philosophy, or art, we have but a meager apology. So narrowly utilitarian is the age that we have little of anything that cannot be turned to dollars and cents.—D. A. M., in *Philadelphia Times*.

An Invitation Declined.

I acknowledge receipt, thru FREE SOCIETY I believe, of a Boston *Investigator*, containing an article by an anti-vaccinator, who bears the felicitous name of A. Sexton! On the margin of A. Sexton's paper, it is thus written

Let James skirmish with this writer a bit.—J. T. SMALL.

James has something better to do. James sees nothing in the article that has not been sufficiently threshed over already. James never thought anti-vaccinators or anti-vivisectionists foemen worthy of his steel, except when they undertook to make a stamping-ground of *liberal* papers; under which head he has long ceased to include advocates of Materialism alone. Remember, oh anti, how hard it was for you to get Leverston up to the scratch, and what happened when he got there.

"Remember the slaughter, remember the day."

After having slain Goliath, James does not think it necessary to "skirmish" with Philistines of his own size—only to *shoo* them off forbidden territory, perhaps.

Eau Claire, Wis.

C. L. JAMES.

Literature.

PAGES OF SOCIALIST HISTORY: TEACHINGS AND ACTS OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY. By W. Tcherkesoff. Published by C. B. Cooper, 114 Fourth Ave., New York. Price, paper, 106 pp., 25 cents. Postpaid, 30 cents.

This is a book which should be in the library of every Anarchist and other students of sociology and social movements. It is an excellent eye-opener for intelligent Social Democrats who are not yet petrified in the belief that Social Democracy is the Alpha and Omega of sociology. The author shows what means were employed by Marx and Engels to split the Internationals, which threatened to grow beyond their influence in consequence of the dictatorship they assumed. The chapters "Scientific Pretensions" and "Dialectic Method" are not less interesting than the chapter "Surplus Value and Utopianism," in the latter of which he reveals the fact that Marx was neither the originator of "surplus value" nor the "materialistic conception of history" theories. "The Concentration of Capital" and "The Capitalists Associate and do not Devour Each Other" are subjects treated in a masterly manner and are to be recommended for a close study to those who are still imbued with the erroneous idea that the greater number of the middle class and smaller capitalists will soon be swallowed by the few. Tcherkesoff shows here that since 1840 the number of the middle class in England has increased 77 per cent., that of the rich 30 per cent., while the increase of the population was 40 per cent. But "Origin of the Manifesto of the Communist Party" and "The Materialist Exposition of History" will probably be the most annoying chapters to the worshippers of Marx who have attributed the discovery of "scientific Socialism" to him and Engels, when the author proves conclusively that the "Communist Manifesto" was plagiarized from Victor Considérant. "Materialism and Slavery," "Social Democratic Claims," "Social Democratic Ethics," "Secession and Modern Evolution," "Germany," and "Let Us be Just" are also subjects worthy of our closest attention.

A. I.

"Where We Stand," a lecture by John Sprague, (Comrade Publishing Co., 11 Cooper Sq., New York,) is a neat pamphlet, excellent for the propaganda of Socialism. The standpoint is that of the political Socialist, and contains nothing remarkable.

The comrades of the "Free Comrade Press," 30 Ganton View, Woodhouse, Leeds, England, announce that "Die Goettestest" (Deistic Pestilence) by John Most will soon appear in the English language. Price, 5 cents.

For Boston.

An International Picnic will be held Sunday, August 31, at Comrade Buitta's farm, at Newton Upper Falls. All friends and comrades are cordially invited. Refreshments and eatables can be purchased on the farm. Take subway cars to Newton Boulevard, there take Noremberg Park cars and transfer to Newton Upper Falls; get off on Oak St. and walk down to the Pumping Station, then turn to the right to Highland Ave. In case of bad weather the picnic will be taken place on Labor Day, September 1.

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