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A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 43.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 385.

The Comrades' Song.

(Written for the General German Workmen's Union in April, 1864. Translated by — Hebe.)

Work and pray, so you are told,
Briefly pray, for time means gold;
Poverty gains o'er your bed—
Briefly pray, for time means bread.

And you dig and plough and mow,
And you saw and drill and sew,
And you hammer and you spin—
What do you, O workers, win?

At the loom you toil and weave,
For their ore the rocks you cleave,
And the horn of plenty still
To its very brim you fill.

Where, tho, is prepared your meal?
Where may you a warm hearth feel?
Where's for you a festive garb?
Where for you a sword so sharp?

Everything by you is wrought,
But of all for you there's naught!
And of all things but alone,
Is the chain you forge, your own.

Chain that round your body clings,
That has bent your spirits' wings,
That intralls your children too—
That is the reward for you.

Gems you raise from darkest mine,
Are but made for rogues to shine;
Cloth you weave, but curse and fear
Bears for you in soldiers' gear.

Houses that your hands erect,
Have no roof you to protect.
Those, whom you with all provide,
Tread on you in haughty pride.

Human bees, did nature true
Give but honey unto you?
See the drones about you soar!
Have you lost the sting you bore?

Waken, laborers, to your right!
Learn at last to know your might!
All the wheels will cease to go
If your strong arm wants it so.

Pale will your oppressors turn
When your burden you will spurn,
When aside the plough you lay,
When, it is enough, you say.

Break the double yoke in twain!
Break the dread of slavery's pain!
Break the pain of slavery's dread!
Bread means freedom, freedom bread!

—George Herwegh.

— o —

An Anniversary.

We who are drawn together by a common ideal, cannot permit the anniversary of Leon F. Czolgosz's death to pass in silence. Silence would shame the great cause, the first seeds of which were sown in the red blood of its advocates and martyrs. The movement against government means more than any reform movement of the past. It is not a struggle against one form of tyranny, but

a struggle against tyranny in every form. Rebellion is thought in action. Thought that does not produce action, is like a tree that bears blossoms but no fruit.

In Czolgosz the rebel, we see incarnated the vital forces of our movement, viz., hatred of oppression and the courage to do. Men cannot hate oppression unless they possess sympathy and intelligence in a high degree. These qualities were not lacking in him, who was born in a so-called free republic.

Czolgosz saw that the State is merely a band of thieves, knaves, and murderers; that the State was founded upon violence and existed by violence. He saw the parasites connected with it living in riotous waste and splendor off of the products of slaves. He saw the political pimps of the money barons busy enacting new schemes and methods to rob the workers. Doubtless he had been taught in childhood that the starry banner floating over the housetops of his native city was the emblem of liberty and purity; perhaps the boyish heart thrilled with pride to think that he was an American born, and therefore free.

Yet it did not take him long to unlearn the lies of his youth. Experience and observation are a great aid to the mental development of sensitive minds. Before the roses of youth had faded on the brow of Czolgosz, he struck the State one blow. The head of a great republic reaped as he had sown; and cries of rage and cowardice echoed from blood-stained thrones and back again. Those who are so willing to shed the blood of the helpless thru their hired murderers; whose sleep is unbroken when the streets of their cities are stained with their bloody work—how they howl when a free, self-poised man dares all the horrors at their command, and hurls one of their number to the earth bathed in his own blood, for the first time in his worthless existence and then dies with a smile upon his face.

All hail the memory of Leon Czolgosz, sublime in his boyish candor and simplicity, magnificent in his high moral courage and iron will. With pride we lift our heads to greet the rebel who on the threshold of death uttered these sublime words: "I am not sorry I killed the president. I did it for the working people—the good working people."

To that class who murder by wholesale, and always unite to torture liberty's martyrs, we say:

"Go revel once more, ye cowardly knaves,
With the wantons your lusts have made.

Be drunken again on the blood of slaves,
That are slain in your marts of trade."

But know you this, the spirit that spoke at Buffalo is not dead. That spirit kindled new fires now smoldering in human minds. Government is doomed. On the far hills of our mental vision gleam the lights of the social revolution. We do not weep for its dead; we only learn a lesson from their fortitude, that drive more nails in the coffin of authority.

Liberty's martyrs are crowned with flowers of hope. Tyrants with despair, they are dead for all time. But our dead speak the language of the living, and are resurrected in each generation, to live in new beauty and strength.

KATE AUSTIN.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

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Is It "Revolt?"

Were the spirit of 1886 pervading now as it did then, we would all be prophesying, anticipating, looking for the revolution! the general strike!! the great social upheaval which would be the beginning of the end! But we have learned that humanity travels slowly and that gigantic achievements like glaciers move almost imperceptibly; people will seem to be involved in conditions that will not admit of continuance—that a change and a great change must come about—and yet gradually they adapt themselves—old elements slowly become absorbed—the old routine seems to be resumed, and the student can only see the advance made by comparing with some stated times in the past. It appears to us now, that never has a strike been so far reaching, never has it struck home to so many varying factors in society, never has it seemed so full of significance to all, as now, this one, long drawn out, desperate struggle between the diggers of coal and those who claim to own it. Coal is a necessity, as much so under present conditions as bread, and we cannot get it. Not because earth is niggardly in furnishing it; not because men cannot be found willing to run all the risks involved to get it out of its depths, not because people are not willing everywhere to return an equivalent in labor for nature's buried treasures; but simply because a few men like Baer claim to be God's custodians, and will not allow the stores of bountiful nature to be taken for the use of man except on their own conditions, and these conditions are such that men cannot exist as men and conform to them. The self-styled "owners" are deter-

mined to crush the only instrument that has been used against them with any degree of success, and that is cooperation, organized mutual help; and if it costs numberless innocent lives, untold suffering for little children and weak mothers, famine, cold and death to thousands, they will accomplish their object if they can. And yet with the condition simply this and nothing more, the conventional folk will speak of the struggle as tho it were a mere difference of opinion of two sets of equally situated people, which involves no principle of interest to the race generally, and acknowledge that it is annoying certainly and very obstinate and stubborn on both their parts, but not a vital problem.

If there were a small party of travelers on an island, and it was found that any substance existed necessary to keep life within them, and that it simply needed to be got out of the ground, the absurdity of one or two claiming the right to say on what conditions it should be got out, would be apparent, and there would be no question of their being unceremoniously shoved aside. But we have so cherished and nourished a huge fiction, we do yet so reverence it, that it seems to many of us after all a perfectly proper thing that a few men should claim to own the earth and all that is beneath it, and to say that such and such people shall get it out, risking their lives, stunting their faculties, giving up all else that makes life desirable, for a pittance so mean that the poorest of food and the worst of shelters is their only reward, and that they shall not band with one another to try to make their lots more endurable. It is due to our monstrous fictions that we submit as we do to wrongs as tho they were rights; for the few men do not own the earth, they are not our masters, they have not the right to dictate how we shall live. We have allowed a marvelous, a gigantic supposition to make these things seem facts, and when we all realize the truth, the myth will melt away and mankind will be truly free.

But it is not wise to predict a great and immediate revolution. Tho winter is impending and there is little fuel in sight, and even the well-to-do will shiver in their well-furnished apartments, tho babies freeze clinging to the cold, dry breasts of despairing mothers, and what matters more than all else, business be hampered and hindered in all departments, there will be no revolution. Some way, somehow things will be compromised, they will be re-adapted, nothing new or startling will be established, but with a few almost imperceptible changes affairs will go on as before. But there will be new thoughts afloat, and more minds will become active; great ideas of the real truth that each man is great and does belong to himself, will pervade and penetrate and mankind will be thus much nearer a final solution of their troubles. We do not see change, we realize it in the minds of the people when we learn to get in touch with them.

Tho the strike may be settled with apparently little gained, and the men will go back to work for their pitiful wages, the struggle will not have been unimportant or ineffectual. It is one more vast wave of the oncoming tide. It will leave the minds of the

people in a new stage of progressive thought; and that much nearer the final realization of truth, freedom, justice.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

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Socialism and Liberty.

I am moved to further comment by reading Comrade Lloyd's reply to Chas. H. Kerr in *Lucifer* of September 26. Lloyd takes the ground that Kerr is an Anarchist, while I claim that he is stealing Anarchist thunder to help his party with the radicals of the *Lucifer* circle. In this issue R. B. Kerr comes to his assistance, quoting the Fabian Society as that it "does not suggest that the State should monopolize industry as against private enterprise or individual initiative further than may be necessary," that the people may be "independent of both." The provision I emphasize is a sample of the usual ifs which accompany their promises. Mr. Kerr further calls attention to Bellamy's "Equality," that "proposes to allow free land to seceders." Also Ladoff's "Passing of Capitalism" as assuring "those who may feel the burden of citizenship in the Socialist State too hard will have the choice of leaving it."

But all of these assurances may be offset by a much larger number taking an opposite view. Even as I write a friend hands me an editorial in the *New York Journal* expressing the up-to-date Socialistic idea, the evolution of the State into "real Socialism, with the State as the only capitalist, the only employer." To be sure he says "out of the reorganization of society, going on under our eyes, will come greater liberty for the individual thru the disappearance of private monopoly. The State then will be the only monopolist of natural resources and public utilities. For the rest there will be an untrammelled field for individual initiative and private enterprise," with the State owning all "natural resources and public utilities," "with the State the only capitalist, the only employer." "For the rest," mark you, "there will be an untrammelled field." A pretty small field I imagine "for individual initiative and private enterprise."

Messrs. Kerr may look up lots of Anarchist thought among the writings of Socialists. But let Anarchists,

"Beware! Take care!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee."

The polity of a State is diametrically opposed to individual initiative and private enterprise.

In this same issue of *Lucifer*, a writer signing the initials C. F. H., says:

Probably a majority in the present Socialist party repudiate the referendum and State ownership, they are therefore Anarchists, as some of them admit. The Social Democrat wing still holds the views of Socialists of twenty years ago, approximately that expounded in a prominent Chicago daily paper. There will no doubt be a split, as there was in 1880, as it is becoming evident that a Socialist must be either a State Socialist or a non-State Socialist, that is Anarchist.

I hope C. F. H. may be correct in his estimate of the number of those "who repudiate the referendum and State ownership," and I welcome the "split," which will demonstrate that it is really "becoming evident that a Socialist must be either a State Socialist or a non-State Socialist, that is an Anarchist."

Messrs. Kerr advocating Anarchism while clinging to the Socialist party, reminds me of the attitude of Henry Ward Beecher. Watson Heston, cartoonist for the *Truth Seeker*, sketched Beecher on the platform of the car of evolution, clinging to the tail of the mule orthodoxy, astride of which was the Reverend John Jasper, of "de sun do move" fame. Brother Beecher, with eyes piously upraised, cries, "Help Lord," while Brother Jasper impatiently cries, "Tain't no use, Brudder Beecher. Get off dat platform, or leff go de critter." Messrs. Kerr will have to get off the platform of free initiative or drop the Socialist party of universal monopoly.

A Socialist writer in the *Appeal to Reason* says "you cannot teach liberty and enforce slavery." Yet a State that monopolizes all "natural resources and public utilities" must enforce slavery. Again he says, "Liberty can only exist under conditions where each man can be a law unto himself without disturbing the free development of his fellow men." Men who write thus have a very poor conception of what constitutes a State. Their theory is an abstraction. Sevenoaks, the whilom editor of the *Coming Nation*, writes: "The State, which is composed of individuals, is a politico-social organism, and overtops government. Government is under the State, and is an agent of the individuals constituting the State. The State is the people over the government." Now, isn't this clear? Why, of course, we could have perfect freedom under such an arrangement. I was glad to read this analysis of Sevenoaks. As a rule Socialists avoid such detail. The idea of State or government "floats in their minds," as Professor Amos said of politics, "as a boundless waste for the evolutions of scholastic phantasy." Sevenoaks admits the State to be composed of individuals. Why should they be wiser or better than the present State? Farther on he says, "That government is best which is best governed by a partnership of the people for the public good," which comes pretty near saying that government is best which is governed most. And this is really the outcome of State Socialism.

The difference between this and Anarchism is, the first is all government, and the last no government. And there can be no half-way station between the two. There is no place in the ranks of party politics for the advocates of liberty. You cannot serve a master and be free. The State is not the people, nor can it be. The State is an institution, and is run by certain individuals. And it cannot be otherwise. Government apart from these individuals is a myth, an abstraction. Can you make officials uncorruptible? Can you make power always beneficent? Can you eliminate selfishness from man's nature? Socialists who love liberty, it's "up to you." You cannot serve God and mammon.

A. LEROY LOUBAL.

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I know of no study which is so saddening as that of the evolution of humanity. . . . He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on, and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step farther. — Huxley.

Laws of Nature.

I am a sufficiently "scientific" reader of FREE SOCIETY to assure W. F. P. at once that the "laws of nature" as a whole, are not known to any man. "How can we observe them without knowing what they are?" We certainly cannot. Yet any statement of them which could be given in a newspaper article would be too inadequate to be worth while; tho some illustrations might be afforded. As to a statement in book form, there are books containing very good statements of the laws of nature, so far as discovered up to the time of publication. One of them is the Encyclopedia Britannica; and there is a "Guide" to systematic study to keep a reader of limited time from getting lost in its immensity.

Fortunately for mankind, however; unfortunately for the person who wants mostly to "keep up," knowledge of the laws of nature increases so fast that any such statement soon becomes antiquated. The article on "Vaccination" in the last (ninth) edition of the Encyclopedia, to which my attention has been particularly directed of late, illustrates. It was written before bacteriological methods became known; and therefore all it says about affinities between vaccine and other diseases is as much out of date as if written in the eighteenth century.

This leads to the most important question put by W. F. P. "Where can we find the laws of nature?" You can find those known at the date of publication in any good encyclopedia. Those discovered since, are scattered thru scientific magazines, etc; but the American Encyclopedia publishes annually a new volume, in which they are very well summed up.

If you want to go beyond that—as you should—the book to refer to is Nature herself. Her laws are written in the stars, the rocks, the plants, the bodies of animals, their actions and societies. The characters have only been deciphered to a very limited extent but—the key to them is known. The method of interpreting Nature's cryptogram is observation. Tho no man, nor all men together, know the whole (nor the millionth part) of Nature's laws, one may easily know enough not to "see no meaning" in the expression. You may easily learn they have a common character. While they are like each other, they are very unlike human laws. The human legislator says, "Thou shalt—shalt not." But nature is an Anarchist. She says, "Do as you damn please—at your risk and cost." As human laws command; and as it is not according to human ideas of justice to command the impossible; they excuse. Nature never does. She looks to results, not difficulties; just like the Great Committee. But while thus inexorable, she is not unfair. She gives us warning enough to know how we will fare if we disregard her laws. The trouble is we are too lazy to study them out and apply them. Observation is work. We like better to run after a prophet, a priest, a human legislator, a Dowieite, Mormon, Christian Scientist, or someone else who says he has done our observing for us. Whoever says so is a quack—which means a fraud. No one can do it for us. A man of science (a doctor of the regular school, for example) always tells his pupils not to believe what he says about the laws of nature, but to

verify for themselves. Sometimes this is easy. But more often observations are so complicated that we have to pull them to pieces, as it were. The bacteriologist, to illustrate, finds many species of microbes in one disease. He cannot be sure which causes it, till he has ascertained by inoculation that one will do so and others will not. This modification of observation, which is called Experiment, is the chief interpreter of nature's book; and, by recommending it so strongly, Lord Bacon became the chief founder of natural science.

In the study of those phenomena which are quite outside of human will, his method has long since been adopted by all except a few of the perversely ignorant, such as Dowieites and Christian Scientists. But, to social phenomena, it is less generally applied; partly because human will is so obviously a cause that it attracts most attention and what acts over it is ignored; partly because systems—of religion, morals, legislation, etc.,—founded on this one-sided view, distract the attention even of zealous inquirers; partly because there are very powerful vested interests engaged to defend the old view and afraid of new knowledge, which might upset it. Nevertheless, economists, like Adam Smith, and Malthus, and Ricardo, and Karl Marx; historians, like Buckle and Lecky; archeologists, like McLennan, Lubbock, Fraser, etc; students of "sociology" in general, like Herbert Spencer; have made out a great part of Nature's social laws. The student familiar with their works, quickly sees that human law is a system of follies and blunders, our inheritance from the barbarous past, when study of nature's laws was wholly neglected. And if he has gone deep enough, he sees this inheritance cannot be improved by new legislation, except, indeed, by general repeal; because no human law can address anything but individual human will; while the social laws of nature are much more powerful than that. If the legislator, for example, forbids a vicious trade, like liquor selling, keeping brothels, gambling, employing thieves to steal, he thinks (of course) that he is suppressing the sin, at least in some degree. But a sociologist knows he is only raising the price; while the amount of the trade remains unchanged. Thus study of nature's laws is what makes Anarchists.

C. L. JAMES.

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Literature.

WIND-HARP SONGS. By J. William Lloyd, Westfield, N. J. Author's Edition. 132 pp. Price \$1.

This little book of beautiful poems is composed of, as the author himself says in his foreword, "winged thoughts," "songs of life, nature, love and liberty." J. Wm. Lloyd is a real poet of reform; and it cannot be charged against him, as is so often regretably the case among "reform poets," that he writes lawyers' arguments in bad verse. His imagination covers a wide field; and we here find all things in nature sung in sweet and melodious language. Many topics are touched on in the poems, from trivial little things in a delightful way, to social questions, like "The Disinherited," and "No Flag," in a more serious vein. It is hardly complete, however, lacking songs of labor. The bold and natural manner in which he

speaks of love, that much fettered and abused of all emotions, is a pleasure to all who are free.

"Where love is pure and love is real,
What matters a bond, a form?"

The possession of these unconventional poems will be a benefit and pleasure to all radicals. The volume is nicely printed and bound, with a pretty cover, in harmony with the contents.

The Comrade of New York is an interesting and entertaining paper, devoted to the advocacy of Socialism. During the first year of its existence it has been a triumphant success, containing many gems, and being profusely illustrated with cartoons, portraits, and designs. Morris' "News from Nowhere," illustrated by H. G. Jentsche, has been running serially. The poem in this issue, "The Comrades' Song," is printed in the October number, surrounded with a beautiful full page design. Altho not agreeing with its policy, I cannot withhold this tribute to its merit. Address 11 Cooper Square, New York. Price, \$1 a year. JR.

WHITMAN'S IDEAL DEMOCRACY AND OTHER WRITINGS. By Helena Born. Memorial edition. Helen M. Tufts, 102 Bond St., Boston, Mass. Price, cloth, \$1.

This little book comprises a series of essays on Whitman, Thoreau, Shelley and Carpenter.

The Democracy of Whitman is speculative rather than formulative, in that it does not advocate organization, civil or political.

The writer has brought together Whitman, Thoreau, Shelley and Carpenter in a manner to make her readers comprehend that they are all one in their desire for the betterment of humanity; one in their acclamation that men and women are greater than "States," Churches, or kings, and their end not to build things of wood, stone or iron, wherewith to crush themselves and others, but to live his own life and see to it that others have the same privilege. The whole book in fact is an exaltation of humanity over the forms which oppress it: and a call to the best in everyone to rise superior to the conditions and acclaim himself free of them.

"Live in the open air" in an actual and spiritual sense.

"Throw off the trammels of convention" not only in dress manner but in thought, and retain only what seems good. The book abounds with quotations from the best writings of these "poets of democracy," which in itself should make it valuable to every lover of good literature and all who seek

"A nation
Made free by love, a mighty brotherhood
Linked in a jealous interchange of good."

(The last quotation from Shelley, taken from p. 39.)

MARY HANSEN.

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New Definitions.

Liberty needs new definitions. Freedom is developed liberty. Liberty is something that is given to man. Freedom is something man takes. But it takes or requires a far more intelligent man to take freedom than it does to receive liberty. F. V.

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 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.

Thru the liberality of the Boston comrades, we have been enabled to publish the article "Origin of Anarchism," which appeared some time ago in FREE SOCIETY, in pamphlet form, and it is now ready for distribution.

The essay has been considerably elaborated by the author, C. L. James, and dispels the idea that Anarchism is a "foreign plant" or that it means "the destruction of society." The historical references and logic of the essay will not fail to impress the professor and toiler alike. It should have a wide circulation. The price is \$2 per hundred. Ten copies, 25 cents. Single copy, 5 cents.

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.

Chicago.—The Chicago Philosophical Society meets every Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at Handel Hall, Randolph St. and Wabash Ave. October 26 Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo will speak at the meeting. Free discussion. Mrs. Florida Mudgett DeShon and Mrs. Douglass will entertain the audience with music and recitations.

The Progressive Club will give a little tea-party every Friday evening. Friendly discussions will take place. Everybody is welcome. Free admission. October 24 the gathering will be at 331 Walnut St.

The Tolstoy Club meets every Saturday evening at the home of Dr. Mary R. Carey, 837 W. Adams St. Tolstoy readings and discussions.

Workmen's Educational Club meets every Saturday night at 8 p. m., 278 Blue Island Ave. October 25, A. Schneider will speak on "The Last Strike."

If there be any instances upon record, as some there are undoubtedly, of genius and morality united in a lawyer, they are distinguished by their singularity, and operate as exceptions.—Junius.

FREE SOCIETY

Ida Craddock Convicted Again.

In the United States Circuit Court, on the 10th, Ida Craddock was convicted on a charge of sending obscene literature thru the United States mail. At this writing she has not been sentenced. The offense is the same, tho differently committed, for which she suffered imprisonment for three months on Blackwell's Island.

Information as to the date of trial did not reach us in time for us to attend. But we are informed that Judge Thomas, presiding, followed a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court and took the position that it was the province of the court, and not that of the jury, to pass upon the question of the obscenity of the matter submitted. The jury were to find only whether the pamphlets indicted had been mailed by Mrs. Craddock, which she admitted, and they of course returned a verdict of guilty of mailing the pamphlets, to which the judge added, "You find the prisoner guilty as indicted," and to this the jury assented.

If this be the correct version of the judge's ruling, it goes beyond Benedict, and approaches Jeffries. In previous cases with which we are familiar, including that of D. M. Bennett, the judge confined himself to making a definition of obscenity by which the jury were to be guided. He did not pretend to say himself directly whether or not the matter came under the definition, tho Benedict's rulings and remarks in the Bennett case were all against the defendant and had a tendency to influence the jury that way. Such a procedure as that of Judge Thomas in the trial of Mrs. Craddock would enable him to convict anyone on earth whom he could get a grand jury to indict, and would do away with trial by jury entirely.

It was the province of the jury in this case to find, 1. Whether Mrs. Craddock mailed the pamphlets; 2. Whether the books came under the definition of the court. For the judge to decide the second question was to usurp the province of the jury, and is a complete overthrow of our jury system. It is a judicial outrage ranking with heresy trials by Judge Jeffries of infernal fame.

E. W. Chamberlain defended Mrs. Craddock.—*Truth Seeker*, October 18.

[Since the above report, the newspapers have reported Mrs. Craddock's suicide. In a letter to her mother, she states that she is convinced she will either have to retract her convictions and cease her activity, or else suffer perpetual imprisonment. She could not bring herself to face either alternative, so preferred death. She expresses confidence in the future of her books; and also the conviction that she will be separated from her mother but a short time, and that they will meet again in another world. We do not have more precise information at this time.]

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Splinters.

London *Freedom* is at present in financial straits, being reduced to four pages, with only one issue for August and September. *Freedom* is one of the very best Anarchist periodicals, being always up-to-date on the state of the movement, and containing articles of interest to comrades. It deserves better support. The price is only 36 cents a year. Let all the comrades send in their

subscriptions and insure its enlarged publication. Subscriptions will be received at this office.

Some pigmies in Chicago recently gathered together in a meeting, and suffered themselves to advocate hanging for burglary on the second offense, life imprisonment for hold-ups with periodical public floggings, and so on. It is a pity they were born in such a late age—for they would have been more in their element centuries ago.

The law sometimes performs queer pranks, notwithstanding its supposed gravity. A renounced physician from Vienna, Dr. Lorenz, came to Chicago and performed several operations on crippled children, relieving them from a blight on their lives. He was informed thereupon that he had made himself a "criminal," having failed to comply with a law requiring practitioners to have a license, he being ignorant of such a law.

The *Truth Seeker* Observer thinks I am "prepossessed" in favor of—the theory that government originated in war. But this I deny; and I will change my opinion as soon as the brother will lead me on to evidence stronger than I now have investigated.

He quotes Huxley to show that "the most archaic polities of which we know anything . . . were federated absolute monarchies, the chief purpose of which was the maintenance of an established Church for the worship of ancestors." And again: "The most archaic polities of which we have any definite record are either families or federations of families." Apparently this is his evidence for the theory that the "object of the primitive State was to support a Church for the worship of family ancestors." Now, what "archaic polities" is Huxley referring to? It strikes me that "federated monarchies," "established Church," "definite record," "family ancestors" involve such an advanced and complex social relationship that to talk of origins is rather tardy; nor do I see that Huxley says anything of origins here.

The reading of such works (which I give at the Observer's request) as Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization," McLennan's "Studies in Ancient History" (including the earlier "Primitive Marriage"), Frazer on "Totemism," W. Robertson Smith, "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia," E. B. Tyler, "Early History of Mankind," Andrew Lang and others, has taught me to look for origins in the customs and habits of primitive peoples (savage and barbarous) that we have descriptions of from travelers and historians. I consider it sufficient objection to Mr. Macdonald's theory to state the fact that government existed before the family, and hence prior to "worship of family ancestors." The tribe, with its warrior chief and other primitive customs, such as the capture of women, who were the common property of the tribe, long before marriage in the family sense was known, already had its government in the incipient stage. I may also state, parenthetically, that the capture of women was often the object of wars—because it was cheaper to steal than to raise them. But perhaps the strongest reason for supposing that government originated in

war is the fact that those people who have no wars have no government. Some writer, A. R. Wallace I believe, has already pointed this out; and see also Reclus, "Primitive Folk," in his description of the Eskimos and some Asiatic tribes.

If George will look in some modern dictionary, like the Standard, he will find that a lever is "that which exerts great power," and is used for more purposes than lifting.

Now, when a governor finds too many aspirants for his job, and it is hard to keep them down, it is time enough for the invention of "divine right," when superstition comes in as a handy lever. When that is worn out, other superstitions take its place; and they are not exhausted yet. But that is another question, *a priori* so far as I am concerned.

I am only able to trace my ancestors a very short distance, specifically, and hardly five centuries in a general way; so I am not at all sure I can read the history of my ancestors in the Bible, as the Observer says I can. Of course I mean in a closer relation than that we are all "children of Adam."

Finally, if George Macdonald wants to appeal to phylogeny, I think I have it all on my side. Every little tot will "scrap" before he will pray; so government comes before religion. If he does not believe it, let him experiment with any not his own, where the operation of "natural law" is not impeded by parental authority. JR.

By the Wayside.

The situation all over the so-called civilized world reminds one of the turmoil previous to the French Revolution over a century ago. Discontent rumbles everywhere, and strikes, riots, and "peace restored" by club and rifle are the regular news of the day. Still, demagogues and "philosophers" continue to assert that the pending problem between the oppressors and the oppressed is to be solved peaceably, by means of education and the ballot. But the student of social phenomena observes that we are in the midst of a bloody revolution, the climax of which may startle the world any day.

True, the conditions of the toilers are, on the average, better than those preceding the French Revolution. But only relatively so, for in fact the gulf between rich and poor is as great as ever or greater. The product of the toilers has enormously increased, yet they receive only a pittance more than a century ago. Fortunately their demands keep pace with their intelligence and higher standard of life, and never again will they submit to the privations and miseries which caused the bloody revolution in France.

The Philadelphia police have once more illustrated that the law is a farce whenever it suits the powers that be. The constitution of the United States guarantees even to the Anarchists free assemblage, and so the police has resorted to prohibiting Anarchist meetings by intimidating the hall owners, and the latter dare not defy the decrees of their "servants."

The mayor of Salem, Mass., advocates the rope for the Pennsylvania mine owners, as

the best means of settling the coal strike; and, as we are "all equal before the law in this country," he will certainly (?) fare no better than Comrades MacQueen and Grossmann, who merely advocated a general strike and are to be tried on five "criminal" charges, altho Comrade Grossmann was in New York when the alleged "crimes" were committed in Paterson. But so far the mayor has not been arrested for "inciting violence." Governors and officials can say and do things with impunity for which the common mortals are imprisoned and hanged. Verily, the law and "equal" liberty are curiously flexible things.

Thomas J. Morgan, the Anarchist-killer of Chicago, informed a representative of the Chicago *Record-Herald* that the corruption in the city was due to "Anarchistic thought represented in our municipal government." How a thought which is against all government can be represented in a government is for Socialist logic to solve; but when Morgan tells the public that the city council of Berlin, Germany, is in control of Socialists, we are induced to inquire what the Socialist representatives are doing for the proletarians in Berlin. So far the world has not been "startled" by their radical measures, and a thoro exposition of the activity of these "representatives" may furnish the American Socialist voters some food for reflection. INTERLOPER.

Important Matters.

There comes a time when to break the law is a virtue, it is the noblest of acts. To hold that a man or a people must always obey the law, is one of the absurdest of assumptions. There comes a time when no man, no people, should observe the law. We are having just such a time now with the coal operators. They have the law on their side, and they care nothing about the ruin and misery that threatens the country. Observe the law! Would any country ever have freedom, if it always refused to disobey the law? As a general thing law is for the benefit of rascals, and it is not an instrument to be used by honest and fair-minded men. Resistance to wrong is always against the law, the theory being that the State will take care of the people. How does the State protect the people in the coal business? It simply does not, and what is worst of all, it cannot.

Talk about owning things! Nobody really owns anything, except so far as the State consents. All titles come from the State. Outside of State right, all people are mere squatters. J. WILSON.

The Golden Life Community.

Since our little band left Chicago, we have been hard at work clearing our town site and putting up buildings, doing the seasonable work, such as cutting hay, and hauling freight and building materials from the railroad station.

We now have six members, three men and three women. Just before leaving Chicago on September 1, we stated in our prospectus that we could not admit members after that date until next spring, because our climate

will not permit building operations during the winter months, and in order to know the size of our first colony home it became necessary to know beforehand how many members there would be.

Our present home will accommodate about sixteen people; therefore we have decided to admit eight more comrades this fall, and a larger number next May. At present we need a blacksmith, carpenter, shoemaker, baker, and farmers or people who are accustomed to outside manual labor. We stated in our prospectus that we admit members with or without means; but the number of members that we can admit without means are limited at all times, as it requires some capital to purchase tools, supplies, etc. At the present time we cannot admit members without means, unless they come with friends who have means. Incoming members should have from \$100 to \$300. Free comrades who wish to practise Communism at once, may send in their applications. Free prospectus will be sent on request.

We are located two and a half miles from Independence, our postoffice; eight miles from Albert, a railroad station on the Duluth & Mesabe Northern; twenty-five miles from the city of Duluth, which has a population of 135,000. Our colony is located in as fine a highway as is found in any rural district. We have good land, a rich soil, good timber, and good water. Comrades wishing to visit us, or coming with the intention to join us, will come to Duluth, then by train to Albert, and call on Mr. Mell, who will drive you out to the colony. Or if you will notify us beforehand when you will arrive at Albert, we will meet you with a team. Our new home will be completed November 1.

G. L. C. No. 1,

By J. HERBERT ROWELL.

Independence, Minn.

Here and There.

The Pennsylvania coal strike is at an end, and since the government has taken a hand in it, we are almost certain that their struggle has been in vain.

RUSSIA.—According to recent news the peasants are again rioting, especially in the south, and the government is at the end of its wits. The minister of the interior has issued a circular to the different governors, which advises contradicting the teachings of the revolutionists,—quite a hard task for the stupid officials. But it had its effect on the preservers of law and disorder. The governor of Nijni-Novgorod subsequently issued the following characteristic epistle to his subordinates:

In view of the fact that the enemies of the fatherland, who overflow the empire, have also been able to intrude: the government [State] entrusted to me, I hereby decree that the chiefs of police visit the villages and call on the peasants to combat these enemies, as the police and gendarmes are deficient in numbers and powerless. The peasants must be urged to arrest and transfer all persons to me who are distributing pernicious books, leaflets, and papers. The peasants are to be told that they will be strictly held responsible if it is found that such persons passed thru the villages and were not retained. I hope that there are many adherents of order and welfare [sic] among the peasants and that they will be helpful in carrying out the decrees of the government.

The railway employes are also required under penalty to report all revolutionary literature they find in the cars.

A Sob in the Storm.

The long shore stretched lonely and bare, on either side of her dim outlines of seemingly distant houses lay behind,—

The wind moaned a broken monotone, the dark clouds crowded in hurrying broken masses that looked as tho she might reach upward and touch them.

The woman shivered and tucked a lock of gray hair from her face, then drew back a few steps, as the waves washed higher upon the shore. She glanced expectantly over her shoulder, sighed, drew her thin shawl closer about her, and turned her eyes upward, folding and unfolding her hands in an agony of suspense . . .

Her lips parted in a smile as her eyes rested on the figure of a man coming slowly toward her; he paused beside her; the smile faded from her lips; he neither looked at her, nor spoke.

"Well?" she asked, with a deep indrawn breath.

"No!" he answered; that was all. Her lips quivered, an angry light shone in her eyes,—it was gone, and she spoke in a hopeless tone.

"We'll ha' ta go there?" she asked.

"Yes!" he answered. And both looked out over the stormy sea.

Presently the man spoke. "Hannah!" he said, "It's a long way to the police station. We'll ha' ta go there tonight and hunt the old folks home on the morrow. Go you ta the third house in the arrearway, and get something ta eat—she told me to send you."

"And you?" she asked.

"I'll stay here."

The woman disappeared among the row of houses.

It had grown quite dark. The waves washed higher up along the shore, a distant rumble of thunder filled the air, and the man stared out in silence. He had long passed three score years, was poorly clad, spare of flesh with drooping shoulders and an outward bend to the limbs, which comes with long years of working on the board.

Presently he murmured, "Tomorrow—" and gazed on the wave, which like a long thin arm rolled up to the left of him, creeping ever closer and closer, until it touched—then covered his feet.

"And her!" he added in a husky tone; but I won't see her no more, anyway."

He looked over his shoulders one way, then the other, with a fearful glance—the shore was deserted. He turned toward the sea; farther and farther he pushed his way thru the intruding tide, until the water reached his shoulders. He turned—one last lingering gaze at the shore—then a plunge, the waves tossing him.

A piercing scream rent the air. He heard it, and knew she had come back even as he was borne under—another moment—as he came to the top he strove to see the shore, but could not. And in the next rise he was beyond caring. Only the woman screamed as the white face showed for a moment against the black body of the foam-capped billows. And the thunder drowned her voice.

Long, long she stood there. The bread she had brought to share with him dropped unheeded at her feet, her eyes fixed with a

ghastly expectancy on the sea where the face had rested. But at last she moved away, moved on as one does from habit, and turning into one of the avenues stopped before a large TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT. She fixed her gaze on the solid plate glass front, the plaster dummies, and the rows of machines and glittering shears, which the tailors and their helpers were busily covering preparatory to leaving.

A man came out: he rolled a large cobblestone away and lifted the oil cloth sign board to take it in.

The woman's lips moved.

"You would na gie him work," she said peevishly.

The man glanced at her and closed the door. The cobblestone lay close at her feet, her eyes glittered, her teeth shut hard. "You would na gie him work," she muttered. "I'll gie ye some." She lifted the stone, her body swaying beneath its weight, and sent it crashing thru the window, smashing the dummy and starting the nearest machine into sudden action, which ended as suddenly. Men and women crowded about her—questioning, cursing, accusing her.

"You would na gie him work," was all she said, in a peevish, threatening tone.

The police took her in charge. She did not walk to the station house, nor did she walk from it—for the limp white thing they carried out in the morning had no need of food or shelter; and the city was saved the cost of two paupers. MARY HANSEN.

— o —

Buckle on Government.

The other opinion to which I have referred is, that the civilization of Europe is chiefly owing to the ability which has been displayed by the different governments, and to the sagacity with which the evils of society have been palliated by legislative remedies. To anyone who has studied history in its original sources, this notion must appear so extravagant, as to make it difficult to refute it with becoming gravity. Indeed, of all the social theories which have ever been broached, there is none so utterly untenable, and so unsound in all its parts, as this. In the first place, we have the obvious consideration, that the rulers of a country have, under ordinary circumstances, always been the inhabitants of that country; nurtured by its literature, bred to its traditions, and imbibing its prejudices. Such men are, at best, only the creatures of the age, never its creators. Their measures are the result of social progress, not the cause of it. This may be proved, not only by speculative arguments, but also by a practical consideration, which any reader of history can verify for himself. No great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, has ever been originated in any country by its rulers. The first suggesters of such steps have invariably been bold and able thinkers, who discern the abuse, denounce it, and point out how it is to be remedied. But long after this is done, even the most enlightened governments continue to uphold the abuse, and reject the remedy. At length, if circumstances are favorable, the pressure from without becomes so strong, that the government is obliged to give way; and, the reform being accomplished, the people are ex-

pected to admire the wisdom of their rulers, by whom all this has been done. That this is the course of political improvement, must be well known to whoever has studied the law-books of different countries in connection with the previous progress of their knowledge. . . . By way of illustration, I may refer to the abolition of the corn-laws, undoubtedly one of the most remarkable facts in the history of England during this century. The propriety, and, indeed, the necessity, of their abolition, is now admitted by every one of tolerable information; and the question arises, as to how it was brought about. Those Englishmen who are little versed in the history of their country will say, that the real cause was the wisdom of parliament; while others, attempting to look a little further, will ascribe it to the activity of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and the consequent pressure put upon government. But whoever will minutely trace the different stages thru which this great question has successively passed, will find, that the government, the legislature, and the league, were the unwitting instruments of a power far greater than all other powers put together. They were simply the exponents of that march of public opinion, which on this subject had begun nearly a century before their time. . . . At present it is enough to say, that soon after the middle of the eighteenth century, the absurdity of protective restrictions on trade was so fully demonstrated by the political economists, as to be admitted by every man who understood their arguments, and had mastered the evidence connected with them. From this moment, the repeal of the corn-laws became a matter, not of party, nor of expediency, but merely of knowledge. Those who knew the facts, opposed the laws; those who were ignorant of the facts, favored the laws. It was, therefore, clear, that whenever the diffusion of knowledge reached a certain point, the laws must fall. The merit of the league was, to assist this diffusion; the merit of the parliament was, to yield to it. It is, however, certain, that the members both of league and legislature could at best only slightly hasten what the progress of knowledge rendered inevitable. . . . And it should always be remembered, as a proof of the backwardness of political knowledge, and of the incompetence of political legislators, that although the principles of free trade had been established for nearly a century by a chain of arguments as solid as those on which the truths of mathematics are based, they were to the last moment strenuously resisted; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that parliament was induced to grant what the people were determined to have, and the necessity of which had been proved by the ablest men during three successive generations.

. . . For it was not concealed at the time, and posterity ought to know, that this great measure, which, with the exception of the Reform Bill, is by far the most important ever passed by a British parliament, was, like the Reform Bill, extorted from the legislature by a pressure from without; that it was conceded, not cheerfully, but with fear; and that it was carried by statesmen who had spent their lives in opposing what they now suddenly advocated. Such was the

history of these events; and such likewise has been the history of all those improvements which are important enough to rank as epochs in the history of modern legislation.

Besides this, there is another circumstance worthy the attention of those writers who ascribe a large part of European civilization to measures originated by European governments. This is, that every great reform which has been effected, has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of preceding legislation; and the best laws which have been passed, have been those by which some former laws were repealed. In the case just mentioned, of the corn-laws, all that was done was to repeal the old laws, and leave trade to its natural freedom. When this great reform was accomplished, the only result was, to place things on the same footing as if legislators had never interfered at all. Precisely the same remark is applicable to another leading improvement in modern legislation, namely, the decrease of religious persecution. This is unquestionably an immense boon; tho, unfortunately, it is still imperfect, even in the most civilized countries. But it is evident that the concession merely consists in this: that legislators have retraced their own steps, and undone their own work. If we examine the policy of the most humane and enlightened governments, we shall find this to be the course they have pursued. The whole scope and tendency of modern legislation is, to restore things to that natural channel from which the ignorance of preceding legislation has driven them. This is one of the great works of the present age; and if legislators do it well, they will deserve the gratitude of mankind. But tho we may be thus grateful to individual lawgivers, we owe no thanks to lawgivers, considered as a class. For since the most valuable improvements in legislation are those which subvert preceding legislation, it is clear that the balance of good cannot be on their side. It is clear, that the progress of civilization cannot be due to those who, on the most important subjects, have done so much harm, that their successors are considered benefactors, simply because they reverse their policy, and thus restore affairs to the state in which they would have remained, if politicians had allowed them to run on in the course which the wants of society required.—From "History of Civilization in England," by Henry Thomas Buckle.

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A Fable.

Once upon a time a man by the name of Stratton came to this part of the country in search of yellow sand (called gold), and it so happened that he found a place where such yellow sand could be had by boring in the rocks and crushing the same as fine as flour, and thereby extract the yellow stuff, which was fit to fill teeth, and make trinkets for fools and kings. But no sooner had Mr. Stratton found the yellow sand, when people began to flock in and offered to take the stuff out of the ground and feed and clothe Mr. Stratton in fine style the balance of his days, for the privilege of taking out the

sand. For it was known that farmers and manufacturers were glad to exchange food and clothing for the yellow stuff, even as the Indians used to exchange articles of usefulness for glass beads. And in course of time it became known that yellow sand was taken out of the ground, supposed to be worth millions of dollars. Straightway some money lords from England said to Mr. Stratton, "We will give you ten million dollars, if we can have the privilege of taxing the people who work in your mine," and forthwith Mr. Stratton sold the taxing privilege to the lords of the old world.

But it came to pass that Mr. Stratton died and was buried. And straightway the great and wise men called the government entered into the palace that the laboring men had donated to Mr. Stratton, and, lo! and behold! in hunting over some papers our wise men found a document, called the last will of Mr. Stratton. In that document it was said that it was the will of Mr. Stratton that the laboring people of the Cripple Creek district should feed all his (Stratton's) children and cousins free of charge to the end of time, even as they had done unto Mr. Stratton, for the privilege of working in the mountain sand take out the yellow sand, that could neither sustain life nor shelter from the storm. In addition to that, Mr. Stratton ordained that the miners of Teller county should build, equip and maintain a poor house in El Paso county, and support it in fine style for all time to come.

And, ridiculous as it may seem, the work people here believe that they are under some mysterious obligation to feed and clothe all Mr. Stratton's relations, together with the poor of El Paso county, in luxury and idleness to the end of time, because some dead man said so. And the government stands ready to enforce the decree of the dead man.

But Mr. Stratton forgot to make any provision for the lawyers. So Mr. Lawyer is going to have the dead man declared insane.

Yes! great is the government. But greater is the stupidity of the people. H. HANSON.

Victor, Colo.

— o —

An Objection.

The so-called report in FREE SOCIETY of the few remarks I made in Handell Hall last Sunday, amused me very much. They smacked so of the report of a penny-a-liner.

What I endeavored to make plain in the few moments accorded me, was this: That in every society there would be times when the individual would be merged in the common whole; that this was a social law, and could no more be evaded than a natural law. I instanced the construction of great drainage, lighting, transportation, and other public functions, in which whole communities are concerned. I said nothing about "majority rule." If an entire community can be brought to see the practicality and advantage of a proposed public improvement, so much the better. But suppose either from short sightedness, narrow-mindedness, or sincerity, a number could not be brought to see the advantage of the proposed improvement? Must the project be abandoned? Then who would rule, the majority or the minority?

If for trying to study out these complex

questions, that I may give a fairly definite answer to that inquiry that is put to every Anarchist, "What do you Anarchists propose to do in such and such a case?" I am to be set down as a "fossilized Anarchist," then I suppose I will have to remain among the fossils.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

Chicago, 1777 N. Troy St.

REPLY.

The readers will see that Mrs. Parsons practically repeats what was said in the report, only making it a little stronger, i. e., that in certain cases the majority must rule. Neither did I place her among the fossilized Anarchists, but she did that herself. And it is not the business of the "penny-a-liner" to argue the questions discussed in the meetings. I simply endeavor to give a synopsis of what is said by the speaker and the different critics.

REPORTER.

— o —

A Query.

Is it possible for a religious person to be a Socialist at the same time? L. S. R.

It depends on what is meant by the terms "religious" and "Socialist." If by Socialism is implied nothing but the "collective ownership of the means of production and distribution," any man can be a Socialist. But if Socialism implies a complete revolution of all human institutions, and "religious" is understood as a belief in a God who manages all our affairs, a "religious" man cannot strive for any changes in society not sanctioned by God. But if by "religious" is understood a sentiment of man which strives for harmonious relations among men, we are all "religious." A. I.

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LETTER-BOX.

J. W. H., Cotesfield, Neb.—To "knock down capitalism" we must repudiate authority and private ownership in the means of production and distribution, but not "vote for the Socialists." Before the Socialists "get there," Socialism will be submerged in State capitalism, the tendency of which is already apparent, no matter how much some honest Socialists may struggle against it. It is the natural and inevitable course of political action. Besides, intelligent Socialists recognize the fact that they can never gain the majority in this country; and once this is admitted, there is no excuse for political action. For the money and energy spent in educational propaganda would hasten Socialism more rapidly than thru the different monkey shows, dubbed legislatures.

J. B., Roslyn, Wash.—The "Golden Life Community" is located in Minnesota. For particulars write to J. Herbert Rowell, Independence, Minn. See article in this issue.

J. F. Hartman, 49 Robinson St., Providence, R. I.—We reported last week that Comrade Cook had not been indicted. This note, I hope, will induce the comrades who have "collection lists" for the "Defense Fund" to return them to your address.

J. H. C., Providence.—Freiligrath's "Revolution" has already been printed in this paper, and may be reprinted again soon.

M. S., Kalispell, Mont.—We do not know whether Zola's works are "legally prohibited" in this country; but in the public library of this city his books are marked with stars, called "conscience signs," signifying that only "the select" can read them. Governments, you know, are ever anxious to preserve the purity of their subjects. The best translations are published by the Macmillan Co., New York and London. For the history of the Homestead and Cour d'Alene strikes write to *The American Federationist*, Washington, D. C.

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— BY —

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