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A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 50.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 392.

The Red Flag.

Banner of crimson floating there,
Thou alone shalt have homage from me;
Sole among flags thou gleamest fair,
The sacred emblem of liberty.
The nations have made them symbols of State
To flaunt to the world since the race began;
Flags of rivalry, scorn, and hate:
But thou art the flag of the world, of man.
Thou art not new; thou hast waved full long;
Thou hast seen the day arise from the night.
Whenever the hand of the world grew strong
It grasped thy staff in sign of its might.
Over the sea and on every shore
Thy color has culled to the heart and the hand
To seek their brothers, and strive no more,
Save only for liberty in the land.
Red as the blood of freedom's dead,
Thy hue might well have poured from their hearts.
Red as the one blood of man, that is red,
Thou speakest fraternity's holiest arts.
Thou tellest of strife in liberty's name,
Early and late, and of great deeds done;
Thou picturest world-wide friendship's flame;
Shine proudly thou in the gracious sun!
As thou art loved, thou art loathed, full well;
Loathed and cursed by the lords of power.
Yea, ever they name thee the flag of hell,
And rage at the thought of thy triumph hour
But their chains hold not on the limbs of men;
Their shackles are broken, and eaten with rust.
They never may pull thee down again
To trample and drag thy fair folds in the dust.
Flag of the world, in strife and peace
Gleam thou above us. I wait the day
When lustful power's long ravage may cease;
Cease, and forever pass away.
Who would not all for liberty give?
As I look on thy folds, two hopes have I—
To love thee and greet the while I live;
To wrap thee around me when I must die!

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

The Labor War.

Bellamy has, in "Looking Backward," a prophecy which apparently is going to be realized. Gigantic strikes and labor wars—he wrote—brought about the social revolution, the results of which he described in his utopia. Now, the philosopher follows the utopian. Herbert Spencer, impressed by the greatness and social importance of the last coal strike in America, has written to an American paper predicting that the necessary outcome of the growing conflicts between capital and labor will be a terrible war, a social revolution—unsuccessful, he thinks; but we must not forget that the philosopher is very old and has never seen the labor movement from the inside.

However, there was somebody—the workingman himself—who, much before the utopian and the philosopher, had foreseen and predicted that the social revolution would

be an outcome of labor conflicts (not of parliamentary warfare), and for the last thirty years has worked in order that it should be so. More than thirty years ago, in the International Workingmen's Association, the Paris sections brought before one of the congresses of the great association the question of a *general strike*, as a necessary prelude and appropriate beginning of the Social Revolution—a revolution which would not merely change the government, but would hand over the land, the factories, the mines and the railways to those who bring them into the service of man: to the laborers themselves.

Accusations of headless utopism met this proposal; but the federalist and revolutionary sections of the International made of it a prominent point of their program, while among the workers themselves an unseen and noiseless propaganda of the general strike idea has been going on since, for thirty years, notwithstanding all the opposition of the politicians, and with the excellent results that we see now in Europe and America. This propaganda took all possible names. In America, in 1887, it were the Knights of Labor who worked hard promoting it, and from America the movement spread to Europe, finding an especially favorable ground in Belgium. Later on, when Powderly had disgraced the good name of the Knights by selling himself to the middle classes, the movement took other names; but it was continued and soon honeycombed the labor movement in Belgium and parts of France and Germany, as also, apparently, in Poland and Western Russia. The quite unsuspected unanimity with which the workers all over the world came out for the first First of May Demonstration in 1890, was the result of that unseen preparatory work; and when the May-day movement was invaded by all sorts of politicians who entirely emasculated it, and when the laborers lost interest in it the more active men left the May-day fetes to speech-makers of all denominations, and found a much better field of work in preparing the minds and solidarity-feelings of the workers for the great strike movements which now break out with such a wonderful unity in action.

At the same time, several attempts at forcing upon the capitalists an eight-hour day were made quite independently of the May-day fetes. The great strike of the London engineers; the numerous, well-prepared, well-planned and enthusiastically supported strikes, by which the Barcelona trades hav

succeeded in re-introducing the eight-hour day which many of them had lost during the terrible Montjuich persecutions; and finally, several great strikes of miners—all these were as many preparatory steps.

Gradually, but surely and steadily, the international alliance within all separate trades (the miners, the dock laborers, the weavers, the railway engineers, etc.) and between all trades is being established. Robert Owen's "International Trades' Union" (union of all trades) is in an excellent way of progress. The recent strikes; their extension and obstinacy; the amount of support, both national and international, which they have found; the facility with which workingmen's unions of different nations correspond; and the degree of sympathy and solidarity which they find with each other, even tho the middle classes use all means to excite national hatred—all these facts which the constant readers of the labor press have continually under their eyes, how steadily that inconspicuous work of consolidation of labor has been going on. But the best of it is that it has been accomplished entirely apart, and independently from, all political parties, whether Radical or Social Democratic.

A striking feature of this movement is its *independence*. The workers jealously watch that their unions should not become the bone of contest between politicians. In the Spanish papers one even sees that while international federations of trades are loudly called for, the reconstitution of an International Workingmen's Association is not desired, from fear that the General Council of such an association might bring about the same political intrigues as one saw in the Marxist council of the old International.

The last labor congresses are especially interesting on this account. The British Trade Union congress has absolutely broken with Social Democracy. In proportion as Socialist ideas (Socialist—not Collectivist) spread more and more among the British workers, the latter become more and more cautious of not being led astray by Social Democratic politicians, with their unavoidable and most undesirable alliances. They will rather have their own representation in parliament than trust it to Social Democratic politicians.

The very same was distinctly brought to light at the French Syndical (trade union) congress, from which the political agitation carried on by Socialist politicians was absolutely excluded, while the general strike was

the subject of full discussion and sympathetic votes. And the same again was apparent at the miners' congress at Commeny, where the miners stood for an immediate strike, while the politician leaders preached "calm, calm and calm," from fear to compromise their parliamentary position in a strike which may end no one knows how. And it was still more evident at the labor congress in Germany. The German workers, too, notwithstanding the efforts of the politicians, are also going to join the great international wave of labor revolt. Nay, even in dull Geneva, we have lately seen a general strike breaking out, merely for the support of a few striking comrades.

Of course, all the strikes which have lately disturbed the digestion of the capitalist serf-owners—notwithstanding the admirable and often touching features of workingmen's solidarity which were displayed during them—are not yet "The Labor War." The workers themselves look upon them as upon preliminary skirmishes which consolidate the growth of workingmen's solidarity irrespective of trade and national distinctions. Mere trials of his force by the slumbering giant. Mere warning and merely a foretaste of the war that is coming. Moreover, the workers are still seeking their way as to the future. They don't know yet *how to pass from the present private ownership to the use of the necessities for production by the workers themselves.* The way, and the most appropriate ideal, too, have yet to be found, and to be fully discussed. But as this will not be done by the Social Democrats, who are too absorbed by elections and do not care at all for a revolution, the duty of doing it consequently falls upon us.

Everyone knows that the most active men in the labor movement in Spain have always been Anarchists, and that the two labor papers, *Tierra y Libertad* and *Revista Blanca*, are Anarchistic. It is the same now in France, both in those syndicates which show real signs of life and in the chief labor papers (*Voix du Peuple*, *Pota Colle*, etc.). And the same is also in Geneva paper: *L'Emancipation*, where all the fault of the last strike was thrown by the local politicians—not upon the greedy capitalists, but upon the Anarchists. That much has been done, and so far it has been found that those of our comrades who directed their efforts to work among the trade unions were right. But now, a further step is required. Taking advantage of the intellectual movement which goes on in the labor unions, we must try to *formulate the ideas which develop inside the unions as regards the best ways of abolishing private ownership and of organizing production by the workers themselves without the interference of the State.* This task is incumbent upon us.

The old philosopher, Spencer, is right. Yes, the labor war will go on growing. Yes, it will bring about a social war. Yes, it will bring about the Social Revolution. Our duty is, then, to strain all our activities towards one result: that the coming revolution should be a real, substantial step towards the abolition of State and Capital. Not only that it should be *successful*—all revolutions are successful, each of them abolishes some evils of old; but that the success should be as great, as wide, and as

lasting as possible; that it should go to the root of the evils.—*Freedom*, London.

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Anarchism vs. State Socialism.

We cannot too often contrast our theories with State Socialism, nor too often insist upon the fact there is no other Socialism but Anarchism.

There is a large and growing class who claim to be Socialists while advocating Anarchist theories. It should be our pleasure to set these people right, to show them that, in favoring political action, they are aiding and abetting the enemy. We should seek to demonstrate the fallacy of the State idea; for the political Socialist is just as much a governmentalist as the Republican or Democrat. In fact more so, as their government is to be all in all. Their late demonstration would seem to indicate that their party is coming into power. Will liberty-loving Socialists aid them to establish their power? Their idea is simply that of all political reformers; and they follow all former parties in great promises. Their chief concern, tho, is to "get there." All politicians are "the laborer's friend," but the Socialist goes them one better: labor is to be crowned "monarch of all he surveys." And the laborer, always fooled, still is tempted to try them once again.

It is the State idea we should attack. Calling it an "administration," "industrial centralization," or "social organism," in no wise alters the nature of the beast. Whatever the nature of the State, the fact remains that it is administered by individuals invested with sovereign power.

We should insist that government, "pure" government, is in itself not only an evil, but an unnecessary evil; and this evil is the result of giving men power over their fellows. It is the history of all organization that with power comes abuse. The Socialist organization can be no exception. Its power is executed by individuals. Its State is composed of individuals whose nature can be in no wise different from those who administer our present State. Why should these "class conscious" individuals be any more worthy our trust?

These facts of government our Socialist friends ignore, or seem to think will be obliterated by the system they are to inaugurate. They ignore the fact that this system must be inaugurated by politicians. And will politicians do anything to spoil their trade? Our Socialist friends forget that whenever the Socialist party comes into power, it will be by and thru our present politicians uniting with them. Can the leopard change his spots? Our liberty-loving Socialists are wasting valuable time in advocating political action. Their theories will be lost sight of the moment that political success is assured. Such is the history of all parties. Their principles are simply used to climb into power, then sacrificed to retain power.

Are the Socialists favoring political action to advertise their ideas, thinking their theory stronger than the policy of parties? If so they are doomed to disappointment, nay more, they are making liberty more impossible of realization by giving the politician more power.

Admitting for one moment that this So-

cialist scheme would prove the benefit they expect from it, what hope would there be of its realization when the present politicians rushed into it and controlled it, as they are bound to do? A late *Appeal to Reason* exultantly exclaimed, "Watch the multitude rush into our party the moment success is assured." There was no thought of any danger in this exodus from the old parties, which demonstrates that not principles but party success was really the motive of the writer. I would not infer dishonesty in this respect. Socialists who urge political action are no doubt perfectly sincere. They work for political success, believing that in this way their theories may have practical application. But the importance of success overshadows their principles. In their eagerness for votes they welcome to their ranks the riff-raff of politics,—the irresponsible vote; but really a welcome is unnecessary: this vote is sure to be added to any party that has any chance of success, and it is this vote whose allegiance is always commanded by the tricky politician.

What is there in the Socialist party that is or has not been in all parties? Honest reform originates them all—a sincere desire to advance the public good. But, as Emerson says: "Politics signifies cunning, intimating the State is a trick." The principle of politics ignores any intent of its originators. Its object is success, and its means are always adopted to this end. When good men enter politics they may score a point by "fighting the devil with fire," but they soon find that reforming the devil in his own element is an impossibility. They soil their own garments and in the end retire defeated. In politics the law of Darwin, "the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest," is applicable; and the fittest is always he who can develop the most intrigue. The policy of all parties who seek political control are very similar, and have very little to do with the ultimate object of the party. And while politics is admittedly impure and demoralizing, it must be waded thru to establish government. Political parties holding different opinions must clash. War is inevitable, and in war everything is fair. Now, while good often results from evil, the question is, Is it policy to work evil principles to accomplish good results,—can we gather figs from thistles? I want our Socialist friends to study this idea, and to note how inconsistent the methods of politics are, to the ultimate objects of Socialism. I sympathize with these, and believe them identical with Anarchism; that is to say, Anarchism is Socialism, to be accomplished by methods of liberty, instead institutional force. Let us show how impossible liberty is under institutionalism; that forceful authority always defeats the objects of its inventors. Let us dwell on the importance of liberty, as a principle of right action, as an indispensable factor in the development of individuality. Let us draw the line between State Socialism and Anarchism. One leads to institutions, systems, and cast iron rules; to centralized industry, which could only result from enslaved labor; to dependency more degrading than poverty; the other to liberty, equality, and fraternity; to independence, the only source to true manhood and womanhood.

"By the hope within us springing.
Herald of tomorrow's strife;
By that sun, whose life is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life.
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!"
A. LE ROY LOUBAL.

A Question of Violence.

... You ask me, cannot this question (the social problem), which concerns every member of the human family, be solved peaceably? Is brute force in our "civilized age" still—what it was in former ages—the *ultima ratio*?

Let me relate to you a short episode. It was in 1832. Paris was mourning; a cholera epidemic held terrible sway in the gay city on the Seine. The number of the victims of this dreadful destroyer increased from hour to hour. Something had to be done to check the ravings of the plague, and a *commission sanitaire* was organized. Scarcely had the commission been organized when it collided with the interests of several thousand citizens, who looked upon the public dirt as their private domain. These were the so-called *chiffonniers*, who made a living from the rubbish and offal that accumulated every day in front of the houses. They sneaked about with large baskets and long sticks (hook on one end), miserable, dirty looking creatures, and picked up a good many things out of the sweepings that they could sell. As soon as the sanitary commission had ordered the sweepings, etc., to be at once removed by carts out of the city limits, where, if they desired to, the *chiffonniers* might sift and search it at pleasure, the latter at once began to lament that this measure was an invasion of their inalienable rights, an attempt to deprive them of a livelihood, an unwarrantable violation of what, by custom and usage, had become a sacred property right. . . . But the welfare of the community required a rigid enforcement of sanitary measures, among which the cleaning of the streets was the most important. "No!" protested the *Messieurs Chiffonniers*; "we will not hear of anything of the kind being done; we claim that nobody has a right to interfere with our business; if you don't like our old established rights and regulations in Paris—why, nobody keeps you here! Everybody is at liberty to leave Paris. Whoever is afraid of the cholera may leave the city. As for us, we are going to stay and carry on our legitimate business."

And when the commission entered upon the enterprise to remove the dirt, the scavengers were set upon by the *corps de chiffonniers*, who demolished their carts and threw them in the Seine. The defenders of their "property rights" were greatly augmented in numbers by those who were dependent upon them, the junk shop dealers, etc., and were thus enabled to successfully resist for some time the combined efforts of the police. The military had to be called out, the greatest anxiety prevailed, a revolution threatened. . . . After a desperate struggle with the conservative ragpickers and sweepings merchants the State was saved; the *chiffonniers* were defeated.

You will readily see the gist of this narrative and its application to our case, that is

to your question. You attempt to abolish a privilege, no matter how injurious and obnoxious to the community, the class that benefits from such a privilege will fight for its perpetuation, will howl about the sacredness of the same, etc., etc. It is not for me to say whether the social changes necessary for the welfare of humanity shall be brought about in this or that way. Those who hold the key to the situation, the privileged class, will decide that; if they resort to force, as the Paris *chiffonniers* did—well! . . . And they have resorted to force already. . . . —From "Autobiography," by August Spies.

A Cooperative Colony.

A German daily gives some interesting details of a cooperative settlement in Peru, South America. The name of the colony is "Buenos Amigos" (Good Friends), and was founded in 1852 by Jose Rodriguez, a Spaniard. With sixty-six of his comrades he settled on a large tract of land at the Cotota River, which had been given to him by the Peruvian government. Buenos Amigos was soon transformed into a regular settlement, which Rodriguez organized on strictly business principles. His project was crowned with success. The colonists are Peruvians, Americans, Englishmen, and Germans. Those who want to join must contribute five hundred dollars. The main source of their increase are the births in the colony. There are now over a thousand inhabitants.

Buenos Amigos is above all a community of workers. They work five days in a week. The workday is eight hours, but no one is compelled to work longer than four hours. Those who work over four hours receive pay for overtime. All consume alike, and those who wish to enjoy more luxury pay extra for it, that is, he can work for it if he so wishes. The land, the tools, the products, as well as the proceeds from the goods sold, belong to the community. Their mode of compensation is the hour-system. Marriage laws or regulations they have none. They live in free unions and part at will and without any formalities. Before a confinement the woman goes to the hospital, and stays there until the child is weaned. The latter remains in the hospital under the care of trained kindergarten teachers until it is able to enter the colony school, where they receive board and lodging. Here the child remains until it is ready to learn a profession, the choice of which depends upon its talent and inclinations. The compensation for all sorts of work is the same.—*Der arme Teufel*, Berlin.

VIENNA, Dec. 4.—A dispatch from the Russian frontier states that the encounter between Cossacks and strikers at Rostoff on the Moscow-Caucasus Railway was more sanguinary than stated in the official reports. The truth is that the outbreak was not a strike, but an open rebellion. In the encounter near Rostoff hundreds were killed and wounded, and the fighting was of the most desperate character, blood streaming on the field of conflict. So far from being suppressed, the rising is spreading and the situation is critical.

Contrasts.

Is it possible that these are human beings, and these also? On the one side a crowd gorged with money, considering what merest trifle it may buy, what faintest want it may gratify—if only a scarf to adorn the drawing-room mirror with, or a pair of kid gloves to match its bonnet; and on the other side a crowd pining, perishing, for want of the most imperative necessities of life—physical, mental and moral—and the two crowds close together, staring, within a foot of each other! What a sight! "For mere sheer cruelty," says a friend of mine, "there's nothing like Respectability," and as I gaze at this spectacle I think I understand what he means.

It is not that these delicate bred women (and men) have no hearts. But their cardiac ganglions are torpid, quite torpid. Bred in luxury and ease, they have seldom been called on to make sacrifices for each other; physical deprivation is a mere name to them; the life of human toil and human fellowship has passed them by; their affectional natures have become dwarfed; their power of sympathy contracted within the four walls of a stuffy respectability; and so the one thing which might at the same instant deliver them and the gutter things, and give them both a reasonable interest in existence, is, alas! as matters are, quite impossible. A gulf is fixed; the policeman walks with his truncheon along the curb. A brougham drives up and scatters the ragged ones. A footman obsequiously opens the door and another leaden-eyed lady wrapped in furs disappears into "Barker's."

It is all very strange. I walk up and down and wonder if it is a dream—some quite solid and indigestible nightmare. Supposing (I think) it were some tribe in the interior of Africa of which we heard that the natives had these customs. That a certain class among them were in the habit of walking up and down a shady promenade, on one side of which were heaped great stores of bananas, mealies, dates, cotton-cloth, beads, and Sheffield knives—from which heaps said promenaders helped themselves freely to all they wanted; while on the other side, in the burning heat, stood a row of poor creatures (of the same tribe) in continual torture for want of food, waiting for hours and hours and hours, and all their lives, for bits of refuse to be thrown to them. What should we say to that? And yet, whatever plentiful villainous cruelties of burning and other torments savages (chiefly under the influence of superstition) do perpetrate, I doubt whether any traveler has yet told us of such a scene of sheer cold-blooded indifference as that which I am describing.

And yet it goes on, and will go on—till the frame of this present anti-social "society" is rent in twain. The beggars still stand, offering their ingenious trifles in the gutter; the shops spread their piles of goods (grapes at 5s. 6d. to 7s. a pound, bonnets at 27s. each) in the windows; the policeman and the footman still marshal the show—and between goes the weary stream of stony faces whose aspect chills one to the bone. And this is High Street, Kensington, or "that part of Heaven which is called Hell."—Edward Carpenter.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 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.

ATTENTION.

Entertainment and ball will be given by the Progressive Club, Saturday, January 3, 1903, 8 p. m., at the Bohemian Club Hall, cor. Robey and 12th Sts. Russian songs in the program. Tickets in advance, 15 cents, at the door 25 cents.

Notes.

An error was made in announcing *Revolutionary Russia* as a monthly. It is a 28-page weekly, printed in the Russian language, and the price is \$2 a year. Order from Dr. Chas. Rayevsky, 272 E. Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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.

Boston.—Boston Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 4 p. m. at 724 Washington St., room 9. Free forum for all sociological topics. Anarchist literature for sale. Subject for December 21, "What is Property?"

Brooklyn.—The Social Science Club meets every Friday evening at Central Hall, 410 Stone Ave. Discussion free to all.

Chicago.—The Philosophical Society will meet Sunday evening, December 14. Particulars will be announced in the dailies. All interested in the society are requested to be present at the Progressive Club on Friday, December 12.

The Progressive Club will hold a meeting every Friday evening at 331 Walnut St. Friendly discussions will take place.

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. December 13, Moses Harman speaks on "The Social Question."

Philadelphia.—Social Science Club holds weekly meetings Friday evenings in Bricklayers' Hall, 707 N. Broad St.

FREE SOCIETY

New York.—Radical Reading Room, 180 Forsyth St. Lectures and free discussions every Sunday at 3 p. m.

Comrade A. Lopatiner will visit the delinquent subscribers, and we hope the readers will not let him spend time and carfare in vain.

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By the Wayside.

Last Tuesday, December 9, Comrade Peter Kropotkin celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Thousands and thousands of the poor, the disinherited, have celebrated this day in silent adoration. The toilers of all countries remembered Peter Kropotkin, the scientist, the untiring soldier of freedom, the friend of the oppressed, the revolutionist, who cheerfully left rank and splendor and luxury behind, in order to battle in the ranks of the toiling slaves for truth and freedom. Prison life has not broken his rebellious spirit and enthusiasm, nor fame corrupted his mind. Wherever his words are read he inspires enthusiasm and hope and the sentiment of human brotherhood. May he live to see the dawn—the ideal of his life—rising on the horizon. Greetings, comrade!

Neither the capitalist dailies nor the "revolutionary" Social Democratic press of this city had a word to say when the police arbitrarily violated the right of free speech and assembly, and it is refreshing to see that the *Union Leader*, the organ of the Chicago street railway men, had the courage to protest against the police outrage. It says:

A certain lady of culture and humanitarian instincts, with whom the editor is personally acquainted and in whom he has every reason to believe there dwells the purest, noblest soul, had the doors of the Aurora Turner Hall closed to her by the police last Sunday afternoon, when she was billed to lecture. And this in free America, where boasted freemen rule! The apathy, ignorance and cowardice displayed by the toiling, starving and degraded workingmen of this city in letting that act go unavenged were enough to cause even the very stones to rise in mutiny.

But in the face of these outrages, the editor still advocates majority rule—the initiative and referendum. Look at Switzerland, Bro. Shoaf. There the people enjoy the blessings of that superstition, and what do we see? Strikers are shot down, Anarchists expelled from the country, and editors sent to prison for advocating the general strike.

The State Charities Aid Association of New Jersey coincides with the Anarchists, and "extermination" is now in order. In its report to the governor, it is stated that jails and prisons are a great success "as schools of crime," but a complete failure as reformatories. The report concludes:

With the alternative, county jail or freedom, judges too often choose the greater evil, the jail. One who sees the demoralization of the jails at May's Landing and Camden cannot doubt for a moment that a brothel itself can do less harm to women prisoners, and, thru them, less harm to society, than these jails to which the law condemns them.

This fact has been observed by Anarchists decades ago, and we suggest that society must remove that which produces so-called criminals, instead of dealing with its effect. The "true reformatory" is the abolition of government and property rights,—the creators of inequality and strife.

Thru the intervention of the Social Democratic deputies, the strike of the miners in France has been lost; but fortunately not without a lesson to the miners. The Socialist deputies persuaded the miners to submit their grievances to the government for arbitration. They succeeded and loudly rejoiced over the "moral and parliamentary victory of Social Democracy." Yes, victory for the bosses! The arbitration commission concluded that the mine owners were almost on the point of starvation, and could not afford to pay higher wages. The disappointment of the miners is great, and they will hardly be fooled again by Social Democratic politicians.

INTEROPPER.

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A Card.

To all those who have expressed surprise that I had nothing to write about our dead friend Kate, I would like to say that human language is inadequate to express my sorrow over the loss of one who to me was, of all the women I have met in my public career, the most beloved friend. It is easy to speak of the activity of a public man or woman; of the force of logic and depth of intellect he or she may have had; but who can do justice to a great personality, to a beautiful soul?

Kate to me was not the Anarchist, the rebel, the thinker, the writer; she was a mother, a friend, one to whom I could go for rest and peace when tired and weary of life and hard battles. She was all to me—how, then, can I sit down to write about her? No, no, Kate is dead; a noble soul has ceased to be; and those who have known and loved her, can mourn but not talk.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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Meetings.

Last Sunday afternoon, Comrade Grossmann spoke on "The Labor Press: Its Purpose and Aim," at Wosta's Hall, before an attentive audience. The police were present, of course, to see whether or not the utterances would shake the foundations of the American government. The speaker pointed out that the capitalistic dailies worked more harmoniously in upholding prevailing institutions than the workers' press in its aim to overthrow capitalism and despotism. While the dailies, no matter of what political opinion, were all united in upholding exploitation and wage slavery, the workers often tried to ruin their press simply on account of difference regarding the remedy proposed. But in spite of these evils, the labor press is asserting itself and has become a factor in social evolution—a bulwark against the contaminating influence of the capitalistic press. A true revolutionary press could not confine itself to a party, a sect, or a clique, but must embrace the interests of all workers and oppressed humanity. Partyism creates hatred and corruption and thus weakens the cause its pretends to represent. As long as one party or fraction of workers claims that there is no salvation unless all come under the flag of the party or vote the party ticket, the beautiful words, "workingmen of all countries unite," remain a lie and cannot be realized. Partyism has been the curse of the world, and any party which

claims to possess an exclusive remedy, condemns itself. The press which purports to liberate mankind cannot belong to a party, nor adhere to a program. People who intend to save the workers by political methods enter into the footsteps of the old parties—a step which leads to compromise and ends in corruption. The task of the revolutionary press is to reveal all that is noble and censure everything that is bad, and its aim must be freedom for all. A party with a program must necessarily become narrow and despotic: "our party, right or wrong," applies to all parties alike.

It is to be regretted that this excellent lecture cannot be given or published in pamphlet form, for it would surely serve as an eye-opener to many of our Socialist friends. His arguments seemed to be too strong even for the Social Democrats, who timidly suggested that the ballot was simply used to determine the strength of the "revolutionary" workers. But the speaker replied that the "counting of noses" had transformed the "revolutionary Socialists" into mere reformers, with so many nonentities as voters. In Germany the Social Democratic party is numerically the strongest, yet its influence is nowhere felt. When the leaders recently were asked why the party could do nothing for the five strikers who were so unjustly and arbitrarily condemned to fifteen and twenty years' imprisonment, Bebel replied: "True, we have two and a half million voters, but there are only about 200,000 Socialists." Political action, concluded the speaker, has made it possible that a Socialist minister could work in unison with a Gallifet—the wholesale murderer of the workers in Paris—and the Bavarian Social Democrats even compromised with the Catholic party.

Emma Goldman finally delivered her lecture on "Modern Phases of Anarchism" in Uhlich's Hall last Sunday. Altho the police did not interfere this time, the prospect of again being sent away on account of a closed hall deterred many from attending, so the audience was rather small. The text of this lecture has been reported on a previous occasion in these columns, and as the subject is of too great importance for a short summary, I can but again express the hope that we will soon see it in printed form.

REPORTER.

Spelling.

The *Whim* has fired a broadside against spelling reformers. First it condemns Noah Webster for having induced most people to spell "honor" as Shakespeare did, instead of "honour" as derived from the French of Stratford-at-Bow. And the reason is "that the word is pronounced *honour* and not *honor*." Indeed—with the "our" as in *sour*, or *your*, or *four*? Presumably the first—then it is the *Whim*'s whim to pronounce *onowr*; or possibly the second, making it *onoor*. For my part, I pronounce the last letters of honor like the last letters of emperor, impostor, governor, traitor, major, error—even the *theses* may not all deserve honor. And I know no word, ending with that sound, in which a majority of the English-speaking world would spell it "our," except savior. Inside the word this sound

is spelled "our" in a very few cases, journey, flourish, courage, courtesy, etc.,—against work, worth, world, worry, thoro, borough, and many such.

Then the *Whim* man comes down on us moderns, and Elbert Hubbard in particular, for writing "thru"; he says that spelling implies a pronunciation *thryu*. (I wonder how he pronounces Hindu and Zulu, and how he would prefer to spell the latter.) But, if one may trust dictionaries, the long u after r in standard English has absolutely the same sound as oo in fool. If so, "thru" naturally represents the correct sound; as to "through," surely the general principles of English would have us sound it *throwg*.

The fact is, not only that English spelling needs simplifying (which the *Whim* does not deny), but that you will comparatively seldom simplify the spelling of an English word without at the same time making it represent the sound better. There are side tracks to be avoided—it would hardly pay to turn final ss and ce to s before getting rid of the use of s for the sound of z—but in general the rule holds, that the simpler spelling is all around the better. It is very often the older and more etymological, as in rime, tung, island. It usually has back of it the expressed preference of the majority of the scholars whose reputation in the study of the English language is the highest. And it bears the test of "the survival of the fittest." Even the *Whim* does not care to go back to "musick" and "controùl," which Webster rid us of; and all Webster's authority in favor of "skillful" and "fulfill" does not suffice to make people write the needless l's. Plant a simple spelling, and in general it will live, thrive, and crowd out the pedantic form.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Here and There.

The New York *Herald* reports Paris judges conniving at a case where a couple evaded the law prohibiting divorce when it is desired by both parties. It seems a case of men wiser than their positions.

The Paterson "rioters," Giovanni Massoni, J. Mueller, S. DeYoung, J. Schneider, G. Cantellopi and L. Salvine, who were charged with the same "crime" as Comrades MacQueen and Grossmann, were found not guilty by the jury. They were not avowed Anarchists—hence the leniency.

The strike of the dock laborers in France is spreading. In a meeting of 5,000 strikers it was resolved to ignore the proposition of the government to submit their grievances to the commission of arbitration, and fight the ship owners to the bitter end.

Again seventeen men have been killed thru the carelessness and greed of the Pennsylvania mine owners. Will these wholesale murderers be "exterminated"? Not much! Governments and its satellites—the multimillionaires—have the privilege to murder *ad libitum*.

President Roosevelt has pardoned Gidead W. Marsh, the Philadelphia banker, who five years ago was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for embezzlement. It is certainly much nobler to liberate people from prisons than to imprison them; but will the president think of those poor devils

who suffer in prisons for stealing when their families were starving? The proverb, "birds of a feather flock together," can safely be applied in this case.

Literature.

GUERRO—MILITARISME. Bibliotheque Documentaire, Les Temps Nouveaux, Paris. Price, 3.50 francs; illustrated edition, 9 francs.

Jean Grave, in giving "War and Militarism" to the public, begins the publication of a series of documentary books, "Colonialism," "The Family," "The Magistracy," "The Law," "Property," "Education," etc., which will be of great interest to the readers. "War and Militarism" is not an original book, but a collection of documents and clippings from different sources, even from conservatives who have been connected with the French war department. This book, or better this collection of documents, will fully answer the publisher's purpose, and give the readers an idea of the horror of these two miserable sores—war and militarism. All of these books, coming from such different sources in convenient form, are bound to have a widespread effect. Most of these essays have already appeared in literary supplement of *Les Temps Nouveaux*.

A. R.

LETTER-BOX.

Der arme Teufel, Friedrichshagen-Berlin, Germany.—Thanks for the back numbers of your excellent little paper, the perusal of which rejuvenates young and old alike. Of course it would be desirable to acquaint the Americans with the writings of the memorable Robert Reitzel, which would rekindle the spirit of freedom in every vigorous soul; but we are hampered by both lack of time and financial reasons to make extensive and intelligent translations from his immortal essays. The "office-mama" is still the invisible but most important worker on *FREE SOCIETY*. She sends her greetings, and hopes *Der arme Teufel* will have a widespread circulation. As you will have seen, E. G. has just been in Chicago, and "heard of" again. She expresses surprise that she has heard nothing from you; and wishes that the paper may be sent to her at 50 First St., New York.

M. F. J., New York.—No, I do not agree with Schneider that hatred alone will liberate mankind,—nor that love alone will accomplish the task, as you seem to think. Both sensations are natural elements in the activities of man. There is no hatred without love, and no love without hatred. Love for truth and freedom and hatred for falsehood and tyranny are necessary elements for the advancement of man.

Every reform has to pass thru a stage of ridicule before it is accomplished. If the reform is one which proposes to take away any privileges enjoyed only by the few or to narrow the gulf between the classes this stage of ridicule, which lasts only so long as the reform is in its infancy, is followed by determined opposition when there is even a faint prospect of its success. The more nearly fundamental the reform, the greater the opposition.—Florence A. Burleigh.

The State must go. That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the State, set up in its place spontaneous action, and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty that will be something worth possessing.—Ibsen.

The Land Despotism of England.

I

Man should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man;
Kill vices if you can;
They are your wildest beasts.

—Ben Jonson.

"Eh, we're a soft lot!" said a farmer's son to an acquaintance of mine in England, in reference to the way in which the vocationless but titled successors of the old fighting lords have taken the people by the throat and deprived them of their land; and all foreign onlookers will certainly agree with him. If to permit six hundred men to hold as a game preserve for their amusement one-third of a country inhabited by nearly forty million human beings—if this is not a mark of softness, where will you find it? But it is something if the farmers are beginning to see their folly, tho down in Devonshire some of them are still actually pulling their forelocks to their superiors as of old.* It is hard to see how a poor cotter with the spirit of a man in him can look up from his cheerless dwelling, with its windows mostly walled up long ago on account of the window tax to the twenty-seven thousand window-panes that blaze along the front of Hardwick Hall, and not ask himself the bitter question why his fortune should be so enormously inferior to that of the owners of such princely places. Ruskin said he could not live in a country without castles, like America. If he meant ravined castles, I think his choice a good one, otherwise not. An American can but inwardly chafe and fret over the insolent notices continually confronting him, to the effect that Lord So-and-So owns this stream, or that Druidic monument, or such a wood, and forbidding anyone else to enjoy it. If it were only the private grounds about the his dwelling, there would be nothing to say; but, when two or three men are meekly allowed to own half the woods, streams and mines of a county, we begin to ask what service is rendered in return for such costly gifts. And, when we learn that in most cases no service of any value is forthcoming, we ask ourselves of what stuff the English are made, or by what spell they are paralyzed, that they endure such a thing. It is true that we are fast getting into a similar condition here in the New World. But our selfish grabbers conceal more carefully the outward signs of their appropriations. In England it is the earth itself that is seized, and no concealment is possible. But

Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs.

I talked with cultivated Englishmen and intelligent cottagers on the subject, and found they ridiculed the pretensions of the titled folk; yet their secret respect for vested rights and accomplished facts makes them unwilling to disturb the existing status. Especially hostile to reform are the "prop-utty, prop-utty, prop-utty" Farmer Dob-

* A friend who has just visited Devon writes me: "Socially, Devon is medieval—the classes and the masses, with the parson or the squire on top, and determined to stay there; fox-hunting and racing, drinking and loafing and running into debt; boys backing into the gutter and pulling their forelocks as you pass, girls backing into the gutter and curtsying." On the whole, an exasperating country for one who has breathed the air of freedom elsewhere, thinks this gentleman.

sons, who always "voäte wi' Squoire an' Choorch an' Staäte," and on whom in consequence "quoloty smoiles."

In the public square at Ripon is a tall monument erected by William Aislable to himself during his lifetime. The key to such an amusing phenomenon lies in the word "flunkeyism." He belonged to the family of the Marquis of Ripon, who owns pretty much everything aboveground thereabouts. The inscription states that Aislable paid for the shaft; but, to save his feelings, a cynical world is further informed that the town ordered the inscription to be carved.

In 1816, before the Corn Laws injured the farmers' prospects, it happened that that the rich soil of Northumberland brought forth such a foison of wheat and other grain that the farmers decided to expend a part of the proceeds in raising a shaft to their land-lord, Hugh, duke of Northumberland, and inscribed on it the words, "By a Grateful and United Tenantry." It stands there today in the village of Alnwick, near the great castle of the Percys, and goes by the name of "Farmers' Folly." I noticed it had on it the old canting war-cry of the Percys, "Esperance en Die." But as the Scot-killing brigand, Harry Percy, relied on his sharp sword more than on his God, so the particular representative of Emerson's Forty Thousand Thieves who Landed at Hastings to whom the farmers had put their monument relied more on the modern substitute for the sword—pounds, shillings and pence—and, finding his tenants so flush of money, proceeded shortly to raise their rents, whereat a great laugh arose all the country round at the expense of the simple witted rustics.

But the "Northern Farmer, new style," is a very different man from these old-style Hodges. The new farmer asks scornfully, "What's a gentleman born?" If the gentleman happens to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the farmer has a certain sulky respect for his wealth. Three or four thousand generations of poverty and oppression have benumbed his brains. But those brains are thinking, and they are on the shoulders of honest men. Let the land thieves look to it.

Religion has been so craftily entwined with the feudal system that one supports the other. "The nobility, gentry and clergy," "the lords spiritual and the lords temporal," stand or fall together. Hence the bitter opposition of the titled folk to disestablishment. Hence also the reluctance on the part of the people to touch the land question. To abolish primogeniture or confiscate the game preserves would be equivalent to melting down the communion plate and desecrating the graveyards. From childhood up they have praying in the churches for their feudal lords, at the head of whom is royalty; and it would jar on their religious feelings to unfrock the priest, unhorse the lord and dethrone royalty. The parson, one of the humbler members of the aristocracy, makes himself useful in the community, and forms a link in the chain that binds the big land-wasters to the commonalty. The village parson always has a paradisaical residence, as far superior to the rest of the homes in the place as the castle or hall is superior to it. Livings are bought and sold, and occasionally a scamp gets

possession, or a vicar has a drunken wife; but the rough sporting parson of old days is practically unknown.

The intimate union between Church and State is well exemplified by the relation of the Gladstone estate to the village church at Hawarden. Here in the midst of the Gladstone lands, four by five miles in extent, are the ruined castle of his wife's ancestors and an enormous modern castle, the late statesman's residence. In front stretches away an upland park, dotted by oaks, beeches, chestnuts, ash, and threaded by streams, with here and there a heavier belt of timber and blue vistas of far-off rolling land. Here the "Grand Old Man" lived in an atmosphere the very opposite of disquieting, every influence conservative and making for repose—immemorial customs, ancestral park, antique castle, coat-of-arms on his own hall, and near by the village church and churchyard. The village and the church are but appendages to the great man's place. A fountain in the main street at the turreted entrance gate commemorates his fiftieth year of residence. Think of his walking every morning during those fifty years to prayers in the church, and so old-fashioned in his piety that he would never travel on Sunday! I am standing in the graveyard of this church of which his son is vicar. I have just read in the porch a notice requesting the visitor "not to go away without some short prayer [!] for the clergy and the people"; an ill sounding bell is giving the last taps for morning prayers, and a young and wordly-looking priest, face evidently flushed with much meat eating and liquor drinking, shovel-hat on head and prayer-book in hand, comes on the run from the vicarage near by to officiate in the services. You may call this all horrible English cant, if you choose; but there it is, a fact to be reckoned with. Generally, church and village are the property of the neighboring lord or gentleman; the priest is his appointee; and the priest's bishop is one of the lawmakers of the realm. Do you not see how an attack on primogeniture and the land system is an attack on religion at the same time? Do you perceive the secret of the preservation of both?

One always knows when he is approaching one of the old feudal estates by the park-like landscape on every hand. The lair of the owner is somewhere near the center, usually out of sight from the road. If, in addition, the ear-splitting *me-ow* of a peacock is heard, rely upon it that a parvenu has come into possession, whose name may be Smith or Jones, tho he has bought and wears the title of a lord. One notices that the great castles have usually been built in the most fertile regions, far enough apart to permit each vampire a sufficient range for his operations. (As one instance out of hundreds, recall the group composed of Bolsover Castle, Hardwick Hall and Wingfield Manor.) Looking at such battlemented strongholds as these, so impressive to the imagination, one is astonished that even a Cromwell dared to attack so majestic and well-entrenched an institution as royalty and aristocracy.—William Sloane Kennedy, in the *Conservator*, Philadelphia, May, 1900.

* The duke of Devonshire is the patron of forty-five livings; forty-five clergymen the creatures of this surly, cynical, reformed rake of a statesman.

Organize to Defend Liberty.

The question as to what is an induction, or deduction, may come up later in this discussion. Meanwhile let it be noted that Mr. James maintains that absolute liberty is a scientific induction, but denies that equal liberty is such.

However much believers in absolute freedom may preach non-resistance, love your enemies, and assert that force is unjustifiable there are occasions—when patience gives out or highly indignant—when they will resort to force. If they have no rational guide or formula they are as likely as not to destroy liberty as to defend it. Now, force being inevitable (until the time shall come when all men will be so developed as not to desire to infringe liberty) it becomes a practical question to those who understand liberty now, and have not the desire to infringe on other's liberty, what they shall do to defend their own liberty. (1) Those Anarchists who accept equal liberty as a guiding principle believe in agitating and educating along that line. When a sufficient number of them have got clear ideas they will organize a defense association, and will aid each other in many ways to resist invasion. But that will require a judge and government, says Mr. James. Well, there are judges and judges. There are judges at horse shows, and there are good judges and poor judges of whiskey, etc. In the sense that judgment will be required to distinguish between invasive and non-invasive acts, it is true there will be judges—indeed every member will be a judge. To be a good judge will be an enviable person. But without waiting for what Mr. James means by government, I deny that it will require government. We lay down no law as to what people *shall* do, but we do insist on a few things that they shall not do to us,—in full that they shall not invade us, or compel us to do their will.

What acts are clearly invasive the members of the defensive body will be pretty well agreed upon. What acts are not so clear will not be so easily agreed upon. But what of that? We will act upon what we agree upon. But everybody can't agree upon what is or what is not invasion, says Mr. James; and in I think his first reply to me he asks who is to decide whether refusing to be vaccinated, singing a bawdy song, keeping a saloon, etc., is an invasion? Now I ask Mr. James if there is any sane man who will seriously maintain that *refusing* to be vaccinated is an invasion; that keeping a saloon is an invasion—and of whom. And why a *bawdy* song, rather than a sacred song? Do not even the advocates of *compulsory* vaccination, of prohibition, and of suppressing "obscene" literature admit that they are invaders of equal liberty, and that they are justified in their acts on the ground of general welfare, safety of society, public morals, etc., etc.,—on any pretense, but never on the ground of equal liberty? Why does this word "equal" cause such aberration? (2) Suppose I ask Mr. James if compulsory vaccination, etc., are violations of absolute liberty, will he be in doubt? And suppose I ask him again who is to decide whether these acts are in violation of liberty or not? I contend that all the objections above mentioned against equal liberty are as cogent against absolute liberty, unless you mean by abso-

lute liberty the right to do as you damn please regardless of the equal liberty of others. (3)

Of course there is debatable ground as to equal liberty, but that necessitates the study of the corollaries of the law of equal liberty, and does not necessitate its rejection. Take a practical example. A woman would be justified in taking any measures, shooting, poisoning, hat-pinning, or anything she finds expedient to resist rape; but no person is justified by equal liberty in suppressing the singer of a bawdy song. Will Mr. James contend that there is no difference in these cases, and that force is unjustifiable in either case—that singing a bawdy song is as much an invasion as rape? Will he argue that the woman in resisting the desire of the rapist is restraining his liberty? Will he deny that the rapist is an invader or assert that the woman is just as much as an invader—as far as he knows about invasion. (4)

A. H. SIMPSON.

1. Yes, this is a practical question. How is it to be answered? I reply, by the method of induction—that is of observation and experiment; or, to avoid any possible suspicion of the pedantic and unintelligible, it can be answered only by trying, and by observing the results of other people's attempts. Now what the experience of history—an exceedingly large one—teaches me, is that the more every man stood on his own pins and asked no help of organizations, nor indeed had any, to defend his liberty; the better his liberty was secured. The oldest tyrannies appear to have been instituted with a view either to prosecuting or resisting foreign conquest. But they didn't resist—they facilitated it. The Romans in the First Punic War began to beat the Carthaginians, the Dutch under William I and William III to beat their invaders, the French in 1792 to repel the united hosts of Europe, the French in 1870 to make head against the Germans, just when their governments, which raised the muzz, dropped out, and left them to their own resources. The American colonies were able to defend their liberty in the Revolutionary War because they had as good as no government. If they had been saddled with the constitution then, it would have enslaved them or they would have had to shoot it. Similarly, private "invasions" (vulgarly called crimes) are, according to a similar experience, not "restrained" but increased by organizations for their "suppression." Ergo—the one really dangerous invader of liberty is the benevolent party who offers to protect it! Moreover, the way he becomes dangerous is very obvious. Having persuaded a "defense association" to "employ" him as "executive"—the only apparent use of any such association for a common purpose being division of labor—he has at his command their collective force. But the *pons asinorum* of Anarchism is that people do not take the trouble to govern for nothing. Armed with this little (?) brief authority, our benevolent friend will soon get to playing fantastic tricks—at least, some of the members will be sure to think he does so. Then, to preserve the organization, they must "differentiate" again—every member a judge, won't do—there must be a further division of labor—an elected or oth-

erwise authorized judge. It gives me that tired feeling to have to explain that a little brief authority will work just the same on the judiciary as on the executive. He too, will get to playing fantastic tricks before high heaven. It is true that his tricks and the executive's do not always *gee*; and that the people who were foolish enough to give them power, may recover a part of the lost inheritance thru their falling out. But, in America, with its record from Washington to McKinley, need I spend any words on showing that a common interest in a common trick normally binds executive, judiciary, and legislature, to act together; or that the people, hocused with the mummery and gibberish of freemen's votes, do not think their liberties in danger even, when any intelligent individual can see they have none left?

2. Because it is a joker. Because no two men who want to do mutually incompatible things can agree on which is "invading" the other's "equal" freedom. Certainly, the advocates of compulsory vaccination, prohibition, Comstock laws, etc., *do* say that obstinately risking a contagious disease, dealing in a seductive poison, offending the public eye by indecent exhibitions, etc., *is* invading the equal freedom of others; and they are quite right in saying there is no test by which it is distinguished from things admitted by sundry others to be invasions of such freedom—if any man says it is "invasion" to make night hideous with a charivari band and is not invasion to make day hideous with a Black Crook poster, that's because he does not wish to join the band and rather likes the poster! So it all comes round at last to the will of the strongest mob, which we usually presume is the biggest. We may very rationally resolve against having anything to do with mobs, especially in the active contagious form of governments; but to make mobs rational will always be a labor of Sisyphus.

3. Mr. Simpson appears to be my witness that no one doubts what invasion of absolute liberty is; while the nearest newspaper or law-book will show him that substitution of "equal" for "absolute" makes the question unanswerable. Surely, then, intelligibility alone is a strong argument for the "absolute" formula.

4. A woman, Mr. Simpson informs me, is "justified" in doing anything to resist rape, even to knocking out the man in the case with poison, as the beautiful princess Badraddoudour did the African magician. But no one is "justified" in suppressing the singer of a bawdy song: This is his view of equal liberty; for which he gives the reason usual in such cases, that is none at all. As to what I think about it—I wouldn't much blame the woman for cutting short a bawdy song which annoyed her, with a parasol employed like a shillalah. C. L. JAMES.

— o —

A coachman, hearing one of the wheels of his coach make a great noise, and perceiving that it was the worst one of the four, asked it how it came to take such liberty. The wheel answered that from the beginning of time creaking had always been the privilege of the weak.—Esop.

But what about the wheels which are too *ak* to creak—the American "sovereigns"?

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