

DEC. 21 '02



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 51.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 393.

To

Break the chains which gall and grind thee,
Burst the fetters which do bind thee,
Ere thou seekest to liberate
Those thou scorn'st and seem'st to hate.
Ere thou seekest to others free,
Arouse! Awake! no longer be
Thyself a weeping, cowering slave.
Oh! free thyself! thy pathway pave
With roses sweet, bereft of thorn;
Be free as air of blushing morn.

If thou hast a mind assert it,
Sever thou the bonds that girt it,
Be free from rule, be free, be free!
Think for thyself; think, feel and see.
No longer love, no longer hate,
No longer censure or berate
Just what another shall decide.
Think thine own thoughts, think and abide
By thine own thoughts, and not another's;
Thine own, and not thy mate's or lover's.

Home, Wash.

SADIE A. MAGOON.

To the Workingmen.

I have only a short while to live, but before I die I should like to say a few words to you, the workingmen, to tell you what I think of your present condition and give you my advice as to the best means for your delivery from it.

Perhaps something that I have thought and still think—and I have thought very much of you—may be of some use to you.

I naturally address the Russian laborers, among whom I have spent my life and many of whom I know, but I am in the hope that my thoughts may possibly be of some value to those of other countries.

The fact that you workingmen and laborers are forced to pass your life in poverty, not to say misery; that you are condemned to the hardest kind of work that does not benefit, while other people who do not work reap all the profits of your work—the fact that many of you are practically slaves of these people, and the fact that this is unjust, must be clear to anyone who has a heart, and eyes to see with.

But what is to be done to change this? The first means, the most natural means which offers itself to you and always has done so, is to use force to deprive these people of what they have no right to possess.

This is what the slaves tried in Rome in olden days; it was attempted by the peasants in Germany and France in medieval times, and it has repeatedly been tried by peasants and laborers in all countries in modern times.

Tho this seems to be the means that has always presented itself first, it has never

helped anywhere, and far from bettering the condition of the laborer, it has always made his position worse.

A thousand years ago when the governments were not as strong as they are now, there was still some hope of accomplishing something, but today, when the governments that always defend those who do not work are in possession of immense amounts of money, when they control the railroads, the telegraphs, the police, the gendarme and the armies, all such attempts at forcible revolt must always end fatally for the laboring classes, and the power of the nonproducing class will grow stronger with every unsuccessful attempt.

When you laborers try to throw off your fetters by force you act like a man bound with strong ropes who tries to break them, but only succeeds in pulling the knots tighter, instead of untying them. The labor problem can never be solved by force.

This fact, that the laborer gains nothing by attempting revolution, but only makes his condition worse, is evident to all, and therefore the men who are interested or pretend to be interested in the welfare of the workingmen have thought of other means to free him from slavery. This means is based upon the doctrine that when all laboring men shall have been deprived of the ground that they possess, when they shall all have become factory hands (which time, according to this theory, is bound to come), when they shall have formed first unions, then cooperate concerns; when they shall have sent their representatives into legislature, then the time will come when they shall gradually improve their condition and finally they shall own in part, or maybe even in full, all the factories and all the land, and be absolutely free and independent. Tho this doctrine is evidently vague, full of arbitrary propositions, contradictions and nonsense, it has grown strong, and is still gaining territory every day.

Its teachings are accepted and believed in, not only in countries where the majority of laborers have given up farming decades ago, but also in countries where nearly all the workingmen are still occupied in the tilling of the soil.

One would think that a doctrine like this that asks the workingman, living and working in free, open air, occupied in good, healthful farming work, to give up his free, wholesome life close to nature's bosom and move into the noise and impure atmosphere of the city, to work like a machine in monoto-

nous work in a factory, and to live in filthy, squalid tenement lodgings that will drive the color out of the cheeks of his children, would not have much chance of success among thoughtful men who, working their native soil, are not used to being slaves, as the workers in a modern factory practically are.

And still this doctrine that is called Socialism is rapidly gaining even in a country like Russia, where 98 per cent of the workingmen are still occupied in farm work.

All over the world the large, too large, cities are drawing the young people away from their rural homes. They see nothing but the glare and brightness of city life, and it attracts them like the flame of a candle attracts a moth; but I am glad to say that our workingmen in Russia, as a general rule, have heard nothing of the theories of Socialism, or, if they have, consider them a foreign invention that they do not care to trouble their minds with.

I wish that Socialism might meet with as little success in all other countries. All its propaganda, all its proclamations and sending representatives into the parliaments, should be of little or no interest to the freeman that follows the most natural occupation of man—tilling the soil of his fathers and forefathers.

The laborer of today who is still staying away from the immorality and unnatural atmosphere of the city, who spends his time in sowing the seed and reaping the harvest that God may give him, does not need higher wages or shorter hours—he only needs one thing—land, and he does not need so very much of this to be able to support himself, his wife and a family of morally and physically strong children.

All intelligent Russian laborers understand that this is true.

A simple Russian peasant wrote to me in a recent letter. "If we revolt, and all land remains the property of a few privileged individuals, it is clear to everyone that our revolution has been in vain. I have friends living in Roumania who tell me that they have a constitution, a parliament, but still all land is owned by a few very wealthy men. What is the advantage of having a parliament and constitution when the political parties think of nothing but their own interests and forget the people, whom they are supposed to represent, and who are driven into poverty and despair by the oppression of the wealthy and the taxes of the government?"

"Land," says this ignorant peasant, "is all that is worth fighting for, all that is necessary to enable a man to make a living." And still the Socialist leaders say nothing about the land, or at least its importance is put second to that of owning the factories.

It is strange to see how a laborer, who, having voluntarily left his free and easy and, foremost of all, perfectly healthy life in the field and forest of God's own nature, ten years afterward is full of joy if his employer, the owner of the factory, gives him the right to a little shanty in an unhealthy locality surrounded by a few square feet of ground, on which he may be able to raise half a dozen cucumbers and a few heliotropes. And still, when you look deeper into it, his joy is perfectly natural. It is the joy of living on your own property, of raising some of the necessities of life by your own hand, and this joy is innate in every human being.

It is true that in every country where industry and manufacturing are developed to a high degree, as in England and in Belgium and in the United States, it would be difficult for the laboring class to return to the country and farm life; but that it is difficult does not necessarily mean that it is impossible; it only means that the laboring masses must come to the conclusion that the change would be for their own good, that it will benefit themselves and their families in every way, that they look around for means to realize it, and that they make up their mind that they will not always remain industrial slaves, that they have a right to be free and independent.

And then when their eyes have been opened to this, they must demand the land, that is now owned by a few; they must demand it of their own governments, not as a favor, but as a right, for the reason that all land should belong to those who will work it and not to a class of useless drones.

But you will ask, should then everybody live in the country, should everybody till the soil? My answer is: "Yes, why not, as long as your work will then be able to make us all entirely independent, and as it was God's will that man should be."—Tolstoy.

—o— The Chicago Martyrs--and After.

We have commemorated the brave death of five men, united in aim and hope, who accepted and were proud to bear the appellation which was meant to brand them with shame.

They were plain men, and each had but labored as scores, nay, hundreds, are today laboring to organize the intelligence and arouse the sleeping intelligence of the oppressed millions. They grasped the significance of one of the most portentous labor disturbances in the history of America. They were demanding justice for the working people. And thus drawn into the full tide of a series of terrible occurrences that raised the time to the dignity of an epoch, they set out, quite independently of one another, to travel the short, strait path of martyrdom. Each from his own starting-point, they converged upon a certain narrow platform where they joined hands and spoke their final words—and their greatest—in supreme harmony. (1)

Thus we look back and see them standing together, their faces lighted with the same glow of revolt and self-sacrifice.

In the triumphant passing of those men was unfolded the significance of that era; in their martyrdom was at last translated the meaning of the terrible sequence of oppressive measures with which were ushered in the strikes, starvation, and cold-blooded highway murders of the years previous to 1886.

If we regard the year 1887 as the culmination, merely, of all that struggle and disturbance in the industrial world, despair must mingle with our reflections, and not even the heroism and utter purity of their death can compensate for the stifling of those forces of discontent. (2) If, however, we look at it as the starting-point of a new era, the breeder of renewed definiteness and vigor among the agitators—and in the light of subsequent events it is, I think, rightly to be regarded thus—we can, with stern satisfaction, look upon their martyrdom as not in vain, and can rejoice that the blood they shed was poured into veins that today nourish a sturdy and steady propaganda of Anarchism.

A period of strikes, less turbulent but not less portentous in far-reaching cause and effect than the strikes of fifteen years ago, now confronts us. A summary of the situation is as yet premature, yet even now certain definite gains may be counted, certain steps forward have been made, never to be retraced, the point of attack has been pushed a trifle further from which future departures will be made.

It is well just now to recall the fact that the foundations of the success of John Mitchell in organizing the toilers of diverse race and many tongues in the coal regions of Pennsylvania were first laid by the labors of Albert R. Parsons who, on repeated missionary journeys among those workers in the year prior to 1886, sowed the seed of discontent and preached the gospel of organization that have at length borne fruit.

And John Mitchell is made of the same stuff as the Chicago martyrs. It is very easy to point out the opportunities he has missed—let us not be dazzled by the possibilities of the situation. Our comrades of Chicago could not have better comprehended the rights of labor than does the man who has guided this tremendous strike; and it is very doubtful whether any one of them could have accomplished more of a positive nature than he is doing.

Thus, from the present crisis, we look back to that of the 80's and we see that same spirit working, and feel that our comrades would rejoice in the augmenting consciousness of the wage-earners which paralyzed the federal hand and wrung for itself recognition from vested interests.

Our comrades were not preaching an armed uprising during those heated weeks in the streets of Chicago. Had red revolution come, it would have been in spite of them, not because of them. They doubtless knew well its inevitable train of reaction. At any rate, upon the witness stand they vehemently and conclusively defended themselves from the charge. (3)

It is with surprise and shame that I see this year's commemoration of their death inaugurated in FREE SOCIETY with eulogies on the act of a lunatic, Leon Czolgosz. (4)

Whatever force the act eulogized might

acquire had it been performed by a person in full possession of his faculties, it loses every vestige of significance before the well-established dementia and irresponsibility of the perpetrator.

But suppose it were true that Czolgosz was a "self-poised man." Can the notion be for a moment entertained by any sane mind that his act was helpful to the cause of progress! (5) McKinley was no bloody tyrant. He was a tool. Moreover, he was the representative of the majority in this country. It was for the interest of capital to bamboozle that majority into accepting him as their representative; but the fact remains that the great mass of the people of the United States regarded McKinley as their representative and they supported the atrocious acts of his administration.

They were perfectly agreeable to the theft of the Philippines; they applauded the headlong rush of this country toward financial inflation; they viewed with pride the suicidal policy of the man they had elected. No matter that the people of this country were the mere puppets of a ring of capitalists, they are the ones with whom a Czolgosz must reckon, and it is folly to imagine that they will ever see any point in murder. As a matter of fact, McKinley has become a saint, and in his dramatic death at the climax of his career, he exerts a more insidious influence than if he had been allowed to live and reap the harvest of his sowing. The forces of government have profited, and have in every way recruited strength to oppress. I denounce every attempt to drag the Chicago martyrs into companionship with Czolgosz.

HELEN TUFTS.

COMM. NT.

1. The meaning here is dubious. If by "a certain narrow platform" is meant the eight-hour movement, which at the time of the Haymarket outbreak was convulsing the entire country, Comrade Tufts is correct. The Chicago comrades took advantage of that movement to spread ideas of a more comprehensive and radical philosophy. But if it is intended to convey the idea that the social-economic views of the Chicago Anarchists were narrow, I think it due to a misconception of those views. This latter inference is suggested by the well known fact that all so-called "philosophical Anarchists" have repudiated the doctrines taught by the Chicago comrades.

2. Why should "despair . . . mingle with our reflections" in regarding the year 1887 as the culminating period of a long course of agitation along certain lines? The revolutionary movement which was represented in Chicago and other cities of this country from 1875 to 1887 by the International Association was necessary to the full development of radical thought. Like every movement it had its growth and fulfillment. It counted among the thousands of adherents the greatest minds and the most heroic souls in the world. Its culmination in the great tragedy of 1887 was necessary to its complete development, and to the next step, and that "next step" was truly the "starting point of a new era," for it marked a distinct change in the methods of agitation and investigation. I think we should rejoice, rather than despair, over the fact that as a direct result of the agitation and events

which culminated in the death of the Chicago comrades the truths of radicalism have been sown broadcast, resulting in the leavening of ideas concerning political government everywhere.

3. They vehemently defended themselves against the charge of murder and inciting to murder. They did not, however, deny that they were revolutionists. They never denied the charge of preaching insurrection and revolution. They rather gloried in the fact; and I can bear witness to the fact that they *did* preach revolution and forcible expropriation to the thousands who heard them. Why deny this fact? Unlike the popularity seeking reformers, revolutionary Anarchists do not care to evade the stern issue of their doctrines. But remember, open, armed insurrection, which they one and all at that time commended, meant a different thing from assassination and murder. They believed—and who will dispute them?—that forcible revolution is the last refuge of an oppressed people.

4. The comrade seems to infer here that the article by our late comrade Kate Austin on Leon Czolgosz was written to commemorate the anniversary of the martyrs' death. This is absurd. Czolgosz was electrocuted on October, 29, 1901, and it was to commemorate his death that the article was written, which was published last October. Comrade Tufts has a right, of course, to her opinion as to the insanity of Czolgosz, but why not allow the same right of opinion to others, and the same right to express that opinion as she claims for herself? In defending and eulogizing Czolgosz Kate Austin revealed some of those remarkable traits of character which raised her far above the ordinary level of her sex. Her tender heart ached for the misfortunes and sufferings of the unfortunate young man, who, almost alone, had to bear the maledictions of his enemies; and not being guided by motives of policy, as many of us are, she wrote her true, honest convictions. As she is dead, let her and her opinions rest in peace. But if this critic harbors the belief that the Chicago martyrs, or any of them, would have unreservedly condemned Czolgosz on account of his deed, I am sure she is in error. They might have condemned the deed itself as unnecessary and unwise, but they certainly would not have shared this comrade's feelings of indignation and abhorrence against the man.

5. I think it is best not to be too sure that no "sane mind" can believe that the cause of progress has been helped by the deed of Czolgosz. It certainly has caused thousands of people to think very deeply who never gave the subject of Anarchism any thought before. The fact is that events like this are as milestones along the pathway of progress, marking the way, and pointing out to the watchful student the means of man's irresistible march onward. I feel like repeating one of Dyer D. Lum's favorite sayings, "Events educate." After all, how inscrutable are the ways of—providence. We can almost join our Christian brethren in saying

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

WM. HOLMES.

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Freedom removes crime.

The Issue.

To commence an investigation of the principles of currency is to enter a region which may be justly described as chaos. The very sound of the word currency makes a man turn his back or shut his ears; his immediate instinct is to fly from a subject with which he associates such unendurable jargon. To obtain clear, definite, and intelligible knowledge in currency almost seems to be a task exceeding the powers of the human intellect. "There is no need," exclaimed recently an ex-lord mayor in the House of Commons, "to go into all the deeper quagmires of bank-notes and such things, which no man could understand in this world, or in the next."—"Currency and Banking," by Prof. Bonomy Price, p. 1.

Why? Because it is a clever scheme of the exploiters to exploit. But, to quote again from the above book, pp. 3-4:

Do the practical men (bankers and bill-brokers) follow the road of all true science, and analyze down to first principles? Had such been the course pursued by so-called authorities, currency would not be in the mire of confusion where we find it today.

No one accepts calculations which contradict the multiplication table. In currency like common practise is to have no multiplication table, to lay down no first principle to which every doctrine must be referred.

Money is the government,—money corrupts even the very elect, be they parson, politician, president, or judge; and there is no hope for humanity under such conditions. Take the power out of money, and it would allow men the opportunity of being at least as happy as monkeys appear to be.

Industrial Socialism is a grand idea, and would work wonders for Labor; but when the ballot is referred to as a savior, it must be remembered that Labor will have to wait till 1904 before being once more sold and fooled by the money power; whereas a "general strike" to obtain that which the Central Labor Union of Cleveland, Ohio, have as the first plank of their platform, viz., "Abolition of national banks and substituting legal tender treasury notes for them, and issue all money direct by the government," could be accomplished in three months. And it is not unreasonable to think that, as one labor union has made an advance, others will also see it as the quietest and quickest mode of gaining their rights. Then with a vast increase in the volume of exchange medium, usury—the curse—would become an unknown thing, to be followed by an era of free production and free consumption, which is not the chimera that many consider it. Kropotkin demonstrates in "Fields, Factories and Workshops" that to grow the yearly bread food for an average family of five, would be less than a fortnight's work of one man; and that under a proper combination of labor, twenty to twenty-four months of one man's work would be sufficient to secure forever, for a family of five, an apartment or a house provided with all the comforts which modern hygiene and taste could require.

One more point. The Texas flowing oil wells are now yielding oil, at a labor cost of six cents a barrel of 41 gallons, including delivery on board of ship.

Majority rule never can be freedom; but industrial Socialism will be a long stride in the right direction. It will certainly give the now overworked toilers time and inclination to think out the problem of correct living.

KINGHORN-JONES.

COMMENT.

I am not sure that I make out what Kinghorn-Jones wants. None of us, I suppose,

object to a general strike, if it can be gotten up, for most any purpose which will rattle the boss thieves. But if he thinks State Socialistic inflation of currency will perform those miracles once predicted by our greenbackers, I fear he is mistaken. The fundamental principles of currency are there. A thing is worth (in something else) what it will fetch of the same. The precious metals are a convenient common measure of all values—potatoes or anything else in a common measure, but on account of bulk, perishability, fluctuations in value, etc., none has been found so convenient as gold and silver, except good paper. The test of goodness in paper is that it will exchange at its face value in that scale which custom, founded on convenience, has established, for anything—including specie. *The trouble with government paper is the temptation to issue till it won't*; and the idea that this raises prices, promotes business, etc., is an error. The speculation which follows it is an unwholesome effect of an ephemeral stimulus, which cannot last. The subsequent collapse and hard times are the misery of sobering up, inevitable after a drunk.

C. L. JAMES.

Literature.

"To the Workingmen" is the name of the latest pamphlet by Leo Tolstoy, published in the Russian language by A. Tchertkoff, Christchurch, Hants, England. A condensed extract from it the readers will find on the first page of this issue, taken from the Chicago American, in which it appeared under the heading "Back to Nature." Our Russian-speaking readers can purchase the pamphlet from M. Maisel, 192 E. Broadway, New York. Price, 15 cents.

John Most's "Gottespest" (Deistic Pestilence) is now at last published in English by the Free Commune Press, 11 Brigham Terrace, Adelaide St., Hull, England. Price, one penny (two cents).

LETTER-BOX.

E. R. Transient.—I still think you are mistaken, i. e., that trades unions are legal. According to the *Forum* (August, 1901, p. 694), the Supreme Court of New York in 1836 decided that labor organizations were unlawful. Greetings.

To Correspondents.—It ought to be known by this time that Ida Craddock's books are prohibited from the United States mails, and cannot be purchased anywhere. After the American "sovereigns" become of age, their guardian, St. Anthony, may permit them to peruse the books.

M. F., Farmington, Tenn.—That you are "a law-abiding citizen" will be appreciated by the powers that be, but as "a non-resistant" you are, according to the Constitution of your State, at least a nuisance; for it contains the following clause: "Government being constituted for the common benefit, the doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind."

F. L. P., Bell, O.—Your idea of having laws to prevent oppression is a little amusing, considering that it is only thru laws that oppression is made possible. If you wish to cite the first amendment to the Constitution as a "good law," I point out that as such it is a dead letter. Witness the Comstock laws, and others. Liberty can never be protected by laws, but rather by an independent spirit among the people. As soon as this is delegated to others, it is a sure sign we are on the road to government and slavery.

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

Published Weekly by..... A. ISAAC.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 331 WALNUT ST., Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the Chicago post office as second-class matter, October 29, 1931.

The publishers as such are not necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors.

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, 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.

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Notes.

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

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 28, "The Materialistic Basis of History."

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 28, 8 p. m., at 72 Adams St. Particulars will be announced next week, also in the dailies. All interested in the society are requested to be present at the Progressive Club on Friday, December 19.

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 evening, 8 p. m., 278 Blue Island Ave. December 20, Chas. T. Brown speaks on "The Social Question."

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

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

An Appeal!

DEAR COMRADES.—For almost two years we have witnessed the adverse circumstances under which FREE SOCIETY is published. A small group of comrades have undertaken to lighten the burden of the publishers, and to improve the paper if possible. But the number of its friends is not large, and their resources are limited, while its enemies are numerous and powerful. The doctrine which it stands for are so unpopular that they are merely tolerated by the vast majority of the reading public and the ruling class. This we believe is due primarily to the ignorance of the people generally concerning the principles of Anarchism. To dispel this woful ignorance, and to place our principles before the people in their true light, is the task of this paper. We think you will agree with us, that there is needed the most energetic, unremitting agitation; and this can be accomplished by wholesale distribution of our literature, by talking, lecturing, and writing, and last, but by no means least, by supporting, morally and financially our weekly journal.

It costs considerable money from week to week to publish and distribute an eight page paper like FREE SOCIETY. Not only must the expense of setting up, printing, and mailing the paper be promptly met; but money is constantly needed for incidental expenses. As there is no advertising patronage, this expense must be paid for out of money received for individual subscriptions, hence the absolute necessity that these should be promptly paid.

Now we do not believe there is any real lack of interest on the part of our comrades, or that they would willingly jeopardize the existence of FREE SOCIETY by neglect. We feel sure that it is only necessary to call attention to these matters to have increased vigor in the movement, and a more hearty support of the paper. Nevertheless, if some of our comrades permit themselves to fall in arrears on their subscriptions, a heavier burden is thrown on those who do pay and will sacrifice much rather than have FREE SOCIETY placed in jeopardy.

The constant improvement of our paper—your paper—in every possible way is the earnest desire of both publishers and its supporters, and to this end they are bending every effort; all they ask is that subscribers will do their share. We know that you are ready to do your part, and feel sure that in asking you for a prompt renewal of your subscription we are but emphasizing a thought which you have already entertained.

But this is not sufficient. A greater quantity of pamphlets ought to be published and distributed, and sample copies of FREE SOCIETY be sent broadcast, in order to make the paper widely known. The publishers ought to have leisure enough to keep in touch with current literature, and devote themselves more to current events than has been the case. All this requires means, and it is for this reason that we appeal to the comrades in the different cities for assistance, which can be rendered by paying their subscriptions promptly, gaining new subscribers, and arranging entertainments for the benefit of the propaganda.

To the chronic "kickers," who ever find

fault with the movement in general and the paper in particular, we would like to say that we claim no perfection and are of the opinion that reasonable and candid "kicking" is rather a necessary element for the promotion of progress. But matters cannot be improved by silence and the withdrawal of our support, and so we invite all comrades who have the movement at heart, either to point out the inefficiency of the paper and its management, or make suggestions for improvement.

Finally, we kindly request the comrades to contribute articles on pertinent questions, especially on current events, in order to make the paper more lively and interesting.

For PROGRESSIVE CLUB.

R. GOODHEART.

R. GROSSMAN.

Chicago, 919 Talman Ave.

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By the Wayside.

"Curses, like chickens, come home to roost." Prominent magazines, which not so long ago tried to excel each other in the rivalry of "exterminating the enemies of society," are now—alho reluctantly—casting searching glances at the Anarchist contentions regarding all forms of government. Mr. Stoddard Dewey a few months ago shed bitter tears over the fact that "democracy and representative government has proven to be a failure," and *Harper's Weekly* for November sobers convulsively over the recognition that "universal suffrage has not given us good government." And the Anarchist complacently and calmly smiles: "We told you so."

The little Venezuelan republic is now the victim of prey in the interest of a few European capitalists, supported by their respective governments. The fleet of the United States is "looking on," awaiting its share in the division of the spoil. It is needless to show that such invasion would never occur if it was not for government and commercialism—the root and branch of all evils.

The American dailies are rather indignant that the Swiss government was "cowed by public opinion," and "the court martial dealt most lenient with the soldiers who refused to shoot on the people during the November riots. Fourteen accused soldiers were sentenced to two day's arrest only, after declaring that they were ready to move against a foreign enemy at any time, but would never consent to shoot fellow-citizens." But worse phenomena are rising on the horizon, Mr. Plute; for it is dawning upon the slaves that even the "foreign enemy" is only an imaginary one.

The Ohio Supreme Court has declared the act of April 16, 1900, to enforce an eight-hour day on all public works, to be unconstitutional. Try again, boys! But remember: "There is no royal road to freedom." While you cringe and crawl before corrupt and venal lawmakers, it is the trades union man who is gaining the eight-hour day without lobbying with politicians, and no supreme court dares to dispute its legality.

The religious persecutions in Russia, as related in another column in this issue, do not indicate that we are far in advance of the middle ages, when the stake and torture-chamber were the only arguments against heretics.

In an expostulatory letter to the *Record-Herald*, Simeon Jokel, of Elwood, Ind., remonstrates against the freedom of speech given to the Anarchists, and appeals for "drastic measures" to "deal with this class," or else this "free country" may go to the dogs. "We are governed because we will it so," he exclaims, and is surprised at the "audacity of this handful of Anarchists" who claim that this government is a tyrannical institution. It is, of course, useless to argue with such Yokels; but he may be reminded that he is "talking thru his hat" when he asserts that the Anarchists are advocating "assassination" and a "reign of terror"; and that an "overwhelming majority" were quite willing to be ruled by George III. But a handful of "the wisest and most liberty-loving men the world has ever seen," according to Mr. Jokel, agitated against the rule of England, and Mr. Jokel knows the result. "Terror reigned" before the "wisest men" were enabled to write the Declaration of Independence, which, by the way, has always been a dead letter in this "free country," as it is bound to be under any form of government. He may also recollect, that one of "the wisest men," Thomas Jefferson, had very little confidence in the government he had helped to institute, if a revolution should not take place every twenty years. But aside from this, these Yokels have very little faith indeed in their institutions of education, the press, and the intelligence of the American people, if they are so terrified by the arguments of "a handful of Anarchists."

The editor of *Der Zeitgeist*, a monthly of the San Francisco German Freethought Association, very ably and appropriately criticizes the false notion that "common sense" is a sound article. What was "common sense" in an earlier age, is sheer nonsense at the present time. In fact, common sense very rarely corresponds with scientific facts, argues the writer. "It is true, science leads thru intricate ways—thru darkness to light," still science is the only thing we can safely rely on in the end. So far, so good. But the editor is a stubborn believer in "scientific" Socialism, majority rule, and the "administration of things"—a belief as fallible as "common sense," and his readers would certainly be grateful if he would prove scientifically that majority rule is the proper guide for intelligent men.

INTERLOPER.

Important Matters.

Sad indeed it is when the time comes that a State feels that it has a mission! Unfortunately it is always a selfish mission; there is uniformly in such cases some design for self-advancement covered up and concealed under the pretence of kindness or charity for others. The Romans believed they had a mission, and acting in accordance with that

mission, they continued on till they had subdued the world. The English had a mission in both India and South Africa, and their mission there is being developed still. The French are believers in the same doctrine, tho they have by no means carried the idea to such an unwarranted extent as we notice in the case of the English. And now the Americans have come to believe that they also have a mission, and they feel that they are doing the Lord's work, down in Cuba and over in the Philippines! But to those who know all the facts and motives operating in connection with such an undertaking, how absurd, how ridiculous and how dishonest the whole proceeding appears! Individuals have a mission as well as nations have. Caesar and Napoleon had missions; so did Alexander, so did Nero, so did Charlemagne. Indeed, every murderer has a mission, which is usually to kill somebody.

J. WILSON.

Here and There.

Everyone knows how the children of Prince Khilkoff, one of the noblest and kindest of men who sacrificed his wealth and privileges and was the intimate friend of Tolstoy, were taken from him. In 1897, by order of Pobiedonostseff, his religious agents took the children of the dissenters of the provinces Samara and Saratoff and distributed them over different monasteries and police establishments. Only under the influence of the mighty protest of Tolstoy, the children were restored to their parents by that Uriah Heep with the power of a Torquemada. However, he took his revenge on Tolstoy by the latter's excommunication from the Russian Church, so ridiculously proclaimed by the Holy Synod.

Seldom do the facts of their cruelty leak out, especially with the particulars and names of victims and localities, as everybody dreads the merciless revenge of the powerful inquisitor. But this time it is possible to give facts well ascertained. A peasant, Ivan Semerenko, of the village of Plosky (Chernigoff province), told Mr. Pavloff, a Baptist preacher in Tultcha, the following:

In 1896 our landlord General Matskovsk's son had with him a German Baptist, August Kronstein, under whose influence myself and my wife renounced the Russian official Church and especially the worshipping of icons. When this became known to the authorities, I was taken before a missionary and a priest who insisted that I should prostrate myself before the icon; on my refusal I received fifteen lashes with the birch. A fortnight afterwards I was taken again before them and subjected to the same corporal punishment. Three weeks later they made several similar attempts to convert me; but when they saw that I persevered in my faith, they tied my legs and arms with a rope and hoisted me up. Two of my torturers lit cigarettes and burned my flesh in different places and one of them pricked me with a needle. I cried aloud with pain and they cut the rope so suddenly that I fell on my head and lost consciousness. No less cruel were they with my wife. One of the torturers inflicted upon her was to place her breasts between two pieces of wood and press until the blood spurted out

After that I was left in peace for two months; but on the 1st of December a missionary came with two priests. Seeing that I still persevered, they ordered me to be put in the cold village prison and the local police agent struck me many times with a whip. The 4th of December I was taken to the police station. Passing a blacksmith's shop my torturers began again to speak to me of renouncing my heresy; on my refusal they dragged me in the shop and fixed my left arm and burnt me with a hot iron in ten places; still I persevered, and they tied me by my beard and undressed me, then burnt me along my spine forty to fifty times. Only after this they took me before the missionary at the police station. As I gave no answer to him, they took me back to prison.

Among the peasants, some pitied me and one tried to defend me. The unhappy man was immediately ordered to receive twenty-five lashes. Seeing this I said: "Punish me, as I am now used to it," with which words I took off my clothes and showed my burned back to the people. The peasants began to cry: "Down with such justice, which burns living people!" This time they let me go, and with the help of some peasants I succeeded in escaping to Roumania.

This martyr, Semerenko, showed his burned body to the above-named Baptist preacher, Pavloff, in presence of the Roumanian police and other citizens of Tultcha.

Semerenko is not alone, but the other victims are kept in prisons, in chains, at hard labor in Siberia by order of Pobiedonostseff and his helpers. Such is the religious tolerance which Pobiedonostseff asserts in his article in the *North American Review*.

It seems a sad fatality that every step forward in the Spanish labor movement is marked with blood. The extensive strikes in the southwest this autumn, led to the horrible massacre of workmen by gendarmes at La Linea, near Gibraltar; and now we hear of another murder about to be committed in the same district—this time slow, cold-blooded, legal murder, ordered by magistrates or court martial, whatever it be—*nine workmen are sentenced to be shot*.

Let us hope that the voice of protest of the whole body of the Spanish workers will thunder in the ears of the government in such a way that they will not dare to commit this new crime—at a moment when the indignation of the civilized world begins to be roused over a new series of revelations akin to those of the Montjuich horrors. The truth is made known at last, by the comrades of *Tierra y Libertad* of Madrid and others, concerning the legal proceedings—abounding in torture and lies—against the Andalusian peasants and laborers who, in 1883, were executed or sent to penal servitude for life or for many years for participation in the outrages ascribed to the so-called *Mano Negra* (the Black Hand), an organization which—as is now shown—never existed at all. The *Temps Nouveaux* reproduces a great part of these materials in French, and we shall resume this new chapter of legal horrors in our next issue.—*Freedom, London*.

If I object to a practise as bad, I can only show my sincerity by abstaining from it.—J. H. Morris.

The Land Despots of England.

II

Let me recall a few of the great demesnes that came under my own observation. Here, for instance, is the earl of Stair, in the shire of Wigtown, who owns thirty miles of the sheep wolds about his residence. The latter stands on the shore of a beautiful loch, near which are the ivy-covered ruins of Castle Kennedy. This, too, he has bought in. A fine old Scottish gentleman at the railway station in Ecclefechan told me that Sir Robert Jordan, of Castle Milk, in that region, had milked the Scotch of about thirty square miles of their land. Here in Yorks stretch the broad woods and lawns of Studley Royal, by Ripon—royal indeed in extent: first over two miles of approach thru an avenue bordered by lofty trees; then a mile or so more thru a kind of Vale of Tempe, along winding roads bordered by vista'd lawns and daisied glades, where the branches of cedars sweep the sod, and art and nature are cunningly blended, until you reach the ruined abbey in a lateral vale. The estate of Hawthornden, in Scotland, is a dream of beauty, extending along the steep sides of an Adirondack-like glen. I didn't wonder Ben Jonson unbosomed himself to Drummond in such an Eden as this. The world's reprobation of his predecessor seems to have soured the present owner of the estate (who is not, however, a lineal descendant of the Drummonds), judging by the number of snappish prohibitory notices about the grounds (which are shown for a fee), and the barbed-wire and the other iron-pointed fences. He seems to find a deal of surly sweetness in sucking his paws and growling (*more Scotorum*). I don't believe the whole two hundred thousand acres of the duke of Devonshire contain so many fussy prohibitions as do the few acres of this bonnet-laird of the north. At Chatworth I never saw a notice, tho I traversed the estate many times by various paths and roads. Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, is approached by a driveway more than a mile long—from the lodge-gate to the hall—thru a piece of waste upland large enough to feed a city, if properly cultivated. Its hundreds of half-dead oaks (dead at the top) give it something of the look of a southern swamp, or would do so, were it not for the herd of grazing cows. The squire of the little village (Birchover), where I passed the summer, owns 5,564 acres. But this is a bagatelle. The old duke of Rutland (the Lord Henry Sidney of Beaconsfield's "Sibyl") owns 70,000 acres in the county. He was living for economy's sake at his shooting lodge, a couple of miles distant from Birchover; for, altho he takes from everybody's pocket, he is too poor to occupy his grand Castle of Belvoir (pronounced *beever*) in Leicestershire. But the duke of Rutland's possessions are nothing to those of some others. The duke of Devonshire owns 85,000 acres in Derbyshire and the entire city of Eastbourne—36,000 inhabitants—on the English Channel, as the duke of Northumberland does Tynemouth—46,000 inhabitants; and neither of them will allow any house put up of which he does not approve. All three of these "jukes" (as the Scotch pronounce it) get big royalties on the coal and lead mined under their lands. Northumberland can drive thirteen miles

thru his satrapy in a straight line, and the duke of Cleveland's estate in Durham is fifty miles in circumference. Its lead mines bring him in fabulous sums, which, as may be imagined, require a large force of bookkeepers and clerks to handle.

I am indebted to my friend, Edward Carpenter, and especially to a pamphlet of his, now out of print (*Our Parish and Our Duke*), for some account of the way the duke of Rutland squeezes his poor tenants. (Nearly all the "noble lords" are tax-dodgers and extortioners. "There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth.") It seems the parish of Holmesfield contains one hundred families all poor. Their backs are bent with toil, and yet they average only \$250 a year. Why is this? Answer: They have to pay \$11,000 a year to the duke of Rutland in rents. Their land formerly belonged to the town, but in 1820 parliamentary permission was obtained to "enclose"—i.e., grab—2,570 acres in Holmesfield. (During the years 1760 to 1880 ten million acres were thus "enclosed," and chiefly by the lords.) The duke of Rutland made himself a present of 180 acres as the price of his consent to the profitable enclosure! He and a certain squire also bagged the town park and many bits of land with squatters' cottages on them. Now mark: the good farm lands of this generous prince of the noblesse are rated by the tax-collectors at only \$2.50 the acre—only half what they should be rated at, by the way; yet, when the towns near by want a piece of his rough uplands (appraised at sixty cents an acre) for a water reservoir, he holds it at *two hundred and fifty dollars an acre*. The towns, being poor, are unable to pay this monstrous price, and are consequently going thirsty. Saadi says, "To have mercy on sharp-toothed tigers is to be tyrannical toward sheep." You may range yourself with the duke of Rutland if you choose. I will take my stand with the hundred families of honest, hard-working Englishmen whose faces he is grinding. The praying mantis is a type of these lords, who are the precise counterparts of our Jay Goulds and Rockefellers. The mantis is furnished with huge arms and claws for seizing his prey, yet keeps them folded sanctimoniously before him, and his head bent piously down, as if in prayer. I noticed in the English newspapers that a plan has been broached for bringing water from the hills of the Peak down thru the valley of the Derwent, to supply the numerous towns on its banks, including, doubtless, the city of Derby, with a population of a hundred thousand. But a hard fight with the duke of Devonshire was confidently counted on, because it would be necessary to have the main pipe go thru his grounds an eighth of a mile from his residence. It is quite possible that this selfish man may block the whole beneficent work. For it will be remembered that the old duke of Rutland won in the fight with George Stephenson and the Midland Railway, and compelled them to tunnel at enormous expense rather than pass in front of his untenanted, semi-ruined Haddon Hall. A true gentleman is one who abates something of his right: is the House of Lords of Great Britain a collection of gentlemen? I observe

that a flunkey guide-book writer, who, like all his brethren, shrieks in superlatives, seriously speaks of the "sublime unselfishness," the "ultra-angelic meekness" of the duke of Devonshire in throwing open to the public (for a princely compensation in shillings) his palace of Chatsworth. The dual Neros forbid pure water to be drawn from the earth's bosom for their suffering fellows; but one of them—the eccentric duke of Portland (died 1879), whose long name we will shorten to William Bentinck—spent ten million dollars in building an utterly useless underground palace for his own crazy pleasure, and it was considered to be a good job: and of a piece with his wearing of six coats and a silk hat two feet high.

They have not even antiquity of family to gild their assumptions. The present owner of the ancient castle of the Percys at Alnwick is a Mr. Smithson. A thread manufacturer named Brooks owns Haddon Castle, in Ecclefechan, the old seat of the Herries family, of "Redgauntlet." These new lords of old castles, these "mushroom gentlemen that shoot up in a night to place and worship"—the Crayhaws, Holdens, Listers, Guests, Mapleses—step into the shoes of their predecessors in everything, and even wear their titles. The old stocks die out or are grafted onto new millionaire stock. Of the present dukes not one can boast that his family has been ennobled more than three or four hundred years. The ranks of the peers are ever recruiting from the commoners. There is a leveling up by intermarriage. None but the very rich can afford to live in the great castles and halls. Sir Thomas Lucy's Charlecote has come by marriage into possession of a gentleman who holds a secretarial position to a cabinet minister, but is too poor to live at Charlecote, I was told, or to lift its heavy mortgages, and therefore offers it for rent at \$5,000 a year, in the the meantime making a shilling show-place of it. As with the *dobilito*, so with the gentry. The old coarse-mannered squires and bonnet-lairds have many of them sold out to parvenu squires with twenty times their money.

The English people are like a patient, burden-bearing elephant with a crushing load of gorgeous rajahs lolling in the howdah on his back. The Anglo-Americans are a proud-stomached, aristocratic people by nature. The latest outbreak of the race-conquering spirit, the West Indies and the Philippines are even now experiencing at the hands of the Americans. Only precedence is not with us, as it is in England, actually part and parcel of the common law; nor in the United States are rank, ribbons and gold indispensable qualifications for the holding of highest office.

Undoubtedly the English people would long ago have risen and thrown off the burden of land sequestration, under which they are staggering, were it not that unrestricted emigration to the colonies and the vast increase of manufactures dispose of the restless and discontented element. And thus things are likely to go on till some interior convulsion or exterior force effects a change. When the coal gives out—and it is now mined in many places at levels so deep that the heat is almost unendurable—and the manufacturing population can get their bread only from the surface of the earth and in the open air,

and not under the earth or in factories, then we shall see a repetition of Cromwellian times, see England turned into a republic. And one of the first things that will be done will be the disafforesting (i. e., restoration to cultivation) of that third of the soil now held idle by the noble six hundred. If they exhibit a spark of Balaklava courage in its defense, they will disappoint me. I am sure they will have no more pluck than the duke of—, who one morning found a poor man on his land. Says the duke: "My man, I don't want you on this place. This land belongs to me." "How did you get it?" "From my father." "How did he get it?" "From his father." "But how did it originally come into your family?" "Well, I suppose my ancestor fought for it?" "Good," said the man, rising and pulling off his coat, "that was fair, and I'll fight with you for it." Needless to say, the offer was rejected. But there was no logical answer to the poor man's argument.—William Sloane Kennedy, in the *Conservator*, Philadelphia, June, 1900.

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Some Criticisms.

Allow a constant reader to indulge in a little friendly criticism, by way of change, in your interesting columns.

I think Kate Austin the most beautiful writer therein, as far as sentiment is concerned. Her several articles on Czolgosz were very courageous, sympathetic and logical, and, above all, she used such simple clear and convincing language. This latter is sadly wanting in some of your otherwise able correspondents. Take C. L. James, for instance, who writes much too "phraseological" to make plenty of converts; his language is too hard for the layman to catch the exact meaning; for the masses (remember, please, that it is the masses above all who need conversion) have neither the necessary education, nor the time and inclination to puzzle their "tired" heads with too many "isms," alias learned abstractions.

Make the reading matter as plain as possible for them; it appeals more to the ordinary man's heart, notwithstanding that some of these learned correspondents might call this sort of plain English "bad English," as sometimes they do in their whim.

A. LeRoy Loubal has an able article in your last issue—from the Anarchist's standpoint. For the enlightenmen tand entertainment of your readers, I begleave to reply to some of his pertinent questions in the concluding paragraph of said article. He says:

The difference between State Socialism and Anarchism is, the first is all government and the last no government.

In the Anarchist state each individual would have to strictly govern himself or herself, often against their will, from not interfering with other individuals' liberty, rights, comfort, safety and even belongings, such as self-made objects of personal use, comfort, beauty, etc., and which property does not come under the head of Proudhon's theft property, nor under the head of common property. Therefore, logically we have to have "all government" in the Anarchistic state too; call this personal or in-

dividual self-government, if you like, but it is government just the same, and clearly antagonistic to the "do as you please," etc., policy of Mr. James. The moment you allow that policy you reap everlasting riot and chaos all around. A strict observation and study of our inborn "human nature" and its tendencies demonstrates this on all sides to the really penetrating student; but, alas! the students who do not penetrate into things far enough before they rush into speech or print are too many, this is one of our present great social evils. Having to have, thus, in any event, some kind of government with us, we might as well look to the most practical solution out of the problem and embrace State Socialism as the most likely guide to our common goal—that of bringing about, perhaps not perfection, but the only true and universal religion; that of the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number. All else are only quack remedies.

To my fiery "real Anarchist" antagonists who dispute this I will say: Hold on, show me even the "realist" Anarchist who has a family, who does not rule or govern, however mildly, said family, and, as the human race is but a large family, meaning thereby that they always herd together, the same rule as to the small family holds absolutely good. (1)

You cannot serve a master and be free.

Exactly so. The conscientious Anarchist, having his own conscience as his master—prohibiting him this and that desire to infringe on his neighbors' rights or property, and which desire (so natural to all human kind in whatever state of society) is therefore neither a naturally free man nor an "ideal" Anarchist. And if, on the other hand, the ideal Anarchist refuses even his own conscience to dictate to him, why, then we indeed have reversed poor Old Darwin's theory and gone back to the apes. (2)

Can you make officials incorruptible?

Can you make any human being, including the most hide-bound Anarchists, incorruptible? (3)

Can you eliminate selfishness from man's nature?

You cannot; and that is just the rock on which the Anarchist's ship will founder. (4)

You cannot serve God and Mammon!

This is one of the war-cries of State Socialism, which latter will neither be in business to make any more mammon than the big family needs. (5)

F. CAMBENSY.

37 N. Hoyne Ave.

Chicago, Oct. 24, 1902.

COMMENT.

1. Mr. Cambensy seems to think it impossible for a man to refrain from stealing unless a policeman stands over him with a club. I can show him several Anarchists who do not govern their families, except by advice, precept and example.

2. He seems to be making men of straw for the purpose of knocking them down. The Anarchist has a right to govern himself, his will, his conscience, and desires.

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dare do more is none."

3. Yankee like, he answers with another question, dodging its damaging effect.

4. But how about the Socialist ship of state with its all in all government?

5. The "big family needs," if left to political Socialism, will "come out the little end of the horn, I imagine."

A. LE ROY LOUBAL.

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The Animal in Man.

In every human breast lurks the beast, ready to break loose and to destroy. Often it seems to be completely tamed. For years it does not appear. But in a dreadful moment it suddenly bursts forth, throws itself upon its keeper and subdues him.

He burns and murders, he steals and betrays, and behaves like a drunkard—like a madman. Sometimes the carouse evaporates in a few hours,—often it remains for life. But it always brings disaster and destruction.

Whence does the terrible creature come, which with man has ascended every height of civilization? Who nourishes it, that it ever gains new strength? Why does it not become extinguished? Is it perhaps immortal and omnipotent?

Ask the thief, whom it brought to prison! Ask the man in the poorhouse, of whom it made a drunkard! Ask the tramp, whom with demoniacal force it has thrown on the street! Ask the millionaire, whom thru its allurements became a swindler and thereby a rich man! No, better not ask him. He would tell you a long and brilliant tale about his truthfulness and honesty, his loyalty and temperance.

But the other three will unanimously proclaim that all their suffering can be traced to one cause—the devil Money—which made them criminals, drunkards, and homeless—either thru need or greed.

The blood and sweat of the poor the philosopher calls money. We all know that every dollar-bill is stained with blood and tears. But should all the untold suffering, distress and privation that money has created be unveiled, we would struggle and protest with all our might against the manufacturing of the mischievous dollar-bill, which makes peace and harmony impossible.

The beast in man is the genuine, legitimate child of Mammon. It lives and dies with its father. When mankind will not have to envy each other's possessions, then stealing and murdering will cease.

But so long as money again and again gives birth to envy and greed and all other base passions, so long will the beast thrive in us, which desolates and poisons our life and makes man the enemy of man. B.

— o —

This old society has long since been judged and condemned. Let justice be done! Let this old world be broken in pieces . . . where innocence has perished, where egoism has prospered, where man is exploited by man! Let these whitened sepulchres, full of lying and iniquity, be utterly destroyed.—Heinrich Heine.

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With the development of capitalistic production European public opinion has been stripped off the last rag of conscience and modesty. Each nation glories cynically in all the infamy that goes to hasten the accumulation of capital.—Flaubert.

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