



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST WORK, THOUGHT, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 349.

### Contrasts.

#### THE USELESS.

An emperor sat in a sumptuous room  
 'Neath the chandelier's mellow glow,  
 While close-drawn curtains of richest weave  
 Shut out the frost and snow.  
 The fragrant air is warm and still;  
 Rare pictures adorn the walls;  
 Priceless statues and works of art  
 Enrich the marble halls.  
 His hands so slender, small, and white  
 No useful toil have known;  
 Sheltered by those whose craven hearts  
 Fear the shadow of a throne:  
 The shadow that has held the race  
 For ages 'neath its ban,  
 The emblem of a dying creed—  
 The rule of man by man.

#### THE USEFUL.

The factory girl, as night comes down,  
 Turns homeward with weary feet,  
 Her frail form cowers and shrinks in vain  
 From the pitiless wind and sleet.  
 The room is dark, the fire is out,  
 Her friends are far away;  
 The rent is due, and so she spends  
 The pittance she earned today.  
 The rent must come. From the cruel street  
 She shrinks with a nameless dread;  
 For food and fuel she needs must wait,  
 She supperless goes to bed;  
 In the darkness of that cheerless room,  
 A life is wrecked tonight;  
 With breaking heart she sells herself  
 For a little warmth and light.

Which is worth the most, the useless king,  
 Surrounded by wealth untold,  
 This relic of an outgrown Past,  
 Or the maiden's pure white soul?  
 Armies and navies, kingdoms and powers,  
 With their tinsel and trumpet blare,  
 Are not worth one throb of the girl's pure heart  
 Ere it broke in wild despair.

Wathena, Kans.

MAUD ABBEY.

### Radical Reflections.

A great many years ago there was born, in an obscure village of Palestine, a babe; and its parents were so poor that this little child came into the world among the cattle and was laid in a manger upon a couch of straw. This infant of lowly origin had not even the birth-certificate of legal parentage, for his mother was a virgin, and he was the progeny of the gods—which in those days was the polite term for bastard.

But above the humble place of this poor babe's nativity there shone a bright and radiant star—the star of genius. The great world of that day was as indifferent to the doings of the common people, the toilers, as it is today. The birth of a prince was an

affair of great moment—not because a prince was wiser, or better, or more noble than other men, but because he was a prince, the son of a king. But this babe in the manger was not a prince: he was the nameless offspring of poverty and shame. But the star of genius, which seldom lighted the birth-advent of a titled prince, stood over that lowly manger, and from the portals of that cattle stall in Bethlehem, a new age issued forth, an age that has been made glorious by the greatest achievements of the human race.

This child, Jesus, as he grew to manhood, was not much of a success in life. He had no business enterprise, no financial ability. He was not even industrious, but showed a decided aversion to work. Instead of adapting himself to circumstances and going in to make his pile, he began to tramp around from place to place, making speeches against the rich and well-to-do, and stirring up discontent among the poor. He even attacked the religion of his time, and called the priests hypocrites and assailed the established Church with all the bitterness of the infidel.

He went around with a handful of ragged and shiftless followers like himself, for the most part ignorant fishermen, who could neither read nor write. He associated with rough and dissolute characters and was himself known as a winebibber and a glutton. He refused to condemn lewd women, but intimated that they were but little worse than their male patrons. His beard and hair were unkempt, he never changed his wearing apparel, and no one ever heard of his taking a bath. Of course the respectable well-to-do people called him an Anarchist, and thought he should be locked up as a matter of precaution.

His teachings were perfectly incomprehensible to the people of his day. Not even his own disciples understood him. He wanted to "divide up everything." He was constantly agitating against the social order. He talked about the rich as tho they were thieves, and even declared that a full grown dromedary might gallop thru the eye of a cambrick needle with less difficulty than a Wall street magnate would experience in squeezing under heaven's golden gate. Like the true Anarchist, he was always "agin the government," and was a perpetual nuisance and calamity howler.

He went around making stump speeches and street talks, in violation of the city ordinances. His motto seems to have been that of John Burns: "Down with all that's up, and up with all that's down." He not only wanted the rich to give everything they possessed away to the shiftless poor, but he inculcated improvidence in the minds of the industrious. He said "take no thought for the morrow." He wanted people to despise money and business affairs, and to emulate the example of the fowls of the air and the flowers of the field.

He was opposed to authority, to government. He decried punishment, repudiated resistance to evil. He said let the robbers rob; if they take your best Sunday coat, give them your Roosevelt hat or your necktie, or anything else that will satisfy them. Now, it is reasonably certain that he was not rightly understood. We do not know that he was correctly reported. He certainly would not be by a Chicago newspaper reporter of today. But assuming that Jesus really said the things attributed to him, it is little wonder that the ruling class of his day were anxious to be rid of him.

I suppose some people will object if I call Jesus an Anarchist, but I am sure the whole world would call him that if he lived today, and preached such doctrines: I believe that he has only one consistent disciple of note in this generation, and that person, Count Leo Tolstoy, of Russia, is an avowed Anarchist. And I am certain that the Church that bears the name Christian, does not believe in the doctrines taught by Christ. I am sure that the people who put a lightning rod on their \$5000 churches do not believe in the precept: "Take no thought for the morrow." John D. Rockefeller is a devout Baptist, but I suspect that he is not worrying much about what Jesus said of the camel, the needle's eye, and a rich man's chances of heaven. And so I say, Jesus was not understood in his day, and that very few of his professed followers today care to understand his teachings now.

The ruling power of his day had no use for Jesus, and accordingly he was put to death. That was not strange, if we reflect that, in our own times, about nineteen centuries later, five men were put to death in Chicago for holding and teaching views very similar to those held and taught by Jesus. You see

the ruling class of all countries and all ages have very little sympathy with reformers and revolutionists.

For three centuries after the death of the Galilean reformer, his followers were the object of persecution, and thousands suffered martyrdom for their convictions. It seems very strange to us that these early Christians should have been regarded as enemies of social order by the Roman empire—that nameless crimes should have been charged to them. History tells us that the Christians were outlawed; that every act of violence committed against the Roman government was laid upon the Christians. They were supposed to be thieves, assassins, and incendiaries. When Rome burned, it was charged that the Christians did it. They were persecuted with relentless vigor by the Roman government. They were hanged, beheaded, burned at the stake, and fed to wild beasts. And their persecutors honestly believed that they deserved this persecution.

This all sounds strange and wonderful in the light of our present triumphant Christian civilization. But is not history being repeated again, right in our own time? Is not the present insane prejudice directed against the Anarchists a parallel of the experience of the early Christians? Does not the dominant power today view the Anarchists very much as the dominant power of Rome viewed the Christians? Are not the Anarchists charged with all the crimes under heaven, and persecuted as no other people are persecuted? And yet they teach, as did Jesus, a doctrine of love and peace. Their very philosophy is the negation of violence—the antithesis of crime. Yet it is proposed in congress to make even the teaching of this philosophy of love and peace and human brotherhood a crime, punishable with death. So really, we have not advanced very far—our Christians today are not very far ahead of the pagans of Nero's time. And if Jesus was to appear today, he would not be crucified, perhaps, but he would certainly get the cold shoulder from the Church that is the loudest in his worship. And he would find Judge Gary not so fair a judge as Pilate; he would discover in President Roosevelt a kindred spirit of Herod.

ROSS WINN.

#### Lombroso and Anarchy.

In *Everybody's Magazine* (published by John Wanamaker) of February, 1902, there appears an article of Cesare Lombroso, entitled "Anarchy."

The author admits that there are some very striking truths embodied in this theory and points out as one of those "that it is not necessary to surrender one's own initiative into the hands of other individuals, called magistrates, ministers, etc., since they are anything but infallible, and often more apt to do harm than good."

"Even if men of infinite knowledge and integrity existed," Lombroso continues, "by the mere fact that they belonged to the government their power for good would be paralyzed, from the necessity of urging men at the head of affairs to settle matters

in which they are incompetent."

Lombroso further states that he is in full accord with the following, which he quotes from Kropotkin:

"Government has always been the violent domination of the few over the masses, a machine for the maintenance of privileges of those, who by force, cunning or inheritance have captured all the means of production." And our Turin professor adds immediately after this quotation: "It is very true, also," (italics mine), "that the protection of government is in nearly all cases *nil*; that one does not desist from murder for fear of the police; that there are thousands of people who live far away from the police. Gambling debts are not guarded by the law, and yet paid."

Now, these are some very essential truths of Anarchism, and one who believes in them must needs be an Anarchist himself. But Lombroso seems to shrink from the perilous admissions made by him, and proceeds:

"Anarchists lay themselves open to contradiction when they advise authors to become printers and publishers of their own books, and, worse still, propose to substitute for the demolished machinery of government the will of the masses."

The first charge, I must admit, is entirely novel to me. When and where have Anarchists advised authors to become their own printers and publishers? and wherein lies the contradiction to the Anarchist principles? Why does not our great philosopher explain himself so that even we common mortals can understand him? Does the Anarchist betray his cause by publishing or printing his own book, instead of allowing some shark of a publisher to "fix" it for the market?

As to the second charge,—why, Anarchists are against being ruled by the masses as much as they are against the rule of the autocrat,—and more perhaps. Lombroso seems to confound Social Democracy with its majority-rule scheme with Anarchism, which means no rule or government whatever.

He further says of the Anarchists, that "they would leave everyone free to share impartially" (sic! the original probably says indiscriminately) "in the necessities of life by 'taking from the heap,' like wild animals, but they do not reflect that, like beasts, once the booty became insufficient men would prey upon one another."

Now, since our author himself admits that "the protection of government is in nearly all cases *nil*," why don't the people, like wild beasts, prey upon one another at present? Who protects the weak from the strong now? Why don't we all take from the heap?

What about the Eskimo and the numerous other tribes in all parts of the earth, who lead a perfectly peaceful and harmonious social life without any government whatsoever? And they are savages, too! Why do those "thousands of people who live far away from the police," not prey

\* The worthy translator of Lombroso's contribution, Mr. Strachey, seems also to belong to the category of those incompetents, being entirely out of place at the head of matters of translation as his English version is badly "limping," and in a good many expressions one can hardly grasp the author's meaning. M. C.

upon one another? The best government is apt to do more harm than good, says Lombroso. Then whence his terror of a society without government?

"Nor do these theorists see that if a government often does harm, a collectivity can do more harm, simply because it is a much larger body."

According to this curious method of reasoning, autocracy ought to be the ideal government. But how can a collectivity that has no power of authority over its individual members, be oppressive? Do Anarchists rule, lead, dictate, coerce, condemn, punish, or even admonish each other nowadays? The Statists, State Socialists and Social Democrats do. But we have no party bosses.

What is the great Cesare talking about, anyhow? Is he really ignorant of the fact that Anarchism and invasion are absolutely incompatible, and that the largest collectivity of Anarchists cannot invade the sovereignty of the individual, without violating their own philosophy, for the reason that they believe in letting every individual live his own life?

MICHAEL COHN.

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#### Was Czolgosz Insane?

That the crime of Czolgosz was primarily of psychological interest rather than of political significance, the outcome of purely personal idiosyncrasy and not of any doctrine or propaganda has just been positively demonstrated by the only impartial and scientific investigation of the whole case that has yet been attempted. At the instance of Dr. Channing of Brookline, Mass., Dr. L. V. Briggs of Boston visited the home of Czolgosz, his family, former associates, and examined all the evidence relating to his habits and general mental condition with all the painstaking thoroughness that the scientific mind could suggest. The facts collected and conclusions reached were made the subject of an address by Dr. Channing on January 28, before a body of medical experts.

Some sixty persons in Cleveland, Buffalo, Auburn prison, and elsewhere were interviewed by Dr. Briggs, whose purpose was to exclude unauthentic newspaper reports and obtain data from original sources. Czolgosz appears to have had a taste for reading. Said Waldeck, his brother, "Leon liked best to read *Peruna Almanack* because he said it always told him his lucky days." In March, Leon became restless and in July began his trips to the city. Just before Leon went away from the farm he told Waldeck that he had to get away. "Why?" asked the brother. Leon answered, "I cannot stand it any longer."

His friends told of him that he would brush flies away but never kill any. He was never jolly, would not talk to strangers, and would sit alone all day reading, sleeping or thinking. He was abnormally suspicious. For years he not only refused to eat with the others, but prepared his food for himself. This, says Dr. Channing is the case with people affected with hallucinations of persecution.

In summing up his conclusions, Dr. Channing presented them in the following form:

1. The history of Czolgosz for several years before the assassination throws more light than we have hitherto had on his mental condition.

2. This indicates a considerable degree of mental impairment, probably amounting to actual disease.

3. He appears to have been the subject of insane delusions, which were systematized and continued to the day of his death.

4. The assassination was probably the result and logical culmination of these delusions.

5. He read Anarchistic literature and went to Anarchistic meetings while his delusions were evolving.

6. There is no proof that Anarchy was the source of these delusions.

7. The extent of his intercourse with Anarchists is unknown, but careful investigation in places where he lived leads us to believe that it has been much exaggerated.

8. His actions from the time of the assassination to the time of his execution were consistent with what they had been before, and not inconsistent with insanity.

9. In many respects he presents a striking example of the typical regicide or magnicide as described by Regis.

10. There is nothing in the post-mortem examination to negative a diagnosis of insanity.

11. After weighing all the evidence from all sources that has come to my attention, I am inclined to the conclusion that it furnishes more grounds for diagnosis of insanity than for the diagnosis of sanity.

Dr. Briggs corroborated Dr. Channing's statements and said that the law had every opportunity of going into the history of the assassin. There was no proof of his being an Anarchist beyond his own statements.

In printing this report, the Boston Herald in an editorial accepts the above view of the case. Indeed it goes farther and says that this was its own view presented just after the occurrence at Buffalo.

If these conclusions are correct they show how uncalled for was the attitude of some Anarchists in tacitly accepting Czolgosz at his own estimate and treating the assassination as of political or sociological significance, which it clearly did not possess. Dr. Channing's view also takes all the wind out of Teddy's blustering sails and ought to bury the anti-Anarchist bills of congressional busybodies in a cloud of ever-lasting ridicule.

WAT TYLER.

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#### "Anarchism Exploded."

When the economic development had transformed the social relations of the past into a state of society in which the "material interests" of one class of individuals became diametrically opposed to the material interests of the other class or classes of individuals, there naturally appeared various "economic classes" which in order to preserve themselves they were compelled to avail themselves of every opportunity in the "struggle for supremacy" which ensued. Therefore it was but natural that the class which had secured "economic supremacy" should make some claim to "divine authority" and the right to "govern" the economically inferior, while at the same time claiming to protect society. All this was done in order that the class which had attained "economic supremacy" might perpetuate its existence as "rulers" and exploit the "economically inferior" more successfully, hence the appearance of the State or government, which the Anarchists talk so much about, but understand so little. (1) Then the State is simply an effect instead of a cause, hence the absurdity of advocating the "abolition of the State without abolishing the "class struggle" which is the cause of the existence of the State. (2) Anarchism declares war on the State, which is just as nonsensical as

the Democrats "smashing the trusts," etc. Socialism would not smash the trusts or declare war on the State, but will absorb the State, and by so doing will absorb the trusts (3) and all the instruments of production and distribution, the result of which would be the abolition of economic classes and consequently the abolition of the oppressive capitalistic State, and the inauguration of the cooperative commonwealth. (4)

G. E. LIND.

COMM. NT.

1. But it was the Anarchists who first traced the origin of the State to the existence of a privileged class, and demonstrated that the perpetuation of the privileged class is the inevitable result of the State—its *raison d'être*. We prove that privilege is only possible thru the support of the State, and that the abolition of the State is necessary to eliminate privilege.

2. If, as you contend, the class struggle is the cause of the State's existence, and you wish to abolish the "class struggle," you are simply taking another line of reasoning to reach the same objective point—viz., the abolition of the State, which you say is impossible. You appear to be slightly mixed—not a very uncommon phenomenon with State Socialists.

3. By establishing the most gigantic trust conceivable—a State monopoly. It is not the forms of monopoly that are evil, but its essence—the principle that abrogates liberty—that sets bounds upon the play of social activity.

4. But your cooperative commonwealth, administered by State officials, will have society divided into two classes—the workers and the governmental directors of industries. The State "boss" with unlimited power, will constitute a class, and consequently the cooperative commonwealth will not abolish "the class struggle." You seem to be in a fair way to "explode" the fallacies of your own philosophy.

R. W.

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#### Anarchist Periodicals.

The following is a nearly correct list of Anarchist journals which have been published in the United States in the English language, together with the names of the editors, and dates of publication:

*The Peaceful Revolutionist*, Josiah Warren, Utopia, Ohio, 1844 (?).

*Social Revolutionist*, W. B. Greene, 184- (?).

*The Pleasure Boat*, monthly, Jeremiah Hacker, Portland, Me., 1846-1852. (?)

*Social Revolutionist*, monthly, Alfred D. Cridge, Berlin Heights, Ohio., 1850 (?).

*The Word*, monthly, E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass., 1878-1890.

*Liberty*, fortnightly, B. R. Tucker, Boston and New York, 1880-1900.

*Lucifer, the Light Bearer*, weekly, Moses Harman, Valley Falls, Kan., Topeka, and Chicago, 1880—(Still published.)

*Anarchist Socialistic Revolutionary Review*, monthly, Boston, 1881.

*The Alarm*, fortnightly, A. R. Parsons, Chicago, 1884-1887. Republished by Dyer D. Lum, Chicago and New York, 1887-1888.

*Fair Play*, weekly, E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman, Valley Falls, Kan., 1888-1890.

*Twentieth Century*, weekly, Hugh O. Pentecost, New York, 1888-1892.

*Egoism*, monthly, Henry Replegle and W. S. Bell, Oakland, Cal., 1888-1897.

*The Individualist*, fortnightly, Denver, Colorado, 1889.

*The Beacon*, weekly, Sigismund Danielewicz, San Diego—San Francisco, 1889-92.

*Solidarity*, weekly, S. Merlino, New York, 1888-1890. Republished by John H. Edlemann, 1895, and 1897.

*Enfant Terrible*, fortnightly, Clara Dixon Davidson, San Francisco, 1892.

*Freedom*, monthly, Lucy E. Parsons, Chicago, 1892.

*Up-to-Date*, weekly, Lizzie M. Holmes, Chicago, 1893.

*The Alarm*, monthly, Ross Winn, Dallas, Texas, 1893-1894.

*Freedom*, weekly, Henry Addis and J. H. Morris, Portland, Ore., 1894.

*Freedom*, quarterly, J. H. Morris and M. S. Liden, Portland, Ore., 1893.

*The Firebrand*, weekly, Portland, 1895-97

*Cooperative Commonwealth*, Ross Winn, Dallas, Tex., 1894.

*The Altruist*, weekly, E. H. Fulton, Columbus Junction, Iowa, 1895.

*The Rebel*, monthly, C. W. Mowbray, Boston, 1895.

*Age of Thought*, weekly, E. H. Fulton, Columbus Junction, Iowa, 1896-1898.

*The Match*, Boston, J. H. Kelly, 1897.

FREE SOCIETY, weekly, A. Isaak, San Francisco, 1897-1900. Removed to and now published in Chicago.

*Discontent*, weekly, Home, Wash. 1898—(Still published.)

*I*, monthly, C. L. Swarz, Wellesley Hills, Mass., 1899.

*Free Comrade*, monthly, J. Wm. Lloyd, Westfield, N. J., 1900.

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#### Order and Disorder.

Who says Anarchy, says negation of government. Who says negation of government, says affirmation of people. Who says affirmation of people, says individual liberty. Who says individual liberty, says sovereignty of oneself. Who says sovereignty of oneself, says equality. Who says equality, says solidarity and brotherhood. Who says brotherhood and solidarity, says social order.

Then, who says Anarchy, says social order.

On the contrary:

Who says government, says negation of people. Who says negation of people, says affirmation of political authority. Who says political authority, says individual submission. Who says individual submission, says supremacy of caste. Who says supremacy of caste, says inequality. Who says inequality, says antagonism. Who says antagonism, says civil war and disorder. Then who says government, says civil war and disorder.—Bellegarigue, 1850.

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The British are rapidly adopting American methods. It has been alleged in the house of commons that \$40,000,000 have been stolen from the government by its agents in the purchase of horses. They are doing just what government agents did here during our civil war—swindling the government.—*Southern Mercury*.

## FREE SOCIETY.

(Formerly *The Firebrand*.)

An Exponent of Anarchist Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Freedom; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

Published Weekly by..... A. ISAAK.

**ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.**

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered October 29, 1901, as second-class matter, Post Office at Chicago, Illinois. Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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, FEBRUARY 16, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

### Notes.

The office of *La Question Sociale* was destroyed in the recent great fire in Paterson, N. J. We have no other information than that given in the press reports, except that our comrades had no insurance, and their loss is therefore complete. They should have the immediate aid of all comrades who feel able to assist them in any manner.

Those of our subscribers whose subscriptions have expired are urged to send in their renewals, if not for a year, then for at least three or six months. This is the dull season of the year, and our expenses are greater. The existence of every journal of Anarchist propaganda depends upon the support of the readers. You can aid us greatly by renewing your expired subscription, by getting some new subscribers, or by sending names of progressive people to whom we may send sample copies.

— o —  
Leon Czolgosz.

I do not know whether Czolgosz was an Anarchist or not. And I do not know whether his act can be reconciled with the philosophy of Anarchism, because I am not sure that that philosophy, in its last analysis, does not imply non-resistance. I admit frankly that I am not clear upon this point. But I do know that the ethics of Anarchism can only apply, in their universal sense, to a state of Anarchy—to a free society in which all aggression is eliminated—because aggression denies non-resistance. As long as there is aggression, non-resistance admits slavery; and the slave can no more be a consistent Anarchist than the enslaver. So I say, that this question of resistance or non-resistance, in its relation to the philosophy of Anarchism, is, with me, an unsolved problem.

But I believe that human nature is stronger than social philosophy. I believe that environment has more to do with social action

and with individual conduct, than theories and ideals. If the slayer of McKinley was an Anarchist, he struck, not because he believed in peace but because he abhorred war; not because he loved liberty, but because he hated tyranny. Because he knew that peace would not be established by his act—that freedom would not come from McKinley's death. Present conditions made him a rebel. It was not the ideal of Anarchy that pulled the pistol's trigger, but the misery and wrong and crime of the existing order, of which McKinley was the representative. Czolgosz was the nemesis which reckless wrong, clothed in official purple, nourished and brought forth. The power that shot down defenseless workmen at Hazelton under the very shadow of the American flag, and which spread death and desolation throughout the Philippine Islands; which murdered by majesty of law and pilfered in patriotism's name, that power created Czolgosz. It sowed injustice; it reaped retribution. It called forth the spirit of war and violence to be the servant of its lust and greed; and the servant, for one moment, turned upon its masters.

I do not think Czolgosz was insane. His act was not an insane act. He showed none of the characteristics of insanity. He was as sane as Brutus—as rational as Booth. We really know nothing of the psychology of his act. We can only guess his motive. Other alleged criminals were allowed to tell their own story, but Czolgosz was sent to the grave unheard.

Czolgosz was not insane. Neither was he a criminal. I cannot bring myself to approve his act. I do not believe in violence, except in defense of human life and liberty. And I do not think the death of McKinley has served that purpose. We who denounce vengeance and retaliation, when done in the name of the law, cannot consistently approve of this spirit, when resorted to by individuals in the name of Anarchy. But I do not see that anyone can call Czolgosz a criminal. If his deed was a crime, the cause of it was tenfold more a crime.

And, as I have said, the cause of Czolgosz's act was those conditions that generated in him the spirit of rebellion. Under Anarchy, the spirit of violence, having nought upon which to feed, will die. Under government, which is the embodiment of violence, there can be nothing but violence. Like is the creator of like.

R. W.

### Current Comment.

The British government has again rejected the peace overtures of the Boers. The men at the head of the world empire seem animated with the idea that British supremacy must be maintained in South Africa at any cost, and they are prepared to sacrifice any number of lives and any amount of treasure in pursuit of this phantom. But it remains to be seen how long they will carry the approval of the English people with them. Should a few more disasters befall Lord Kitchener, the growing sentiment against the war may move the British public to retire the Tory party, in which event the new Liberal administration would be morally compelled to a peace policy. One thing is sure: the war party's lease of power hinges upon the military situation, and the battle

field of South Africa is the real forum of British politics.

Lord Salisbury, the British premier, in the course of a speech the other day, referred to the hostility of the Irish nation to the English government, and confessed his belief that this hostility is today more intense than ever before. He asserted that, with arms in their hands, the Irish would be a greater menace to the British empire than the Boers. This is tantamount to saying that England's security lies in her policy of keeping her Irish subjects defenseless, by preventing them from acquiring arms. And we might reasonably infer that what is true in Ireland is applicable to the oppressed classes of all countries. A people with arms at command cannot be oppressed with impunity.

The European powers have lately engaged in a rather animated discussion of the oft-repeated claim that European intervention in the Spanish-American war was averted by the friendly stand of Great Britain in behalf of the United States. From the evidence furnished by the various State departments of the continent the conclusion is irresistible that no such intervention was ever seriously contemplated, and that America owes no debt of gratitude to England for preventing the other powers from aiding the Spanish government.

That governments are essentially non-progressive, is shown in the plans for the approaching coronation of King Edward. The ceremony, as mapped out, must strike the twentieth century Londoners as a masquerade; and that those who participate in it are perfectly serious, should excite the laughter of the on-lookers. Perhaps this eighteenth century pageant, enacted with official solemnity, will open the eyes of the English people to the fact that this whole government system is a relic of past barbarism, long ago outgrown by the people themselves.

Turning from foreign to domestic affairs, we note that Congress has made but little progress in the matter of the proposed anti-Anarchist legislation. Several bills have been introduced, but no definite action as yet has been taken. The members of both houses seem to have taken a conservative view of the matter, and to be going rather slow with the proscriptive feature. Indications are not sufficiently tangible to enable us to forecast the result with certainty, but there is reason to believe that no attempt will be made to proscribe either the Anarchist philosophy or its advocates.

It does not appear that Congress is making very extensive progress along legislation lines in any direction. The most important measure so far, the Nicaragua canal bill, a measure to which the Republican party is committed by platform pledges has met with sufficient opposition to delay its passage, and even to jeopardize its prospects of final adoption. The opposition has its source in a powerful lobby representing the Panama scheme; and doubtless, the presence at Washington of a fat corruption

fund will cause considerable differences of opinion among the national statesmen, differences will fluctuate with the varying status of official conscience, coupled with the size of the missionary fund.

A very funny thing happened the other day in the French chamber of deputies. While that body was discussing the colonial estimates, a woman in the visitors' gallery suddenly shouted "Down with the thieves!" Then she hurled an apronful of eggs at the astonished representatives, some of whom were badly splattered, being put *hors de combat* at the first volley. The woman was quickly expelled by the ushers, who wiped up the mess from the floor and benches of the chamber. Had such an incident occurred at Washington, the nation would have rocked on its foundation. Imagine the decorous and sedate senate being interrupted in the midst of its deliberations by a shrill feminine shriek from the direction of the gallery, crying: "Down with the thieves," and the venerable Hoar in the midst of a speech having the punctuation points knocked out of one of his most elaborate sentences by a flying egg hurled by the reckless hand of this female propagandist by deed? A dynamite bomb would scarcely create more consternation. The honorable senate would simply be paralyzed. But not so with the French solons. They are used to these pleasant little diversions, and continued the session as tho nothing had happened.

This is a queer world, and some very funny things happen in it occasionally. For example, the Northwestern University, a Methodist institution at Evanston, Ill., has aff heretic in the person of Charles W. Pearson, who is the head of its department of English literature. This unorthodox member of the most orthodox church in Protestantism, has been thinking some, as a result of which he has decided that the Bible, tho the word of God, is not infallible, and he openly denies the truth of many of its statements. So the University's faculty very reasonably decided that something must be done to stop teachings so utterly at variance with the philosophy of its denominational creed. Accordingly, they called upon the skeptical professor to give reason why he presumed to attack the dogmas of the church that gave him the position he holds. But what defense does the professor make? He asserts that his rejection of the most fundamental doctrine of the Methodist Church—that of the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible—does not effect his competency and fitness to hold his exalted position, and cites the fact that a former official of the University was for years an avowed Atheist, and yet was not asked to resign. Has the Methodist Church become so liberal that it tolerates even Atheism and materialism within its fold? I was raised by pious Methodist parents, and when I compare the damnation-for-skeptics spirit of the past with this believe-as-you-please attitude of the Church of today, I feel like exclaiming with Josh Billings: "Why is this thus?" As I said at the beginning, this is a queer world.

The Church ever stands in hostile opposition to progress and human freedom. We need not wonder, therefore, at the formation in Italy of a Catholic anti-Socialist organization, the avowed purpose of which is to combat the growth of Socialist ideas in that country. This new movement is the result of the present attitude of the pope, who has planted himself emphatically against Socialism in all its phases. But I suspect that the Italian Socialists will go on in their wickedness, as tho there never was a pope or a Catholic Church.

The judiciary committee of the house of representatives has at length reported the long-threatened anti-Anarchist bill. While its adoption as reported is by no means certain, or even probable, it at least shows the trend of congressional thought at this time. The third clause of the bill, as given by the newspaper report, is as follows:

To prevent the open and deliberate approval of certain crimes and also certain unlawful teachings which, if permitted, are calculated and intended to breed lawlessness and crime against and culminate in the destruction of government.

Italics our own. The other sections of the bill refer to the protection of officials from assassination. But this third clause is a marvelous piece of subtle wording, so elastic in its character that it admits of unlimited construction. It could be enforced against any party or individual, whose teachings contemplated the abolition of the present form of government, by whatever means. But especially would it be a dragnet which would envelop the propaganda of Anarchism, the teachings of which undisputably "culminate in the destruction of government." This bill is the darkest, and most subtle blow ever aimed at freedom of speech and thought in America. It should be known as the bill of abominations.

President Roosevelt issued an order that federal employes must not ask for a raise of wages. And forthwith a bill was introduced in the house of representatives to increase the salaries of the members of congress. The mail carriers and others who work for the government are forbidden to ask for more wages, while the government's higher officials increase their already fat salaries, without a word of censure from the president. That's equality before the law. But, if congressmen can agitate for an increase of their salaries, why can't other government employes do likewise? Let Teddyboy stand up and answer.

The recent love-feast between certain labor leaders and the Mark Hannagang is apparently bearing fruit. In opposition to the unanimous sentiment of the delegates of the miners, their president, John Mitchell, has averted a strike, by which the mine-workers thruout the mining regions are forced to accept a continuation of the present wage scale. "He wielded the scepter of his power like an autocrat," is the language of the newspaper reports. If the organized miners will permit me to protrude my unsolicited advice upon their attention, I would suggest that the moment is opportune for an effective strike, and the place to strike is located

a few inches below the termination of the spinal column of this fellow Mitchell and other leaders of like kidney. They should be summarily ejected, if it takes heroic action and a box of Tutt's pills to do it. Organized labor is actually suffering for the want of their absence.

General C. P. Eagan, formerly United States adjutant general, and general agent for the Armour Packing Co., is to fight a duel. Pistols are to be the weapons, but whether the general intends to use embalmed beef for his ammunition the papers do not state.

Senator Hoar, whose name is suggestive of the general character of the entire official gang at Washington, is agitating the tail of his senatorial toga and puncturing the atmosphere with a verbal Niagara of silly goosegabble about the hapless Filipino, who he thinks is not getting a square deal in our little game of conquest and plunder. The senator is blissfully ignorant of his own inconsistency, however. He condemns imperialism in the Philippines, but defends it when applied to home affairs. The trouble with the distinguished senator from Massachusetts is that he is looking for the imperialistic microbe thru an intellectual telescope with too long a range.

I stated last week that "Dr. Heinrich Mueller, a Socialist member of the German Reichstag," had called for the suppression of Christian Scientists. This was incorrect so far as Dr. Mueller's political affiliation is concerned. He is not a Socialist. I did the German Socialists an unintentional injustice in my criticism, and take this occasion to make amends. R. W.

#### Chicago Meetings.

Sunday, February 9, Geo. W. Warvelle spoke at the Society of Anthropology, his subject being "The Law of Property." The speaker said that property was the creation of law. Property, outside of law, was a fiction. He cited land as an example. It existed before the first man, and would be here in the ages to come when the present "owners" of it were dust. He defended government, and asserted that the best government is the one which governed most. He thought Jefferson's famous declaration, that "government is best which governs the least," utterly false. He said that to eliminate certain subjects of criticism, he would admit that the lawyers as a class, were willing to champion any cause for a suitable fee, but he thought human nature was pretty much the same with all classes.

Ross Winn addressed the Jewish comrades Sunday, February 2, on "The Abolition of Wage Slavery." He said in part:

"Capitalism, tho it is the dominant force in our social order today, is but an incident in civilization. It has been weighed in the balance of human reason and found wanting. Its death-warrant is signed by the world's intelligence. It has got to go.

"There are a vast number of economic students who believe that wage-slavery is the result of the private ownership of land,

money and machinery: therefore they would abolish the wage system by substituting public ownership. They propose to make the machinery of production the property of all the people, to be administered by the State.

"This program has for its end the abolition of the wage system. But it does nothing of the kind. It is only a change of masters for the workers. Formerly they worked for individuals and associations. Under government ownership they will be employed—still employed—by the State. The advocates of this program begin by repudiating monopoly, special privilege, and the wage system, and then deny it all by advocating an organization under which monopoly will reach its greatest limits, and the worker will become, not only a wage-slave, but a cog in a vast machine."

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#### From a Youthful Contributor.

What is Anarchy? Is it a crime against the human race, as President Roosevelt defines it? Would this theory, if triumphant, result in social disorder? Would we have to tear down our beautiful buildings and institutions and erect prisons and lunatic asylums instead?

"No," says the philosophical Anarchist, "we advocate the reverse. It is a society in which one class robs, plunders, starves, and enslaves the other, a society in which its individual members have not equality of opportunity, a society in which prevails poverty, barbarism, and ignorance, that gave birth to the philosophy of Anarchism."

"What is the cause of the social disorder which exists at present?" someone may ask. It is the rulers of all nations, whether crowned or not, with their armies and navies and their religion which upholds them, that justifies the one class by law to rob, plunder, starve, and enslave the class of producers.

Our enemy in his message said that "Anarchy is no more an expression of social discontent than picking pockets or wife-beating," etc. I think this vast amount of ignorance is only a fractional part of what he possesses. Had he reflected, when he expressed his ignorance to the American people, that the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists on the 11th of November, 1887 has led intelligent men and women to read and discuss Anarchy, and who later acknowledged their gladness at having attained so grand an ideal, he would have never given public expression to such foolish vaporings as his famous message contained.

I believe that the universe is on its way to progress, and when we will emerge from poverty, barbarism and ignorance, we will then have an Anarchistic society in which universal brotherhood and sisterhood will prevail—the equality of man, and absolute individual liberty.

ISAAC SIEGMEISTER.

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#### The Dog and the Tail.

A FABLE

There was once a beautiful large dog, and his name was Labor.

This dog had a scrubby little runt of a

tail, and the name of the tail was Capital.

And the dog wagged the tail.

But in the course of time the tail, whose name was Capital, conceived a thought, and it spake unto the dog and said:

"Look here, why is it that you wag me? That's all wrong. I ought to wag you. Look at my importance! Why, every time you bark my hair bristles up and scares the everlasting stuffing out of the object of your wrath. And of what use are you, except to sustain and carry me, the important and dignified end of the company? Just look where you would be at if I should be lopped off—why, sir, you would be a bob-tailed dog all your life! Indeed, you must wag me no more! I, as the rudder of this institution, which will safely steer you thru all your troubles, will attend to any wagging there is to be done in future."

The dog, being dull of mind, at once saw that the tail was perfectly right, or else God would not have caused it to speak so, and he at once acquiesced.

And ever since the tail has been wagging the dog and banging him against the trees and bumping him against the fence posts, and dragging him thru the barbed wire, and lambasting him around among the weeds and thistles and cockleburrs, and mopping up the earth with him generally.

But some of these days the dog will also conceive an idea—that is, if he has brains enough to perform such an action—and the dog will again wag the tail, and in his newfound joy he may wag the tail so hard that there won't be any tail left at all.—F. H. Richardson, in *Socialist Spirit*.

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#### "BY ORDER OF THE POLICE."

AN EPISODE OF 1894.

I was sleeping peacefully when I was awakened with a start by the sound of loud knocking at the door of my flat. Puzzled by so unusual a circumstance, I lighted a candle and ascertained that my revolver was fully loaded. The clock struck five. While I hurriedly threw on some clothes the knocking redoubled at the door; one might have thought it was some battering-ram trying to break in the gate of an ancient and besieged city. I walked firmly to the door, which shook as if on the point of bursting open, and in as firm a tone (being, I trust, no poltroon) I demanded: "Who is there?"

An odd voice, which struck me instantly as being disguised or hoarse from much drinking, replied: "Monsieur's chiropodist."

"What!" I said, "at this hour! But you must be a fool—and why all this noise?"

"If monsieur will only pardon me! But tonight there is the Spuller banquet, and the day will not be long enough to tend to the feet of everyone." The words should have aroused my suspicions. I never employed a chiropodist; yet, strange to say, I felt suddenly impelled to accept the services of one! From what inconceivable impulse I became oblivious to all my usual habits, and why I was reassured by the stranger's explanation which was no explanation, I cannot tell. I could have been but half awake. I opened the door.

At once there rushed in, like some perambulating waterspout or cyclone, a gentleman with a big moustache, followed by six others

with as large moustaches, bearing *commisaires'* bags across their shoulders.

"Tipsey idiots!" I cried, vexed to have fallen a victim to so silly a ruse.

The gentleman with the big moustache saluted me ironically, then throwing a heavy club against a curtain which draped a wall in the ante-room and which in its fall knocked over and broke a statuette, he said: "No, not tipsy idiots! The superintendent of police, dear sir, who is here to make a search."

"A search—here? Surely you are mad. By what right will you dare to make it?"

The gentleman with the big moustache laughed heartily, his merriment being echoed by his six aides. "By what right? ... Ah! the right! ... Well, I like that! ... I assure you, Raynal, Lépine and I don't worry ourselves much about that side of the question." His hands clenched, his moustache bristling, he suddenly confronted me and continued: "By the right that we assume, Raynal, Lépine, and myself, to visit the citizens at our own hour and convenience, and without explanations! Such at least will not assist you. Show me your library."

I saw no use in resisting; to tell the truth, an official search on my premises struck me as extremely droll. Having nothing compromising in my rooms the facetious aspect of the incident rallied my spirits, and I promised myself much amusement from the discomfiture of my matutinal and disagreeable visitors. "All right," I said, "let us go to the library."

Directly he was in the room the superintendent began to rub his hands as if filled with content, and eyeing the books (my dear books!) reposing peacefully on their shelves, he grumbled:

"Ah, ah, here we are again in one of these revolutionary centers—one of these hotbeds of Anarchism! Ah, ah, we shall have some fun here! the bungler! we shall find convicting evidence—plenty of literature too—we cannot carry it all away at once."

Addressing his men he gave the command, "Open all these glass fronts."

As, owing to their thick fingers and ignorance of the delicate locks they could not do this fast enough, the superintendent calmly seized his club and shattered the glass in my book cases until the floor was strewn with fragments. "Make haste, make haste!" he urged his men, "you don't seem to know how to set about it—you are as limp as rags. Come now, give me the names of some of these musty works."

While five of the ruffians unbuckled their straps and opened out their bags, the sixth called aloud with the lungs of a herald: "The 'Dictionary of Larousse'!"

"A dictionary of *la rousse*?\* We begin well. An outrage on the police. Take it away!"

"The 'Dictionary of Littré.'"

"Take it, take it! take all the dictionaries! There is a mass of words in them full of danger to the social order, seditious and subversive words which can no longer be tolerated by senates or governments. Take them, take them!"

The police officer resumed his task: "'Universal Geography,' by Elisée Reclus."

The superintendent almost bounded into the air—his nostrils dilated like those of a

\* French term of opprobrium for the police force.

*F. R., City.*—If you judge us by newspaper reports, you are to be pitied. Decency is an unknown quality to the average newspaper man. All I ever did say to a reporter regarding the visit of the prince, were the following words: "The ovarions prepared are a sure indication of the trend of some of the thought of American people toward monarchy. The coming of a washerwoman should be of greater importance, because she is more useful to society." Since then some "American sovereigns," have dressed themselves in ancient court costumes in order to be permitted to kiss King Edward's hands—an act which needs no comment.

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