



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1903.

WHOLE NO. 416.

Inclusiveness.

I am all men, and all men are me.
You who talk of separateness,
Of isolation,
You have not yet sounded the depths of the human heart,
Nor measured its boundaries.
Love is aching to find free expression.
Take away your warring economics that I may be my real, my human self.

B.

The Springs and Possibilities of Character.

If I cared to have a text from some part of the Bible for what I shall try to say to-night, it might easily be just a phrase with which one man nearly nineteen centuries ago attempted to explain the character of another. Some unknown man of the latter part of the first century was contemplating the character of Jesus—was thinking of the life he lived and trying to understand it—to understand something about the sources of its power and beauty and grace, and why he could have followed the course he did. And the conclusion to which he came was that it must have been on account of the "joy that was set before him" that he endured and lived and suffered. "For the joy that was set before him" this is the explanation of the sources of character in one of the most gracious spirits that ever walked the earth, and I cannot help feeling that there is in it a profound truth.

It was my good fortune while a student at Yale University some years ago to hear the Phi Beta Kappa oration delivered before the student body by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. My impression is that the subject of the oration was either a literary or a biographical one. But the one thing alone that remains in my memory and the one thing which I think Mr. Higginson regarded as of most vital value was an incidental remark which he made. I cannot quote his words literally, but the substance of the remark was this: "Young gentlemen, there is one bit of advice which I want to give you. As you leave college to enter into the actual life of the world, identify yourselves with some reform. No matter whether your lot leads you naturally in that direction or not, by all means attach yourselves to some human cause."

To me the picture which I saw that day in Osborn Hall was a most impressive one, and its impressiveness has grown with the passing years. I do not need to tell you the real reason why Mr. Higginson had been invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Yale, and I think we all under-

stand something of the significance of the scene presented in that hall. The Phi Beta Kappa is a senior society made up of those members of the class about to graduate who stand highest in scholarship. And it is the custom of this society every year to invite some distinguished man to deliver an address before the student body. No man is ever chosen for that purpose who has not in his life done something that gives weight to his words.

Men of the highest character and achievement are selected for that task. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was pre-eminently such a man. No man now living in all New England better represents the highest ideals and noblest traits of American manhood than he. He belongs to that group of literary men who created the Golden Age of American literature. Neither before nor since have they been equalled on this continent. Higginson was the intimate friend and kindred spirit of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant, George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Bronson Alcott, Henry Thoreau, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Theodore Parker, and all the rest who make up the list of America's greatest poets, orators, philosophers, wits and literary men. And Higginson was worthy of a place among them. He belonged by every right to that intellectual aristocracy which wrote the songs of human freedom and kept alive the spirit of democracy in this country during one of its most trying periods. None of them was ever false to that spirit. Higginson, if I am not mistaken, was one of the men who undertook the communal experiment at Brook Farm. He belonged to the ranks of the abolitionists and was counted among their leaders. It was he who bore the body of slavery's first hero and martyr, John Brown, from the scaffold of his transfiguration in Virginia to the no less heroic household that waited for its beloved dust among the Adirondack mountains. And when the war broke out, Higginson, a Unitarian minister, a patrician of patricians, did something which for self-sacrifice and patriotism cannot be excelled in the annals of the Civil War. He volunteered as the colonel of a colored regiment and served in that capacity.

This was the man whom the Phi Beta Kappa society of Yale University chose to deliver the annual address—a man of the highest refinement, a graduate from Harvard University, the scion of one of the oldest and best families of New England's most

cultured city, a patriot of patriots, a man whose ear was quick to hear the cry of oppression, whose whole life had been dedicated to the cause of justice.

And there before him were the cream of the undergraduates of one of our oldest universities. These hundreds of young men were soon to enter the serious business of the world of affairs. Their lives were before them. They had not yet begun really to live. A more inspiring audience could not be.

No man could look at Thomas Wentworth Higginson without knowing he had seen a man. Tall, commanding in personal presence, wearing lightly his more than three score years and ten, showing in every feature of his face, every posture and movement of his body, every suggestion of his splendid personality, the marks of nobility and refinement, he was a man who would command a hearing anywhere. Whether before the assembled culture of Cambridge, or on the platform of a lyceum in some western city, or on a dry-goods box at a street corner, this man would be equally at home. He knew men. He knew life. He had learned to speak its language. He had mastered its philosophy. His whole being thrilled to its passion and hope. He was and is an elemental man.

The songs of Lowell—many of them—and some of the songs of Whittier, comrade spirits of Higginson—yes, and some of the songs that Higginson himself composed, voice as completely and richly the passion and the aspiration of the great social revolution now in progress as they did the spirit of abolition. Indeed, all those prophetic souls of fifty years ago were far beyond their time. They belonged to our time and to us. They are our comrades and we know them as such.

It was from such an eminence of experience and achievement that this gracious knight of modern chivalry looked down that day into the faces of those young men and beyond them into the coming days. It was his task—and he knew it so to be—to speak a message of life to those young men. The question he saw looking out of their eyes, the interrogation which was implicit in their very existence, was the one to which with all his heart he felt it his duty to respond. And the one thing above all others which he tried to impress on their minds was the need that they identify themselves with some vital struggle in which humanity is engaged.

These young men, you will understand,

were just the average of the student body. Many of them were from homes of plenty, of wealth. They were going out into a world in the making of which they had had no hand. Many of them were sure to find the conditions of their existence such as to blind them to everything beyond the narrow interests of a limited class. It was not for the sake of any cause or any reform that Mr. Higginson spoke that day. It was for the sake of those young men.

No human reform or evolution ever waited for a trained body of men. No such thing ever waits. Nor is it the product of such a body of men. Revolutions create men. Men do not create revolutions. The real leaders and soldiers of revolution are not produced in any school except that of experience. Mr. Higginson knew perfectly well that the great stirring movements of human life do not have their rise in the house of plenty, but in the house of want. He knew that the deep, swift current of evolution and revolution sweeps along its channel far away from the homes of the rich and favored. No such movement would ever seek that group of well-clothed, well-groomed college men. They must seek it, not for its sake alone, but for their own sakes.

That college scene which I have described to you is full of profound suggestiveness. It is in a true sense a world-picture—a life-picture. It raises a question which I want to think about with you tonight. What are the springs of character, and what are its possibilities? That is as much your question and mine as it ever was anyone's. Can we classify the possibilities, the alternatives which lie before men and women? Science has been classifying the fossils that are buried beneath the ground—may it not tell us something about the fossils that walk above its surface. Nay, more than that, can it not tell us something about the human fossil formation that is all the while in process? It has been disclosing the facts about the origin of species in the animal and vegetable world. Is there not also a science of the origin of moral species, of the formation of character, and is it not possible for us to tell approximately, at least, what are the alternatives of such character?

This audience is, in some sense, a cross section of the human life of this city. Go to one of our city schools and there is an earlier cross section of human life. Go down on Main street almost any evening, and it is the ebb and flow of the tide of the city's life that surges hither and thither along the walks. We cannot be quite so deeply interested in the men and women whose lives have already crystalized, already taken their shape, already bear the hard lines of the mould where they have been fashioned into what they are, be it beauty or deformity, be it inspiring or repellant. But none of us with any soul can look upon those whose lives are still before them, whose possibilities have not yet been sounded, without a feeling of awe and yearning and hope and anxiety. What are they to be? What lies ahead for this boy, for that girl? Could we but part the curtain of the years and see the world of twenty or thirty or forty years from now, what should we see? What will this boy be twenty years from now? What will the girl be?

And then, many of us have somewhat of life before us. What of these coming years? What will they bring to us in the shape of character? Nay, what are they bringing now? Do we live or do we vegetate? Is our birth-right slipping away from us? So long as we live and wherever our lot may be cast, one thing we can never escape, and that is ourselves. If imbecility or insanity is not to be our fate, we may rest assured that during all these passing months and years we are fashioning a companion for ourselves. Every human soul is a dual being. There are two of us. There is the man that is and the possible man. Neither one can be wholly lost without the utter extinction of personality. In those future days under the far horizon of our life, when youth is gone and middle age is past, this dual self will still remain. And I cannot but think that the happiness, the real riches of each separate soul must lie somewhat in the relationship which the two parts of that dual nature sustain to each other. What will my possible self think of my actual self? What will the man I hoped to be think of the man I actually became?

And here is the innermost tragedy or epic of human life—right here in this unfolding of soul, of self, of manhood and womanhood. There is the final problem. There is the supreme court for the adjudication of the worth of this or that. All other things are external to that. This marvelous unfolding of the uncounted ages which we call "evolution," and about which science has told us much and little, has its highest fruition, after all, so far as we can see, in this human personality, in character, in the feeling of hope, of happiness, of faith, of joy that has many a stain and scar.

But as you think of human life in the mass—any chance group—the men and women you know most intimately and yourself with them—you cannot escape the feeling, nay, the certainty that life will not have the same fulfilment for each. Science has told us of the variation of life and the formation of new species. Some great family of animal life divides. A part ascends in the scale of being. A part remains forever behind. Do you say there is no difference between the two? You cannot say that. At some time or other some members or groups of the family of anthropoid apes separated from the rest. They were slowly differentiated from the whole body of species to which they belonged. All the rest remained apes. These became men. And between the two today is a great gulf fixed.

Is not something like that taking place on the plane of character? And is it not the most pathetic tragedy of our human life? Perhaps we are all to come back again into this human world to work out the problem of character in successive incarnations, to achieve in another form a higher destiny. But that does not change in the smallest degree the facts of this present life. And this life I am living is of supreme concern to me.

What is this life to be? What shall be its fruit in character? Whither lead the diverging paths which bear us far asunder? And what are the springs of character? What are the things that determine its quality?

Perhaps we cannot classify or describe in a few words what possibilities life holds for

men and women. But there are three possibilities of which I want to speak. Perhaps I can best tell you what I mean if I call these possibilities animalism, fanaticism, and heroism. The bulk of life belongs, I think, to one or other of these three conditions. These three words describe three types of character, three qualities of life.

By animalism I do not mean what people commonly associate with that word: that which is vicious or degraded. Not a few of the men and women on whom society has fastened the scarlet letter of its reproach or its disapproval have been discovered to belong to the immortals. By animalism I mean rather the absence of what ought to distinguish the human from all other orders of life.

You surely must have noticed that there are men and women who have very much in common with the forms of vegetable and animal life, with trees and plants, with grass and grain, with corn and cabbage, with cats and snakes and dogs and oxen, even with that familiar figure of history, the ass. You can look into the faces of a group of boys and girls, of young men and young women, and safely predict for many of them a distinctly wooden existence, or even worse. They are going to exist, and that is about all. They will accumulate property, and it means about the same as a rock or tree accumulating moss. They are going to join in the chase—of mere things of one sort or another. Some of them are going thru their years without ever a serious thought beyond the beggarly and petty concerns of the moment. They will never live at all.

And here is the most serious indictment of our present social and industrial arrangements. They do not contribute to the making of men and women. There is not one chance in a hundred for the development of inspiring character for the young man or young woman who takes a place as a cog or a wheel in the commercial or industrial machinery. The only chance for real life lies in strenuous insurrection against that whole suffocating system. What is there in the average business life, in the things a man must be and do and think about in building up a business or carrying it on, in investing capital, in managing factories, in banks and broker's offices, and all thru the scale of commercial affairs—what is there that naturally ministers to the making of manhood?

And surely it is impossible to associate manhood or womanhood with these human attachments of machinery with which our factories are filled. Mechanically repeating two or three motions hour after hour, day after day, year after year, means the slow but certain atrophy of all that makes it worth while to live. And that is precisely what we are doing today. That is the destiny which the system decrees, a destiny as inexorably destructive of master as of slave, of employer as of employee.

Closely related to that sort of existence—inseparable from it—the inevitable consort of that appalling fate which damns so many souls right here and now is the quality of character which I understand by the word "fanaticism." Here again, let me not be misunderstood. By fanaticism I do not mean something startling or uncommon. I mean a type of life which is the dry rot of modern society.

Establish any sort of industrial organization in which men and women and children are doomed to an abnormal and enslaved existence—an existence which their nature never designed them for—a life the very opposite of that free and untrammelled existence which the whole human race enjoyed for thousands of centuries before civilization dawned—the life which mankind lived all the time that the human body and brain were being developed, all that period when man was being evolved from the brute,—establish such a system of things as condemns this creature of freedom, this child of the vast out-of-doors, to spend more than half of his conscious existence as the servant of a machine, as the mechanical door of drudgery, and you not only violate every law of his physical being, but you conspire to unfit him for the one function which separates him most widely from every other creature. You forbid him to think. And forbidding him to enter into the inheritance of intellect and reason, you leave him the victim of a world of ghosts.

I dare not say how large a proportion of our race can scarcely be said to have arrived at self-consciousness—do not know themselves as men and women, cannot think of such a thing as that their destiny is in their own hands. They are as unconscious of their real power and station in this potent universe as the chained elephant becomes unconscious of his real strength.

And so they people the skies with phantoms. They become the slavish idolaters of the unseen. These are the fanatics. They are the dreamers of strange dreams, the seers of ghosts, the victims of superstition, the worshippers of bibles and traditions. These are the products of religions and priesthoods and sects and theologies. And they fail of life by as wide a margin as their brothers of commercial jungles and industrial dens.

But there is another possibility that beckons these souls of ours, and but for it life would not be worth the living. That other possibility of character, for lack of a better word I shall call "heroism." By that I mean nothing singular or unusual. I am thinking of something that belongs as naturally to human life as blossom belongs to bud, as plant to seed. The things commonly called "heroic" are almost always the exhibition simply of physical courage or daring. They are things which anyone of us under the stress of emergency or excitement would do.

By heroism I mean a positive, godlike quality of character. I mean the real fruition of a life. I mean manhood and womanhood. There is in it the breath of freedom and the sense of power and poise. It sounds the depths of a fathomless content. It touches the heights of a measureless joy. It serenely contemplates the splendid sweep of a boundless horizon of faith and hope.

I hold that a man or woman who is ever to come in sight of anything worth having in this world must have some supreme interest or passion, and that interest or passion must have to do with this present world of men and women. There is no such thing as the unfolding of human nature upward and away from the brute except as men and women do their work for the sake

of someone or something. To have a human object in life for which and under the inspiration of which one does his work is to realize the highest that is possible in character. That is the definition of character, and of joy and faith as well.

The source of inspiration, this spring of character, may be an over-mastering affection, or it may be an equally over-mastering allegiance and devotion to a cause. Indeed, I do not believe there can be such a thing as deep and satisfying affection or passion between a man and a woman which does not find expression in a heroic life, which does not lose and find itself again in devotion to a human cause.

That man alone knows what it means to love a woman who is inspired by his thought of her to some strenuous, earnest service, to a service that calls into play all the hidden and undiscovered capacities of his being, whose soul under the potent shine of that passion flowers and fruits in all high thinking and courageous living. No finer tribute can be paid to any woman on this earth than to say that for her sake and because of his love for her some man is working and living. No more terrible thing can be said of any woman or any man than that he or she possesses nothing capable of inspiring such a type of life. Here is the hygiene of human love. Here is the supreme test. All other relationship between man and woman is and is bound to be on the low plane of animalism. Here is the true meaning of marriage. Here is the birth-right of a soul.

Men and women, whether you know it or not, the vast social insurrection which is shaking this old world of ours to its center and in which it is the supreme privilege of our life to have some part, is only the uprising of humanity in behalf of its most sacred needs. It is only the world's search for that passion which is the fulfilment of its joy. It is nothing but the assertion of the soul's eternal right. When one of the fearless souls of this city in a recent address before a body of colored people in the city of Washington declared that they as a race were utterly unworthy of the sacrifices made in their behalf in the greatest Civil conflict of forty years ago unless they with all their souls resented the assaults upon their lives in the south and resorted to arms, if need be, in self-defense, he struck one of the deep, clear notes of divinest truth. The human soul must be eternally insurgent against injustice and oppression, against all that hampers or menaces its freedom, or its rots.

Where today will you look for the spirit of liberty? Where today will you find the noblest passions of the human soul in their richest bloom? Where will you find the voice of democracy and fraternity and equality speaking most ringingly and strong? Will you hear it in the places of exchange? Will you hear it from the lips of men or women whose whole lives are wrapped up in the culture of dollars? Will you find one syllable or inflection of the song of liberty or one impulse of heroic character in the whole mass of those who are contented with this stifling system of exploitation and greed? You know you will not. And I can tell you that the eternal laws of this universe are preparing a fearful penalty for the conformity and conventionality which are the sole diet

of those who are thought of as the leaders and masters of civilization. As decadent Rome, steeped in the debauchery of wealth and slavery, fell in ruins, carrying with it the Latin race for all time, and the fresh life of the uncorrupted barbarians took up the world-task that fell from the shriveled halting hand of a degenerate people; so when the tasks of that higher civilization of which humanity's hopes and struggles and aspirations are the sure prophecy strikes its dawn time, no man who has been content to adjust himself to the dehumanizing influences of a social order based on slavery and sordidness can have any part in its inauguration.

The supreme task of human society—of human life—is the creation of a social order, in which shall be wrought the very fiber and nerve of a man-making power, to live in which is to breathe the atmosphere of freedom and feel the thrill of a summons to heroic character. A holier religion than this cannot be. The voice that calls us is the voice of life. And the affections and loyalties, the friendships and passions, the faith and hope and love which spring up and blossom into character out of the soil and in the atmosphere of the great fraternal world now fusing into form are intimations of immortality and glimpses of God such as never gladdened the life of man in all the buried centuries. Men and women, it is divinely worth while to live today.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

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Here and There.

Russia is in a state of fermentation. The governor of Ufa, who recently massacred striking toilers, has been "executed" by two unknown men. The peasants of Saratoff are in open rebellion, and several palaces have gone up in smoke.

Pennsylvania has a new libel law which was intended to be and is a press gag. The Pennsylvania press has unanimously defied the law, and is inviting prosecution. But the foes of liberty are more cautious: they will wait for the present excitement to subside, and then attack some poor and unpopular publisher who has not the means to fight a case in the courts. Comstock worked in the same way.

Textile workers in Germantown, Pa., are engaged in a movement for the reduction of hours from sixty to fifty-five hours a week. A number of Philadelphia comrades are actively participating in the movement, and George Brown, Mary Hansen, Julie Mechanic, Voltairine de Cleyre, James Meyers, and radical members of the union have addressed open-air meetings. The police as usual, are interfering in behalf of the bosses, and stopped a meeting on May 16. One firm which has granted the shorter hours declares there has been no reduction in its output. In spite of the police the comrades held the usual open-air meeting Saturday, May 23, which was a marked success. The police did not interfere this time.

Edwin Gould has offered to furnish bloodhounds to assist in tracking the murderers of a coachman. Who will offer to supply bloodhounds to track Edwin Gould?

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1903.

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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 fact that we were compelled to issue four pages one week has stimulated a number of our readers to pay up their subscriptions. There are, however, many more who are still in arrears, and unless these also promptly send in their subscriptions, we shall be obliged to get out four pages at short intervals. Let those who are able be prompt, and this will not be necessary.

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Outpost Echoes.

You are destiny.

Wisdom knows its work.

Fools are seldom lonesome.

Hope sometimes gets drunk.

Love is an economy of energy.

Who never fails never succeeds.

Liberty has no "ifs" and "buts."

The hangman is never an Anarchist.

What is not voluntary is not Socialism.

The road to freedom has many turnings.

America was "impossible" till discovered.

Rulers have reduced morality to a science.

Chicago aldermen not only "accept" bribes; they seek them.

God is nearly persuaded to make common cause with other tyrants.

Strikes are so frequent that capital is beginning to count its money.

Right stands the hardest blows, but wrong lives in the repair shops.

The governor of Illinois has signed the Mueller bill. Now people can afford carriages!

A new British battle ship is called The

FREE SOCIETY

Commonwealth. What irony, when wealth means murder!

Americans are too individualistic to be State Socialists, but not individualistic enough to be Anarchists.

The czar notified the governors of the provinces that they would be held responsible for future riots. Then he winked the other eye.

Judge Dickenson, of Omaha, in issuing an injunction in favor of striking union workmen, must have had his eye on some good political job.

There is said to be a coolness between Russia and the United States. It is probably only the ice which lies between northern Russia and Alaska.

The preaching of Mormonism is no longer legal in Germany. The preaching of mammonism is tho; it is even subsidized. Gold is God, says Mammon.

Count Cassini is having a hard time at the hands of American press writers; but the Russian ambassador is green, or he would not have talked of Kishineff.

The German Social Democrats are at sword's points over the attitude of their party towards religion. Christianity and Social Democracy are both authoritarian, at any rate.

The editor of *The Coming Nation* assures me that under State Socialism he would be in favor of a perfectly free press. Which proves that he is far ahead of the creed which he accepts.

Several hundred thousand persons participated in a protest against the English government on May 23. A parliamentary bill respecting education was the cause. When will Americans protest?

The governor of New Jersey recently dissolved 927 corporations, by law. At the same time he recognized the right of several thousand of other robber corporations to exist. The 927 could not pay their taxes. Money talks.

The speed disease is the latest malady, experienced by those who wish to travel as swiftly as possible; autoists for example. A discussion by authorities in Paris resulted in evidence that there was such a disease. Thus our civilization rots.

The prevalence of strikes, and additional labor troubles is depressing the security market, as well it may. Securities are only certificates of the world's willingness to be enslaved. When the world tries its chains, securities cease to be secure.

The Philadelphia *North American* acted Anarchistically immediately after Governor Pennypacker had signed the anti-libel bill, and cartooned the governor unmercifully as one opposed to the free press. What's the matter with "strong laws"?

Anarchism is the response of a part of the world to those who cry that while government is evil, we must have it for our good. Can good come out of evil? Can bread come from night-shade? Instead of this evil, which seduces us with the promise of good, let us try good; the good of freedom, the good of fraternity, the good of human reasonableness.

Many of the Chicago laundry proprietors are wrathful at the independent attitude taken up by the strikers, and they threaten all kinds of reprisals should the slaves not return to their chains and work; but do the laundry proprietors really know labor? A great western railroad has just conceded the demands of the strikers; the laundries would better get in line.

Part of the dirty work of the State Socialist press consists in identifying law-breaking capitalists with Anarchists. Of course it is quite to the purpose of those who care more to secure the "class-conscious" vote than to tell the truth to misrepresent the Anarchists; but as a matter of fact, while the capitalists infract laws in the interest of evil, Anarchists would do away with laws in the interest of universal good.

The Church Economist, of New York, asserts that at least fifteen new church buildings are dedicated each day of the year in the United States. Why are we not all upon the road to heaven? The answer must be that there are special privileges in heaven as upon earth, and that the expense of pew rent and other incidentals here is so large that few can afford to be religious, to say nothing of keeping up an establishment in the skies. It is cheap to go to hell.

The Emerson centenary has brought out a great deal of interesting observation respecting the man's personality, ideas, development, etc.; and among the more significant of these is the observation that Emerson had no philosophy, strictly speaking. But Emerson had something much more to human purposes than philosophy: a belief in the value of freedom, which neither age nor experience served to diminish, but which he joyfully announced to the last.

Cannons have played their part in the civilization (?) of the world, in time of war; settling problems with a disregard for truth or equity which settling left little to be desired from the point of view of those who had the cannon; but now these powerful instruments of peace are to be used in a new way, it seems. The mine owners of West Virginia have mounted gattling guns where they will do the most good in case the miners at any time cease to be satisfied with a pittance and make the fact known within the region of the mines. Force gives birth to force, violence produces violence. Armed mine owners will mean armed miners. Great is Christianity; great are gattling guns; great are murder and death as means of solving the problems of society! "We mine owners will defend our rights. (?)!" And the consequences? AMERICUS.

By the Wayside.

Since America has introduced "a higher civilization" among the Filipinos, 600,000 of them have died thru epidemics, starvation, and the American guns and rifles, in order that a few money-lords may increase their dividends. Such is "law and order"—not Anarchy.

The Chicago Tribune has now proved that prosperity is rampant in this country, in spite of the numerous strikes and lock-outs; for 12,000,000 bottles of French champagne—one million more bottles than the year previous—have been sipped by "our chosen servants" and the temperate captains of industry. That the mob—or the "sovereign citizens," to use the terms in vogue before election time—have not even had the pleasure to glance at a single bottle of this sparkling liquid, does not concern the editor of the Tribune. Adulterated beer and whiskey is good enough for the wealth-producers, who have not intelligence enough to turn the scales.

According to statistics, 20,000 couples entered the yoke of matrimony last year in the city of Chicago, and 2,000 forsaken women applied for aid to the charity associations. These figures do not take into account those forsaken women who did not apply for aid, nor the men who were deserted by their wives. But the slavery of matrimony—the prop of government—must be upheld at all events, and so the legislators have passed a law making desertion—the cessation of love—a crime. And then the wise-acres build penitentiaries to punish the "criminals" that have been reared under the influences of hatred and lies.

A German contemporary says very aptly: "Institutions and laws are supposed to be only instruments of men to regulate their lives,—a means to an end. But every day we can see that the contrary is the case: man becomes the tool of institutions, of laws, their makers and interpreters. The situation is drastically characterized when we are told to abide by the law under all circumstances, no matter whether it is 'good or bad,' 'an expression of the people's will,' or an 'ukase of shameless despotism.' This is the same blind obedience which the servants of an undefinable god demand for this omnipotent and omniscient deity, by means of which they themselves are doing a land-office business."

During the last few months hundreds of workmen have been shot down in Russia like so many dogs. In Croatia and Slavonia, Austria, the peasants, who rebel from sheer starvation, are being court-martialed and shot down by the dozens, yet it arouses no sensationalism in our hypocritical dailies. But since a band of fanatics and drunkards massacred the Jews in Kishineff, indignation and protests have run wild. Ah! a protest against the slaughter of the toilers would at once reveal the barbarism of the present system and governments, while cheap indignation and crocodile tears can be exhibited with impunity so long as only racial hatred is involved—a hatred which is

systematically nourished by the Russian government, in order to divert the attention of the toilers from the real source of their misery.

INTERLOPER.

Among Ourselves.

J. Wilson, Newark, N. Y.—I am sorry you do not receive more encouragement in your work than you do. I have always considered FREE SOCIETY much the best of that class of publications. But what a thankless office it is to teach people and try to improve them! I have spent many thousands of hard-earned (not inherited) money, and over fifty years of labor in that same vain effort. And what does it amount to? It will come around all right—two or three hundred years hence; but where will you and I be then?

[Friend Wilson is rather pessimistic as to the approach of freedom, tho the fact that he wrote two Anarchistic books, viz., "Life Without a Master" and "The New Dispensation," before he ever had come across Anarchist literature, should have convinced him, that Anarchism is "in the air," so to speak. In fact, all current literature of any merit is permeated with Anarchistic sentiment.

A. I.]

P. J. Murray, Utah.—Enclosed find \$1, at my own expense, for which send the paper to the addresses enclosed.

You seem to regard government as the greatest evil; while, as a matter of fact, it is the government that is turned out and in at every election by the capitalists class, and therefore the more advanced Socialists are right and not the Anarchists.

[How about the government of a Torquemada who was not "turned in" by the capitalist class? But why go so far back when we already have ample opportunity to observe the tyranny of the Socialist executives, who have been "turned in" by "class-conscious" workers. Almost daily Socialist speakers are "excommunicated" from the Socialist parties, for no other reason than that they expressed their doubts as to the efficiency of the ballot-box. And imagine what would happen once the Socialist "administrators" have the means of production and transportation in their grip! Let us not forget what Burke said: "Do not talk to me about the abuse of government; the thing, the thing itself is the abuse."

A. I.]

Literature.

ECONOMIC TANGLES. By Judson Grennell. Purdy Publishing Co., McVicker's Bldg., Chicago. Cloth, pp. 220. Price \$1.

The author attempts to clear up industrial problems, "thru lessons drawn from passing events," as he says. He does not claim that his observations are always correct or his conclusions final,—an attitude of modesty and frankness which makes the reader feel friendly toward the author and stimulates to further research. Struggle is the law of progress, and altho the author sees clearly that the trade unions are not yet preparing themselves to break all chains, he realizes that a little gain here and there gives them physical and mental strength, which will in due time enable the toilers to throw off the shackles of industrial slavery. He rightly holds that a step forward is achieved even if labor uprisings are suppressed, for something is gained by the discontented, who will never go back to their

old misery once they have tasted the delight of greater comfort and freedom. He realizes that monopoly is the cause of poverty and labor troubles; yet he has evidently not grasped its full significance; for he is in favor of municipal ownership; which merely means shifting monopoly from the individual to the collectivity, and would not remove the restriction upon the individual which he repudiates—a discrepancy in reasoning which results from the attempt to establish freedom by law and regulations.

As to the animosity between organized labor and the employers, the author observes correctly that harsh measures against the demands of labor are destined to strengthen the labor movement and make it more dangerous to the capitalists. Compulsory arbitration he regards rightly as a measure which resorts to force.

Governments which allow special privileges to individuals that are not open to all, is sowing the seed for its downfall, he contends, yet he does not seem to realize that this is the inevitable result of all and any government, or that freedom and government are absolutely incompatible. And here again we find the inconsistency which results from the application of a metaphysical philosophy. In one chapter the author's remedy is to be effected by legislative measures, while in another part of the book he recognizes that "law is simply the judgment of the governing classes," made for the benefit of the few, and that all progress recorded in history has come thru the law-breakers.

To summarize: the author's analysis of the present system with its strife and turmoil will not fail to arouse the toilers, but his remedy will not bear the scrutiny of induction.

A. I.

"Most's Memoiren" (John Most's Memoirs) will appear in the German language. The interesting work will be published in ten volumes, from 80 to 100 pages each. Price 25 cents per volume. It is to be hoped that this valuable work, treating upon the revolutionary movement in Europe as well as this country, will soon come out in an English translation. Address: John Most, 3465 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.

Important For Chicago Readers Only.

Friday, June 19, 8 p. m., a grand theatrical benefit performance will be given by the Workmen's Educational Club, at the Apollo Hall, Blue Island Avenue near Twelfth Street. A speech will also be delivered by W. F. Barnard. All comrades and friends are cordially invited. Admission 25 cents.

A grand people's festival has been arranged for the Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung for May 31, 1 p. m., at North Chicago Schuetzen Park, Roscoe Boulevard and Western Avenue. Comrade John Most, of New York, will deliver a speech on the occasion in German. Admission 25 cents.

Sunday, June 7, a picnic for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY is to take place at a grove, near N. Western and Belmont Avenues. Admission is free. Refreshments will be for sale. Western and Clybourn Aves. cars will take you to the place. From Lincoln Avenue cars transfer to Sharpshooter's Park cars.

A Vindication of Anarchism.

VII (concluded.)

Burke, in his "Vindication of Natural Society," and Jefferson, in those numerous passages where he expresses such grave doubts about whether government be really beneficial, have argued with great power, that granting it to confer the benefits alleged, they are still much outweighed by its evils. But in truth no one can show this so forcibly as an ordinary advocate of government talking to a person who is prepared to draw the moral. "Of course, we must put down the rebellion and save the Union." "Why must we?" "Why—if we do not, we shall soon be just like Mexico!" "Allowing (as you evidently do not) for the difference in race, knowledge, habits, religion, etc., between the Anglo-Saxon and the Aztec with a dash of Spanish, perhaps we shall. What harm would it do to be as much like Mexico as that?" "Why, in Mexico no man is safe from assassination." "Perhaps not much safer than in Arkansas or Louisiana. Would a few more murders annually be a greater evil than our Civil War?" Questions like this are worth very serious consideration. The war cost more lives in four years than assassination could be expected to extinguish in ten centuries; it devastated a large portion of the country; it destroyed the republican form of government thruout the "reconstructed" States; it menaced the liberty of the whole nation with a peril which the two last administrations abundantly prove to be by no means obsolete; it saddled us with an enormous debt; it induced the profoundest demoralization alike in politics, trade, and important phases of social life. These are far greater evils than a weakening of the national police system, even granting that does any good at all. The offsetting benefits were incidental. Among professed objects of the war, one only appears important enough to justify it. No doubt a dissolution of the Union would have weakened us for the purpose of defense. Yet we should surely have been far stronger than our forefathers when they successfully resisted England, overthrew the right of search, and wrested from the Barbary pirates that power to tax commerce which all other nations had conceded.

These examples should teach us that liberty is of more value than union, and that Hayne was wiser than Webster. Similar reflections apply with equal force to every alleged benefit which government confers. It gives the post office to star-route villages. (There is no difficulty about having an international post office, tho there is no international government.) But—is the star route worth the monopoly and those constantly multiplying scandals which bid fair to make the post office the most unpopular department at Washington? It is a good thing that primary education should be universal—which primary education is not by any means—and that the health of children or the lives of operatives should be protected against the rapacity of capital. Yes, it is a good thing—which Anarchy would secure and inspection does not secure. And these boons to the proletariat are simply among those devices by which the vampires of authority lull them into forgetfulness of radical remedies for their wrongs. It is a good thing that railroad, telegraph, and telephone facilities should be cheap and uni-

form—but. Their being made so by government is the measure of sluggishness and foginess in their extension, as seen as comparing one country with another. It is a good thing that people should lead sober, regular, and godly lives. But there is no immorality like blackmail. And nothing cultivates it like Sunday laws, liquor laws, obscenity laws, anti-cruelty to animals laws, and the rest of the moral reform monstrosities. (18) In conceding, against my opinion, that they do good as well as harm, I have not mentioned the hypocrisy of moral legislation which touches only the poor. I have not mentioned that the *Police Gazette* pays a regular annual tribute to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. But these observations lead normally to the last point which will need to be mentioned in this connection.

A statute to suppress any admitted evil either is sustained by general determination to put down that evil, or it is not. In the latter case it is nil; in the former it is unnecessary. Law or no law, a popular vice will be practised. Law or no law, an unpopular vice will not be tolerated. It may be asked, "Is this dilemma exclusive of any middle? Cannot people really wish to be restrained from doing what they have not virtue enough to avoid voluntarily?" I reply: "Certainly. I often feel that way myself. The dilemma is not exclusive of half a dozen middles. We have mentioned one of them—the bumcombe law, which is framed to be passed but not to be enforced. Another is the spasmodic law, meant to be enforced when a steal is being incubated, or when the community, awaking from its habitual daily profligacy with hot coppers, indulges in a fit of virtue. My inference is that laws quite impotent for good may be very powerful for evil. At their head stand those which create *mala prohibita*, such as the tariff laws, which, but for smuggling, must have destroyed commerce and with it civilization. On these laws is evidently not only the public loss and inconvenience involved in keeping them, but all the private wickedness and demoralization caused directly or indirectly by breaking them. Laws in themselves wicked, such as the Fugitive Slave Law, doubtless come next. But they have one redeeming feature—their sins are known. The "moral" statutes are a good third. (18) See D. M. Bennett's "Anthony Comstock, His Career of Cruelty and Crime," also on the whole subject, Herbert Spencer's essay on "Our Legislation," and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* article "Government." The man who wants to be restrained from a vice which he has not self-denial enough to abstain from voluntarily, can only have his desire gratified, I fear, on condition that he is more addicted to this vice than other people. There is no hope for an average man but in getting the self-denial."

VIII

Until a somewhat recent period mankind, in spite of Solomon's authority, were ad-

(18) A bill recently introduced into the Massachusetts legislature provided that experiments on living animals should not be tried before any school or other public assembly, except the operating physician's medical class; but agents of the antivivisection society, with which the bill originated, should always be admitted. I will not insult the reader's intelligence by showing him the nigger in this rail fence.

dicted to pronouncing the former times better than these. Christianity had, indeed, an idea of progressive revelation—after Abraham, Moses; then the prophets, Christ, and the Paraclete. But even Christianity placed the golden age in a lost Eden; it anticipated a speedy end of the world; and when centuries ebbed away without fulfilling this expectation, the first age (of the Church) again because the golden period from which posterity was to learn. The conception of a secular progress founded on increase in knowledge belongs to the Baconian philosophy. The persuasion of the Epicureans, who alone among philosophic sects much regarded history before, was that no great improvement could be expected;* and this disposition to admire the past without hope for the future was, as Macaulay says, characteristic of all schools which preceded the Baconian schools of Fruit and Progress. Steady, and suddenly hopeful improvement has, however, since Bacon, familiarized us with the doctrine that improvement is the law of nature; and there is now danger we may make "progress" a fetish. We have already made it a cant. One of the greatest among Progressionists, Herbert Spencer, points out in his essay "Progress, its Law and Cause," that this divine dispensation has no direct reference to our convenience. Progress is simply change in a definite direction. The physical constitution of the universe requires that change should be from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, except in certain cases, on which I do not mean to say that Mr. Spencer has sufficiently enlarged; for the purpose of his philosophy was to emphasize this aspect of change. Still he has mentioned them all. The first is simple evolution, seen when attraction moulds a formless mass (as a falling drop of liquid) into a sphere. This seldom happens comparatively—never on a large scale, for reasons explained in his essay on the "Nebular-Hypothesis" and in his "First Principles," Part II, Ch. XIII. But even when it does, the tendency from homogeneity to heterogeneity is apparent. In the more complex and usual evolutions this tendency becomes very conspicuous. There is in these, concurrently with the change from homogeneous to heterogeneous, a change from heterogeneous to homogeneous ("integration"), which, to be sure, he has not adequately stated. The slowness of that notice bestowed on it is the weakest part of his Evolutionary doctrine, and gives it something of the metaphysical character.†

* Ad victum quæ flagitat usus
Omnia jam ferme mortalibus esse parata.

—Lucretius.

† The most trenchant criticism on Herbert Spencer's philosophy I ever read was in Van Buren Denslow's "Modern Thinkers." Mr. Spencer, he remarks, would describe with great learning, admirable lucidity, endless illustration, and some prolixity, how the family meal of a few Communistic sectaries expanded into the ritual of the Mass, and the dogma of transubstantiation, how these respectively brought on the gradations of the hierarchy; vestments; organs; musical evolution from congregational singing to the harmonic system; bells, Gothic architecture, stained glass, medieval painting, rhyme, Dantesque poetry; sermons; traditional doctrine, general councils; scholastic philosophy; papal infallibility. But he would say little or nothing about the fusion of Greek, Roman, barbarian; Parsee mythology; Jewish law; Hellenic philosophy; Cæsarian imperialism, into the unity of the Christian Catholic Church. Spencer has himself remarked that

Finally, dissolution, as when the body of an animal decomposes into its original elements, is the reverse of evolution—a decided change from heterogeneous to homogeneous. But this happens only locally. However large the scale of dissolution—even when a star, that is a sun, explodes, burning all its attendant planets into gas, phi-

a new-born infant is so complex, an encyclopedia would be needed to describe its parts. The germinal vesicle from which the infant was developed is so simple that it may be defined in a line. It is easy for any of his readers to imagine how he could develop this idea. But is the evolution of the infant's complex parts more significant than the appearance among them of one self-conscious soul? The slowness with which "integration" is treated by Spencer affords no ground for saying that his principal generalization is unfounded or unimportant. But it does give excellent ground for saying the generalization is imperfect. And of that he does not appear to be conscious. The "Synthetic Philosophy" is an objective philosophy, which may be accepted as strictly inductive when it leads to Individualism; but its weak point is almost omitting the individual, from whose ground alone any philosophy can become rational. The reader may observe that in this section I have attempted to rationalize human progress; and that for this purpose I begin, like a host of philosophers, from Aristotle to Schopenhauer, with the individual's peculiar faculty, the Will. But Mr. Denslow's criticism on Spencer does not end here. Tho Spencer in general follows the inductive method, and tho he cleared the way for his own ontology by an unrivaled refutation of metaphysics, he is a metaphysician at heart. If he had announced, says Mr. Denslow, that he had discovered the key to all Nature's processes, and explained that it was this—Progress is a change from homogeneous to heterogeneous, or from heterogeneous to homogeneous, or both concurrently,—he need scarcely have added "or neither," in order to provoke a laugh. For what else could possibly be predicated about this one relation of homogeneous and heterogeneous? Nothing, of course; and therefore Evolutionary metaphysics are just like other metaphysics. Fully stated, their principle is a truism. Half stated, it is a fallacy. But only, observe, on condition that the half is made to appear the whole. There is no reason, I repeat, why Mr. Spencer should not show how largely evolution consists in change from homogeneous to heterogeneous, or how its being so follows from a simple first principle, nor yet why this demonstration of one among cosmical tendencies should be unimportant. If regarded only as a hypothesis, the doctrine that change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous may be detected in every growing and in the environment of every dissolving aggregate, is at least a guide to observation and experiment. For an example of the illegitimate use of the evolution theory, may be cited that easy optimism which pronounces every change an improvement. We are not justified in saying that things would be worse but for the life of a Tuior or a Bonaparte—only that they would be different. To illustrate the versatility of metaphysics, which lend themselves equally to proving everything, observe that it is very common to say labor for a reform is superfluous—it will come by Evolution—a very neat euphemism for the work others do and we prefer to shirk! But inductive evolutionism really does teach that results are apt to be widely different from intentions. The most practical benefits are not conferred by the most disinterested labors, for they are apt to be too impetuous; nor the most harm done by the most sinful actions, for they bring on a reaction. Superstitions do not fall before demonstrations of their absurdity; but before physical discoveries which dispel the state of mind the superstitions require. Great evils, like pauperism, are much more promoted by well meant meddling, like eleemosynary institutions, than by sins of selfishness, like rapacity or extravagance. More generally—progress, being the increase of complexity, is antagonized by reversions to simplicity—a volunteer community on an island will never regenerate the world—progress is favored by a complex state—the society of the future will take form in the great cities. Yet such reasoning, to be sound, must discriminate. Democracy has been assailed, in England, as a reaction against the complexity of a graded aristocracy with a popular element. The truth is that the really popular element in any government is almost nil; and every increase of it is a departure from the simplicity of class-rule.

Philosophy perceives at once that the system destroyed was a member of a larger system, its dissolution a step in the evolution of the latter. Progress then, upon the largest view of it our faculties are able to reach, is a change from homogeneous to heterogeneous, with concurrent changes from heterogeneous to homogeneous in the case of each "integration" (as that of a planet), which integrations, exhibiting both processes in different ways, together form and are determined by the change from homogeneous to heterogeneous in some greater aggregate (as the solar system). Evolution, in schoolmen's phrase, is substantially and causally a change from homogeneous to heterogeneous; but formally and in special effects from one kind of homogeneity to a like of heterogeneity, with another change from a different kind of heterogeneity to the parallel kind of homogeneity; plus reverse processes of particular dissolution. The human mind, developed from the simple apperceptions of the infant into the complex sensations, thoughts, and emotions of a cultivated man, all this thru interaction with the environment, furnishes a perfect illustration of individual evolution, dependent upon cosmic. For, first, the infant, in becoming a man, passes from a simple environment, from suckling and sleeping in his mother's arms, to a complex one, developing his intelligence as he learns to eat, to walk, to play, to fight, to labor, to form plans for the future. But the society into which he is thus introduced, and whose interaction requires all this, is itself a microcosm, an integrating body, gaining in heterogeneity by similar experience of its environment, while it gains in homogeneity by the increased dependence of each member on every other.

The evolution of a savage child and a civilized one, up to perhaps six years of age, is similar, nay, the savage may have the superiority—far surpassing the civilized child in such things as use of tools and weapons; which, since they bear a direct relation to his environment, imply real gain in intellect, while the other's advantages, such as knowing his letter, bear no direct relation to the environment, do not in themselves exercise any faculty but memory, and are quite compatible with helpless infantility. After that age, however, the civilized person rapidly forges ahead. At ten "the Christian child" surpasses "the grey barbarian," because he has been trained to the requirements of a more evolved society. Again, the very existence of either society depends on evolution of the planet, a single important phase of which, like the so-called glacial period,* forever affects most radically the possibility of further racial and social evolution. The evolution of the planet is determined by the evolution of the Solar System, and this, no doubt, by that of the sidereal, at which point our present acquaintance with the cosmos ceases. There is, I conceive, no flaw in this reasoning so far. Metaphysics and moonshine begin when attempts are made to carry speculation beyond facts on which we can speculate. Mr. Spencer, I am afraid,

* My own opinion is that the glacial period of any particular region, as the Appalachian, was local, and may not have been within a million years of that seen in another, as the Jurassic. See Herbert Spencer's essay on "Illogical Geology."

set the example. His lifeless and moon-like earth of the future, his planets falling into the sun, his alternate eras of solar evolution and dissolution, are at best, mere indications of tendencies, from which nothing could be inferred unless we knew more about other tendencies. When he discusses the necessity that this process should come to an end, and matter settle into a cold and lifeless mass, surrounded by empty and eternal night, we have evidently reached the infinities. Since Eternity is before us, this must come! Why, since eternity is behind us, did not this come long since? Later evolutionists go further. The stars contend for space, like plants and animals for food. They improve by the law of natural selection. Since, in the known cosmos, gravitation reigns, and every ascent is only the partial reversal of a fall, the homogeneous nebula must be the dissolution of a heterogeneous substance not less complex than protoplasm. Thus do metaphysics revert to mythology. We have got back to Ymir and Pwankle! But an antidote for such intellectual poison is at hand. The uniform tendency of metaphysics to Monstrosity is deducible from Herbert Spencer's first principles ("The Unknowable"). Since thinking is conditioning, and the Unconditioned is the unthinkable, it follows at once that any "view" of the Unconditioned—any observation pushed far enough to be the basis for a theory of Everything, must land us in contradiction; and that this Mokanna, intolerable in the light of philosophy, must put on the silver veil of supernaturalism!

We will confine our Evolution to the known world, remembering that the known (and the knowable) is—of course—a finite world. Mr. Spencer's view of society and social progress is, it will be observed, widely different from Buckle's, which has mainly guided us hitherto. According to Buckle, the influence of race is insufficiently made out, that of moral teaching (aside from better application by increase of knowledge) is unprogressive, that of law merely conservative, that of art considerable, indeed, but mainly operative on individuals. Knowledge alone determines advance in the social state. Because environment does so only by furnishing opportunities and incentives for acquisition of knowledge. These, however, and not personal genius, determine national education. But Spencer begins with Environment. Environment conditions natural and sexual selection. Natural and sexual selection make race. Race determines capacity. Capacity acted on by and reacting on environment, educes society; which is thus influenced by, tho it powerfully reacts upon, the individual of exceptional capacity (the genius); while it almost wholly determines the average individual, or Philistine. Unquestionably Spencer's view is the wider, and thus the more in harmony with inductive method; nor do I imagine that either can be improved by anything in the way of arbitrary eclecticism, but only by more thorough induction. It is, however, well worth while to observe at what similar conclusions they arrive from such divergent premises.

C. L. JAMES.

(To be continued.)

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The law is itself upon trial.—Wines.

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