



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1903.

WHOLE NO. 419.

Oh, Tell Me: Why?

Oh, workingmen! pray, tell me why
Adorn you so and beautify

With flowers and trees the graves of people dead,
While 'round your cheerless homes, alas!

Are seen but seldom, trees and grass,

And flowers (in pots—a meager flower bed),
Which wither soon as do the lives
Of your beloved children, wives?

Why take you to the "Church" with zest
Whatever from hard toil you wrest

In endless waste of sweat, and blood, and brains,
And give it cheerfully away

To those who lead and show the way

To Heaven's realm, where utter darkness reigns;
Who teach you never to dispel
The fear of Satan, God and Hell?

Why raise you offspring in the styes
Of mental, spiritual lies,

Whose poison spreads, like pestilence, all 'round—
In priestly day—and—Sabbath schools,
Whose only aim is to make fools

Of child and youth who touch their "sacred" ground;
Nay, worse than fools yet—falsehood's breeds,
Prolific with disgraceful deeds?

Why make the earth a battle-field,
Where all to sword and cannon yield,

With blood and bones the soil to fertilize,
(Our Mother-Earth, upon whose face
Her Father-Sun with love and grace

Pours golden rays for all alike a prize),
Because some strive all human kind
With chains of slavery to bind?

Why toil you like the honey-bees,—

When in your looks but cares one sees,
And often deepest pain and black despair,—

Why can't you, tell, maintain the lives
Of your beloved children, wives,

Who stifle now their heart's desires fair,
While drones, with peace of heart and mind,
Devour your honey (you resigned)?

* * *

Behold approaching glorious Spring
Upon the Sun's all powerful wing!

The heart of Nature throbs with endless joy:
The worm, the plant, the fowl, the beast,
In Nature's kingdom tho the least,

Her boundless blessings gleefully enjoy.
For you but, men, creation's crown,
Spring has no joys, it seems, brought down.

In velvet green the fields are clad;
Sweetly mysterious voices spread

From yonder forest, rustling in the breeze;
There murmuring flows a snake-like brook,
In whose clear waters gently look

The azure sky and curly-headed trees;
The air embalmed is with perfume
Of trees and flowers all in bloom.

And all, that vibrates, moves and speeds
Exalts and praises Nature's deeds

In sound and motion full of harmony:
From the voracious beast and brute

And to the caterpillar mute,

And bird of song, and butterfly, and bee,
All crawl, and leap, and hop, and spring,
And call, and buz, and chirp, and sing.

And you, oh men, creation's crown,
Who from above on all look down,
Who make all wealth with your own blood and brains,

Remain forever in your holes,
Like criminals in prison walls,
Where endless misery forever reigns,
As if not for you in the least
Had Mother-Nature spread her feast.

Then, why indifferent remain
To whatsoever is a bane,

That hovers ceaselessly above your life,
When your's is all the wealth or earth,
To which your toil has given birth?

If, brave and bold in the approaching strife,
You'll break the yoke; the bondage rent
Of master, priest and government!

OSCAR B. SMOLENSKY.

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A New Island Story.

Once there were a number of people living on a sunny island in the sea. The island was their world, for the great rolling ocean was like mere space to them, seldom bringing them anything but waves and seaweed and balmy breezes. A storm or a ship sometimes happened, but at very long intervals. So these people lived their own lives, uninfluenced by the conditions and characteristics of other races. They could read and write, and a country newspaper was actually published somewhere on the little spot of ground in a primitive way very satisfactory to all concerned; they cherished a sort of traditional religion which time had melted into a practical mixture of idealistic Christianity, pagan mysticism, and natural ethics, and they never disagreed as to points of faith or the orthodoxy of doctrines. They knew nothing of politics. They must have been taught it sometime in the past, but they had become fearfully benighted in this regard as time went by. They had no elections; they had forgotten that a governor was necessary, that they were in the depths of chaos and confusion without a secretary of war, secretary of State, treasurer and lord high executioner. An old flag, of a nation important among other important nations, but of little moment here, floated from a flagstaff down by the unused landing. A legend of a regularly appointed ruler prevailed, and a few coins with a foreign stamp upon them lay in the museum or office of the traditional governor. But this was all these people knew of government. When they wanted a thing done they came together and agreed upon the best plan of doing it. Otherwise they attended their gardens and goats assiduously,

traded produce with each other without interference of any outside power, and never thought of quarreling. Few could remember when anything had been stolen; but the last story was of a man who purloined his neighbor's garden rake and did not bring it back. Before noon the use of twenty rakes had been tendered him with apologies that his lack had been overlooked. There was little need of money; but pieces of paper promising the bearer a bushel of wheat or whatever else he might want, on demand, circulated among the simple Islanders. Often mere verbal promises answered every purpose; for when things needed for consumption were plentiful no one cared enough about accumulating them to withhold from any who might need, and in time of scarcity none could be happy when some of their neighbors might be needing the necessities of life. When a genuine scarcity of productions occurred the custom was to hold a convention, determine just what the supply was, just what the actual demand would be, and apportion it out with equal favor to all.

No one was wonderfully rich, tho some possessed silks and jewels so old as almost to have lost the story of their origin; but these were looked upon as articles of curiosity, which every inhabitant was privileged to look upon sooner or later, and which afforded about as much pride and pleasure to one as to another. Goat skin and goat hair furnished the raw materials for their clothing; their houses were made of bamboo and palm leaves; their food was the fruits, vegetables and grains easily grown on the island.

And so these people lived, loved, and were happy and peaceful. Their social life was free and cheerful—poetry and romance entered into their lives as naturally as the breezes, the beautiful, boundless ocean, the radiant dawns and lovely sunsets. There was no tax gatherer, assessor or rent taker to come and make them afraid.

But one day a great armed ship, floating a flag, similar to the one at their harbor, swept into view and bore down upon the quiet little island. It sent a boat load of uniformed officers off to land at the simple wharf, where only a few curious men lounged about to receive them. A grand looking man addressed them in a sonorous voice:

"Where is your governor? Where are your officers? Why is not someone in authority here to meet us? Surely you must have sighted our ship long enough ago?"

Some one in authority! Who was? What

ought to be done with these magnificent creatures? Now they saw the lack of properly organized government, if never before. The few men on the beach consulted with one another and remembered that one of their number had a long time ago received an appointment as governor of the island, but that he had laid the papers away and kept on at work with the rest of them, not finding anything in his official capacity to do. He was hunted up now and brought with the soil of the earth still clinging to his coarse garments to do the honors of the island to the visitors. There was no display, no officers to parade, no public offices to show, no treasures, no red tape, no jails to bring out for investigation; nothing but a few simple people, living quietly and contentedly among themselves, without laws or lawmakers. Naturally the visitors were shocked. What barbarism! What confusion! What Anarchy!

But they would soon change all this; indeed that was what they had come for. They would organize a government, establish the authority of the mother country, open up a new market and make the island a source of revenue. All this as soon as possible the great men proceeded to bring about.

A governor who appreciated the advantages of a privileged position, one among themselves, was appointed at a high salary. Other officers were chosen, some by the people themselves; different departments were established; a financial system set up, taxes levied, arrangements for strict order and obedience were made. As it would require a class to execute these plans on the others, the class was naturally a privileged one, and the land principally was given out to them to rent out or sell. Everything being thus thoroly organized, ships began to arrive with foreign goods, and the island was flooded with stylish, new materials, bibles, whiskey, and opium. Nothing was now needed to complete their onward march toward civilization, but a war and a spirit of patriotism, and these would come in good time.

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Ten years later, the promise of civilization was fulfilled.

A great, bustling, monstrous growth of a city stood on the site of the simple wharf. Palaces gleamed down one street, and hovels groveled in their shadow on another. Corruption, greed, power rioted in the city halls; want, hunger, petty thievery ran riot among the people. Pomp, splendor, piety, gilded and ostentatious charity reigned in the palaces; poverty, ignorance, degradation, bitterness, despair, rebellion reigned in the huts and thorough the despoiled lands. Pestilence and drunkenness were now well known, and the newly built jails were never empty. Officialism found plenty to do, and the workers, when they saw their productions taken for rent and taxes, constantly planned how they could escape the terrible specter—poverty. All were fearful; none were secure. But this was civilization, fostered under a strong government.

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This is not an allegory, reader. It has happened several times in the history of the world.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Two Object Lessons for Socialists.

The following I clip from a trade union paper.

In Holland recently an anti-strike bill was forced thru parliament by capitalist politicians. It is now a law and affects State workers, and there is a fear that the law may be extended.

The government of Victoria, Australia, refused to allow the State railway employees to join the Federation of Labor. A strike resulted and all the forces of the State were brought into play with the result that the strike was a miserable failure.

Here are the object lessons in State Socialism. "Ah, but State Socialism is not what we want," declare the Social Democrats and the S. L. P. ites. Well, if they do not want it they are certainly a queer lot, for that is exactly what they are voting for. It is all well enough to say that they will establish a Social Democracy, but there is no such thing.

There is just one kind of political Socialism and one kind only, and that is State Socialism with a big S. In all forms of society in which association takes place there are a few people who run the thing. The very fact that the S. L. P. and S. D. parties are both run by a machine is the best possible proof of the truth of the above. Moreover, there is not a political party on the face of the globe that has more of a political machine with so few bosses than the Social Democratic party of Germany.

When it comes to tactics these Socialist parties show all the earmarks of the rankest bossism. Two illustrations show this: Mrs. Avery charged the party leaders with being atheists, free lovers, etc. The charge is at least partly true, as we will admit. What happens? She is excommunicated for two years. Second. A union man opposed the efforts of the Socialists to capture his international union and told some plain truths about them. What happened? A conspiracy was entered into by certain bosses of the party to have this man fined as an organizer under pay, and they succeeded. This is what one ought to call State Socialist tactics. The question for the workers to ask themselves is this: Will we have less liberty under a Socialist administration than we enjoy under capitalism?

F. G. R. GORDON.

Preachers and Law-breakers.

Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, who in the service of the Quay machine signed the bill designed to muzzle the press of his State, has discovered that the thing is not to be done. The press defies him, and treats him as the tool and fool he has proved himself to be. The new law is daily broken, openly and rejoicingly, Pennypacker himself being made the special object of the law breaker's contempt and laughter. What is he going to do about it?

The above quotation is an extract taken from an editorial article published in the San Francisco Examiner on June 6, 1903. The Examiner is owned by W. R. Hearst, a multi-millionaire, member-elect of Congress from a district in New York, and an avowed candidate for the nomination as president of the United States at the next election. The quotation is instructive.

The press of Pennsylvania, like the Hearst papers, is very zealous in advising and cautioning the working people to obey and re-

spect the law, and is particularly extreme in its denunciation of Anarchists because the Anarchists teach that obedience to and respect for authority and law is servility in the most aggravated form. But does the publishing fraternity of Pennsylvania practise the lesson it preaches to workers, when the lawmakers of that State seek to separate the newspaper proprietors from their interests, as they do in the case of the workers? Not at all? They defy the authority of the governor, treat him as a fool and "openly and rejoicingly" break the law, because it interferes with their interests.

Every class in human society, except the working class, by some method or other tramples down the law when it obstructs its purposes. But all classes unite in compelling the working class to always obey the law, and none are more violent in this respect than the newspaper class. Let us who toil awaken to the fact that we produce all wealth; that it all belongs to us by right of production; that law and authority are methods by which wealth is made to pass from our hands into the possession of the non-toiling classes, and that it is to the interest of the non-toiling classes to seduce us if possible, and coerce us if necessary to obey the law and bow to authority,—then we will "openly and rejoicingly" break every statute law, and ask them what they are going to do about it.

Really, what can they do about it, then? Nothing to us workers enjoying the use of wealth we produce, which our obedience to law now prevents us from doing; and to also witness and feel the discomfiture of the non-toilers. But what is the United States going to do with Hearst for publishing the editorial? Will it subject his papers to the same treatment it accorded to *The Firebrand* and *FREE SOCIETY*, or will it deal with him as did the State of New York with John Most? Not at all. He is not of the working class. He has too much money. He can buy, or coerce the officials.

San Francisco.

CON LYNCH.

"Primitive Folk."

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We have become too much accustomed to regard disdainfully, from the height of modern civilization, the intelligence of former times, the ways of feeling, of acting, and of thinking that characterized the human collectives preceding ours. How often do we ridicule them without knowing them! We have imagined that the etymology of inferior races was but a collection of vagaries, a confused mass of nonsense. In fact, the prejudices appear doubly absurd when we have not the key to them: We have finished by believing that there is no intelligence but our own, that there is no morality but that which accommodates itself to our formulas.

We have manuals of natural history which divide the animal and vegetable species into two categories, the useful and hurtful, and affirm that outside of man exists neither reason nor conscience.

They reproach the ass with his stupidity, the shark with his voracity, and the tiger with his fury. But who are we that we should assume such an exalted position in view of the intellectual and moral weakness of those who have preceded us?

It were well to take care; these errors that traverse the human race, these illusions thru which it has passed carry their information. They are not monstrosities, hatched in space by chance; natural causes have produced them in their natural order—let us say—in their logical order. In their time, they were so many beliefs that passed as very well motivated. Resulting from the disproportion between the immensity of the world and the insignificance of our personality, they testify to a persevering effort marking the evolution and the adaptation of our organism to its environments, adaptation always imperfect, always ameliorated.

The series of superstitions is nothing else than the research for truth, thru ignorance. The spectacles, the telescope, the microscope, the spectral analysis, so many corrections of the recognized insufficiency of our visual apparatus. There will never be exact comprehensions of the reality except by reasoned knowledge of former mistakes. That is the cost of science of intellectual optics.

How often has been reiterated the profound saying, "Traveling in space is also traveling in time!" In fact, such rites unexplained, such customs, of which those who practised them never suspected meaning, have in their way, the same interest that the digging up of a buried city would have for the archeologist, of the discovery of a Pterodactyle wallowing in an Australian swamp, for the zoologist.

Intelligence is everywhere the same, but its developments are successive; slowly step by step humanity gravitates toward reason. Sooner or later it will be ascertained that ideas have their age, the sentiments vary in form and degree. A future science will classify even fantastic imaginings, will show how unreasonable fancies are formed, and will fix the dates of prejudices and superstitions, fossils of their kind.—*Elie Reclus*, in "Primitive Folk."

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Holbach's System of Nature.

In his most interesting work on "Diderot and the Encyclopaedists," John Morley devotes one chapter to one of his contemporaries, Holbach and his chief work, "System of Nature," which appeared in 1770. This book is important as a complete attempt to substitute materialistic philosophy for religion, but perhaps more so for the violent directness and the pertinacity of its assault upon political government and its vindication of the innate goodness of man, whose deliverance is to be wrought, according to the author, by intellectual and material emancipation hand-in-hand with social cooperation.

If men are bad, Society is at fault!

Man is bad not because he was born so, but because he is made so. The great and powerful crush with impunity the needy and unfortunate.

And yet there could be so much happiness and goodness among men:

A society enjoys all the happiness of which it is susceptible, as soon as the greater number of its members are fed, clothed, housed, and able, in a word, without excessive toil, to satisfy the wants that nature has made a necessity to them. Their imagination is content as soon as they have the assurance that no force can ravish from them the fruits of their industry, and that they labor for themselves. By a sequence of hu-

man madness whole nations are forced to labor, to sweat, to water the earth with their tears, merely to keep up the luxury, the fancies, the corruption of a handful of insensates—a few useless creatures. So have religions and political errors changed the universe into a valley of tears."

Again, happiness depends on the relation of man to man:

"It is man who is most necessary to the well-being of man, for no man can be happy alone."

So also does virtue:

To be virtuous is to place one's interests in what accords with the interests of others. The sentiments of self-love become a hundred times more delicious when we see them shared by all those to whom our destiny binds us. The moment you attempt to find a basis for morals outside of human nature you go wrong; no other is solid and sure. The aid of the so-called sanctions of theology is not only needless but mischievous. As for saying that without God man cannot have any moral sentiments, or, in other words, cannot distinguish between vice and virtue, it is as if one said that with the idea of God, man would not feel the necessity of eating and drinking.

—*Freedom*, London.

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Does Liberty Mean Variety?

While the article "The Sex Question and Liberty" is ably written, yet being a forlorn cause, even as humble a writer as myself can refute it. The whole article is a vindication of variety in sex relationships, but it does not vindicate. Americus makes the assertion that variety is liberty, and then builds an air castle on it, yet the heading of his article shows that he himself does not think so. Comrade Most correctly calls variety lust, and advises that it should not be considered as a teaching of Anarchism.

While no one has a right to criticize the actions of any individual, yet no one has a right to make a "hobby" a public question, and press it on the minds of others. I agree with Americus that the libertarians need unity, fraternity and harmony for the propagation of liberty, but not variety; and I invite every liberty-loving man and woman who is willing to make propaganda on political, economical, and religious grounds, to let me hear from him or her.

ARTHUR MEDWEDEFF.

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COMMENT.

My friend Medwedeff is mistaken in regarding my article "The Sex Question and Liberty" as "a vindication of variety in sex relationships." Variety is neither mentioned nor referred to thruout the entire article, which was a vindication of liberty and liberty alone; I purposely having avoided other matter for the sake of clearness. On another occasion I may defend variety, in which I have implicit faith, as a purifier of sex relationships.

AMERICUS.

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"Watch Your Leaders."

The revolt of the Clyde engineers from the officialdom of their union is a healthy sign, and it will not be without its effect upon the executive of that organization. It is just three years ago, on the first of May, that Dr. George Barnes, speaking at the Crystal Palace to a crowd of Social Democrats, sneeringly referred to the trade unions as being composed of men who were wasting "their time, their money, their energy, and their brains—as far as they had any" (this statement being received with cheers

by those those present) "to settle this question" (labor question) "by the shortening of the hours of labor and the increase of wages." He remains true to his convictions, and in order to help solve the labor question he votes and uses all his powers as secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers to cause a reduction of a shilling a week in the men's wages, and this against the decision of the men affected. Of course, there is the specious plea that it was in the interest of the whole organization, implying that they would be defeated were they to strike. Oh, that specious plea "the greatest good for the greatest number." That's right, Mr. Barnes; the way to settle the labor question is to reduce the wages of the workers and send you and your kind to Parliament. You would make an admirable labor representative! The executive controlling the funds and withholding the strike pay, of course the men were defeated. Nevertheless, the lesson will not be lost, and it will be long before the executive tries the trick again. As Jay Fox said recently in *FREE SOCIETY*, "keep on the picket line, brothers, and watch your leaders as well as capitalists."—*Freedom*, London.

Here and There.

The Supreme Court of New Jersey has confirmed the sentence of the Paterson "idlers of justice," who condemned Comrades McQueen and Grossman to five years' imprisonment, ostensibly for having participated in the strike riots, but in reality to remove two able agitators from the labor movement. Our readers will still remember that McQueen had tried his best to prevent the strikers from being shot down by the police, and that Grossman was in New York when the riot occurred, to which more than a dozen witnesses testified, among whom was his employer, the publisher of a Republican Hungarian weekly in New York.

It is reported from Australia that Comrade Andrews is dying from consumption in a Melbourne hospital. Many of our readers will still remember his excellent contribution to *The Firebrand*. He was one of the first Anarchist agitators in Australia, suffering persecution, starvation, and imprisonment.

According to an article in *Neues Leben* (New Life), there are twenty Anarchist periodicals in Spain, with 80,000 subscribers, *Tierra y Libertat* at the head with 18,000 readers. This in a priest-ridden country with 18,000,000 inhabitants, about half of whom are illiterate, an example which ought to animate the Anarchists of this country to a more lively activity.

Cronaca Sovversiva is the name of a new Anarchist Italian weekly, hailing from the church-ridden State of Vermont. Price \$1 a year. Address: P. B. Box 1, Barre, Vt.

The Pennsylvania coal miners trusted in leaders—God, Roosevelt, Mitchell, & Co.—and have consequently been cheated, as was expected by those who have learned from experience. The mine owners openly defy the decision of the commissioners, and another strike seems to be inevitable. Miners, "learn to stand on your own feet!"

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

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

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 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.

All exchanges and correspondents should note our new address, and direct mail to 407 Park Ave. instead of 331 Walnut.

Ida C. Craddock's photograph can be obtained from E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143rd St., New York, N. Y. Price, 30 cents.

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

Outpost Echoes.

Carnegie has bought a large collection of fossils for the Pittsburg Institute. Was he lonely, by himself?

Laws and institutions bind the individuals of a race together, perhaps; but only in the way in which slaves are bound together.

A "practical" man is one of the most unpractical of beings; one who takes things as he finds them, thinking them right merely because they exist.

Anarchists are but human; therefore once in a while an Anarchist follows the example set by Christians, monarchists, and democrats; and kills a tyrant. Queer, isn't it?

Sexual freedom is neither desired by those who are enslaved by sex nor by the unscrupulous, who delight in coercing woman or in buying her, but is desired alone by men.

Of old they said that men needed the fear of God to make them righteous; experience having given the lie to this dogma, they have abandoned it in favor of another one; and now it is in the fear of the laws that creates virtue.

Balfour averted a governmental crisis by standing between Chamberlain and the people, upon whom that charlatan would force his nostrum of protection. A word to Bal-

four: When the ship is sinking, the pumps do but little good. Can you swim?

An English criticism of Emerson is that he was an Anarchist; and the writer brings a plentiful supply of evidence to substantiate his contention. If our claim to the fame and honor of great men is admitted in a few more instances we shall be near the danger line of respectability.

The child is receiving a great deal of attention from students at present, and on all hands it is being avowed that the education of children, involving even the average amount of submission to parents, is destructive of their strength of character, and that forcible control leaves its effects in future voluntary submissiveness when the child becomes an adult.

The political Socialists are trying to make capital for their bankrupt theories by stealing the arguments of Kropotkin as advanced in that author's "Mutual Aid a Factor in Evolution." These amusing individuals must be shown, it seems, that "mutual aid" goes on without the State or any other sort of control, and that the contention based upon it is presented by Kropotkin as an argument for Anarchist Communism. Forced aid is not mutual aid. Try again!

H. O. Havemeyer, the sugar trust magnate very sweetly put some questions to the Federation of Labor in Yonkers, New York, and then waited for his answer. It must have burned the ears of the apostle of sweetness and trusts, as he listened to it. Really, if these brainless, or almost brainless money-bags keep on trying, they may learn something ere the world becomes too hot to hold them. But the estimate which they apparently put upon the understanding of workingmen does them very little credit.

Theodore having completed his western trip in a whirlwind of fatuous talk, is now safely re-ensconced in Washington, away from all the plots and threats which the punctilious pencil-pushers of the press discovered for his edification and to win our love. Presidents used to burn fireworks, when upon their journeys they would properly impress the intelligent citizen; now they adopt other expedients; they have Anarchists plots discovered. Anarchist scares are cheap, too; as cheap as a journalist's soul.

The Moslem woman is held up by western religious and moral writers as an unfortunate being compared with the Christian woman, who has but one husband. The real difference seems to be that where polygamy is practised, the man does as he wishes, and is not accountable to any of his wives, while in Christian lands his accountability is fully discharged thru that constant lying which the average man indulges in to preserve "the sanctity of the home." The righteous writers should specify the advantage of this.

The one all-important and valuable lesson

which trade unionism has taught the workers, is that to stand together is the secret of power. The raising of wages is but the amelioration of slavery; arbitration between employer and employee is a delusion; some other results of unionism amount to but little; but what unionism suggests: the general strike, and cooperative industry—these are things to some purpose. The workers have learned their powers solely thru combining, now let them learn how to use these powers wisely. Capitalism would soon give up the ghost if workingmen could but agree.

A London Times correspondent writes from New Zealand saying that the boasted governmental measure, compulsory arbitration, is not meeting with the acceptance which is anticipated. The employers show great dissatisfaction when a decision of the arbitration court is adverse to their interests; often discharging employes in retaliation; while the unions are equally uncompromising when a decision goes against labor. Thus the last means to conciliate exploiters and the exploited promises to miserably fail. Arbitration is a farce, as both the opposing interests know; but every remedy save the right one will be tried ere the end of compromise can come.

The widows and orphans who suffer when labor thru its successful strikes cuts down, or appears to cut down the dividends of capital, are a most pathetic lot. Their little savings, by the fortunate investment of which they are just able to live in luxury, cease to bring them in so much money, and then Mary must postpone her trip to Europe, and John perhaps has to wait a little for his automobile. It is a shame that the millions of widows and orphans of the common people should make such a great outcry about poverty, and that laborers accustomed to indigence should complain about their condition! It is easy for those accustomed to living on less than nothing to continue the practise, but consider: those who have lived a different life, they must suffer terribly when their incomes are cut down.

The slaughter in Serbia was carried on by "law-abiding people" and doubtless that is why we have heard so little in the way of strenuous objection to their bloody acts. Alexander and his king were butchered, but as the butchering was done by those who believe in government, and who believe with a vengeance in it, no reprisals are to be made. It is too bad that these murders were not done by Anarchists, then righteous indignation could foam at the mouth, while the very heavens echoed back the rage of a people bent on dire punishment. It makes all the difference in the world who kills, but it makes no difference how the murders are done. Really, if some one whom the people can hate justly, some Anarchist, does not soon do some parallel deed, the virtue which is so cherished an element in their hearts and souls will be in danger of extinction. Meanwhile, anyone who regards the people as hypocrites, and sneers at their adjustable standard of right and wrong, should, of course, be severely punished. AMERICUS.

By the Wayside.

It is only under Socialism that there can be no class legislation. Why? Simply because there will be but one class—the working class.—*The Coming Nation.*

What about the "Servants"—the official class?

The workers of Holland have learned a lesson. After the collapse of the general strike, a union man said in a mass meeting: "I have been asked what we intend to do now. Workers, I suggest that we dig a big grave, put in our leaders, cover it with sand, and put a cross on the heaped-up earth bearing the inscription: 'Here rest our leaders. Toilers learn to stand on your own feet!'"

Switzerland is being felicitated upon its new anti-Anarchist law. Anyone glorifying assassination is to be punished by imprisonment. "The monuments to Tell and Winkelried," adds a contemporary, "will now, of course, have to be removed; for it will not be a hard task for a States attorney to find in these monuments a glorification of assassination." It is characteristic that such stupidity finds first expression in so-called free countries—*America, France, and Switzerland.*

Will those who tell us that the sex problem will solve itself so soon as woman is economically free, explain why millionaire widows and girls submit to Mrs. Grundy as readily as the poorest working women? Or why emperors and kings and millionaires have their mistresses under the veil of secrecy? Do they fear public opinion? And will public opinion change unless people change their views on sex relations? "Do not discuss religion," says the would-be Socialist, and "do not touch the sex question," echoes the half-breed Anarchist, and both remain in the mire of slavery.

Bishop Matz of Denver, who repudiates Socialism because it aims to abolish private property, which means violating the law of God, "Thou shalt not steal," does not seem to be familiar with the writings of some of the canonized Church fathers, who condemned private property as highway robbery, and predicted for the owners of vast wealth eternal hell-fire. St. Gregory even went so far as to call all money-lending "robbery and parricide." Leaving modern thinkers aside, the bishop could learn much by a perusal of the writings of his saints, who clearly saw that private property in land rested on violence and "stealing."

The *International Socialist Review* laments that the Socialist party of Holland "seriously imperilled its political success for some time to come," because it "allowed itself to join the general strike movement." But the editor finds comfort in the thought that "the workmen will now surely turn their backs on the Anarchists and their teachings." Now, if the failure of the workers in their first attempt to combat capitalism by means of a general strike is sufficient reason to repudiate Anarchist tactics, the Socialist politician has no reason to boast. For thirty odd years the ballot has been hailed as the only savior of the toilers, and

what has the ballot accomplished? Absolutely nothing in the way of ameliorating the condition of the workers! In fact, in Germany where the Socialist party is the strongest, the situation of the labor movement is the most hopeless in every respect. All achievements of the toilers, both in Europe and in this country, are due to libertarian agitation and the efforts of trades unionism.

A new king has stepped on the throne of Servia "by the grace of God," of course; and the manner in which God expressed his grace may serve as an eye-opener to those who still believe that governments, as marriages, are made in heaven. It has also shown that governments rest on sheer force—brutal murder—and the only mistake so-called assassins, not coming from the privileged class, have made is, that they were neither strong enough nor willing to substitute other tyrants in the place of those killed. Had Bresci been prudent enough to convince some military officers that they could fare better if a Garibaldi could be enthroned, and had successfully murdered King Humbert and his whole family, he would have been glorified as the savior of Italy, instead of having been tortured into insanity and death by the mercenary tools of "law and order." However, we Anarchists have no reason for shedding tears when tyrants and trained murderers exterminate each other. But where is the fierce indignation that ran rampant when Bresci killed Humbert, or a Czolgosz thought he could better the condition of the toilers by shooting McKinley? Why do we hear nothing of the "cowardly murderers," "wild beasts of society," etc.? Ah, the murderers in Servia were mere tools of the robber gang and had no intention of curtailing the game of the legalized idlers and exploiters. Think of the howl the prostituted editors of our dailies would have raised if Anarchists had entered the palace and killed even a young girl who tried to shield her father! Not only would the governments be busy taking severe anti-Anarchist measures, but psychologists would find positive proof that the assassins had been insane—"incurable criminals"; A. Simon, the Socialist, would write another pamphlet proving (?) that the Anarchists had again come to the rescue of the dear foe of capitalism, that the "dupes" will be "ferociously punished, but the leading spirits are left to breed more trouble," and some pusillanimous Anarchists would join the chorus and declare for "evolutionary" or "philosophical" Anarchism, in order that they might not be confounded with the "revolutionary" Anarchists who have the courage to call things by their right name.

INTERLOPER.

Literature.

THE SONGS OF A CHILD. By Lady Florence Dixie. The Argus Press Bureau, 78 W. 48th St., New York. Price, \$2.

Perhaps no more precocious writer than the author of these poems has lived. From her twelfth to her sixteenth year, Lady Douglas (now Lady Dixie) gave expression to the largest body of verse on subjects quite out of the reach of the ordinary child's mind, with which the writer is acquainted; and the treatment of her large range of sub-

jects is so remarkable that often it may fairly be described as mature.

In addition to an astonishing breadth of mind, the author evinces the possession of poetic taste of no mean order; and some of her poems may without exaggeration be regarded as marvelously beautiful.

"The Death of Robespierre" is of a somber character, in which the strenuousness and bloody agony of the Revolution is finely indicated. A spirit of religious skepticism pervades many of the poems, "Saladin" being one of the author's most forceful utterances.

Had the author been born in the red rather than the purple, had she been a child of the people rather than a child of the aristocracy, she would doubtless have sung the emancipation of the toilers as forcefully and with as open a heart as her childhood's mind and poet's soul led her to sing of lesser, but allied things.

B.

THE STORY OF IJAIN; OR, THE EVOLUTION OF A MIND; by Lady Florence Dixie. The Leadenhall Press, 50 Leadenhall St., London, Eng.

This book portrays its author's mental development from the moment when the idea of God as a male suggested the need of a "Lady God" for deity's companion, until the time when that development ended in a general humanitarianism colored by agnosticism. Thru the form of a story the author takes us into her childhood's heart and life, shows us her brother, with whom she shared her doubts and mental troubles, and carries us along with her in her painful travail until as a woman she accepted the results of science.

The story is a familiar one to thousands who have gone thru the pain and doubt which initiate mental freedom, but its naturalism and pathos make it a delight and a helpful evangel to whoever will read.

Like the author's poetry, this little book brings us into familiar contact with a remarkably precocious mind, and a daring one.

B.

Attention.

Comrade Emma Goldman has agreed to make a propaganda tour in the West and the Pacific Coast during the months of July and August, if the money necessary for the trip can be raised. Now we ask all comrades who are interested in the tour to mail all contributions and communication either to my address or to Comrade Emma Goldman's, 50 First St., New York.

ROSE FRITZ.

San Francisco, Calif., 421 Castro St.

Important For Chicago Readers Only.

A Summer-Night Picnic for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY will take place July 4. Full particulars will be given next week.

Friday, June 19, 8 p. m., a grand theatrical performance of the play "The Union Man." 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. All profits will go to the propaganda.

A Vindication of Anarchism.

VIII (continued.)

The ritual element in religion has always the character of sacrament. And what is a Sacrament? It is an act performed without passion, but in imitation of some intense passion—as when the Bacchantes, who especially dreaded the curse of intemperance, sought to propitiate Dionysos by working themselves, tho sober, into a frenzy like that which comes of appreciating his gifts too well. Sacraments are essentially artistic—they are in every country the first form of Fine Art; and they produce the artistic effect. Throwing desire into objectivity, they cause without passion that happiness which it is the nature of passion to seek vainly.*

As we gaze on a Gothic cathedral, how few reflect that the most horrid rite of savagery began by extending the victim in form of a cross; that the cross is therefore an emblem of all the lustful gods; that an instinct of retribution made crucifixion in Persia, and doubtless other countries the punishment for that crime which combines sensuality with violence, that this punishment thus became emblematic for the soul's voluntary sacrifice of the body in martyrdom, and so of redemption by "the world's sixteen crucified saviors"? But the eye of enlightenment sees symbolized in this cruciform temple, the entire development of religion, from the worship of passion unobjectified (emotion) which aims to secure harmony with the environment by devouring its object; up thru speculation, which, with equal ill-success, seeks the same end by a theory designed to include subject and object in one formula; even to the contemplative stage, where emotion, relaxing its grip upon the will, becomes an object realized in art, and satisfies that esthetic sense which, alone among our faculties, does grasp simultaneously both terms of existence, thus attaining to an harmonious result or to happiness.†

It might be objected from the Pessimistic standpoint that the pleasure thus realized by the enlightened few is a poor return for

* It has justly been remarked that the most revered gods, (the earliest known to the tribe which, as elsewhere stated, represent passion), are very ugly and stay so, their conventional forms being sacred, until they begin to command less belief than of yore. Declining orthodoxy introduces religion to its high artistic stage; and if the orthodoxy declines little, the improvement is slight. "Superstitions," says Lecky, "die like the sun. Their last rays, possessing little heat, are expended in producing beauty." It is not, however, as we shall shortly see, to be inferred that the improvement depends wholly on undermining of the superstitions by increase in knowledge. The esthetic faculty itself transfigures them. Homer's Hymns show that to the poet Bacchus had become a beautiful boy and Aphrodite a nude ideal of loveliness, while devotion still represented them by shapeless stones dressed in ugly finery and girdled with venomous serpents. Knowledge had nothing to do with that advance in one art which thus foreboded a corresponding advance in another.

† *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E'terra magnum alterius spectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quemquam est jocunda voluptas;
Sed quibus ipse mali careas quia cerueve suave est.
Suave etiam belli certamina magni tueri
Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli,
Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde quæas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis querere vite.*

Lucretius, lib. II.

the agonies of the multitude who desire vainly. Compare with the pleasure of reading Homer, the horrors of an actual Iliad—the ten years' siege, the Hellas denuded of her ancient warrior races, to be the prey of the Æolian and the Dorian, the heroes murdered by cowardly stay at homes; the treacherous massacre, the captives condemned to worse than slavery! Reflect then, that for one such war which found a Homer to sing it, there have been thousands which had none. Think of the sufferings of the entire animal creation, thru the long ages before exterminating Man appeared among them. See the wolves tearing each other in the snow drifts for the lack of other living prey to slake their blood-thirst. Remember that intellectual good has become attainable at last only for a very few and in very limited measure; that "nature red in tooth and claw" has made mutual destruction "the stream of tendency," on which art is but a bubble! See how it rushes on, to plunge again into the gulf of Chaos! See scattered, over the blue vault of heaven, the ruin of a million worlds like ours—the cold and lifeless moon; the asteroids, bones of a planet prematurely dead; the "blazing sun" which in a moment annihilates all his dependent spheres of life! One of these fates is reserved for our own mother earth; and tho far distant by the scale of human life, it may well be realized in less time than has been necessary to create the possibility of esthetic pleasures. And then, if we choose to be metaphysical, is it not certain that in the infinity of change, all things must revert to the same point—that every human pain may be edged with the reflection, "What I suffer now I must have suffered many ages past; and shall again"? Can the ideal moments wrested with such struggle and torment from the tyranny of the Unconscious be weighed for one instant against their cost?

Such is the language of those who do not adequately realize that the advantage of thoughts over sensations is in kind, not in degree. The things which can be bought with money are measurable; we can have more of them or less; and, as we can weigh profit against cost, we may contend with one another about the unfairness of getting more than is bestowed. But the felicity of the mind which thru imagination has made its own desires objects instead of unseen tyrants, is not measurable—we have it simply or we have not; and if we have it, we are secure forever against losing it; for its very nature, as contemplation of *to pan* in all existence, proclaims it eternal and indestructible. For this reason, too, I need never be grieved that another should have "more" of it than I. Reflection has these admirable properties that it cannot be less than perfect; yet, by a celestial paradox, to distribute is always to increase it. And as its elements are in ourselves, it may be had without any external advantages, tho those conditions which knowledge removes from our path to it are real obstacles, and make attaining it less likely.

"True love hath this, different from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

Art and religion, thus in their earlier phases one, have long since become "differentiated"; and we have idle controversies

about whether art is to be cultivated "for its own sake" or "for a moral purpose." But to the soul imbued with their common spirit, the propositions differ only as execution and conception. Art which is not essentially religious, is not Art but dilettanteism. Religion which is not essentially artistic, is not religion but metaphysics or casuistry. And while those who possess the faculty of casting beautiful conceptions into melodies, form, or color, are few; anyone may aspire to the highest art, which is that of making action beautiful and experience sublime. It follows that we are not to see a refined and passionless selfishness in that view of existence which finds it a transcendent spectacle whose tragedy and pathos no less than its irony and humor, are foils to the central idea and *to pan* of beauty, in realizing which we also attain to happiness. For the same superiority to desire, born of finding something better, which makes possible such a frame of mind, involves also one desire—to impart it. We have already had occasion to observe, indeed, that this desire, unregulated by judgment, does a great deal of harm. Horrible as are the devil-worshipping manifestations of religious instinct seen among devotees of Moloch, Kali, or savages whose rites are yet more degraded, it may be questioned whether they are capable of doing as much mischief as the most unselfish enthusiasm in connection with the most philosophic creeds. Many generations of Moloch sacrifice would scarcely produce such a sum of misery as must be laid at the door of one Torquemada, who is yet but the personal type of a spirit which pervades all Christian denominations now, as it always did. In still more sublimated spheres of thought, the gentle creed of Rousseau becomes the sanguinary zeal of Robespierre. The highly speculative doctrine of Calvin, quite transcendental and pantheistic when expounded by a thinker like Edwards, becomes in popular conception a superstition which one who has believed it was able to pronounce the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness; and thus the question appears entirely a possible one whether religion has not been a curse to the world. Nor am I inclined to dispose of so serious a question lightly. I would have whoever attempts an answer acquaint himself fully with all which can be said in favor of a pessimistic one. The darkest view of religion on its bad side which can be gathered from the accounts of Lubbock, Payne Knight, Volney ("Ruins of Empires"), Amberly ("Analysis of Religious Belief"), comes far short of that at which I myself have arrived purely by study of antiquity. And as it is true that emotion unchecked by knowledge engenders superstition, so also it is that all superstitions are just simply immortal. Illustrations of their extraordinary vitality may be found plentifully in Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization" and in Herbert Spencer's "Sociology"; but such illustrations give an inadequate idea of the truth, which is better conveyed in form of a syllogism. Since superstition is idealized or objectified emotion, unregulated by knowledge; and since every degree of knowledge, from the highest attained down to the lowest, must exist so long as all are born totally ignorant, every superstition that ever has existed must continue to exist so long as man is man.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!"

Yet, is it either conceivable, credible, or attested, that an intellectual process which plays so enormously large a part in human life and history has no function pertinent to human welfare? The whole conception of Evolution is opposed to such a belief; for this conception posits harmony between the needs and states of any race. If particular examples are wanted it is easy to see e. g. why a rude people who must fight need to worship a fighting god. But more generally—the process is imagination, imagination, we saw, is the first step towards induction, induction is the source of knowledge, and knowledge is the remedy for superstition. The superstitions are all immortal, because knowledge filters downwards very slowly, and midnight darkness is much nearer the top of society than most people think; yet so necessary to authority is more knowledge than any but a very small thinking class possess, that superstitions cease to do sensible harm as soon as they go out of vogue among the cultivated. See, for very striking examples, Lecky's "History of Rationalism." Superstitions, thus, go out of fashion about the time they have fulfilled their respective functions, whence we are by no means to infer, as some do, that they ought to be handled delicately; but whence we may infer that polemical assault upon them by ridicule or otherwise, is little likely to be very beneficial except when they are actually giving way before the progress of positive knowledge, which alters the entire intellectual "climate" and prepares those great religious reformation in whose course men pass from more to less hindering beliefs. It might also be inferred that the latter process would be steady only in those countries where the advance of positive knowledge is so; and this we shall also find to be the case. Wherever the progress of knowledge has been arrested, either by simple want of opportunity for its increase, as among isolated tribes of savages, or by the personal influence of a sage, as in China; or by institutions like slavery, caste, despotism, respectively in Egypt and the Roman Empire, India, and the Mussulman countries, there we also find religion standing still or degenerating, except as social changes favored a reformation from without. The most striking example of this latter kind is the Roman Empire. Its institutions, slavery and despotism, had, indeed, stopped the advance of knowledge. But society was decaying and despairing. Christianity came to it as something new, and triumphed rather easily over all conservatism. In the Lower Empire, where also the arrest of progress in knowledge continued, it did little good, because the ill-omened genius of the eastern emperors arrested the dissolution of the State. In the new birth of the West, it played an important part.

The above review of causes which arrest progress from more to less cramping dogmas, leaves only three examples of unchecked advance—Buddhism, Judaism, and Christianity. The first has effected an important change for the better throughout the vast regions of Scythia and the southern Buddhist countries, and may have a future. But those people to whom it has done good were, before, so barbarous that its capacity

for its own improvement is by no means proved to an equal extent with that of the Judæo-Christian faith. Here the progress at first is signal. Nothing is more certain than that the Semitic people of Syria, including the Jews, once divided their worship principally between Ashtor-Chemosh and Moloch, that, in plain English, rape and cannibalism. Until the time of Saul, names derived from Moloch were common.* The people wanted, and the priests readily tolerated, worship of the national deity in form of a calf (a bull, the well-known image of Moloch). The high places, not removed before Hezekiah, were the sanctuaries of Ashtor-Chemosh, and sites of religious prostitution. But the Jewish prophets, long representing only a minority party, and not at all to be confounded with the priests, set their faces like a flint against practices thus incompatible with moral or intellectual advance. Their preaching was largely rationalistic. They denounced the prevailing creed as a worship of dumb idols, and treated with very little respect the compromise which allowed Jehovah to be represented as eating bull's flesh or valuing sackcloth and ashes rather than good works. The very change of their deity's name, from Adonai (lord) or El-Shaddai (God Almighty) representatives of mere power, to Jehovah (the Eternal) shows an immense intellectual advance. But, as Matthew Arnold says, ("Literature and Dogma") we should misunderstand this great movement if we did not allow it to be mainly imaginative and emotional. That intellectual strain which revolted against "the brutish gods of Nile," was feeble compared with the moral reaction against their and their kindred's worship of crimes. "Thou shalt not do so unto the Eternal, thy God; for every abomination which the Eternal hateth have they done to their gods, so that even their sons and their daughters have they burnt in the fire to their gods." This apotheosis of Conscience became the inspiration of that literature which raises the ancient Jews so much above the Phœnicians, Syrians, Moabites, Ammonites, or Arabians of their period, kindred races, in many elements of civilization greatly their superiors. The Eternal is the righteous God. Because Conscience will tolerate no divided empire, he is "a jealous god." Before this simple conception fell the most

* Melchishua, I Sam. XIV, 49; Abimelech, Judges X, 1, etc. Moloch-Melech, means "the king," an entirely Semitic conception of Divinity. Moloch was worshipped frequently at Jerusalem, habitually at Rabbah-Ammon, Tyre, Sidon, Byblus, and Carthage. When Agathocles was approaching the latter city, it proved that the rich had practised a fraud on Moloch by offering him slaves or foundlings instead of their own children; and in the paroxysm of repentance which followed, five hundred victims were sacrificed, many persons devoting themselves. Diodorus Siculus, who relates this, gives the same description of Moloch as the Rabbis. The idol had moveable hands, on which a child was placed; when it dropped into the furnace inside. He also identifies Moloch with Kronos, worshipped in Crete, till Zeus dethroned him. The bull of Phalaris, exhibited long after his time, was probably an old Moloch idol; and the Cretan Minotaur, to whom Athens paid a tribute of youths and maidens, I have no doubt was also Moloch. A Rabbinical legend asserts that that "king" of Ammon, whose crown they transferred to David's head when Rabbah fell, was no other than Moloch himself; and that the Jewish soldiers all shrank from touching his tremendous image; but some Iorian mercenaries, recognizing the hated Minotaur, demolished him.

general and inveterate superstition which ever plagued mankind. After the prophets' victory (that is during the Babylonian captivity) polytheism and idolatry, so tempting to earlier Jews and to Christians converted from paganism, became forever as impossible to Jews and to Christians as they are to freethinkers. The most impressive natural phenomena dwindled into humble ministers of Jehovah. The most seductive of human passions shrank abashed from his all-seeing eye. The words of a modern hymn to Duty are an echo of the Hebrew lyre.

"Stern lawgiver! Yet dost thou wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face,
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong:
And the most ancient Heavens thrush thee are fresh
and strong."

But in truth it is no slight acquaintance with the art of this extraordinary people which will enable us to appreciate the energy of such sentiments in their youthful prime. We continually hear it said that virtue would be robbed of all strength and hope but for the promise of immortality, and half those blasphemers of divine love who say this add, the fear of damnation. The Hebrews did not prove it so. In their classic period they had very little idea of immortality. Under the Asmoneans, and in Nero's time, the Sadducees were more zealous than the Pharisees. That agony of penitence which had expressed itself in the rites of Moloch, was common to all Syrians. But with the Jewish prophet it had exhausted the resources of self-torture, and reached a reaction repeated afterwards in the experiences of the apostle and the Reformer. "Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee oh man what is good; and what doth the eternal require of thee but to do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The intolerableness of guilt being an experience, and the futility of other sacrifices than reformation palpable, the conviction necessarily followed that righteousness is the one thing needful. Perhaps, as Matthew Arnold suggests, induction, taking in all history, verifies this conviction. But it had need be a very large induction. The authors of Job and Ecclesiastes, were not able to verify the conviction at all. Yet they never wavered in it. Imagination anticipates what induction can only verify. This faith defied death without hope of resurrection, defied defeat in Jehovah's cause, defied captivity, exile, persecution; and till it had done so for a thousand years, it could not begin to produce verifying results. Thus the prophets were also the real Jewish patriots. Their character in this respect has been impugned because they encouraged rebellion, which did not turn out well for their purposes, against the apostate heirs of David. But surely those who reason thus, forget that it was the Hebrew religion which made the Hebrew nations. The blacksliding children of Israel have long since ceased to exist as a people. The orthodoxy of Judah is all which keeps his seed from being one with Tyre and Carthage; Moab and Ammon, nations speaking his language and more powerful than his own.

C. L. JAMES.

(To be continued.)

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