



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

WHOLE NO. 430.

Labor Day.

Nay: call it not the day of Labor, when,
Fawning before their masters, slaves in chains
March by in ranks along the roads and lanes,
Dreaming that such tame deeds do prove them men;
The vampire lords but this-day loose again
By their own will the doors of labor's caves;
Tomorrow all go back to living graves,
As any goaded ox slinks to its den.
The day of Labor? Labor's day will be
When, scorning let or hindrance, men arise
To tell oppression it is built on lies;
When, seeking means to end their slavery,
Hosts, fronting what opposes with brave eyes,
Smile even at death, and say, "We will be free!"

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Labor Day.

Dark and gloomy is the history of mankind. Every little advance, and all achievements in the realm of freedom are the bequests of innumerable victims and martyrs. The soil of progress has been cultivated and fertilized with human blood, and the mortar of every new structure has been mixed with the tears of widows and orphans. Thus it was yesterday, and thus it is today God and government are still the curse of mankind, and so long as the superstition of authority in the minds of men holds sway will strife prevail and the earth be drenched with human blood. And America, populated more or less by people who were imbued with the desire for freedom, has not escaped its fate. Those who fled from the tyranny of king and priest in Europe and took refuge on a new continent, turned despots against those who attempted to go beyond them. Even after the colonists had rid themselves of a king, and a republic had been proclaimed, an institution in which the people were expected to rule themselves and be free and happy, the struggle between ignorance and intelligence, between rulers and the ruled, masters and slaves, went on as before. The founders of the republic did not realize that they were simply wandering in a circle, tho the source of their grievances—authority—had been left intact, only having changed its dress.

The struggle between the poor and the rich, between employers and employes, has been no less fierce in this "free country" than in any monarchy of Europe; and in many instances the "powers that be" have shown greater brutality toward the disinherited toilers than the monarchs of any other country, for the simple reason that in Europe the rulers are held responsible for the outrages perpetrated upon their subjects, while in this country every infamy is

committed in the name of "law and order," and individual responsibility is almost unknown. And this is only another evidence that the more the people can be hypnotized into the belief that they are ruling themselves, that "majorities can do no wrong," the easier can they be enslaved.

This also runs as a red thread thru the history of "civilization." Whenever the laborers have been rising in their might to throw off the yoke, the masters have resorted to cunning and easily have succeeded in duping the peace-loving toilers by throwing dust into their eyes, which consisted in compromises and benevolent promises. And when the disappointed workers discovered that they again had been deceived, they found the enemy well prepared for the "occasion," their own ranks disrupted, and the rebellious spirit broken.

In this country the toilers have gone thru the same vicissitudes. Every advance step of organized labor has been taken in spite of the money power and its prop, the government, by sheer force; and as soon as their demands had gained recognition, the politicians and labor fakirs were ever ready to overturn the victory. Organized labor is not even recognized legally today, but when two decades ago the toilers decided to celebrate labor on a holiday chosen by themselves, as a demonstration against wage slavery, government soon found its expedient to legalize the day, and the deluded simpletons flattered themselves that they had won a victory. But today Labor Day is but a farce—a day on which politicians "fish in troubled waters." Instead of a protest against exploitation, the average toiler looks upon a Labor Day as a gift from the powers that be, for which he is grateful. It is therefore refreshing to hear that several unions of this city have refused to participate in the parade taking place next Monday.

"So far the working people have no labor day," says a German contemporary of this city, "except in Russia, if it is to mean a day of demonstration, on which the proletariat throws the gauntlet into the porcine face of the capitalist class. Such a day the people have not; for the first of May, a simultaneous rising on one and the same day, the powerful revolutionary sentiment of the proletarian, which inscribes on the forehead of every worker the consciousness that the present society is to be overthrown, has long since also been tolerated and universally recognized by the bourgeoisie, because

its original demands have been abandoned. And if the toilers have not a day of a revolutionary demonstration, on which the shrilling revolt of the poor and miserable resounds from the huts and makes the blood of the exploiters curdle in their veins, we should, for want of such a great and sublime day, carefully guard against the celebration of a pseudo labor day!"

But there is hope for improvement and development. The rapid growth of organized labor and the growing hostility of the employers makes a clash between these two forces inevitable. The workers have already learned that arbitration is a mockery and are beginning to defy the decisions of the arbitrators, for which they are bitterly denounced by the press and pulpit. Furthermore, it is beginning to dawn upon the exploited wage slaves that government is ever on the side of their enemies, the "captains of industry," and that the militia is organized to crush revolting labor organizations, and they begin to refuse to work side by side with a member of the national guard; and forthwith the dailies denounce them as "conspirators against law and order."

But let us not deceive ourselves with these encouraging phenomena. It is not the first time in history that labor has risen against its tyrants, only to be defeated and crushed, simply because the rebels were not aware of the fact that government and the institution of private property in the natural resources were at the bottom of their misery, and consequently could easily be tricked into the belief that the shifting of their rulers would end all the evils that ailed them. And the fakirs and others are already at work to sidetrack the labor movement. There are those who promise them an immediate millennium if they elect "their own men" to the legislature; others a "universal prosperity" by voting for municipal ownership; and last but not least, the political Socialists are ever ready to guarantee them eternal bliss derived from a full dinner pail, if they only vote the Socialist ticket. The government, on the other hand, resorts to trickery, such as compelling its employes to give the oath of allegiance, which is to make them liable for "treason" if they dare to go on strike or in any similar way venture to improve their condition.

Now it is up to the Anarchists to save the labor movement from its peril, by joining its organizations; doing individual propaganda; and carry on the distribution of literature. Let the toilers come to see that the

solution of the labor problem lies in the abolition of the wage system, government, and commercialism, and they will soon, having this aim in view, change their methods and attitudes in battling with the forces which oppress them. For let us not forget that all the shedding of blood is in vain so long as the worker is devoid of intelligence as to the real cause of his unceasing drudgery and poverty. Intelligence precedes all changes in society, and unless we make greater efforts in disseminating our ideas among the workers in general, we are not justified in our denunciations and complaints when these are hoodwinked by demagogues and political tricksters.

INTERLOPER.

A Little Journey.

"The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it," says one of Oscar Wilde's characters. "Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself." And when I was tempted to visit the metropolis of the east, New York, from whence the octopus of organized robbery spreads its arms all over the country, I yielded. The craving to see the old and new warriors of liberty, those through whose wrifings I had conceived how the tentacles of the monster could be effectively clipped, was too great for resistance. Besides, my dearest friends, who are labeled by Philistines as "my wife and children," knew how great an enjoyment it would be for me to see so many of my countrymen, Russian souls, to whom liberty is more than a mere phrase, and who, so to say, carry on their shoulders to a great extent the work of removing the cobwebs from the brains of so-called "sovereign citizens," and so urged me to take a "vacation."

The only difficulties in the way were the expenses; and here my friend Schilling, a sincere soul, and a genial one, though having a philosophy unlike my own, came to our rescue. He succeeded in convincing the "powers that be" that riding "free of charge" ought not to be the exclusive heritage of preachers, politicians, and other pirates; and after a few hours I found myself on a train bound eastward.

The sights along Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, and the Hudson River, with woods, groves, and beautiful villas—the dwellings of those who never work but always reap—make one's heart clamor for the time when all mankind shall be free to leave the pest-holes called cities—the strongholds of our exploiters and their satellites—and live in little villas, enjoying fresh air and the beauties of nature. "What a beautiful world this could be if it were not for the stupidity and servility of the toilers, who create mountains of things they never enjoy!" I exclaimed.

A co-traveler, who boastfully had made known to me the names of the owners of the beautiful summer residences, pricked up his ears. "You must be a Socialist," he began; "one of those who believe in dividing up, eh? If you don't like things the way they are run in this country, why don't you go back to Russia? We have no use for people here who stir up discontent. It is due to you foreigners that we have strikes and labor troubles. It is you who killed our be-

loved President McKinley—God bless him!"

"Hold on," I retorted smilingly; "your tirade is too flattering, I think. I cannot believe that if it were not for the foreigners the American worker would be an unthinking, contented slave, satisfied with whatever his masters dole out to him. Discontent is the mother of progress, and your assertion that the American toiler is nothing but a crawling coward under the lash of the money kings is a greater insult to him than any foreigner could heap on the Americans. Why don't I go back? Because 'things are run' there by tyrants and legalized highwaymen as well as in this country. Parasites are no less obnoxious in Europe than in this country, and I intend to stay right here until the American learns how to clean himself from them. Cleanliness grows with intelligence, which I shall help to spread. If you possessed a little more of this article, you would have perceived ere this that neither the Socialists nor the Anarchists believe in 'dividing up.' They want the earth and everything on it for all mankind—nothing less will satisfy them. And they are humane; they will let you share in the fruit of man's toil and the bounties of nature, although you have never done a day's honest work in your life. As to McKinley, he was killed by an American, whom you ought to be rather proud of, for he was your first 'assassin,' if I am not mistaken, whose motive was not one of revenge because he had failed to obtain a political job or lost any material things, but for the good of mankind. Besides, as a Christian you should be familiar with the scriptures. Do they not say, 'He who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword'? And if atonement for murder is to be made, Czolgosz will suffer little in comparison with those who instigated the war with Spain and the Filipinos, a war of conquest in which thousands of innocent men were slain on both sides. But such is your morality—perverted to the core. Any so-called crime committed on a small scale is severely punished, but it is glorified when perpetrated on a large scale. If a man steals a loaf of bread, he is sent to the penitentiary; but if he is cunning enough to steal a million, he is sent to the legislature or Senate, to frame laws for those he has robbed. If a man in the heat of passion kills a man, often unintentionally, he is strangled to death; but if he deliberately kills dozens or hundreds of his fellow beings, he is decorated and glorified as a hero. The world had little to say when King Humbert ordered the shooting down of men, women, and children, who had committed no other crime than that of being hungry; but when Bresci's bullet struck down the king—the wholesale murderer—the unthinking multitude ran mad and demanded the extermination of the Anarchists—"

"That will do," he interrupted. "You are altogether too presumptuous. Because the great majority of the people are against you folks you call us the 'unthinking multitude.' If you were in the right, the majority would be with you, and—"

"One question before you proceed," I said. "Accordingly then, Christ, whom you profess to worship, was in the wrong and therefore crucified, and the handful of his followers justly persecuted?"

At this moment we had reached the station in Hoboken, and everybody hurried to the ferry, which took us to New York, the city of sky-scrapers and tenement houses.

A. I.

(To be continued.)

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Hurray for Hulda!

Little more than a week ago, the proposal in the *Demonstrator* that Roosevelt should be bombarded with remonstrances against Madden's action about Helen Wilmans, prompted me to "see and go better." My view was as follows—Helen may be as big a fraud as her namesake of Troy—I should hardly do my whole duty not to say I think she is, and that "like another Helen, she fires another Troy" when she sets radicals to make her out anything else—BUT, by what right does Mad Hen say that I, a citizen of these glorious free United States, who am not alleged to be a fraud, may not correspond with a fraud at my discretion? Of course, there is no statute which authorizes him to do any such thing; nor, if there were, could it fail to be held unconstitutional at the first test case. Then, instead of begging Terrified Ted to be so kind as to do something about it, just inform the postmaster general that you have written to Helen Wilmans; and that, if your letter be not delivered, you propose legal proceedings against the individual officers responsible. A few such communications—there ought to be hundreds in a week—would quickly bring the Scandal Office down. It has too much dirty linen on exhibition now to care for any more. The thought was in the air. Next issue of *Lucifer* informed me that the same lightning had struck Hulda L. Potter Loomis, and she had acted accordingly—except that she wrote to Ted instead of Payne, which was a mistake, and while taking the ground of her own right, not Mrs. Wilmans', did not explicitly threaten an immediate suit against the postoffice people, which was an omission. Whoever reads:—Go, and do thou likewise! "Oh; but it is inconsistent for Anarchists to sue!" Well, Oscar Wilde says, "Who wants to be consistent? The dullard and the doctrinaire." I don't. The peculiar beauty of Bakunin Anarchism among Anarchisms, as of the British Constitution among other Constitutions, is that it can be just as inconsistent as expediency requires. Besides, you'll never have to sue! To say you will, If—is bound to be enough. There's much virtue in If. The question is whether means shall be found, this winter, to exclude all radical papers from the mails. Now is our time to stop that.

C. L. JAMES.

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The distinction between an assassination and a Cuddy Taw is, next to the distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee, perhaps the broadest and most marked known to Statecraft. Where persons kill a king for the good of humanity, that is assassination, whether the killing is aught to the purpose or not. But where persons kill a king to get his job, and get it, that is a Cuddy Taw.—Life.

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Crime is man's involuntary protest against government—man was made to be free.—Nietzsche.

"Leaders" and "Misleaders."

The writer of "British Industrial Notes" in the *American Federationist* is responsible for the following absurd remarks on the recent labor dispute on the Clyde:

The cloudy-brained critics of trade unionism heralded the action of the Clyde men as a protest against the "tyranny of the labor leader." Such nonsense met its due reward in thinking circles, and now it is evident that the Clyde men and the general executive are in harmony.

The final remark to be made in this episode is the more urgent need for discipline among British trades unions, now that the funds are liable to seizure for so-called damages which an employer can "legally" prove he has suffered.

This in spite of the fact that he admits in a previous paragraph that the men balloted on the question and the vote was *against* accepting a reduction of a shilling a week. We suppose the men who are the direct sufferers have no rights which executives are bound to respect. Leaders, forsooth! Elected to *lead*, they end by driving the men to accept a reduction of their standard of living. It was ever thus with leaders. As to the urgent need of discipline to prevent their union funds from being seized, that is a policy as cowardly as it is hypocritical, and one which will stifle any attempt at improvement—and all honest persons know it. The talk of "so-called dangerous" to the capitalists is on a par with Rufus Isaac, K. C.'s, statement in his defense of Richard Bell, that no harm was meant in calling a man a blackleg, it was not a bad name, and so on. How is it possible to win a strike except by inflicting damage on the capitalist, or the fear of it? Such talk deceives no one—except perhaps the dupe who utters it—least of all the capitalist; and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants had to pay in lawyers' fees and all nearly £50,000 for damages they did inflict, and rightly too, on the Taff Vale Railway Company. The unions have got to face the issue and fight, and hard too, if they wish to preserve their existence, and we believe some of them know it. Now what strikes us as unfortunate for the readers of the *Federationist* is that they should have such trivial nonsense served out to them as reliable information on the trades union movement in England. It is bad enough to have to combat the errors and falsifications of the capitalist press. Surely labor papers should at least be fair to their own class. To attain this all that is needed is that labor editors should take pains to insure that trustworthy persons, endowed at least with an ordinary amount of intelligence and common sense, and possessing at any rate an elementary knowledge of the labor movement, should supply their news.—H. M. K., in *Freedom*, London.

Wall Street on Strikes.

(Extract from a recent speech by a New York lawyer.)

We have in this day and age come face to face with labor troubles where riotousness and violence are continuous and unsurpassed; to a time when the man who violates no law is not permitted to earn his bread because he has not secured permission from some man he knows not; to a time when persons have taken the law into their own hands and enforced it with the torch,

the pistol, with dynamite, in order to destroy. When these men dare take the administration of the law and the conduct of affairs into their own hands, it has gone beyond mere sedition. It is war, and I tell you it should be treated as war.

History tells us of the Reign of Terror in Paris, where armed mobs, unrestrained and unrestricted, imagined that they were the power, and where the miserable authorities came to believe that this was so, and the streets of the French capital ran red, and the scaffold and the guillotine were busy.

Finally they reached the doors of the Assembly and met there a man whose name was Napoleon Bonaparte. The first to raise his hand in violence gave the signal, and the quiet man at the door there shot them down, cut them down, chased them thru the streets—and that reign of terror was over.

This should be done here. With such a man in command here, the first to raise a hand against anyone whose desire was to labor peacefully would be shot down, until not a thug of them remained.

Here and There.

A. A. Addes, acting secretary of State, has formally complained to Gov. McCullough, of Vermont, "of the revolutionary and Anarchistic character of a paper published in a foreign language at Barre." The governor has turned the matter over to States Attorney Bailey, saying "if the laws justify such action, to suppress the sheet." Thus we are more and more approaching Russian conditions, for it is only in Russia and Turkey that Anarchist journals are suppressed.

In Spain the government leaves nothing undone to excite the hatred of the toilers. During the strikes in Bajadoz peaceable meetings were broken up by the troops and police, and many were killed and wounded. Of those arrested six hundred have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. These outrages have stirred the workers to more aggressive activities; in many provinces a general strike has been declared, which is to continue until the imprisoned victims are released. The strike sentiment is spreading rapidly. (Later dispatches report that the government has already released all imprisoned victims.)

About two weeks ago the Chicago dailies informed the public that the employers' association had gathered "facts and figures" in order to find out whether the assertions of trades unions, that the increase of wages had not held pace with the increase of prices of the necessities of life, during the last six or seven years, had any foundation. Should labor be right, then the employers would not hesitate to raise the wages of their employes accordingly. The statistics showed that the cost of living had increased fifteen per cent. in the average, which cannot be said of the toilers' wages; yet so far the employers have not complied with their promise. "Only a fool expects a satisfactory response" from the bosses, says a contemporary. "What the workers will receive they will get only thru their own power and efforts."

Good news comes from Russia. The discontent and agitation augments; is not to be repressed, and the peasants and villagers are making and forcing their demands in no uncertain spirit. According to the daily papers, a princely land owner was shot down by twenty men a few days since when driving, and no arrests have yet been made. Now the simple, long-enduring mujik must be driven hard before he lifts an angry weapon, so we may imagine what style of oppressor that landowner was, and how strong is growing the determination of the proletarian in all lands to live the life of a man and less that of a beast of burden.

Among Ourselves.

S. Simone, New York.—I have received a copy of your periodical, *FREE SOCIETY*, dated Aug. 23, for the first time; and I am very much obliged to you and to my friend who gave me your address.

I found your paper to be excellent; it contains so much science and philosophy that it makes me strongly believe that no other propaganda can equal that of the Anarchists. I am a musician by profession; I have been in the navy and the regular army, and was a chief musicians in the volunteer army, and when I came to know the truth I decided to never be a military man again, for I shall never kill a brother.

Today I am free from the master, and I am glad, and I shall devote hereafter the rest of my life to the true and the good.

[The foregoing is a sample of other letters we receive from those who have been supplied with sample copies; which, we hope, will induce our readers to send us the names and addresses of their friends and liberal-minded people. A. I.]

Literature.

Two excellent pamphlets in the Russian language have come to our office: "Tolstoy and Social Democracy," by G. Artemieff, and "To Political Workers," by Leo Tolstoy. Published by A. Tchertkoff, Christchurch, Hants, England. Price of each is 10 cents.

For the convenience of our readers I will remark here, that all of Tolstoy's books and pamphlets, as well as those of other modern advanced writers, can be obtained in the English, German, and Russian languages, from M. Maisel's unique bookstore, the location of which readers will find named on the the eighth page of *FREE SOCIETY*.

This great truth which I have now to declare—declare to you—is that the system on which all the nations of the world are acting is founded in gross deception, in deep ignorance, or a mixture of both. That, under no possible modification of the principles on which it is based, can it ever produce good to man; but that, on the contrary, its practical results must ever be to produce evil continually.—Robert Owen.

For San Francisco.

The Anarchist propaganda is now carried on every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. at Knights of Red Branch Hall, 1133 Mission St. Discussion and free platform.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.

FREE SOCIETY

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 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.

Delinquent subscribers should remember, FREE SOCIETY cannot be issued on wind.

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.

Important for New York.

A Grand International Picnic for the benefit of Comrade John Turner's tour and FREE SOCIETY, will take place Saturday, September 12, in the afternoon and evening, at E. 133rd St. and Willis Ave., Brommel's Union Park. Admission 25 cents. Take Third Ave. electric car to 133rd St., then walk one block. All comrades and friends are cordially invited. Tickets can be procured at the following places: M. Maisel's book store, 194 E. B'way; Parnesa's Cafe, 167 E. B'way, Herrick's Cafe; Modest, 50 First St.; Arbeiter-Lerenzimmer, 400 E. 76th St.; Blotti, 27 Sixth Ave.; and Emma Goldman, 50 First St., thru letters.

Comrade M. Maisel, 194 E. B'way, New York, has kindly volunteered to visit all the delinquent subscribers and collect money for us, and we hope that all those in arrears will aid him by leaving the money ready at their addresses, or seeing him at his bookstore, which would save him carfare and time.

For Chicago.

The Pioneer Aid and Support Association cordially invites all liberal societies and trade unions to send delegates to the meeting taking place Sunday, October 4, 10 a. m., where matters concerning the Eleventh of November celebration are to be discussed. On the other hand, the Pioneer Aid and Support Association has made it its object to keep the monument of our murdered comrades in good order, and as this often exceeds the means the association has on hand, it makes it desirable that all liberal societies join us in the effort to keep the judicial crime perpetrated in 1887 before the people.

ERNEST HUEBNER, Sec.

FREE SOCIETY

Outpost Echoes.

Beggars are cowards.

Progress is revolution.

Man is fated to live free.

Swine do not ask for liberty.

Political reform is ever still-born.

Effort is the best kind of aspiration.

Love's tyranny is hate's opportunity.

The mouse cannot arbitrate with the cat.

An ocean of tears would not wash wrong away.

Freedom to experiment is essential to character.

He who worships another thus abdicates his judgment.

Authority commits suicide thru greed and repressive force.

Tyranny's answer to protest is either bribery or death.

The opportunist, Bernstein, is making German conservatives take courage.

Unexploited industry is life as well as work. Slavery is but lingering death.

"Vote the Socialist ticket," and see the sun rise in the west tomorrow morning.

Carnegie has warned Chamberlain not to offend Canada. Chamberlain only smiles.

Why a man should desire more than enough it would be hard to determine, if insanity did not exist.

That gormandizer of peoples, the British government, has proffered the Jews a refuge, in its stomach.

The friends of man have up to now found very few friends among men. The greatness of their cause sustains them.

Roosevelt has endorsed the Bible. Poor Bible: it has been struck a terrible blow, from which it will hardly recover.

Liberty only asks for opportunity; authority demands privilege and controlling force, and would silence all objections with terrible reprisals.

The desire to be united with our fellow beings, the desire for solidarity, is ever present in our hearts; but custom, and the lies of "education" make us doubt ourselves, and others.

Tom L. Johnson has been nominated by

the Democrats for the position of general head of the political wrong-doers of Ohio. He aspires to the privilege of trying to make a disease, political action, healthful.

The superstition of the home is one of the strongest influences resisting radicalism to-day; the desire for a place where one can hide from one's kind being mistaken for one of the noblest feelings, like love, or humanity

Labor Day, as we know it, is only a day upon which capital graciously permits toil to wash its face and hands, and to go along the street hugging its chains. It might much more properly be called Slavery's Day.

Samuel Gompers refused a charter recently to a Japanese labor union, which, with a Mexican union, was fighting a good battle with the beet-growers near Los Angeles, Cal. The nationality of the applicants was the reason given for this refusal. O, enlightened trade unionism! O, broad-minded Gompers!

Some of the advocates of ownership in love disguise the real nature of their demands by alleging that impurity characterizes plural loves. This ends the matter for those who have already made up their minds; but is the purity of love really determined by addition or subtraction?

One of the Danville lynchers has been convicted, and will be punished—for what; for lynching? Oh no; for assault upon the sheriff. Thus is "justice" vindicated in free America. Note that "justice" justifies lynching, but that officials' persons are sacred. Order under a government is only a pitiable farce.

The recent murder of street railway employes in Chicago moves police officials to condemn the paroling of prisoners on their promise of good behavior. These are right; but in a way that they do not know; for if a man is not a villain when he enters prison he certainly will be when he goes out, on parole or otherwise. Prisons do not make, they break men.

The six hundred men recently sentenced to imprisonment in Spain for the alleged offense of rioting and murder, have all been released as a result of a general strike which the toilers had declared, saying that they would not return to work until their comrades had been released. Has the Social Democratic method of counting asses' ears ever accomplished a similar thing?

The American newspapers are publishing copious extracts from Tolstoy's pamphlet, recently suppressed in Germany, entitled "Thou Shalt Not Kill"; and the great Russian's view of the subject of wholesale murder as carried on by government, is becoming fairly understood. Unconsciously, in the pursuit of mere news, the journals are doing the cause of Anarchism a great service.

The man who will not enter a trade union because he believes in the honor, and love of justice of capitalism, is a fool: let him learn;

but the man who, entering a trades union, places complete faith in its officials, and allows them to decide everything for him, from the slightest to the most important matters, is in a class just below that of the fools, and for which there is no name. Will he learn?

The sultan of Turkey, it is reported, is having his annual feast of death and blood, and the Anglo Saxon press is making the most of it for monetary reasons. If this press would tell the whole truth about Rockefeller, Morgan, and some others, it would be seen that the deeds of Abdul Hamid were equaled if not surpassed right here at home. But such a procedure on the part of the press would not pay, you know, so "good" people must be content for the time being to hate the sultan.

The government of the United States has always played fast and loose with the Indian, department scandals having been the order of the day this long time; but now comes Special Agent Brosius of the Indian Rights Association, who charges that millions of dollars have of late been stolen from the Indians, along with twenty million acres of land; the interests of some four hundred thousand Indians being involved thereby. With the postoffice scandals, the scandals in the war department, and this new scandal, which dwarfs the rest, "good government" will need soon to enlarge its corps of liars, apologists, and blackmailers.

Professor John Quincy Adams, of the University of Pennsylvania, suggests as a cure for labor troubles the decorating of the walls of factories and workshops with masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and the use of orchestras to discourse sweet music to the workmen while they ply their tools. As a cure for John Quincy's trouble, I suggest that he be persuaded to spend a month in some workshop, where the noise is deafening, where dust and foul gases abound, where the labor is hard and exhausting, and where wages are fixed at the will of the capitalist. John will be wiser than a professor when his experience is over, if the suggestion be acted upon.

AMERICUS.

By the Wayside.

If the advice of the New York lawyer, to kill every worker who dares to resist the imposters of capitalism, which appears in this issue of FREE SOCIETY, is in future to be taken as a basis in settling the labor problem, the advice may be found to recoil upon the advisers and those who accept it.

Mr. Berger, editor of a Milwaukee, Wis., Socialist weekly, who has taken upon himself the task of clearing the Social Democratic party of unscrupulous office-seekers, assures his readers that nobody would be surprised if an Anarchist should feel tempted "to send at least a lot of the councilmen and other officials to hell," as corruption is rampant and the city is "ruled by rascals and thieves." Aside from the fact that it would be too big a job, even for a Hercules, to rid the world of corrupted officials, it is

mighty strange that Mr. Berger finds no other remedy for the universal evil than putting Socialists in power, a party in need of purification before it has succeeded in saving the world by electing its men to office.

Thousands of people who have perceived the perniciousness of man-made law still cling to some kind of authority that they call "higher law," which is as nonsensical as the agnostic's "Unknowable" as a substitute for God. But as the agnostics have defied and weakened "God Almighty" and his representative—the Church, so the believers in "higher law" are steadily undermining civil authority. This greatly irritates the *Denver Post*. This loyal daily thinks too many crimes have been committed under the name of this "higher law," especially the trades unions in Colorado, who here and there have resorted to violence in self-defense against rapacious mine owners, and indignantly exclaims: "No higher law than the law can be recognized and peace reign. . . . Colorado has been cursed enough with higher law. It is time for law and order," which in plain English means that peace, law and order can only reign so long as the toilers meekly submit to the dictates of their benevolent masters—the modern knights—to whom we are forced to pay tribute for the right to live and toil.

The editor of the *International Worker* timidly eulogizes the deceased chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, P. M. Arthur, and claims that his fortune he gained "in a legitimate business way"—that "his honesty and sincerity" cannot be denied. Mr. Kidd seems to forget that Rockefeller, Vanderbilt and other exploiters also acquire their wealth in the same "legitimate way," that is by robbing the wage slaves, yet no one will dare say that they "honestly and sincerely" represent the interests of labor. And when a labor leader wins the plaudits of the capitalist press, and is numbered among the stockholders of the Lake Shore, at the same time drawing a fat salary from the exploited workers of the road, he is not only a demagog, but a barefaced rascal. "Nobody can serve two masters," and the labor leader who is so unanimously and eloquently eulogized by the enemies of labor was certainly serving "God and Mammon," and labor was duped.

Every movement for liberty has had to drag along its tag-rags and bob-tails, those whose desire for liberty does not go beyond their stomachs and whose thinking capacity is about that of a parrot. These would hush every question that threatens to disturb their own sweet comfort. Among so-called Anarchists it is the sex question that many would eliminate from discussion, for no other reason than fear that "dear wife" or the "dear husband" might one day apply the principles of freedom in her or his immediate environment. And when a family happens to "break up" it is pointed out with great satisfaction that the destruction is due to the advocacy of freedom in love relations; which, so they assert, brings nothing but unhappiness into the blissful married

lives of the ignorant. And they are partly correct, forgetting only that their complaints are on a par with those of the exploiters, who make the labor agitators responsible for the awakening of their slaves. There was no labor trouble as long as the toilers believed that they were destined to drudge and suffer; and families did not "break up" as long as the woman heeded the command "obey thy lord and master" and held the belief "what God joined men cannot put asunder." What such shortsightedness should do is to repudiate divorce and return to the rigorous marriage laws of the Bible. For this is the only alternative left to those who accuse the advocates of freedom of destroying the home. But I rejoice that we have separation, and that families ties are not held sacred any more, for it is a sign of awakening, an expression of rebellion from those who have been dormant and obedient slaves and silent sufferers for many, many centuries past.

INTERLOPER.

The Leisure Class.

The leisure class is the fruitage of material prosperity. It comprises two species, namely, the smart set and the hoboes.

These species differ (*genus plus differentia*) giving us the scholastic definition of the species both accidentally and essentially; accidentally, in that the smart set always have money to burn; essentially, in that hoboes sometimes have a sense of humor.

The smart set are the successes, the hoboes the failures, of our civilization. Our civilization is remarkable in that its successes and its failures are equally good for nothing.

However, we are not money-mad; merely money-drunken; in the morning, doubtless, we shall be sober.—*Life*.

LETTER BOX.

F. W., Seattle.—Yes, Steinle's letters to Roosevelt are "excellent," but translators and publishers cannot live on wind—hence they did not appear in English.

Celia B. Whitehead, Denver, Colo.—Where a thoughtful man speaks of the "history of majority rule" he does not necessarily imply that such a thing has been. Men have thought that it existed tho; hence "the history." State Socialists think it will yet exist. Poor fellows!

Kinghorn-Jones.—You say that paper dollars do not hurt so much as metal ones, forgetting that here in the east we use only paper ones! Well, it may be that the "money power" made the repudiations, thru the State; but the money power dominates the State now as thoroly as ever; where would be the difference if we tried it again?

"An Anarchist," Milwaukee, Wis.—The "division and concentration of labor" has nothing to do with Anarchism. Once the people have rid themselves of the curse called government, they will arrange things to suit themselves. Yet I am inclined to think that "specialization," which "leads to lack of interest in his work and a general mental and physical deterioration," the laborer will not indulge in much. We had no time to spare for the translation of your article.

For Milwaukee.

The picnic of the Arbeiter Lese-Zirkel, which has been postponed on account of bad wheather, will now take place Sunday, September 6, at Bay View, near St. Francis, on the shore of Lake Michigan. Take Oakland Ave. and Delaware Ave. cars to city limits and walk two block east.

A Vindication of Anarchism.

XI (continued.)

The word Crank, which, first heard about twenty-five years ago, suddenly sprang into universal acceptance, contains within itself the philosophy both of the popular prejudice against innovation and its corrective. Everyone whose ideas are strange, is presumed by the Philistine to be a crank; and the radical, in his just scorn for Philistinism, still very commonly glories in being called a crank accordingly. Yet the Philistine cannot deny that he builds the tombs of those whom his fathers persecuted as cranks; and the radical, being usually at odds with all other innovators, is forced to admit that there are cranks and cranks—cranks who are only called cranks for being wiser and better than their neighbors, and cranks whose crankism really is a want of mental balance. How are we to distinguish them? Science, the universal solvent of mental crudities, has come promptly to the rescue of a good word from a bad use. The latest of sciences, the science of Heredity and Degeneracy, teaches that the crank is a character "prevalingly negative"—in other words that he is easily defined by negatives. He is not a fool, tho ignorant contempt may take him for one, but, on the contrary, often a person of considerable talent. He is not a genius, tho ignorant admiration may take for that—a genius is just what the brightest crank stops short of being. He is not in sane, tho he has certain traits of insanity; one of them being inordinate conceit. Of course, he is not a Philistine or mere common man. It is the Philistine's happy definition of himself to be "like other people." It is in the idea of a crank to be unlike other people. If, however, we inquire in what the unlikeness consists—what it is which makes a crank a crank, this truly is rather a difficult question to answer. For his eccentricities are apt to be innumerable, and they are not the same for all individuals. There is one, however, which Lombroso, our great authority on such subjects, evidently inclines, tho with a scientist's caution, to regard as diagnostic. The crank's specific *differentia* is to tackle in some way—most frequently to write about—what he does not understand. I can even see, in Lombroso's multifarious examples, a reason why this should be so. The crank's vanity furnishes the explanation. The delusion that he is a great man is the crank's first principle—his main article of faith. But in what he understands, he finds himself only a common man. Hence the inference that he has mistaken his vocation. And the one in which he seeks to shine must be one he knows nothing about; otherwise, he would soon find he was only a common man in that. Accordingly a surgeon writes about astrology, another on what they call mathesis (the metaphysical "basis" of mathematics); a sea-captain, who never plowed anything but the wave, on agriculture; a non-commissioned army officer on medicine, etc. In those practical and philanthropic schemes to which cranks are much addicted,—extinguishing pauperism, liquidating a national debt, etc.—the same unfailing mark, at once ludicrous and melancholy, is conspicuous. The extinguisher of pauperism never talked with a pauper. The man who is going to

pay off the national debt couldn't keep a set of double entry books to save his precious neck. It is, for somewhat obvious reasons, characteristic of cranks' topics that the more obscure they are the more popular—crank authors on religion, ethics, and metaphysics are innumerable; on sciences capable of being totally misunderstood, such as chemistry; the theory of gravitation, light, heat, or electricity; biology; economy; they are numerous; and so on in a diminishing series, as the difficulty of writing nonsense without finding it out to be nonsense increases; till, when we reach such purely empirical studies as history, geography, biography (except auto*); topical and descriptive botany, mineralogy, zoology; etc., there are none. From the crank's fundamental propensity to attempt that for which he is wholly unfitted, all the others spring. The crank is the exact reverse of an inductive thinker. His method is always *a priori*. Cranks are beyond measure addicted to reviving old studies which they parade as recent discoveries—they refute Malthus, reconcile Moses with geology, write "keys to all mythologies," hold up for revolutionary ideas in medicine hygienic commonplaces as old as Hippocrates; they are inveterate plagiarists, furious partizans and sectarians, but, because they do not know what they are talking about, by no means orthodox according to their own masters. Equally welcome to them with worn-out themes are crude and immature—topics of

* Apparent exceptions to the rule that the crank does not understand his subject are no real exceptions. Autobiography is a favorite theme, because it tickles the crank's conceit. Surely, it will be said, he must know the facts of his own life! Yes, but the autobiography does not consist in the facts. It consists in wearisome analyses of his motives and feelings, religious meditations, prayers, visions, speculations on the universe—everything except the facts, which, after wading thru the book, one may know as little about as before. So too the gentlemen who write keys to all mythologies, eulogistic accounts of the Dark Ages, theories of music and poetry, often know enough of their data to produce, if they chose, very creditable books of reference; but these data are introduced in servile attendance upon a preconceived doctrine which they were gotten up only to support. The brilliant crank—the Chateaubriand, Michelet, Wagner, Schopenhauer, Oscar Wilde,—often comes so near being a genius that there is much difficulty in drawing the line. Verlainé I am disposed to consider a real genius—his vices by no means indicate the contrary—the crank has usually no very positive vice, only a sort of general moral weakness; often he is a moral monomaniac,—celibate, teetotaler, vegetarian, or all combined—most frequently his regular industrious habits present a striking contrast to the debaucheries of such ill-starred geniuses as Burns, Byron, Cardan, Villon, Rabelais. The distinguishing mark, I repeat, is that while a genius who is also a hack sometimes attempts a task quite out of his line—as Goldsmith's "History of the World"—the crank enjoys work in proportion as he is unfit for it—Michelet set his fanciful zoology and trashy theories of love far above his great reconstructions of historical scenes; Schopenhauer's acute psychology was a mere introduction to his insane ontology; Wilde's original, if rather paradoxical criticism, was, in his own eyes and those of his pupils, only a comment on his very indifferent poetry. Biologically, the crank is an abortive genius—a person of physique and general talent actually mediocre, deteriorated thru that same robbery by a special impulse which induces the degeneracies of true genius, but in less degree, both because there is less of it, and because it finds less to rob. At his best, he does not soar but only flutters; at his worst, he produces, amid volumes of trash, a few striking weighty reflections, or a few lines of real poetry. This accounts for the many cases of literary fame resting on a single poem ("Burial of Sir John Moore"), one hymn ("Rock of Ages"), or even one line,

"Tho lost to sight to memory dear."

the day, fads, crazes—phrenology, Spiritualism, homœopathy, "Christian Science"—anything, in short, which does not require close attention to fact but only half information and gift of gab, either because there is no solid foundation in it or because that is known to few of those whom the cranks would influence. It would, indeed, be very unjust to suppose the crank a mere mountebank or impostor. About one delusion—his own inspiration and the vast importance of his mission to mankind—he is always perfectly sincere. But we can scarcely say as much for his more detailed pretensions. Like all self-deceivers, he is partly aware of the deceit, and very anxious to conceal it. Accordingly, he shows something of the quack's wisdom for self. "Mattoids,"* says Lombroso,—"the reverse of being the case both with genius and with insanity—are united by common interest and sympathy, and, above all, by hatred to the common enemy, the man of genius. They form a kind of freemasonry—all the more powerful that it is irregular. . . . Tho hating one another, they are firmly united. . . . 'Have you ever noticed,' writes Daudet, ('Jack,' II, 58) . . . 'how these people seek each other in Paris, how they are attracted to each other, how they group themselves, with their grievances, their demands, their idle and barren vanities? While, in reality, full of mutual contempt, they form a Mutual Admiration Society.'"

It must now appear natural that cranks should play an important part for the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. Not unfrequently one makes a rather striking figure at a critical time; but the examples of their originating movements of any lasting importance are so extremely rare that I incline to think there are none—the few persons whom Lombroso appears to regard as "mattoid" reformers—e. g. Juan a Dios, who founded the modern hospital system during the latest years of a most eccentric and at first profligate life represent probably a very different type,—the true genius who on some subjects is also insane. But in short-lived manias, "revivals," persecutions; outbreaks of sorcery, lycanthropy, asceticism, flagellation, pious dancing; in the foundation of small and silly religious sects; above all in reactions to ignorance, barbarism, and superstition; the crank plays a fearfully significant role. Such names as Torquemada; Cyril (who more than any one other person destroyed the Alexandrian library); St. Antony; the founder of Sivaism in India; and the suppressor of secular philosophy in Ul Islam; serve to show that whole nations may be blighted for centuries by the timely spell of such a magician; and that the magnificent conclusion of the *Dunciad* "was not all a dream." That the crank may even partially succeed, it is necessary those he addresses should be still more intensely ignorant than himself: but unhappily the war against knowledge which is being prosecuted by our modern cranks has proved total ignorance, not only of scientific conclusions but scientific methods, to be extremely general. Joseph Cook's absurd works on "Biology" and other physical subjects illustrate, not by being nonsense,

* A word, by no means classical, of Lombroso's own invention, I believe, tantamount to "crank"—*matto* (Italian, insane), and *eidōs*.

but by the way in which a public, supposed sensible, received them. I remember a still stronger case. When Joseph was perhaps getting a little *passé*, a prospectus of a new philosophic system was published by one Wilford Hall, who I believe, never succeeded in bringing out the books, on which it is sad to state, he had been employed for thirty years! A part of his program was to reconcile religion and science; but as he knew nothing about science he could proceed only by rejecting all which has passed under that name and reconstructing the Cosmos on first principles of his own (crazy principles, of course). The following may serve for a specimen of his method. Light, sound, gravity, and other powers radiating from a center, are alleged to vary in intensity as the inverse square of the distance. Well, said Hall (I quote from memory, but I am sure I do not misrepresent the substance of his argument), if there are three equidistant points A, B, C, in a radius; then the energy being 1 at A, will be $\frac{1}{4}$ at B, and 1.9 at C. But if we call it 1 at B, then it is $\frac{1}{4}$ at C, (because the distance from B to C is the same as from A to B); and multiplying these figures by $\frac{1}{4}$, as we clearly should, gives a very different result! In another place he says the velocity attributed to a wave of sound exceeds that of a cannon ball; but if this were true the organ of any church would overthrow it at the first air, like the priest's ramshorn the walls of Jericho,—as if weight had nothing to do with the momentum, or as if a vibration of infinitesimal length, would, because more rapid, shake the building at least as much as an earthquake! This was worse than Joseph Cook, for poor Hall threw himself right into the remorseless clutches of mathematics, which Cook, in his maddest merriest moods had always been sane enough to shun. Yet the prospectus claimed for endorsers of Hall's reasoning, clergymen, physicians, practical cultivators of various scientific arts, and college professors.

With the exception of theology and metaphysics, medicine has probably been the chief province of the crank, and his near congener, the impostor. The extremely cogent reasons which everyone has to be interested in this art, is one cause for its attractiveness to meglomaniacs and frauds. Another is the cost of skilled treatment, which the quack can always afford to underbid. Still another is a certain vagueness in the popular conception of the end proposed. The gentleman who dogmatically announces that "bodily health is to be attained by" doing this or that,* impresses the multitude as telling them with a great appearance of knowledge (for such they consider positiveness), the very thing they want to know. But only a quack pretends to be sure how bodily health can be attained. Bodily health, like beauty and like knowledge in the metaphysical sense, is an ideal which beckons from the apex of that unsealed

pyramid we ascend only thru perpetual deviations to one side or the other. What science teaches with assurance is not even the straight road to any such remote conclusion, but only the sequence of particular causes and effects. How the human system is influenced by heat, cold, nourishment, excess, fasting, this or that kind of labor, drug, toxin, etc; by what operation and at the cost of what perils, this or that mechanical injury can in the present state of our knowledge be corrected—these are the problems of hygienic, medical, and surgical science: but it is a long call from their solution to guaranteeing health. Those, however, who suppose the solution doubtful, theoretical, or of little ulterior value, are simply ignorant of the whole matter. There is no use in citing to the victims of such a delusion the steady and now rapid increase in the duration of life; for they attribute that, not without some justice, tho too sweepingly, to the improvement in the general state of man, and increasing dissemination of knowledge concerning those hygienic elements of which they have acquired a smattering from some of the numerous cheap publications on that subject. But certain particulars can surely be made convincing. Until Ambrose Paré invented the tourniquet (about 1570), a wound which severed an artery was almost sure to be fatal. Until Harvey, with the aid of the tourniquet, discovered, by vivisection, the circulation of the blood, amputation of a leg or arm was usually considered impossible.* Till another vivisector introduced the use of anesthetics, the major operations, tho from Harvey's time onward they saved many lives, could be performed only at the cost of terrible agony. Until Lister, as late as 1875, invented the antiseptic treatment (another fruit of vivisection, since it is only by experiments upon living animals that the action of bacteria and the remedy were or indeed could have been learned) the mortality after amputation was as high as one in four or five, while the operations on the brain and intestines which have since become so common were, with few exceptions, never attempted at all. The mortality after amputation is now scarcely one in fifty: the most terrible operations are, thanks to anesthetics, painless: the loathsome, dangerous, procrastinating, and impairing process of suppuration, embarrasses recovery only when the surgeon has not

* During the Middle Ages amputation was a problem continually meditated but never solved. Reading the methods proposed, as they may be found in an old book, is quite enough to show that they can very seldom have been successful, tho they were founded on empirical observations. One man proposed to chop off a limb with a sort of guillotine (because an artery does not bleed from a ragged wound until inflammation sets in). Another, observing that an injured member may drop off at the line of demarcation without fatal toxemia, proposed to bind the limb above the wound and let nature do the rest. The favorite method, which with a finger, nay even a hand or foot, sometimes succeeded, was to sear the stump with a hot iron or dip it in boiling pitch. A fracture too bad to set, above the wrist or ankle, remained however hopeless till after Harvey's discovery, as shown by the cases of Sir Philip Sidney and Tilly. The Protestants, more advanced than the Catholics, adopted ligation between these—Christian of Anhalt's being among the first cases recorded. Huxley says the whole honor of discovering the circulation of the blood belongs to Harvey—there is really nothing about it in Servetus or other earlier writers.

managed as well as he might. Results like these, which would have seemed miraculous to the last generation, and of which many did at first appear incredible to multitudes now living, are quite enough to show that the progress of medical science by the experimental method has been prodigious, and that it constitutes a very decided advance towards knowledge of how "bodily health" really may be attained. If, however, such magnificent victories over the "last enemy which shall be destroyed" have been effected by application of experiment to increase our knowledge of anatomy, histology, physiology, pathology, toxicology, and the other positive sciences upon which medical practise rests; it is evident that the quack; who knows nothing or next to nothing about them; whose cheap treatment is an appeal to the base instincts of ingratitude and stinginess; whose methods revert to the elementary hygiene of the Hippocratists, or the still older and more futile jugglery of the exorcist, the Indian medicine man, the astrologer, and the howling dervish; and who keeps sufferers deluded by the sensational method of slandering cultivators of real knowledge; deserves to be considered a most wicked and mischievous character. If I believed in any kind of penal law, I should certainly believe in laws to punish him. One of those observations which led me to my fixed conviction that criminal law serves only to increase crime, was my observation how laws against the vile practises of these most detestable impostors work. I observed that it was by no means easy to convict the quack practitioner, for much the same reason that it is difficult to convict the receiver of stolen goods. Those with whom he deals will seldom inform against him for further reasons sufficiently obvious. I then found out that zeal for suppression of the quack's nefarious business was being utilized by that phase of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance represented in this country chiefly by Anthony Comstock. The regular physicians (as everybody who reads their works well knows), are much better aware than anyone else, except perhaps a few peculiar zealots of reform in the sexual relation, what frightful evils are inflicted on womanhood, infancy, and coming generations, by the ecclesiastical and common law of marriage, which the priests employ the fellow Comstock to enforce. The physician's code of honor also regards that breach of professional confidence, which is Comstock's method, as the most inexcusable among crimes. But it is also true that "specialists," "restorers of lost manhood," abortionists, and quacks in general, do an immense amount of harm, and in fact deserve to be regarded as professional murderers. Because the kind of harm they do is peculiarly odious to the physician; and because Comstock can be used to bring them to justice (all being fish which comes to his net); I perceived that there were regular physicians willing to patronize and encourage even a trade so much against the ethics of their own as Comstock's. C. L. JAMES.

(To be continued.)

A government can confer but few benefits upon a people except by destroying its own laws.—Winwood Reade.

* Dr. Elmer Loe, A. Med. Ass. (heaven forbid I should dispute his right to the title!) a favorite authority of anti-vaccinationists, whom again I can only quote from memory. "Bodily health is attained by"—observing those hygienic commonplaces which have been familiar to every doctor and nurse since Hippocrates' time—"not by injecting toxic poisons into our blood, nor by secrets dug out of the brains and bowels of tortured brutes."

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