



WHOLE NO. 433.

Environment is not all. Environment cannot act upon wooden men to any very great extent; but given the human race as we find it, and set about to find the causes of the acts of the individuals composing the race, and we must take the two factors of the individuals and the environment into account. We find the individuals are a development, containing in their make-up

all manner of propensities, which manifest their presence in acts as they are excited into action by the influence of environment. Environment consists of natural conditions and artificial arrangements, the latter having most to do with our actions. It stands to reason then, that, given favorable conditions, we are far less liable to commit crime than in an environment that, like the present, excites to crime. VAN DYKE BROWN.

A Little Journey.

IV

After the pleasant trip to Philadelphia, I found myself again in New York, joining an excursion of the Jewish comrades on the Hudson river, which had been arranged for the benefit of their weekly periodical, the *Arbeiter-Stimme*. They had chartered a large steamer and a barge, the latter being fastened alongside the steamer, a little bridge enabling the crowd to cross from one to the other. Smiling comrades passed to and fro, shaking hands and forming new acquaintances and friendships. There was also a lunch-counter where tea and sandwiches were served, and—O, horror!—a bar where beer and other beverages were sold. Think of it, ye who picture the Anarchists as ruffians and drunkards, three thousand people being permitted to gather around a bar of intoxicants without having a single policeman on board! And yet there was no "disorder," no disturbance, no annoying drunkenness, such as can be observed at the excursions of "law-abiding citizens" with armed policemen in their midst.

The men and women who had gathered to enjoy the trip on the river were not all Anarchists, as I soon learned. There were many Social Democrats, and even some conservatives, who had joined "the jolly Anarchist crowd," as they called the excursionists. "We like your excursions and your picnics," they said, "because of the freedom and unconventionality that prevail among you people. Everybody seems to be gay and happy, and it makes one feel good. Yes, we also have a longing for freedom, and think that Anarchy is the goal to be reached ultimately; but first we must capture the State thru political action."

Good-hearted, well-meaning, but poor innocent souls! When will they learn that freedom cannot be gained by remaining in the mire in which the State thrives—power and cunning! Instead of capturing the government, they will again be the captives of the monster which they aim to slay, only entangling themselves more and more in the meshes of authority, doomed to succumb, like the fly in the web of the cunning spider. One needs only read Kautsky's "The Social Revolution," a work which is also being lauded in this country by the Socialist press, in order to see that the aim of Socialism has been utterly abandoned. Opportunism has sealed its fate. "In theory we still combat Bernsteinism (opportunism), but in practise we have complied with it for twenty-five years," said Mr. Valteich, the editor of the *Volks Zeitung*, two years ago in the Karl Marx Club of this city.

"How do the Anarchists live in a city where there are so many of them, where the

teachings of Anarchism have been promulgated for twenty-five years?" I have been asked. "Is the youth—the first generation—imbued with the ideas of its parents? And if not, what is the reason?" These are pertinent questions indeed, and occur to every sociological student, to all who are working for the liberation of humanity, and anxiously waiting for its consummation.

There was a time when the revolutionary movement, including the Socialists, Knights of Labor, etc., was much more conspicuous, and apparently more vivifying than at present, and the superficial observer is apt to be seized by pessimistic forebodings if he estimates the strength of progressive thought by the noise its would-be adherents make or the number of people that the new gospel attracts. In former years the transformation of society was made an easy task for the worker: to inaugurate a rebellion against capitalism and its prop—government—and the day after a victorious uprising everybody would live in peace and plenty. But time passed on and the revolution, which was expected to occur in the immediate future, failed to raise its head. Only a few realized that humanity was not tyrannized by capitalism alone, but was also "ruled by the tomb"—"by the dead," as Ingersoll pointed out in his "Marriage and Divorce." They perceived that a successful revolution must begin at home; that it meant a transformation of character, a repudiation of ancient customs in our social relations, and the application of freedom in our families and in our relations with our fellowmen, the abandoning of punishment of children, etc. And when the necessity of such change in our conduct was emphasized by press and speech, many of the would-be revolutionists disappeared from the scene; usually putting forth the excuse that they had sacrificed too much for the movement already.

Today the revolutionists, under which term I include all Anarchists, are perhaps fewer in number, but having gained in strength and integrity, their influence is much greater than ever before, and they can no longer be ignored by press and pulpit, or disposed of with vile denunciations. But to the extent that the ideas of Anarchism have penetrated their minds has the task of life become more difficult to its adherents, as can be observed everywhere. Not only are prevailing conditions in the way, if one wants to live up to one's ideal, but one soon finds that there is a deep gulf between theory and practise, which to overbridge one often lacks courage and strength; and if he or she is of a strong individuality, ready to defy customs and perverted morality, that one will sooner or later find him or herself isolated, forsaken even by his or her own comrades, who for the sake of success, vigorously oppose all conduct that has not the sanctity of respectability. Strange as it may seem to be, we find that those who make at least an attempt to throw off the yoke of ancient customs are rather ostracized by the radicals than encouraged, if their conduct is not in accord with prevailing morality.

These isolated souls often seek refuge in books, if they do not become the victims of a morbid pessimism. But books do not always satisfy the hungry heart. We need love and association; and here are the cliffs

which but few can safely ascend. Both the young women and young men have an inkling that marriage is the coffin of love and the grave of freedom, therefore a so-called free union is being agreed upon. But they soon awaken to the fact that such a union is essentially the same as a marital bond and does not solve the problem. And it is the woman who discovers first that she is less independent than when she herself had to "make a living"; that she is merely a dependent housekeeper, and that spontaneity is more or less absent; which worries her more than the discovery that the honeymoon is not lasting forever. And many succumb under the conditions they have placed themselves in. Instead of dissolving the union before it is too late, they seek to improve matters by reconciliation and compromise, which weakens and poisons their characters until the desire for liberty is killed and all higher aspirations vanish.

But the reasons for all the shortcomings in our conduct are perhaps best described by one of Maxim Gorky's characters, who correctly says: "There is a fog over everything—everybody inhales the fog, and that's why people's blood has become tainted—that's why there are ulcers. Great liberty of reasoning has been granted to men, but they are not allowed to do anything—hence a man does not live, but rots and stinks."

The woman who feels the humiliation of her dependence is slowly being killed in spirit and stifled in her growth, while the man in bondage, economically and socially, often seeks to drown his disgust with intoxicating drinks. "Debauch is the mutiny of a soul in captivity," says Maxim Gorky also.

Another vulnerable point is the raising of children among the radicals. There are only a few mothers and fathers who have any idea of the psychology of a child. Look over their libraries, and you will seek in vain for books and booklets treating on the raising of the coming generation. With very few exceptions the children of the radicals have to go thru the same ordeals as those of the conservatives. They are whipped and chastised and commanded and made subject to the will of their parents until their spirit is broken—well prepared to go into the world as cringing and crawling slaves. That such inconsistency of the parents is extremely contaminating is evident. A child that is listening to the parents, hearing them talk for freedom, and against tyranny and punishment, perceives even in its infancy that its parents are hypocrites, and is consequently not apt to be inspired with the ideas the parents profess to hold; and the result is that the youngsters enter life without aspirations and ideals.

Such examples at home are of course poor means to counteract the contaminating influence of the public schools where the children nowadays are imbued with religious superstition and jingoism; and it is gratifying to know that there is at least a beginning made to reach the children's minds thru free schools. Comrades Firms conduct a little school in which the spirit of freedom prevails, and the result is marvelous. Children who had been considered unmanageable have been transformed into lovable little creatures, trying to please their teacher, so that they will not be deprived of the

pleasure of attending school. But in this school they are never compelled to perform anything they are not inclined to do. The children decide whether they will have reading, drawing, etc., during this or that hour. They are not compelled to draw from copy, but they choose their objects from living nature which invigorates their imagination and confidence. They are never chastised nor even reprimanded. If they are imposing or annoying they are argued with in a friendly manner—a method which seldom fails to arouse the good-will of a child.

A. I.

An Open Letter to Fra Elbertus of the Philistine.

Pastor,—I am one of the economists who still stick to the theory, which you proclaim false, that there are only two factors in the production of wealth—land and labor. We needn't quibble about the water. Economically considered, the sea, rivers, ponds, etc., are also land. But for the wide circulation of your "periodical of protest" and the fact that you proclaim to be an Anarchist, while preaching the doctrine of the capitalist, I should not think it worth while to notice your somewhat shallow "talk" in the September issue of the *Philistine* anent Riverside Quotha. Here we have it: land, labor, water, brains.

Let me ask you, Fra: could we have labor "which produces capital" without muscle, any more than without brains? Then why drag in brains as a necessary and additional factor of wealth? Oh, I see. In order that the brains of the captains of industry may be put in evidence, and be glorified! That the unspeakable Pullmans, and Rockefellers, and Carnegies, and Swifts may be justified in "keeping back by fraud the wages of the laborers" who have reaped their fields and dug their coal and wells, and built their factories and dressed their pork.

A *propos*: Chase of Monroe county, York State, had brains, and HE has worked miracles. HE bought foot-hills for a song, cleared away sage-brush, tumbled the rocks down hill, built a beautiful granite wall, brought water from artesian wells thirty miles away in canals which he dug; furthermore, he planted orange trees and acacias and roses; and now HIS land is worth a thousand dollars an acre. And Chase and sons did it all! Now you know, Fra, that they did no such a thing. Laborers did this at Chase's bidding in order that they might get food and clothing and blankets. It was the workers who worked miracles; among whom doubtless it were just to include Chase and sons. It was muscle which hewed rocks, sunk artesian wells, dug canals, and planted trees—not brains; altho the muscle of the laborer couldn't do much without brains attached.

Now, you say: "They (the old foggy economists) talk of the exploitation of labor, and loudly tell the workingman that the enterpriser who employs them is supported by them, and that capital is nothing but stolen labor." And by inference you say that this is not true. But, unless you are more of a "mostly" of Carlyle than I give you discredit for, you know that every word of this is true! You know also that

so long as the enterpriser takes more than an equal share of the products of their joint labor, it will continue to be true. You know, too, that it is only because of the monopoly of land and tools, which government prescribes and upholds, that it could be true.

"I am an Anarchist," you say. Yes, and simultaneously you justify and glorify a regime of monopolies which depends on government. Go, to!

Why, man; Chase of Monroe county, York State, is himself a product of land and labor—body, brains, and breeches. Where did he come from? From the land; his brains are made of the stuff of the planet—that matter, which (as Tyndall says) in our ignorance of its latent qualities, and, notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator, we treat with opprobrium—which contains the promise and potency of all terrestrial life. For at least three months before his appearance, his mother labored in carrying him around; in labor he was born. Ask some woman who has brought up a family, whether a baby doesn't need constant labor—to wipe his dirty little nose, to bathe him, to dress and undress him, not to mention the making of his frocks and shirts and shoes. Does the mother milk come down ready-made like manna from heaven, or is it transformed wheat, turnips, mutton—all results of labor? But for labor in providing the early baby and later young man, and lastly the mature Chase with food and clothes and housing, he would have had no brain to plan even the miracles, which the laborers and he have wrought. Brain as well as muscle is a social product, and only one of the factors *behind* labor. Don't talk any more such nonsense, Fra. Why not? Because you know better. You would better teach your flock the truth about the relations of men and things, than pose as a critic and sayer of smart paradoxes, and flatterer of "successful" men—successful exploiters, upholders of government, order, injustice.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. PYBURN.

Here and There.

Another editor of *Neues Leben*, Berliu, Germany, has been sent to prison for expressing his honest opinion

Two landlords of Alabama, who were recently convicted for keeping and selling colored people as chattel slaves, have been pardoned by President Roosevelt. But the two trades unionists, Conde and Guillot, of Porto Rico, who got six months for "insulting" government officials, are still in prison.

In Newark, N. J., the directors of a street car corporation stood—die with laughing—before the court as murderers, because thru their criminal negligence many people had been killed and mutilated. They were of course, acquitted, and that on the recommendation of the judge. The public curses—that's all.—*Freiheit*.

Cripple Creek, where a "vigilance committee" of "prominent citizens" recently drove out the labor leaders, is now a place of military terrorism. There was little or no trouble there before the troops arrived, as

a miner writes us, but now "lawlessness"—entrenched behind 4 gattling guns—is rampant. In a little town of about a hundred inhabitants the youngsters had a dance arranged for Sept. 18, but the professional murderers forbid them to enjoy the social.

Bernard Lazarre.

Bernard Lazarre died in Paris on Sept. 2, 1903. He was only 38 years of age. He started his career as a journalist at an early age; and was one of the few independent writers for the bourgeois press. He worked in companionship with Mulato, Hamon, Octave Mirbeau and others. During the trying times of 1893-94, he boldly defended the Anarchists, and declared himself one of them. In the Dreyfus affair he was a zealous advocate of the persecuted Jew.

A large part of Lazarre's writing was on Antisemitism, his greatest work on the subject being "Antisemitism, Its History and Causes." For a time he worked in the Zion movement, but its shallowness soon caused him to withdraw.

Last year Lazarre made an investigation of the condition of the Rumanian Jews. In his report to the Paris *Aurore* he declared that the only way for the poor Jews to better their economic conditions, would be to unite with the peasantry, and get rid of the exloiters.

JR.

To the Comrades.

Very few of the comrades know the history of our little publishing group FREE SOCIETY; and this is not an attempt to write it, but only an effort to arouse the comrades out of their lethargy, to the fact that they must do something if they want to have their paper appear and fight their battle against ignorance, superstition, and oppression.

The FREE SOCIETY publishing group, which first came into existence by getting out the FIREBRAND, in its infancy a small paper in comparison with FREE SOCIETY, had to go over a stony road; but now FREE SOCIETY has reached a point where the *Literary Digest*, a paper devoted to the express purpose of giving the best contemporary thought of the world, quotes freely from its pages.

Many of us may dislike certain features of FREE SOCIETY; and the writer of these lines has had a good many differences with the publishers. But do we all ever agree on particular points of the paper? We are all agreed that at the present time, one of intense industrial and political development in this country, and of great social import the world over, we want to keep up an English Anarchist paper here. The comrades outside of Chicago can take this as a hint to themselves; it is the comrades of Chicago whom I wish to reach with these lines. I wish to say that they have a good opportunity to be of assistance to FREE SOCIETY by helping the comrades to sell tickets for a ball to be given for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY at Aurora Hall, cor. Milwaukee and Huron Sts., on Dec. 5, 1903. Tickets 25 cents.

There is a meeting every second Thursday at FREE SOCIETY headquarters. Now all come and get your tickets.

A. SCHNEIDER.

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

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

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 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.

On Saturday, December 5, FREE SOCIETY will give a grand ball in Aurora Hall, cor. Milwaukee Ave. and Huron St. This date has been chosen so as not conflict with any similar affair among radicals. Friendly organizations will please remember this date when arranging entertainments.

The comrades who interested themselves in the plan of establishing a club in Chicago, and who offered financial aid to that end, are expected to attend a meeting at the headquarters of FREE SOCIETY on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 1. It is desirable that immediate action should take place.

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.

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 twelfth annual Weinlese-Fest of the Debating Club No. 1, takes place Saturday evening, Oct. 3, 1903, in Mueller's Hall, cor. North Ave. and Sedgwick St. Grand entree at 8:30. Tickets 25 cents.

Anyone wishing to see an old popular German "folksfest," where joy and mirth and unconventionality prevail, should not fail to attend this festival.

A concert will be given by the Workmen's Educational Club, Saturday, October 3, at Ruehl's Hall, 224 W. 12th St., 8 p. m. Mr. J. Weinstock and H. Goldstein will play the first act of the Opera Faust; piano accompaniment by Miss M. Vitto. Sadie Boyle, the known violinist, will fill the program. Mr. Stachowitch and others will recite in Russian. Other entertaining features will be given. Admission 25 cents.

FREE SOCIETY

Outpost Echoes.

A flag is a deified rag.

Authority is anti-social.

Liberty can wait; can you?

Force seeks strength, not truth.

The full dinner pail is full of lies.

Peace without liberty is a silent war.

A ballot is finally not a power, but an opinion.

The safeguard of liberty is not force, but wisdom.

A standing army is a standing challenge to murder.

A new woman is only an old woman who has discovered herself.

The principal object of State education is to misinform the young about the State.

Bebel has triumphed for the moment in the "class struggle" between the German Socialist factions.

It is illegal now to use the American flag for advertising purposes, unless you have stocks and bonds for sale.

Joe Chamberlain, that combination of an eye glass, an orchid, and an ambition, has lost his job as colonial thief.

State's Attorney Deenen's demand upon the grand jury for a hundred blank indictments is of a piece with all "legal justice."

Chicago clergymen are condemning Hull House as atheistic, Socialistic, and Anarchistic. Hull House should be proud of its enemies.

The bodies of three hundred soldiers who had died in the Philippines were brought to New York in one transport recently. It is glorious to die for the Morgan and Rockefeller flag.

The amateur obscurantists who maunder editorially in the Chicago Chronicle are frightened by the threatening attitude of organized labor. Such need not fear: they are too small to be seen.

The persistent use on the part of reform (?) editors and writers of the name Anarchist in discrediting unscrupulous capitalists, leaves one in doubt whether to class their catchpenny utterances as the drivings of idiocy or the mouthings of malice and falsehood.

The thieves and murderers who are intriguing and fighting over the throne of Serbia are not Anarchists. They believe in government and plenty of it. What a pity

that they cannot be called Anarchists, so that the people thru them might not learn the truth about government!

The American government is trying to kill the labor movement in Porto Rico, and has sent two men to prison for "insulting" the flag. That flag, which flies over every infamy, and which is "soiled by all ignoble use" cannot be expected to excite a feeling of reverence in those who know; especially if they be members of labor unions.

A condition in which men and women live together in separate families is a condition in which individuals tend to narrow their lives' horizons to the dimensions of a single family's interests; and the consequent growing demand for devotion to that end is responsible for much of married misery. Every human being needs a public life, or his private life will be but of little worth. The family must go that liberty may come.

The Catholic Church is at war with the International Typographical Union over the oath which the latter's members take, and which makes the Union an authority greater than the Church. Two authoritarian organizations whose members are identical or partially so, must clash, for such is authority that it brooks no rivalry. A union can gain nothing by administering an oath; let faithfulness be voluntary; let men's solidarity rest on liberty; all other expedients fail.

Grover Cleveland would make an excellent president. When he held the office of chief adviser to the national robbers at large, he fulfilled his duties to the letter; winning their eternal regard and the respectful fear of a large number of Democratic voters. He is the only man fit to rival the great Roosevelt, and I hope that he will enter the race; for we at least need to have one of these two, to show us what a president should be. The worst of presidents is ever the best one.

Organized labor is about to experience a trial by fire at Cripple Creek; the ultimatum having gone forth at the hands of the mine owners, who have posted placards, declaring that union men will no longer be permitted to work in the mines of the region. State troops are at hand, of course, to keep order by shooting down inoffensive men at the behest of swollen capitalism. If the sun sets it will rise again; if organized labor goes down to defeat at Cripple Creek it will rise again elsewhere. *Nil desperandum!*

The sage of Russia, Tolstoy, has just completed his seventy-fifth year, and a large part of the press of his native land has united lately in pronouncing eulogies upon the venerable artist and Anarchist, to the discomfiture of Russian officialdom in general. Journals have not hesitated to call Tolstoy the greatest of all Russians, and to declare that his teachings represent the highest reach of the heart and mind of man. Russian reactionaries have done all that could be done to stem the tide of praise, but it has overwhelmed them. The advocates of lib-

erty may take heart when one of their number so gets the ear of the world.

George Bernard Shaw is half in despair over the people, and in his latest work he even doubts his former hobby of democracy, and declares that a better race must be born before anything of moment can be done in the way of improving social and economic conditions. Shaw wrote "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," and then "fell like Lucifer" into the time-serving routine of married life and petty politics. Let him now write the "Shawessence of Philistinism," showing in his facile and triumphant way that the false and the true are one, and that nothing matters much, anyway. Then his great work will be complete, and he can rest; and we can rest, too; we could not stand another somersault after what we have endured already.

That old, worn-out thought, a rehash of the debris left after the downfall of idealism, which by the ignorant is called the New Thought, and is exploited by them as the wisdom of all the ages, concentrated and compressed for the comfort and edification of sinful and tired humanity, is now standing at the gates of Socialism clamoring for entrance; several of its advocates being already engaged in "enlightening" the discontented in America who have become Anarchists or political Socialists. Its message is that there is something wrong with the individual rather than with conditions; that if the individual will but develop soul force he can concentrate and have anything he may want. This conglomerate of Pantheism and moralism is not very acceptable to the palates of the people, however, and the new thought is likely to find itself unthought, except by those who are most damnably comfortable, or by their hangers-on.

AMERICUS.

The Case of Grossmann and MacQueen.

Saturday, Sept. 12, the formal opinion in the case of MacQueen and Grossmann was filed in the Supreme Court at Trenton, N. J., by Justice Pitney. Accordingly MacQueen's conviction is affirmed, because a manuscript found in his possession when he was arrested showed that he styled himself as the "leader" of the "rioters" of Paterson. Grossmann has been granted a second trial, however, for the reason that the judge of the lower court had not instructed the jury to consider the alibi of Grossmann. As the indictment of Grossmann stands and falls on his alibi, a second trial will hardly take place, consequently his case can be considered as being dismissed in his favor. MacQueen, however, is to be "pinched" because he—to speak plainly—foolishly and uselessly wanted to play the hero, altho competent counsellors had expressly warned him and predicted evil consequences.

This does not alter the fact, however, that Grossmann had been convicted on two indictments, for making speeches prior to the riot, and that these convictions are now affirmed.—*Freiheit*.

The worst of reasons is good enough when oppression would justify itself. B.

Current Comment.

James F. Morton, Jr., editor of the *Demonstrator*, feels impelled to remark that—

"My first impulse, on reading a late issue of *Winn's Firebrand*, was to write an indignant reply to Comrade Winn's remarks on the Negro question.

But he mercifully refrained, because—

On second reading, there is not so much that needs refutation.

However, he thinks he has discovered some traces of race prejudice "under the rhetoric," and therefore proceeds in his benevolently sympathetic way to remove a few stripes of my cuticle, winding up with the charitable suggestion that I am "making a sincere effort to climb out of early environment, and will yet shake off the last lingering remnants of a prejudice that is inconsistent with the Anarchist ideal." The heart-rending part (to me) of my critic's criticism lies in his failure to designate those parts of my cuticle wherein I have so deftly cloaked the skeleton of "race prejudice" beneath the gilded garb of my simple rhetoric. I suspect that Comrade Morton has been coquetting with the deductive method of analysis, by which process he predicates the fact that I am a southerner, that southerners "hate a damn nigger, anyhow," consequently somewhere within the shadowy nimbus of my rhetorical effusions there necessarily lurks the ghost of southern prejudice, if only it could be dragged to view. It possibly will never occur to the genial James that prejudice is not indigenous to the geographical area south of the Ohio, and that, in seeking to extract the cataract from my optics he has overlooked the sawlog in his own.

A late press item announces that Elisée Reclus, the French scientist and Anarchist, will undertake to cross the Atlantic ocean in a balloon. Now is an opportune moment for the Chicago police to unearth another carefully laid Anarchist plot. What purpose would an Anarchist of the Reclus type have in coming over here in a balloon, other than to dodge the anti-Anarchist immigration regulations, and drop a twenty-pound bomb into the presidential back yard at Washington, thereby putting a malicious puncture in the reelection aspirations of our beloved and heroic Theodore? Where are the palpitating pencil-pushers of daily sensationalism, that they have not already aroused a sleeping world with the head-line hysteria of a journalistic "scoop," calculated to relegate Ohio political news to the back page and make the Macedonian outbreak look like thirty cents? In the presence of this crisis will the police and the press be heedless to opportunity's clarion call?

Organized labor in the United States is now facing a perilous and critical moment. Carefully, cunningly, and stealthily, the capitalist oligarchy has envired labor with the most gigantic conspiracy of legislation to be found anywhere in human history. Laws, in aspect as innocent as the dimpled smile of a sleeping babe, have been placed upon the State and federal statutes, under the future operation of which labor will find itself bound and gagged and as helpless as Gulliver in the toils of the puny Liliputians.

Judicial decision has been piled upon judicial decision, until there is, at the hand and disposal of corporate wealth, an armory of legal weapons so numerous that, like the Russian artillerists at the siege of Sebastopol, it can meet every maneuver of its antagonists with irresistible effect. All the effective features of the strike have been made illegal. The boycott has been placed under ban. The national government proposes to attach its mail service to all trains in order to have the necessary excuse to interfere in railway strikes.

On the other hand, judicial sanction has been given to the lockout and the black list. While the black list is identical with the boycott, the courts sustain the one and illegalize the other. Besides this open partisanship of the courts, the readiness of the executive branch of government to use the militia against workingmen is well known. But by far the most significant and ominous development of our budding military and capitalistic imperialism, is the new military law which was slipped thru Congress without debate and scarcely came to public notice until after President Roosevelt's signature had made it valid. This law empowers the president to call into military service every able-bodied man between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five; gives him the power to use the militia of one State to keep order in another; and places a military power in the hands of Roosevelt greater than that exercised by the German emperor. No one can doubt the meaning of this. Plutocracy sees looming up in the near future the shadowy outlines of inevitable catastrophe, and it is preparing for the death struggle. In the face of these facts, he who thinks that the rule of gold and greed will yield to a ballot verdict for Socialism is blind indeed. Unless labor yields, the future will see the fulfillment of this prophesy of John's Apocalypse: "And the winepress was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse's bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."

This is, perhaps, the most critical moment in human history. The present is paralleled by no previous age. The earth is vibrating with a volume of thought currents so tense and intense in force and effect that neither prophet nor philosopher can forecast the looming destiny that overhangs the coming years. So fast and furious crowd the thronging events, so wild and wonderful the play of human thought, that from the dim and distant ages no voice of human experience is adequate to chart us for the goal, if goal there be. But this to me seems all-important; that we, who believe that we have found the path and hold the torch by which humanity is to be guided into the dawn, we, the Anarchists, must present something definite and tangible, if we are to stem the tide of general chaos and mental confusion. It seems to me that a conference representing all phases of our movement, should be held, and an earnest, active, associated propaganda started, that will carry the gospel of Anarchy to the world with renewed energy and proportionate effect. ROSS WINN.

The World's Way.

Standing on the bridge there, for a moment she almost forgot her own suffering in wondering how all that river life could go on day by day without cessation. Did sorrow never triumph in the hearts of those strong men who worked like beavers, making them drop their tasks and weep for hours; forgetting life, work, everything? The long line of barges roped together, drawn thru the water at a snail's pace by the smoking little steamboat, made her think of some vast amphibious animal, weltering lazily toward its lair; without hope, without fear; a heartless, soulless bulk.

Nannette raised her eyes slowly till they were on a level with the towers of the Trocadéro rising like sentinels in the far west, sentinels of the gates of Paris, looking toward the sea; and then quite inadvertently she turned, and gazed on those other sentinels at the gates of Paris on the east, the grey and age-worn towers of Notre Dame.

A little thrill passed over her as she looked at the ancient facade, somewhat warmed and brightened by the afternoon sun, which seemed to caress it with its mellow rays. Our Mother, who stood there so calm, so kindly, she surely was not dead, was not dull and indifferent; she had been the hope, the heart of Paris, of France for ages, and she had taken into her bosom as her own all the sorrows and sufferings of millions of young and old, and had sent weary lives forth again eased, hopeful, nay; even happy.

What if she should go to the cathedral and pray? the girl thought.

Her own poignant grief came back to her with a rush as she stood looking at the church; and the carelessness with which she had observed the Catholic teaching since her mother had been taken away by death—a carelessness engendered by loss of faith, and rage thru the failure of her prayers to save her mother, and increased by some desultory reading of anti-clerical journals—almost accused her; and she even thought for a moment that she heard a voice in her soul, upbraiding her at first for her unbelief and faithlessness, and afterward calling on her tenderly to return.

"My daughter, sad-hearted child," it seemed to say, "come back to me; I will soothe you. I will give you strength to bear the burdens which you have; and in the future do not doubt, but pray that God will not make the load greater than you can endure. You have lost your love,—Henri. He was your life. Come to me, come to me, my daughter: he that you suffer over may be won back to you. Pray to the Virgin; pray!"

Was it the voice of truth which she heard? Was it now time to turn to religion for succor and relief? Her heart grew inexpressibly hungry for consolation. Was there one place in the vast world where all was not cold, unsympathetic and dead? Would the Virgin hear her, perhaps, and grant her prayer? She looked back at the river with its mechanical life and at the busy quais, and over these beyond, to Paris, great roaring Paris; so cold, so thoughtless, so indifferent. The kind tears came to her relief as shudderingly she shrank away from the scene; and something in her feet turned

them toward the doorway of the vast old church.

She was a penitent.

Still, she hesitated when near enough to see the faces of those who were entering in a constant stream; faces betokening suffering of a thousand different degrees, arising from experiences sad or bitter and of many kinds; faces which filled her with that heart-sickness that we realize when we meet with a hundred griefs at once, not one of them less terrible than our own. But the warm sun shone upon her shoulders and cheered her into entering with the others, where at least there was hope.

Nannette took out her money and counted it; there were just six sous. Dropping one of the coins into the cap of the bowing mendicant who sat at the left of the threshold, and putting another into the little jingling cup of the sister who knelt all day long inside the vestibule and begged for sous for the sick poor, she advanced to an aged man who offered holy water on the end of a long-handled brush, and touching its wet bristles with her finger tips, crossed herself devoutly again and again.

Once again she became a faithful daughter of the Church. The transformation had taken place in a flash, and she felt a warm glow suffusing her being; the authentic evidence that she was not returning to worship and supplication in vain; that infinite goodness and pity were somewhere reaching down to her, giving her at once new strength and a little blessed ease.

Then the girl turned and almost flew toward the left side of the nave, where a statue of the Virgin stood half revealed in its dim recess, its benignant face glowing softly in the light of many slender candles.

"Put up a candle for me, if you please, Madame," she said with a trembling voice, as she held out the four-sous to pay for it.

The old woman whose work it was to sell candles, and who all day long was engaged in placing them in sockets about the statue, that they might burn there as gifts to the Virgin, took the proffered coins in a businesslike way, and selecting a fresh candle from a basketful, lighted it and stuck it in one of the receptacles just below the right arm of the figure.

Nannette threw herself upon her knees on the low carpet-covered step, and burst into a flood of mingled supplication and weeping; raising her streaming eyes now and then to the face of her hope, the Virgin.

No set and prescribed prayer rose to her lips, but there poured out from her heart all the incoherent pent-up sorrow of days; the bitter grief and despair of a foolish, passionate girl, whose lover had forgotten her lightly and gone away, she knew not whither.

"Mother of God," she supplicated; "Mary: full of grace; do not desert a poor child. Where is he, Henri? O, Blessed Virgin, bring him back to me! I cannot bear to see the daylight; I cannot sleep thru the long night for thoughts of him. Help me, and bring Henri back, for Jesus' sake! Thou canst do anything for those who ask thee aright. Intercede with the Blessed Savior for me. Hail Mary! Pray for me!"

For half an hour the girl knelt with her face almost on the floor; weeping, begging,

prostrating herself before the statue to which she had given her all, a sacrificial candle.

She could hear the clink of money all about her as penitent and supplicant came and went; and the low but business-like voice of the fat old candle-seller reached her ears in its constant reckonings of francs and sous. But the deliberate tones disturbed her not. There was nothing but prayer in all the world.

Rising at last to go, Nannette found herself amidst a crowd of prospective supplicants who were busily bargaining with the indefatigable purveyor of candles.

With one hopeful look at her own gift, which was not yet half burned down, she turned about and moved toward the door, still murmuring her prayers to the Virgin.

At the threshold the girl paused, looked back, and then started violently.

The old woman had removed her candle, her gift to the Virgin, and was putting another in its place, while an elaborately dressed young woman held out a coin just over her spreading palm.

"You have removed my candle, Madame!" gasped Nannette, returning.

The other, disconcerted for a moment, looked at the agonized face before her in silence; but at last spluttered out:

"I am here to sell candles, Mademoiselle; we cannot keep all these people waiting, you know."

Then it suddenly became clear to Nannette once for all that this worship which she had believed in and that her mother had cherished thruout life, was dead. The lust of wealth she saw was that for which all things existed. Money was there in that statue of the Virgin; in all those prayers and elaborate ceremonies which she had trusted before her mother had died, there could be heard the counting of gold. Money, money: that was what made the world rush on madly, neither taking time to eat nor drink. Not even an hour for tears might it spare thruout the twenty-four. Hope and love were equally impossible. In the church, in the streets, in the houses of Paris, as on the river, all was the same.

The world had no soul!

Why had she gone into that den of hypocrisy? she asked herself in whispered, broken speech. Why had she allowed the beauty of the old church to make her forget that in a world like this there was little room for either love, truth, honor, regret, or even tears? In the reaction from her brief exaltation she nearly fainted in despair and negation of all hope.

Casting one last hopeless look toward the high altar, tremblingly Nannette turned again to leave Notre Dame; and as tho in mockery of her simple, breaking heart, the grand organ just then burst forth in music, the tones of which sounded in her ears like diabolical laughter.

W. F. BARNARD.

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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.

At Last.

A decision which has just been reached at the friendly association of teachers in session at Marseilles, causes our hearts to rejoice.

We read in *Le Francais*:

The congress of friendly association of professors and teachers has just taken a resolution to suppress in the school rooms all imagery of war, all that which can tend to commemorate the great feats of our generals and our soldiers.

This resolution, which all civilized men will applaud, has the effect of putting *Le Francais* into a fury. *Le Francais* considers that the professors and teachers occupying themselves with the proper method of forming the minds of the young generation, have interfered with what is none of their business.

Another assembly which departs from its proper sphere! Another talking machine which erects itself into a parliament. Once more we see men assembled to discuss their cooperative interests, ingenuously believing themselves to be charged with making the laws and directing the affairs of the country, as they say,—towards its new destiny.

And such ingenuousness on the part of the teachers excites *Le Francais* even to lyrics. It cries with emphasis:

Behold Jeanne d'Arc!
Behold Bayard!
Behold d'Assas and La Tour-d'Auvergne.
Behold Hoche, Bonaparte, Kléber, and Marceau!
Behold Bara and Poniatowski!
Behold the volunteers in sabats leaping to the mill of Valmy!
Behold the combatants of Arcole, of Rivoli, of Austertitz, and of Zena!
Behold the last square of the old guard!
To the gutters, Cambronne!
Chaillot, Bobillot!
Down with Admiral Courbet!
Death to Domine that defended Tougon-Quan.
All the prints, all the paintings, all the sculptures that teach the children, and recall to the memory of their teachers the fact that brave Frenchmen have gloriously done their duty against the enemy, are at most, only capable of stirring up in their souls a dangerous emulation. That is not Socialism. It must exist no longer.

It is necessary to efface all these odious souvenirs of another age! Let us assure you that we have the impertinence and stupidity to desire to carefully preserve the military spirit which heretofore has been the honor and the power of our race. Let us assure you that we wish to prepare soldiers in the schools in order to retain them a shorter time in the barracks. Let us assure you that while wishing peace we would hold ourselves ready to prosecute war, if we are attacked. Give us more of these paltry fears! Give us more of these military preoccupations!

The world is an Eden and our neighbors are angels! And the teachers who but now honored themselves in demanding opportunity to serve as soldiers, have today the belief that there should no longer be an army. But what will they put upon the walls of their class rooms?

Paintings of the general strike?

Let us see, let us see, good *Francais*—*Francais* of France, no doubt. Be calm! Calm this "Frenchy" outbreak. You know this good old outbreak shows that the shower bath which the friendly congress has just administered, threatens to deluge your desires. Be calm and let us talk a little. All this avalanche of names which you so rapidly fire at our indifference with regard to military glory, recalls very diverse personalities, and deaths for very different causes.

Some, as Jeanne d'Arc, Bayard, d'Assas, La Tour-d'Auvergne, Bobillot, Courbet, etc., perished for a cause which, while rendering justice to the courage of whoever would sacrifice his life for any cause whatever, we

cannot refrain from finding ignoble:—massacres caused by the spirit of conquest—how stupid! Devotion for the conservation of a national etiquette!

Others, as Hoche (of Bonaparte we will not speak, if you please,) Kléber, Marceau, the little Bara, the volunteers of Valmy, dying to defend their liberty. Perhaps their love of liberty was amalgamated with patriotism. But the circumstances of the time brought together love of country and revolution; and opposing the invasion of the one, it was the work of the other they intended to safeguard.

Despite this, gentlemen, we who are commencing to civilize ourselves a little, are of the opinion that scenes of violence and murder should be kept aloof, as much as possible, from the eyes of children and be represented to them as shameful things upon which the mind should not dwell; except the better to educate thought to comprehend the calamities which human rapacity can engender.

For, at the bottom, all heroisms have no other origin than rapacity: be it that this rapacity is the stimulant of conquering heroes, or that it excites the devotion of heroes; defending the dream of fatherland—that source of profits for international parasites; or if it be those monsters whose ferocity is resisted by the heroes of human independence.

In at last putting an end to this continuous and horrible suggestion, to which children,—our children,—whom we love, and whose developing mentality occupies us, are actually submitted, the teachers will accomplish a humane and civilizing task. They will cease making our dear little ones believe that social beauty rests on hatred; on murder, blind, barbarous hatred, which can only be cloyed by carnage and devastation.

They will cease making them believe that glory consists in assassinating the greatest possible number of mankind; and duty in sacrificing one's existence for the purpose of assuring to these parasites the most fruitful profits; that the enemy is not the comrade at the other side of the river, or of the mountain, bowed under the same yoke and enchained with the same chains; but the parasite, who is here as he is there; who desires to hurl us against each other for the gratification of his horrible appetite.

They will no longer teach that our neighbors are demons. And if they are not angels it is because they are deceived in the same manner in which we are deceived.

In place of war-like and patriotic trumpetery, they will, let us hope, put international and pacific truth.

Behold, poor *Francais*, what is brewing: what is in fact done. The "odious souvenirs of another age," as you so well say, despite your scornful irony, are taken for that which they are in reality. They go soon to rejoin the no less "odious souvenirs," the torturers of the inquisition—which without doubt, shock you a little, and which as we knew it, proceed from the same atrocious thing—man slaying man.

Whenever it happens we are with it, and the teachers—it seems—are going to aid us in our task—to aid in the dawn of the new

ideal, which is already outlined everywhere in humanity.

If you had been able in the last few days to lay to one side your journalistic, political, or worldly tricks, you would have mingled with the people of the universities of the Seine, receiving and feasting the university of Brussels; you would have felt that new spirit which whispers generously and powerfully of fraternity and of the international peace which animates the young generation.

Before the cordiality, the joy, the love which vibrates simultaneously in all hearts, you would have understood—perhaps—how abjectly despicable and criminal, is that false glory of which you would like to perpetuate the abominable cult.—André Girard, in *Les Temps Nouveaux*, Paris. Translated for FREE SOCIETY by C. T. Brown.

Terrible Teddy or Terrified Ted?

Roosevelt dashed thru the city [New York] today surrounded by an armed cavalcade of soldiers and secret service men. "Be lively now, boys," said the president as he stepped into his carriage for the drive from the ferry to the railroad station.

This is the brave Teddy Roosevelt, Indian hunter, lion killer, and Spanish fighter, the most mighty magazine picture warrior the world has ever known. He has had Tom Sharkey and prize fighters and wrestlers to train him to impress the people that he is a regular man-eater. But he fears to pass thru his own city without surrounding himself with protection equal to that given a royal aristocrat. This country does not seem, any more, like the country of my glorious youth. A president should be a man who inspires the love of all the people, and should move about freely among them, and not cowardly hide behind a royal military escort. Anyhow, a man as brave and daring as Teddy poses to be, ought not to fear to go anywhere.

When the high officials of the American government begin to show personal fear of the people, there is something extremely rotten in the government. No one but thieves, extortioners, conspirators, and rascals, need have fear of the American people. The man's conscience bothers him when he is afraid of the American people.—J. B. W., in the *Blue Grass Blade*.

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., at Wosta's Hall, 120 West Lake Street, 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.

The Workingmen's Educational Club will meet every Saturday evening, 8 p. m. sharp, in Pordgess Hall, cor. Maxwell & Jefferson.

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