



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 434.

Mute Opinion.

I traversed a dominion
Whose spokesmen spoke out strong
Their purpose and opinion
Thru pulpit, press, and song;
I scarce had means to note there
A large-eyed few, and dumb,
Who thought not as those thought there
That stirred the heat and hum.

When, grown a shade, beholding
That land in lifetime trod,
To learn if its unfolding
Fulfilled its clamored code,
I saw, in web unbroken,
Its history outwrought,
Not as the loud had spoken,
But as the dumb had thought.

—Thomas Hardy.

The Nemesis of the State.

The State, an organization of power for the purpose of ruling the people, is stricken with fear. Once regarded with reverence and awe by universal man, it is now doubtfully contemplated by thousands of intelligences everywhere. Reformers busy themselves in endeavors to minimize its evils; its champions labor incessantly to explain away its atrocities and blunders; Socialist political organizations would take possession of it to transform its character completely; yet, all the while, the State goes on, revealing its true nature; the nature of a tyrant, an enslaver, a ruiner of man; goes on because it must; because it is its fate so to act; goes on thru greater and greater aggression to universal tyranny; goes on to the destiny of the State: final rejection by the people, and death. The days of the State are numbered; it trembles, even amidst its triumphs, at the handwriting on the wall.

Arising by successive and gradual stages from a noxious growth of ambition and love of power in the hearts of men who lived in the dawn of time, the State grew by gradual and progressive stages into a very upas tree, casting a black and oppressive shadow over life. Pressing for power here, stepping in to interfere there, ingratiating itself wherever it could, and forcing a way where resistance was offered, it made progress gradually toward the center of things, and finally reared its throne above all the actions of men; dictating, flattering, punishing; doing what it would; taking possession of the land, of exchange, of labor; fixing codes of religion and morality; building prisons; creating taxes that it might live at ease; claiming authority; and only

granting men permission to live on condition that its behests were all obeyed. This false growth upon society, this product of evolution alien to the well-being of man, triumphed thru ignorance; and it fails as intelligence develops.

The State! What a grandiose significance once attached itself to that phrase! The State! What a noble task it had: the protection of the people from their enemies abroad, as well as the amicable adjustment of affairs between individuals at home. How the State was looked up to as the beginning and the end of wisdom! Millions of men could rise up by day and lie down by night in the secure thought that the State was there, watching, safeguarding the interests of even the most humble among men. The State; yes, surely that was a thing that no one could doubt or condemn; next to God himself God's supreme gift to man. A State could do no wrong. But men did not study the pages of history well then; the race did not know itself then; it accepted much without investigation; the origin of the State in the obscure events of a little known past excited slight interest among the toiling and moiling masses, who must think of bread and shelter. The world little knew what it had given up to have the State: a life of amity and comparative ease in tribal association; a life of solidarity and mutual aid in the struggle with nature. Seduced, cajoled, forced, the world took what was given it, and drew its opinions of its conditions and nature from the patriots whom the State had created to support it; patriots who carefully covered up the bloody and tyrannical deeds which initiated the State; the outrages, wars, robberies, betrayals, and all the rest, and enlarged upon its spurious glories and accomplishments, things which have ever been said and sung into the ears of men by the State's sycophants. The State took the land, as it took the other wealth of the people, and gave it to whom it would among its friends; this was called "securing property rights"; it fixed taxes for its support upon all who could pay anything; this was ostensibly for the "securing of order"; the State made laws and penalties in keeping with these other deeds; this was called "securing justice." It established money exchange upon a legal basis, and made interest a possibility; this was called "safeguarding the accumulations of industry"; and so it went on taking complete control over all that it could, meanwhile carefully hiding its footsteps, and disguising

its nature where it seemed necessary.

Alexander was a State: think of his deeds; Caesar was a State: contemplate his relations with the Roman empire; the Huns, Goths, and Vandals, the barbarians who overran Greece and Rome, the Normans who triumphed over Saxon England: all these represented the State. Napoleon was the State personified; George the Third was the State, to America. All these but gave expression to the State's true character; the stealing of the land, the stealing of the other wealth, the stealing of the liberty of the peoples, were but legitimate manifestations of the same impulse which lead forth hordes and armies to devastate and rob other nations at the behests of their masters, the persons of the State.

Today the State stands unveiled; its destiny is upon it. Today thousands in every land await its demise with hope and anticipation. Its land laws have done their work, and a small minority of men own the earth; its money laws have fatally developed results seen in the slavery of industry and the tyranny of capitalism. Its taxes rob the workers that the few may bask in the sun of idleness; its moral codes, with its religious, are forced upon the weak but not upon the strong; its prosecutions and punishments are things to laugh at unless the laughter be a poor man. Its wars are known for what they are: unprovoked murders; its "safeguards" are seen to be rather invitations to attack; its pretense to be the caretaker of the people's interests is an exploded delusion. If it lives longer it will live upon force. Nay, it is even now living thus: persuasion is being fast abandoned, and vast armies are being raised to subdue the people if they rebel. The State trembles, and while it trembles it looks to its weapons.

How universal is the confession that the State is an evil. Hardly anyone claims for it other than the privilege to live as a thing which is a "necessary evil." Meanwhile the physicians of the State crowd around its throne, offering advice, prescribing remedies, endeavoring to halt a disease that is past cure. Reformers crowd the steps of the throne, all clamoring to be heard, all offering their nostrums and panaceas, all working to get "good government," to remedy the badness in the State. But we know that monarchies gave way before constitutional government, and still there was no relief; limited and restricted monarchies gave way before democracies, and the old evils of tyranny changed their faces and grew greater

than ever. Political reform parties like leaves in the wind rise and fall and are forgotten. Among the reforming crew now there is but one which stands above the heads of the rest, and anon gets the eye of the State. Political Socialism offers to make the State good, and its plea may be listened to, for well the State knows that, but *leave it* in power, and all will be as before; while it may take a little longer lease of life. But the doom of the State is upon it; its origin is becoming known; its work is becoming known; its destiny is indicated in its deeds. Let the reforming crew do their best, the State will do its worst, as indeed it was made to do; as, fated, it must till the end.

Indeed, inductive science, with the aid of history, has determined the origin of the State; and its nature in successive stages of its evolution; having made the inference irresistible that, as it arose out of evil, it will do evil and come to the end of evil things. The Nemesis which pursues it thru all its mutations, disguises and reforms, is the consequences of its own acts, which cannot be other than oppressive, enslaving, exhausting, dehumanizing. The original State rose to power because those composing it were strong enough to overawe or conquer their fellows, and thru all the terrible past of its history every State became a State solely by tests of strength. Wars between chiefs of barbaric men over the right to rule, wars between kings a little later, when the State was more completely developed, between kings who wished to rule each other's subjects, wars between political factions for the possession of power and place: what are all or any of these but attempts of tyranny to triumph over weakness and rule it, not for its own good, but for the good of those in power? Nay, then, what are elections conducted by boasted free men; national, State, county, municipal elections; what are these but fights for power, for place, for privilege? What comes from these? How shall the State do good, when its nature is force, and not good? How shall the State insure justice when justice did not put the State in power? "Do figs bring forth thistles?" The State is conquest and conquest alone. The money laws, the land laws, the criminal laws of the State being all of a piece with the State's origin and nature, what do we, trying to make poison turn to food, and a lie turn to truth!

The State does evil; its nature is evil; its destiny is upon it. None can save it. It goes on to its end, that of all evil things, driven by the Nemesis of its own nature. Contemplating its fate, it trembles, and rages as it trembles. But knowing itself, it only prepares to die hard as it sees liberty approaching it not far off. We, who know the State as it is, as it has been, as it must be, welcome the future with what it will bring. With the death of the State Man will live.

W. F. BARNARD.

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.

The Purpose of Life.

There is a widespread notion that human life, in contradistinction to that of the lower animals and plants, has a distant and final aim, or as some call it, an object. This final aim, it is supposed, would be frustrated by death, if another stage of existence were not to follow; if in fact, death were *death*, instead of a mere break in the continuity of a particular phase or stage of life. And the caterpillar and chrysalis and butterfly are cited as analogies in point. Indeed this assumption and corollary is adduced as a strong argument in proof of a life beyond the grave—or crematory—immortality.

What is the good—it is asked—of our efforts to acquire knowledge and skill; of our efforts to govern the impulses and passions, to perfect individual character and to improve social life; to strive after refinement and a comprehension of the universe, and so on, if death—which may come at any moment, early or late, by a stray bullet, a few microbes, a runaway horse, a twisted rail or a falling brick—if death is to frustrate all these efforts; if, in short, all the partial progress we may have made in this or that direction, is to fail of fruition and come to a premature end?

It might be asked,—and the question would be equally pertinent,—what is the good of building a house or a city, if an earthquake or conflagration, or a shower of volcanic ashes, or a stream of lava, or a tidal wave, may at any moment destroy both house and city, and the inhabitants thereof; and thus bring to naught the labor of months and years? And this is no far-fetched fancy, no impossible or unlikely supposition. Over and over again this fate and destruction has overtaken both single house and large cities.

The answer is not to be sought from afar, but is near at hand; it is not written in hidden cipher, but in characters easy to read: *activity, effort, doing*, is LIFE. The essence of life is motion, change. In the acquisition of knowledge; in exertion of the will and performance; in the building of houses, and in the founding of cities; in efforts to attain this good, or to avert that evil, we find satisfaction; in adapting ourselves to the things and people around us; in loving and (even) in hating, in building up and in tearing down; in eating and in seeking food, in making clothes and in wearing them; in planting vineyards and eating of the fruit thereof and in drinking the wine OUR LIFE CONSISTS. Its purpose and aim is fulfilled each moment; and cannot by any happening be frustrated.

Seeing then that, in the *doing* of these things which make up life, we find our pleasure; how shall the object of life be frustrated by death, or how shall a future life serve to greater completeness? Let the results—the "formed materials," products of our activities,—be destroyed never so early, never so completely, the pleasure we have enjoyed in the *doing* can never be taken away.

Look at this matter in another light. Suppose for a moment that we could, by a great length of life, or by a number of lives in succession, complete our knowledge and culture, and acquire all conceivable skill—subdue nature completely to our purposes and requirements; in short, realize fully our ideals: what then? Would not life then

have lost its charm, its *raison d'être*, its very essence? Would not, in fact, life cease, in the absence of anything new and beyond?

Remember that consciousness,—which after all is the "real thing" in life,—is a concomitant or result of change; that change,—the result of movement,—is the condition on which experience—consciousness—depends. The mere statement of the terms of the problem, involves the inference that an end or ultimate object of life is to the individual (or to the race) impossible! Proximate objects or aims—stages of achievement—we certainly may have; but when once reached these will be passed and left behind.

"Art for art's sake": what does it mean? It can only mean this, minor distinctions left out, namely: in the pleasure of imagining, and the satisfaction of executing—embodying—his conceptions, lies the incentive to, and the reward of the artist's work—and every maker of things is an artist. The aphorism is opposed to, and condemnatory of the commercial spirit; which, while pretending to cultivate and worship the beautiful and useful, looks only to the acquisition of gain,—money, distinction, fame or power. It means the pleasures of love to the lovers; not to the traffickers in the market place! It is true that certain persons—perhaps correctly—contend that art, by which they mean esthetic products, ornaments, etc., should always be conjoined with objects of use—as in the shaping and decoration of houses, furniture, utensils, etc. But this contention does not negative the principle here announced; especially if the term "use" be understood to include anything (or any occasion) which ministers to enjoyment.

In like manner, "Life for life's sake," means that, in *living*, the individual shall find the good of life, and the reward of his labors. Whether it be in the actual satisfaction of desires, or in present renunciation, to secure a higher (quite proximate) future good, he shall reap the reward of life *daily and hourly*, without reference to the approval of others, or to any *shadowy future* of final reckoning. The Nazarene teacher doubtless had this in mind when he said: "Do not your alms before men to be seen of them"; that is, do alms for the pleasure and satisfaction accompanying and flowing from beneficence. Beneficence for beneficence's sake, and not for the applause of your fellows. The Pharisee too, it must not be forgotten, has his reward—the applause of men; and the painter who takes an order from a rich patron, or the sculptor who chisels a statue for the market; these too have their respective rewards; but not the rewards of the consciousness of success in their several lines; not the *artist's* reward, but the *tradesman's*. The writer of a book which sets forth his ideas of art, philosophy, ethics, or poesy, reaps his reward in the doing of his work, and in its contemplation when completed, tho he may never sell a single copy, or receive a dollar in payment.

What then shall we say is the purpose or aim of life? In keeping with the foregoing reflections, the only reply possible is: life itself! Purpose? Do we eat—deliberately—in order to live? Or because of desire for food and to experience the pleasures of eating—to enjoy the sight and odors and taste of fruits and flesh and wine, to appease

hunger and thirst? These desires, impulses, and enjoyments, are part of our life; in satisfying the former, and experiencing the latter, we live now; and in living now we make possible the *coming now*. The same argument applies to the begetting and bearing and nurture of children: it is not done of deliberation or set purpose, but from impulse—irresistible mainly—and it brings its own reward.

In eating and working, in seeing and hearing, in mating, begetting children and in burying, we live *now*; and this makes possible the *coming now*. Do we ever think, how, indeed, all of life is a continual now. No past; for it is present in memory *now*; no future, for all we have of that is in the imagination, and that is with us *now*. So, what we call the past is the more or less blurred or faded parts of the picture before us; and what we call the future is the fast looming-up parts of the same view. The two—past and future as they meet in the center of vision, are vivid in color, sharp in outline, definite in movement *for a moment*, and then give place momentarily to the succeeding scenes. And so, onward to the end. Purpose, we individuals may have in our doings: one wishes to found a family; another to travel and see the world; a third thirsts for glory, or riches, or knowledge, and it is his purpose to find and acquire the one or the other; a fourth wishes to write a book, or to make a machine, or to discover a *perpetuum mobile*, and his purpose in life is to do one or the other; but purpose in the cosmos! That is a different matter; and the less we say of it, the less shall we display our ignorance.

The sum of the whole matter then, is this: life is in and for the satisfaction of our wants, for enjoyment—which must be caught on the wing. There are enjoyments and enjoyments: where there is opportunity for choice, choose the higher, the better and best. And remember to avoid enjoyment at the cost of others' disenjoyment. But despise not the enjoyments of the flesh—so called. The flesh is always in evidence in life; and we know no spirit save in the association with the flesh (matter). The ethics of eastern peoples' religious teachers—founded, as it appears, on an experience of the effects—exhaustion and disgust—of immoderate indulgence in the pleasures of the table and harem and wine-cup, and in neglect of labor—should not be the ethics of a people who have learned to be moderate, and to alternate work and repose, to vary their enjoyments so as to give satisfaction to the whole being, and to found their scheme of life on justice and equitable association. Give the whole being a chance—body and soul. Warm both hands at the fire of life. Remember too that the soul can enjoy itself only by the use of the body. Even imagination—the pleasures of introspection and ecstasy—is dependent on the functioning of a certain part of the body for its existence and occurrence; and the same may be affirmed of those pleasures—music, sympathy and benevolence—which minister to, and depend on the emotional nature.

And while it may not be wise to refuse a certain "taking thought" for the morrow; it is yet proper and imperative to refuse and avoid permitting that "thought" to poison the experiences of today. For the morrow,

which seems so near, may never dawn! Today is. Here as elsewhere in the conduct of life, moderation, temperance—not abstinence—is the path of highest wisdom; and the wise will find their reward in walking therein.

GEO. PYBURN.

An Anarchist Conference.

Ross Winn has several times proposed the holding of an Anarchist conference in the near future. I wish to second his move, and give the proposition my hearty endorsement. Some readers will remember that Voltairine de Cleyre made such a proposal a little over a year ago; but it fell flat at that time. With the World's Fair in St. Louis coming next year, when many comrades will visit that city anyway, the prospects for such a conference might be better, if it were held in that city. Comrade Nold, who resides there, can no doubt supply us with some information on this subject.

I am aware that an "Anarchist convention" is looked upon with suspicion by some comrades, as savoring a little of parliamentary methods. But this objection can easily be met. Let there be no "convention," no "delegates," and no "resolutions." Let there simply be a meeting of comrades from everywhere on a certain date. This need not necessarily prevent groups in various places from defraying the expenses (or partly so) of individuals whom they would wish to see attend.

The advantages of such a conference would be very great. If experienced comrades from all localities would meet and discuss ways and means of agitation; making reports and recommendations, without question it would be a stimulus to greater activity.

I suggest that an attempt be made to give such a conference an international character. A good number of European comrades would perhaps attend.

I hope that the proposition will meet the thought and consideration of Anarchists everywhere, and that they will express their opinions on the subject. ABE ISAAK JR.

Literature.

REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS IN SOCIALIST FAITH AND FANCY. By Peter E. Burrowes. The Comrade Publishing Co., 11 Cooper Sq., New York. 320 pp., cloth.

Social and economic problems may be approached from the practical side, from the side of the material interests of human life, and the status quo may be criticised as being more or less in harmony with the requirements of individual existence and activities; social and economic problems may be approached from the idealistic side, the side of metaphysical speculation and transcendental view points, and acceptance or rejection of existing conditions may rest upon certain "spiritual conceptions" of man.

These revolutionary essays are the outpourings of a nature which is imaginative first and scientific or practical afterward. Their author, a veteran Socialist, approaches the problems involved in the economies of life from the point of view of idealism, or in a manner reminding one of Emerson. In fifty-six chapters he covers the whole question of man and his relation to material things, and does it with so much fiery faith

and fairy fancy that one is tempted to exclaim often and again, "Why did he not put all this into verse, for of such are verse and poetry made." The book is a Socialist imaginative polemic.

Burrowes is a political Socialist with libertarian leanings, and his book is interesting precisely to the extent that he gets away from politics in his fervent advocacy of the cause of the free spirit. Like all poets who are political Socialists, he glosses over or does not see the facts of authority in actual expression, and while praising the individuality and essential dignity of manhood, proposes for their cultivation a regime of authoritarianism of the kind with which recent writers and speakers have made us familiar. The worth of the book lies mainly in its suggestiveness.

B.

THE BIBLE. By John E. Remsburg. The Truth Seeker Co., 28 Lafayette Place, New York. 500 pp., cloth. Price, \$1.25 net.

Robert Ingersoll once said, either in presumption or in a half joke, "Someone ought to tell the truth about the Bible." John E. Remsburg in this book attempts to carry out the counsel of the doughty infidel. But the truth about the Bible is a matter upon which a great number of critics and scholars have spent their force with varying results and with more or less profit. The truth about the Bible does not matter so much as the truth about a great many other things; we are less interested in origins than in reliability and trustworthiness, and after the works of some dozens of English, German, and other scholars it would seem that this book is a belated evangel at best. Paine, Strauss, Renan, to mention no others, have made it tolerably clear that the Bible is only a collection of doubtful pamphlets, and Mr. Remsburg has not moved our knowledge or appreciation of the salient facts one step beyond the spot where they left us.

The Bible is dead, except in the backwoods; and Mr. Remsburg and the rest of the American Secularists should know it, and turn their attention to something of real importance. The effect of that Bible upon social and economic conditions, its influence upon education, and the persistence of its spirit when its letter is dead, might profitably engage his attention, and he might write upon it without wasting good white paper. But what do we find him doing? He criticises the Bible from the moral point of view which the Bible, with all other sacred books, concerns itself with; himself accepting Bible morality while criticising the morality of the Bible. An intolerable deal of bosh about "obscurity," "adultery," and other fancied "immoralities" crowd the pages of this superfluous book, showing that the average "freethinker" is a real good boy, and is proud of his high moral standard.

"The Truth About The Bible" reminds one of "Much Ado About Nothing." B.

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.

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1903.

434

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

To Comrades and Friends.

For many years the publishers of FREE SOCIETY have carried on its publication in the face of many hardships, and developed its growth to such an extent that it is now recognized as one of the best journals in our movement. But, while they devote their whole time and energy to the paper, the mechanical part takes up so much of their force that not sufficient attention can be applied to the extension of its circulation and the improvement of its literary side:

To make a better paper possible, and to widely increase its sphere of influence, other practical arrangements must be made than have heretofore prevailed. We therefore propose to the comrades and friends that they make a special effort in behalf of FREE SOCIETY at this time, to enable us to purchase a linotype. This would not only suffice to place the paper on a secure financial basis, but also make the publication of books and pamphlets much easier and cheaper.

A linotype costs about \$3,000. As it may not be possible to raise such a large sum, one could be purchased on time payments, requiring a first installment of \$500 or \$600. If this amount could be raised, we would be able to make the payments by taking in outside work.

Are the comrades and friends of FREE SOCIETY willing to make this special effort? While donations for this purpose would be appreciated, they are not asked. Some comrades and friends could, no doubt, let us have the use of money, to be repaid after a specified time. If the whole amount—\$3,000—could be raised among friends, and this would be much the best way to handle the matter, it would dispense with the necessity of putting us under obligation to a commercial concern. The friends would be secured in the value of the linotype; and it would be much better to have the whole matter in the hands of friends.

Let us hear from all who are interested in the matter.

FREE SOCIETY

Outpost Echoes.

Manhood knows no pattern.

Liberty does not study etiquette.

Hypocrisy oils the wheel of custom.

A radical does not live by words alone.

Privileges are for the rich; duties for the poor.

One great hope compensates for many little fears.

Chicago is a hundred years old; not in wisdom.

Roosevelt carries a revolver; does he contemplate suicide?

Poverty sanctifies property, and poverty results from theft.

The State argues by means of rapid fire guns and big bribes.

When the throne of God has fallen the other thrones begin to tremble.

At present woman's great privilege seems to be to love her chains.

The morrow holds in its womb what would be scorned and stoned today.

Some men build monuments to liberty, while others become liberty's living monuments.

The Liberal party in England, like the Democratic party in America, is a condor with the voice of a nightingale.

He whose social nature has been ruined by studying the tricks of trade will never understand what Socialism means.

The Chicago American says that Chicago has eradicated Anarchy. Has the search for lies left Hearst as poor as such twaddle would indicate?

Capitalism is singing a siren song into the ears of Labor, the tune of which is brotherhood. Labor is holding off; Capitalism wants to be the bigger brother.

The humanitarians (?) who are troubling over the rights of animals, might with profit consider man, who has no natural rights; then the "rights of animals" might cease to worry them.

The Literary Digest notes that the caricaturists are again after the president, they having abandoned the caricaturing of that official after the death of McKinley. But how can they caricature a caricature?

A counterfeiting plant has been discovered in the penitentiary at Philadelphia. For

institutions, established with the object of reforming criminals, to shelter crime, reveals something instructive about their natures.

Jonathan Mayo Crane asks in *Lucifer* the question, "Does it pay to be a radical?" The most fitting answer to the question, it seems to me, is this one: It depends upon the radical; upon the kind of radical he is.

The fact that the new pope smokes has set the world trembling as to the implications involved in the fact. If Pius X was as free from the worship of precedent in other matters as he is in the one mentioned—But then there would be no pope.

The reason the powers do not interfere in Turkey is that Turkey has sold bonds to all the world to bribe death to keep away from her failing government. The color of Turkish gold is pleasanter to the eyes of men than what they call "right" is dear to their hearts.

The honor of the army, a phrase which conveys a suggestion opposite to that which the words carry, received another illustration at Cripple Creek recently, where the soldiers captured miners and held them concealed till an interfering public made them give them up. A court dismissed the men. Honor, indeed!

Habit plays a great part in determining and fixing opinion. If the truth about government which has already been told and clearly demonstrated, could be uttered into ears unused to the lies and siren songs of authority, government would perish in a day from among men. In the young lies all our hope of change.

G. E. Macdonald says in the *New York Truth Seeker* that "I do not now see any reason for hope that under Anarchy men would stop crowding one another for the best places." And I do not now see any reason for hope that Geo. E. Macdonald will ever understand Anarchy well enough to know that under it there will be no incentive to crowding.

When we hear it said that no man is fit to govern himself, and that therefore, man must be governed, we hasten to ask the question: then who is fit to govern him? This answer may, or may not silence one who needlessly fears his kind, but it will give him something to think about; and if, happily, he does think, he may come to realise that what man needs is not government but good sense.

Anarchists are people with enough sociability to believe that the rest of men might have as much, and that the race might live in fraternal relations in consequence; and Anarchists are people who believe also that the State is today the most formidable opponent of such an ideal, not alone by reason of the fact that it has the power to rule, but also because all its interests as a parasite are opposed to freedom with fraternity.

Toledo, Denver, and Cleveland have led

the way in getting up demonstrations in their respective council chambers when their aldermen were prone to bestow valuable privileges upon corporations as gifts; hundreds of citizens crowding into the aldermanic assemblies, and showing by their presence that they did not trust their representatives. In each case the aldermen heeded the warning, and did not vote a steal. Such action is but a step from Anarchy.

The Dick malitia law, which gives the president power to call out all able bodied men under forty years of age whenever he may wish to murder Americans by the methods of war, marks an advance toward militarism of the most significant character, and shows that the army is what Roosevelt depends upon to control affairs in any dispute between the powers that be and the people. The law was passed without much publicity, as all such measures are, for such is lawmaking, dominated by the thirst of blood.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, of Newport's aristocracy, is reported as having recently said: "There always will be classes in this country. I do not believe in being too democratic." By classes, Mrs. Fish evidently means the rich and the poor. But suppose the poor refuse to remain poor; suppose they find a way to enrich themselves; and suppose they refuse to pay the interest which they now pay upon those securities that support the aristocracy; where will "the classes" be then? Mrs. Fish is a "lady"; would that she were a woman!

AMERICUS.

Individualism and Communism.

Tucker is triumphant because a "regular writer for a so-called Anarchist Communist paper" defines Anarchy as "a society in which there will be the minimum of Communism and a maximum of individualism." If he can be happy so easily, it seems too bad to interfere; but a man less addicted to definitions might see that of the three terms in his implied syllogism two want them badly. It is not difficult to decide what Anarchism or, consequently, Anarchist means. The thesis of Anarchism is that government does not effect the only purpose its advocates venture to claim for it,—a physical proposition, subject to proof or refutation by observations and experiments. But what does individualism mean? The doctrine that government ought neither to "invade" us itself nor let anyone else do so? The doctrine is as clear as mud. No government will allow that it "invades," or lets others "invade," otherwise than thru inability to prevent them from doing so; and thus, until we get it settled what "invading" is, we shall be no further towards any result. And that will be when we know whether the Subject is the Object, or the Object is not the Subject, or they are a little of both—when the Athanasian Creed is intelligible, and Egoists quit disputing with Altruists. Sometimes, however, and evidently in the "definition" quoted, the word individualism is much more loosely used, to signify freedom,—"every individual's doing as he damn

pleases" according to the immortal "definition of Hosea Bigelow;—which clearly enough does attain its maximum in Anarchy. Similarly, Communism is one of the vaguest among terms; a term, like individualism, endurable only on condition that it consents to be vague—the name not of a state but a Tendency. As individualism means, when it means anything comprehensible, self-assertion, so Communism means, if anything particular, solidarity, the fusion of individual claims in common interest. Thus the phrase Anarchist Communist is a paradox—an assertion that two things which seem to exclude each other go together. And this little obvious remark was all the regular writer for an Anarchist Communist paper meant. But the successor of Saint Pierre Joseph Proudhon should know that a paradox is not a contradiction. His first great successor was very fond of paradoxes. He is best known by an egregious one—"Property is theft (*le vol*)." To add others, as "Anarchy is order," has been a favorite industry of his disciples. One of them, not wholly unfamiliar, is, "Anarchy, the maximum of individualism, leads to Communism, the maximum of solidarity." *Voila tout*. One more in favor of things and less of words than Tucker—an inductive instead of a metaphysical Anarchist—might indeed say, "These paradoxes are entertaining, but do they result in anything?" And certainly he would have to answer, on reflection, that, by themselves, they do not. Their function is only to set people thinking; and Proudhon was not the economist of Anarchism,—that was Marx,—nor the organizer for practical purposes,—that was Bakunin,—but only the great agitator. In this capacity, however, he is great. These paradoxes do set people thinking. They remind those who hear them that the golden east was reached by sailing into the trackless west, and suggest that order, solidarity, communism, in short, may perhaps be substantially attained by reducing its outward form to a minimum. No such result, however, will be reached by those who insist on taking literally strong statements of the fact that human nature is a little sphere. Only intellects just adapted to the functions of a Bible banger do that.

C. L. JAMES.

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.

Notes.

As we opened our columns to a considerable extent to a discussion of the question of the utility of vaccination more than a year ago, we think it proper that all articles on this question should now be refused; especially as this is a medical and not a social question. However, as Comrade James has attacked the anti-vaccinationists in his "Vindication of Anarchism," the reply of Comrade Small is published; but no more matter on the subject will hereafter be accepted. Those interested in this question should turn to the medical journals, as our space is too limited to admit of a continual discussion of it in these columns. It is unnecessary to state that we are opposed to compulsory vaccination, as we are to compulsion of all kinds.

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.

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.

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.

The first grand Weinlesefest (vintager's festival) of the Southwest German Free-thought Society will be given Saturday evening, October 10, at Pulaski's Hall, 800 South Ashland Ave., near 18th St. The entry of the vintagers takes place 9 p. m. sharp. This entertainment and ball is given for the benefit of a freethought school; and as the presentation of the national customs is full of fun and amusements, the liberals should patronize this entertainment. Tickets purchased beforehand admits a man and woman for 25 cents. At the door 25 cents a person.

Remember FREE SOCIETY ball on Dec. 5.

Letter from Holland.

The report of the committee appointed to investigate the causes of the failure of the great general strike, which occurred over here in the first part of April, has appeared, but in such poor shape that it can hardly be called a report. Besides its poor make-up it has a marked tendency to conceal the criminal actions of the Social Democrats. Instead of hearing the respective persons who were able to tell something about the strike and the causes of its failure, the investigators have indicted some persons they did not like, especially Anarchists and free Socialists. The majority of the committee members were Social Democrats; and as none of the members had the abilities necessary for the work, it is easily understood why the report laid the blame of the failure at the door of the radicals. The conclusion of the committee is in a few words this: the accusations, that the strike had failed thru treason are not justified. The cases the Anarchists pointed out as treason were simply "tactical mistakes," etc. But the impartial readers of the report, in spite of its incompleteness, will be impressed with the fact that every accusation the Anarchists made has not been denied, and that the Social Democrats played a suspicious role the days before and during the strike. One of the prominent persons who was accused by the Anarchists of having caused the failure of the strike, P. J. Troelstroe, the leader of the Social Democratic party in Holland has not been questioned at all.

What are we to think of such a committee? Imagine somebody who has been arraigned for a crime, and while his case is being investigated by the judges, he is not even given a hearing, but only his friends are interrogated; who, is it supposed, will tell the truth about him? What would you think of such a procedure?

Another person, also a Social Democrat, who was a member of the railway organization, named Kuneken, was accused of having falsified a letter of terms to the railway directors, which was in itself an act of treachery; he was not even arraigned before the committee. In a letter he white-washed himself, which was considered sufficient to clear him of the accusation.

The reason for the appointment of the committee was the finding of a letter with a false signature. Instead of commencing their investigation with that letter, the committee meddled with things that did not have anything to do with the strike itself. In the meantime, outside influences were at work to hush the matter connected with the compromising letter; for as the author of it had turned from an Anarchist to a Social Democrat, the committee was not anxious to reveal his treachery. The letter contained the terms under which the railway men were "willing to go to work immediately," which was sent to the railway directors without the knowledge of the Defense Committee. Besides, a Social Democrat who was opposed to the strike, had inserted the word "immediately" in the letter, without the consent of the executive board of the railway men.

Since the appearance of the report the Social Democrats have been trying to make the laborers believe that they played the most innocent part during the strike, but

they cannot convince anybody of this lie, not even themselves.

We are still feeling the full sway of the reaction in this country. The capitalists cannot forget the crime (?) the laborers committed during the April strike. About a thousand laborers are still idle, because they have been black-listed by the different exploiters. Distress and suffering are now rampant among them; and soon the winter comes! What will become of them? This is a question I cannot answer.

In conclusion I want to state that our Comrade F. Domela Nieuwenhuis, the nestor of the labor movement in Holland, has recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as an agitator and fighter for labor's cause. He is one of those men who never tire of fighting, no matter what their lot may be. He is the most feared of men by the capitalists, because he has never shown any inclination, like so many in history, to compromise with his opponents; and remains irreconcilable toward anything he thinks unjust. Besides, he is one of the workers' best thinkers on the globe; and if he had lived in a larger country than Holland, he would stand out prominently as one of the champions of labor in the world. Twenty-five years ago he was a Lutheran preacher; but gave up his pulpit in order to preach the salvation of the oppressed laborers. He joined the Social Democracy; but when he found that the party was smothering the spirit of liberty among the workers, he became an Anarchist. He is still the most influential man in the labor movement in Holland, as could be witnessed during the recent strike. He is now fifty-six years old; and altho his head is gray his heart is still young. He has written a history of Socialism, a voluminous work; and a good many other books and pamphlets.

H. A.
Amsterdam, Holland.

James and Vaccination.

C. L. James continues to make himself ridiculous by standing up for vaccination, and denouncing those who regard it as a "murderous superstition" as aiders and abettors of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance.

When he declares that "vaccination causes none [pain] beyond the sacrifice of about one calf in every ten thousand slain," he makes a statement so far from the truth that the originator of the phrase the "Movement in Favor of Ignorance" is fairly entitled to take his place at the head of the class that are pushing the Movement along.

For three years we have been trying here in Massachusetts to get the compulsory vaccination laws repealed; and the strongest witness against the operation have been the doctors who love humanity more than the dollar. I name a few of them: Wm. P. Wesselhoef, who stands at the head of the homeopaths; Wm. B. Hidden, whose experience with smallpox and vaccination dates back to the era of the rebellion, when he had charge of a soldier camp in New Hampshire, and learned at that time that the men who were vaccinated had the disease much harder than those who were not vaccinated. James

can find Dr. Hidden's challenge to the vaccinationists in the July number of the *North American Review* for the year 1894. Chas. Nichols, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and author of a new work in condemnation of vaccination called "A Blunder in Poisons."

I could name many more doctors, who, by reason of their study and observation, have come to the conclusion that vaccination is a gigantic fraud; and are doing all they can to overthrow it; but it is not necessary.

The discussion of the question has now reached that stage in this State, where it is impossible to find a doctor who will attempt to uphold the practise over his own name in one of our papers, with the understanding that the article can be replied to.

Now, to charge all these doctors and investigators with belonging to the Movement in Favor of Ignorance, is one of the stupidest things our comrade has ever done, and the sooner he retreats from his position, the sooner many of us will believe he has not lost his sanity.

J. T. SMALL,
Vice-Pres. Mass. Anti-Compulsory Vac. So.
Provincetown, Mass., Sept. 17, 1903.

From Cripple Creek.

I send you a part of yesterday's *Denver Post*, which will give you some idea of the clash of authority between the military and civil power in this community. General Bell, a pet of Roosevelt, is an abridged edition of Funston of Aguinaldo fame. The military out-Russias Russia in the Cripple Creek district. Les majesty is a sufficient charge against a citizen to throw him in the bull pen. If the commander of the army of kids, who are terrorizing people by firing their Krag-Jorgensons at a stray cow or a shadow, should have an opportunity to read these lines, the writer would be furnished a berth in the pen on bread and water with others who are being held in durance vile for less offenses.

Some literature like Darrow's "Resist Not Evil" in a condensed form, could be scattered broadcast in this district just now, and a few people of brains might be made to see the utter ridiculousness of authority at war with itself, and its futility as a preserver of the peace or the preservation of order. The fools who have been led to believe that Anarchy means chaos, ought to be able to grasp the fact that a more chaotic state would be hard to conceive of in the absence of both the military and the civil authorities.

As I write this a cordon of the national guard of the State, armed with loaded rifles and a gatling gun, surround the court house, while knaves of the law fight for supremacy.

Cripple Creek, Sept. 23, 1903.

"Nobody from the United States comes here to work; all want to speculate, make investments, profit, and have all of us work for them,—hungry vultures that would satiate themselves on the Spanish corpse. They suck the blood of the poor, and our island is poverty-stricken." Such are the complaints of the natives of Porto Rico, says a German writer.—*Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

Anarchism among Nobility.

Anarchy has so often been alleged to be a form of mental aberration, and meriting treatment as such, that it is rather interesting to find one of the greatest houses of the Hungarian aristocracy and the courts of law in the dominions of Emperor Francis Joseph, giving a practical application to this theory. Some time ago young Count Erwin Batthyany, during the course of his travels abroad, happened to make the acquaintance in England of Prince Peter Kropotkin, the Russian revolutionary leader and Anarchist, and for the space of nearly three years remained his constant companion, friend and disciple. In this way the young count, who is very wealthy, possessing great estates in the Eisenburg district of Hungary, became imbued with such a profound admiration of Count Tolstoy, that he determined to apply the latter's ideas to his own possessions in the Magyar kingdom.

Whereas the Russian government, in spite of its reputation for political intolerance, permits Count Tolstoy to put into practise his Socialistic and Anarchistic theories on his estates near Moscow, and to preach his doctrines both by his utterances and by his writings, without let or hindrance, the Hungarian government, which is both liberal and parliamentary, would not hear of any such thing within its borders; and taking counsel with the members of the Batthyany family, not only proceeded to place the friend of Kropotkin and the follower of Tolstoy, namely, young Count Erwin Batthyany, "under curatel," that is to say, to judicially deprive him of all control and administration of his estates and fortune, as well as of his civic rights, as if he were a lunatic or minor, but likewise secured from the courts his committal to the asylum for the insane at Buda-Pesth. As many of his friends and associates who are not members of the aristocracy insist that he is perfectly sane, and fully competent to manage his own affairs, the treatment to which he has been subjected is about to be brought before the Hungarian parliament, in which he occupied a seat as one of the members of the House of Lords. But it is doubtful if this intervention will be of any avail; and it is probable that he will be kept in close confinement until he makes up his mind to renounce his belief in the doctrines of Prince Peter Kropotkin and of Count Tolstoy. It is strange that no one as yet seems to have been struck by the analogy of the ideas of Count Tolstoy with those of the famous Nihilist leader, Prince Peter Kropotkin. In fact, Count Tolstoy is quite as much of a revolutionist in his way as Kropotkin, and has certainly by means of his remarkable writings done far more to promote discontent with the present condition of affairs in Russia than Kropotkin. This being the case, his treatment by the czar and by his government can only be considered as liberal in the extreme, and it is but right and proper that attention should be called to the matter.

It must not, however, be imagined for one moment that Count Tolstoy, Prince Peter Kropotkin and Count Erwin Batthyany are the only Socialists and Anarchists of patrician birth and of great inherited wealth, who have endeavored to give a practical application to the doctrines they profess.

Thus there is Prince Victor Nakachidze of Russia, who only a short time ago was expelled from Italy at the request of the Russian government, and the son of the late duke and duchess of Galliera, who declines to make use of his father's title, and who refused to accept a cent of their vast fortune. Then there is his friend, Henri Rochefort, by birth the Marquis de Rochefort Lucay, and Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, duke of Dino, a French nobleman, who enjoys the distinction of having been divorced by two American wives in succession, and Lord Lovelace, grandson of the poet, Lord Byron, who considered it to be his duty for several years to work for his living as a day laborer, and could be seen working his pick and wheeling his barrow along with other burly laboring men during the construction of the London and Southwestern railroad. . . . —*St. Louis Globe Democrat*, Aug. 23, 1903.

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Chords.

In their loud rejoicing over Chicago's greatness the capitalist papers forgot to mention a trifle—namely, that the workers made Chicago great, and that the riches of our capitalists are stained with the blood of the toilers.—*Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

* * *

A consignment of thousand Krag-Jorgenson rifles from the United States government were sent to the troops "on duty" in Colorado. The state and national authorities are always ready to feed laboring men on a lead diet when the workers go on strike for better conditions.—*Socialist Standard*.

* * *

Those accused of rascality in post office swindles are being treated with leniency. The labor men arrested for a similar crime are "railroaded" to prison swiftly enough. Please notice that "there is one law for the rich and another for the poor," and also that for the poor only is the law swift and certain.—*Solidarity*.

* * *

It is true, indeed, that great ideas can neither be shot down by cannons nor suffocated in prisons. It is nevertheless also true, that, owing to human indolence, shortsightedness, and baseness, very often the most simple truths take a despairingly long time to penetrate and to be comprehended by mankind. Every one who takes part in the tremendous struggle for freedom should be aware of this if he does not want to become lukewarm in his aspirations. Not because he wants to reap the fruits of the victorious ideas he fights for will he continue the battle, but because he is convinced of the integrity and immortality of these ideals. He is content to look upon the land of freedom he is craving for in his mental visions, to be entered perhaps only by his remote descendants.—*Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

* * *

Hurrah! huzza!—Chicago held its glorious centennial celebration. Surely, everything according to a program, fitting the dignity of the day, passed off with endless oratory, numerous official toasts, and still more plenteous official hilarity. But no matter how much the orators of the fest-

tival exerted themselves in picturing the development of Chicago's history as very singular, they did not succeed in convincing the people. Other American cities have also grown up with an ape-like swiftness, in which corruption, bribery, and venality blossom wonderfully. To be sure, in one thing the city of the gallows is ahead of all others: here the most infamous, abominable judicial murder—known in modern times—was perpetrated. The orators did not utter a word about it. But among those who kept away from the noise of the jubilee many blushed with shame. Thru its representatives multitudes celebrated Chicago as the herald of culture and the pearl of civilization; but the crime, by which the city has stained itself with inextinguishable shame in the eyes of all honest and liberal-minded men, will probably never be atoned for.—*Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

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Anarchists and Exploiters.

The *Boston Advertiser*, in order to be worthy of its name, needs must, it seems, advertise the choice assortment of lies reproduced below. The capitalist press is never done with being a stench in the nostrils of truth, but one would hardly anticipate indecency like this, even in the most false and vulgar sheets.

OUR ANARCHISTS.

If anybody believes the Anarchists in the United States are dead or sleeping, it must be somebody who is blind to the facts. The Anarchists killed McKinley, thru a half crazy tool. They plotted the coal riots in Pennsylvania a year ago. They plotted the Evansville riots, as Gov. Durbin has good proof. They are plotting against President Roosevelt all the time. And they will plot and plot, until they are hunted down like vermin and either put where they will do no harm again or at least driven out of this country.

The retort that an Anarchist might make to all this could read as follows; the statements, unlike those retorted upon, being, undeniably, statements of fact.

OUR EXPLOITERS.

If anybody believes the murderous exploiters in the United States are dead or sleeping, it must be somebody who is blind to the facts. The exploiters killed Filipinos thru a half crazy army. With the aid of Baer they plotted the coal famine last winter. They plotted the Cripple Creek trouble, as the governor of Colorado has good proof. They are plotting against the American people all the time. And they will plot and plot, until the people rise against the infamy, and drive them, vermin that they are, out of the seats of authority. AMERICUS.

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LETTER BOX.

V. V. V., Fresno, Cal.—The poem you sent in is good, and will be printed.

F. F., Swanton, O.—If people who pose as liberals are casting slurs on you because you followed the voice of your heart rather than live a lie, they are to be pitied. Let their dead souls rest.

A. J. A., Calpella, Cal.—To assert that Kropotkin cannot be a scientist because he is wrong in regard to Malthusianism, according to your opinion, is certainly narrow-mindedness. Perhaps a perusal of Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid" and "Modern Science and Anarchism" will convince you that a man may be a scientist and yet not agree with Malthusianism as usually understood by laymen.

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