



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 435.

The Slave of Ignorance.

(From the Public.)

Once, as in dreamy mood I strayed
Along a splendid hall of art,
I saw one picture on the wall
That burned its import on my heart;
That fixed its meaning in my soul,
And stamped its impress on my mind;
For in that picture I beheld
The toiling millions bound and blind.

The canvas held the burly form
Of Hebrew Samson at the mill,
Docile and ox-like trudging round
Obedient to a master's will.
His captors mock him at his toil,
And jeer his eyeballs dulled and seared:
Oh, where has fled the dauntless pride—
The god-like strength that made him feared?

Oh Samson! thou art but a type
Of Labor, thru the weary years
Treading the ceaseless round of toil,
In want and unavailing tears;
Thy masters mock thee, and despise
The patient strength on which they feed;
Thy feeble protests they ignore
In haughty overmastering greed.

Slave of the mills of Privilege,
Scourged on by Poverty and Dread,
The selfishness of ages weights
The crown of thorns upon thy head;
The greed of all the years has bound
The fear of want about thy brow;
A serf thou wert in ages past,
Wealth owned thee then—It owns thee now!

Oh slave, by Ignorance enthralled,
Uplift thy visage to the light!
The sun of Reason shines for all,
Look up—it's beams will give thee sight!
Thou hast the power to shape the world,
To make it what thou'dst have it be,
There is no need of other power
Than thine own Will to make thee free.

—Robert T. Whitelaw.

Degeneracy and Anarchism.

Once I formulated an epigram, and intended to publish it when opportunity offered. It ran something like this: "Reform is that which we want to apply to the other fellow," and I was proud of my flash of genius, until I came across this in Fowler's "A Double Thread," "Success is not getting the thing we want, but the thing that other people want," and I was proud no longer. I am moved to this disquisition because, after roving like an uneasy spirit over many lands, and wandering thru the bogs and quagmires of many isms and ologies without finding rest for my inquiring soul, I have finally resolved that my life's immense duty had better be the reforming of the reformers. Indeed, I have been frightened into my position by Lombroso, Havelock Ellis, E. S. Talbot and others.

Catch a reformer, ask what he is doing, and you will find that nine times out of ten he is simply working off his spare energy, or touching off his rhetorical fireworks for the plaudits of gaping yokels. The reform writer does not know his Lombroso any more than the gentle Christian Evidence man who fulminates against evolution understands Darwin.

All who possess degenerative traits do not become criminals, tho, when occasion serves, or environment fosters, they easily cross the border line. A paranoiac may take his place in the world, be of normal growth, and, by a combination of circumstances, never experience the disease that would take on the peculiar cerebral tinge called criminality. I am speaking from personal experience. The degenerative traits may aptly be compared to the label that marks the keg of gunpowder, harmless enough in itself, and to a Patagonian Indian conveying no intimation of potential energy; danger comes only when the match of environment comes nigh. The stigmata of degeneracy may be stamped upon the face, the head, the jaws of many men, passing for honest, as the world goes.

For the philosophy of Anarchism, the theory of degeneracy has supplied what James would probably embrace as a vindication. Lombroso, Sollier and Talbot, Rubinovitch, Krafft-Ebing and Ellis have taught a great lesson, and one that I first heard enunciated by the English Anarchist, Lathrop Withington, some fifteen years since in London. It is this. The roots of anti-social action have their beginnings far back in the ages, and the man of defective ethical build is no more responsible for his criminal act than is the weather vane for its variations, now south and now east, according to the pressure of its aerial environment. A degenerate, whether he be a tramp or a multi-millionaire, is most often merely an anti-social being, like the crazy Tierra del Fuegian who left his tribe to live alone, as described by Darwin; and they are by no means few in our civilization. As Peter Kropotkin says in Chapter X of his "Anarchist Morality":

There has ever been, there always is, in the animal kingdom and in the human species, an enormous number of individual beings who do not understand that the welfare of the individual member and that of the species are in reality identical. They do not understand that, while to live an intense life is the aim of each individual member, the greatest intensity of life is to be found in the greatest sociableness, in the most complete identification of oneself with others. But this is only a lack of intelligence, a lack of understand-

ing. At all times there have been men of limited intelligence; at all times there have been fools. But never at any epoch, historical or even geological, have individual interests been in opposition to those of society. From all time they have remained identical, and those who have best understood this have always enjoyed the completest life.

Let the second sentence read, "They cannot understand, by reason of their defective mental organism that while to live," etc., and you have the whole case of degeneracy stated by an Anarchist in a nutshell.

An evil environment hastens criminal action in those of degenerate propensity, and manufactures degenerates for the future, inasmuch as the welfare of the child depends upon the physical and emotional health of the parents at the time of conception or pregnancy. The thinker always recognizes the irresponsibility of the ill-balanced individual, and the consequent futility of law processes. It follows then that governmental regulation must be succeeded by individual training.

CHAS. J. FINGER.

A Little Journey.

V

Thru the generosity of a well-to-do comrade of Pittsburg, whose enthusiasm for freedom and whose rebellious spirit have not been daunted by being "a successful business man," a rare phenomenon among radicals indeed, I was enabled to visit this city of capitalist rapacity, and its vicinity. Nowhere is the contrast between nature and the ingenious devilry of human institutions more apparent than in this district of Pennsylvania, a State named after that great champion of freedom and humanity, William Penn. Taking a bird's eye view one sees a range of mountain peaks interwoven with beautiful ravines, valleys, and little towns hidden among green bushes and trees,—a charming picture for the lover of nature. But commercialism has made a place of torture of nature's bounties. For miles and miles along the river black smoke ascends from thousands of chimneys of the steel works, which resemble the purgatories as portrayed by a fanatical Catholic priest of the Middle Ages. Here the toilers work like beavers, half naked, and black as the demons in Hades, in order to make a bare living and fill the vaults of the idlers in society. It is in these tormenting hives that Carnegie's blood-stained millions are made; some of which he so generously disposes of for "educational purposes."

"Pity these slaves?" exclaimed our radi

cal friend, when the condition of the workers was mentioned. "Why, they want to be slaves. Talk to them about freedom, and you talk to stones. They look only for a little greater share of the wealth they produce, for a humane master; but a master they want. You know cringing slaves are always treated as they deserve to be treated. Only when they show a spirit of insurrection, a rebellious attitude, will I appreciate them! Interfering with my business? Yes; if they had any sense they would certainly interfere with my schemes of robbing them. They would say: 'Yes, brother, we intend to run this factory or this mine. You rob us by virtue of privileges granted to you by your accomplice—the government—and we intend to put a stop to it. We are doing the work, and therefore we are going to suit ourselves as to the hours of work and the distribution of the results of our toil. If you are willing to join us, all right, brother; but from now on we are going to run things ourselves.' That is the language I would like to hear from the slaves whom we so mercilessly plunder. 'Yes,' I would say, 'now you are talking, brothers; you have awakened, and you will be delivered.' Sympathize with their suffering? Why, my dear brother, they do not suffer. It is you who suffer, and you think they also feel their miserable conditions as you see them. If they suffered they would throw off the yoke."

Thus spoke the comrade whose heart has not been hardened by success in life, and whose senses have not been stupefied by the glittering metal. And who will dare say that he is altogether wrong in his singular views? Is it not always the slave who makes the master?

On a Sunday morning a small but jolly crowd gathered on a beautiful hill, on the farm of our true-blue Comrade Meyer, at a mining town called Lock No. 3. Comrade Bauer, who served four years in the penitentiary for having attempted to awaken the strikers of Homestead and Pinkerton fame, had arranged the picnic for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY, and was greatly disappointed because many of the Pittsburg comrades were absent, having made other arrangements previous to the invitations to attend the picnic. But the joyfulness and generosity of those present soon brightened his face, and he did his best to make the outing a pleasant affair. As for myself, I greatly enjoyed the company of the comrades in Pittsburg. They are, however, very much like those in other cities: goodhearted and hopeful of a better future, with the shortcomings of men placed in a commercial atmosphere, and many of them are still tinctured with the morality of the Bible and conventional lies, altho unconsciously so.

Lock No. 3 is a new and small mining town, in which every house and shanty is the property of the mine owners, the inhabitants of which are compelled to dance according to the company's fiddle. Nobody can rent a house there, not even the miners themselves, unless they agree to keep boarders. Neither is the notorious and humiliating company store missing. "No, we are not asked to patronize the store," one said. "This

is a free country, and we can do as we please. But it pleases the company to discharge those miners who patronize the private stores in neighboring towns." In short, all people living on the land of the coal mine owners are there merely as sheep to be fleeced by the privileged vultures of government.

Would not a Thomas Muentzer turn in his grave if he could see that his words, which he hurled at the privileged idlers of society over four hundred years ago, are still as applicable as they were in his time, when he said: "Look you, the sediment of the soup of usury, theft, and robbery, are the great, the masters; they take all creatures as their property—the fish in the water, the birds in the air, and the vegetation of the earth. And then they preach God's commandment to the poor: 'Thou shalt not steal.' But this is not for themselves. They bone and scrape the poor farmer and mechanic until these have nothing left; then, when the latter put their hands on the sacred things, they are hanged. And Doctor Liar says, Amen! The masters do it themselves that the poor men hate them. The cause of the rebellion they won't abolish, how then can things change for the better? As I say this, I am an incendiary—let it be so!"

How little things have changed since Muentzer was executed because he tried to arouse the poor against servitude and despotism.

On the evening after the picnic, I had an opportunity to crawl thru a coal mine. The stranger does not walk erect in the passages of this terrestrial hell. The flickering lamps of the miners, which are fastened to the front of their caps, only intensify the darkness ahead of the visitor, who is in constant fear of bumping his head against the projecting slate, or of stepping into a pool of water. Oh, could the coal consumers see these men, who resemble the devils pictured in Hades, working in permanent danger for a mere pittance, as compared with the result the coal barons exact from the public, they would not hesitate to drive away the privileged exploiters and award the miners the full product of their labor.

And altho these men hazard their lives every hour, they prefer to work in these horrid holes simply because they are more or less free to work as they please. So great is the craving for freedom in human nature.

"There would be little or no danger in working in the mines," they replied to my query, "if it were not for the greed of the companies. Yes, there are government mine inspectors—receiving large salaries and still larger tributes from the companies. We miners always know when the inspector is coming. He informs the company of his arrival—the day before the fans are set to work, and he finds, of course, everything all right. But, slaves as we are, we are glad to get in here; not like these poor animals," pointing to a shivering mule. "They protest vigorously when they are brought in here. Four weeks ago this creature came here as a fat and vigorous looking animal, and today you see a trembling skeleton. They are working eight shifts—eighty hours without a rest. At first they refuse to eat, and thus break down. Finally they get used to running forward into the pitch-dark shafts, and

thus live for years. Why don't the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals interfere here, as they do with the poor teamsters who happen to whip their horses on the streets? Is it because these companies are rich?"

It was indeed touching to hear these toiling slaves pleading for the animals when they themselves are in reality in the same pitiable condition. "Yes," I replied, "it is because they are rich. I suppose many of these coal magnates are members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They'll build water-troughs for the stray dogs in the cities, and establish charitable institutions with a part of the money they exact from you and these mules, and have it reported in the newspapers. Money is the root of all evil; and to gain this filthy lucre they will not hesitate to murder the toilers and torture animals." But the editor of the *Animal's Defender* would, perhaps, have answered the query more satisfactorily.

I had occasion to witness another touching incident which occurred among the miners, who are usually characterized as ignorant and brutal slaves. A mail carrier from the far west visited his relatives in a mining town, where he was laid up with typhoid fever. One of the miners, an Anarchist with "murderous propensities" being the nearest neighbor, nursed the man during the nights after a hard day's work. The man died. Soon after Comrade Loewenstein—for that was his name—was also on the road to the Unknown, leaving wife and children behind.

So at last near my journey's end, after fraternizing with comrades and viewing once and again scenes of privation and misery side by side with luxury in several great cities, I turned my face homeward toward Chicago and the life I had left—the life of one who struggles and hopes. My journey on the whole, has been of great benefit to FREE SOCIETY, and I hope and believe that the propaganda has benefited too. A. I.

The Philadelphia Textile Strike.

The strike of the textile workers here was a failure so far as material gain is concerned, but the toilers have learned much. The textile workers have no faith in, and look for no help from law, politics, or politicians. Neither do they look for any help outside themselves. When the 125,000 textile workers went on strike June 1, there were only 40,000 of them organized, and 85,000 unorganized workers came out in sympathy with their organized fellows. They did not ask the mayor of Philadelphia, or the governor of Pennsylvania, or Timid Ted of Washington, to help them; nor did they ask any gods or governments to help them. They asked a little help from their fellow workers thruout the country, and they got it!

There are about seven hundred textile factories in this city; and on June 1, 645 of these mills were closed; the workers having declared they would not return until their masters would reduce the hours from 60 to 55 a week. When these toilers came out on strike, they had not a cent, so to speak, to their names; and the union members had

nothing in their treasury. Of course the strikers were very optimistic, and thought that their demand for a 55-hour week was so small, that the masters would readily grant it, and that they would be back to work in two or three weeks. But the masters, realizing that if they granted the worker's demands, it would not be long before the toilers would ask for another reduction in hours, refused to submit. Now, after thirteen weeks' idleness, the textile workers decided to return to work on the old basis, and to try to strike better next time.

The mill owners made all kinds of excuses for not being willing to grant the demands of their slaves; but the latter very appropriately answered (naughty Anarchists!) that, if the manufacturers could not run their mills profitably at 55 hours a week, to hand the mills over to the workers, and see if they couldn't. This the masters refused to do, knowing very well that if the workers ever got hold of the mills, the idlers would never get them back.

One thing about the textile strike in Philadelphia worthy of note is, that it was a protest against the tyrannical methods of these Republican mill owners, and a strike of men, women, and children, not only for shorter hours, but for freedom. And be it said to the credit of these innocent textile wage slaves, that only the methods of freedom were employed. Nobody was forced to quit work. The few organized workers went around, stating the need of a shorter work week to their unorganized fellows; and on June 1 every organized and unorganized man, woman, and child in the textile mills volunteered to stay away from the mills until the 55 hours had been granted. We had no "leaders"; we had no Gompers or John Mitchells, and we didn't need any. Open air meetings were held all thruout the city, and Anarchists and Socialists were spreading their gospels of good tidings. The bloodhounds (police) interfered with the meetings several times, but only to make them the more successful. In spite of these workers having no money, picnics (sometimes panics) were the order of the day.

Seventy-five mill owners granted the 55 hours; 570 mills went back on the old 60-hour basis; 2,500 loom fixers and dyers are still out; and another general strike may result.

Never was a better spirit of solidarity and freedom shown than in this late textile strike. I shall perhaps write more details about it soon. For this time I will simply express the hope that, in future, when any toilers make demands on their masters, and are told the industry could not be run profitably if the demands were granted, that the toilers will ask for, or take the industries, and run them to suit themselves.

JAS. MYERS.

For Boston.

Comrade K. Snellenberg, 127 Center St., Roxbury, Mass., has kindly offered to visit all the delinquent subscribers in Boston and Roxbury; and we hope all those in arrears will aid him by leaving the money ready at their homes, or seeing him at his address, after 6 p. m., which would save him carfare and time.

Here and There.

The coal miners of Thurber, Texas, are revolting against the compromising policy of John Mitchell, and have gone on strike.

Militarism still reigns in Colorado. A meeting of union men at Altman was raided by two hundred soldiers, and seven of the union leaders were arrested.

According to the daily press, two Anarchists were shot, one fatally, in a Socialist meeting at Barre, Vt. The shooting is supposed to have been the result of a heated discussion.

A consignment of a 1,000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles from the United States government were sent to the troops "on duty" in Colorado. Besides the new rifles 60,000 rounds of ammunition were also sent. The State and national authorities are always ready to feed laboring men on a lead diet when they go on strike for better conditions.—*Socialist Standard*.

At a conference of New York comrades it was decided that the balance in the hands of the Paterson defense committee should be turned over to the attorney, Robt. M. Geyer. The bondsman of MacQueen and Grossman, the father of the attorney, has thru their disappearance forfeited bail, and must pay in monthly installments, which means his financial ruin. Those who have expressed a desire to see him recompensed, and pledged money for this purpose, should now pay.

LETTER BOX.

H. C. R., Bennington, Kans.—No; an Anarchist can certainly not "exemplify his principles by large holdings of land." Thanks for remittance so far in advance.

John Most, New York.—Be a little more fair with the comrades who do not agree with you on the sex question. The priest who sexually abused girls of tender age in France had about as much to do with "free love," so-called, as a certain brutal Chicago constable, Greenburg, has to do with Anarchism. The daily fakes call him an Anarchist; but we know better; so do you.

A. J. A., Calpella, Calif.—Your presumptuousness is amusing. Already efforts are being made by the Anarchists to have C. L. James' "Vindication of Anarchism" published in book form, which does not indicate that we are afraid of James' Malthusianism; does it? How much will you contribute towards its publication? Some Anarchists have already ordered a dozen copies each for distribution; and we are now anxious to hear from you.

For St. Louis.

All those interested in joining a club and establishing a reading room for the purpose of renewing the agitation and propaganda for Anarchism, to spread our literature, to arrange meetings, to establish an information bureau for the benefit of all radicals visiting St. Louis during the Worlds Fair, and to do other work which has been neglected for some time, are herewith requested to meet on Tuesday evening, October 13, 8 p. m., at Harugari Hall, Tenth & Carr Sts.

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.

Literature.

TOLSTOY AND HIS MESSAGE. By Ernest Howard Crosby. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 93 pp. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

That the sage of Yasnaya Polyana, Leo Tolstoy, is one of the most significant and interesting figures of this or any other century, is beyond doubt true, and his immense vogue, as far as an interest in his life and teachings is concerned, will not be denied by anyone who reads, and who converses with thoughtful people. Ernest Howard Crosby, the American Tolstoyan, gives us in this little book, that which he esteems as the spirit and essence of the great Russian's life and teachings; and one is bound to admit, considering the difficulties of the subject, that he accomplishes his aim with discrimination and marked ability.

Tolstoy is first presented to us in his life, from boyhood to age, with a brevity which sacrifices none of the essential facts, and with valuable and illuminating comment; after which his views of life are set forth and expounded with the straightforwardness and sympathy which one would expect in a disciple like Crosby. The author of the book is a Christian, and naturally he finds all those things in his friends which a Christian would wish to find in a man. Tolstoy is to him the man who utters the truth about Christ, a representative of Jesus.

The book, however, is not one in which the incoherences and inconsistencies of Tolstoy are ignored or explained away: considerable criticism making it clear that the follower is not blind to the defects of the master, but only aims to present his essential message to the world pure and unadulterated. All that is best in Tolstoy is presented for our acceptance and admiration, while much that cannot be accepted is judged and pronounced erroneous.

That Tolstoy as an Anarchist, as one who does not believe in the institution called government, is a mighty and significant personality, the present writer believes; that in some of his arguments as an Anarchist, that in his views on resistance, that in his religious dogmatism, and that in his attitude toward sexual love he is at once obscure and unsatisfactory, he is also certain. Tolstoy, like all strong men, is very weak in some respects, and study of his writings results in more than one doubt as to the real nature of his primal significance. Ernest Crosby's book would be more satisfactory, too, if it but dwelt more upon Tolstoy's Anarchism; but excepting this objection, and the fact that it apparently implies that Tolstoy is a Single Taxer, it may be said of it that within so limited a space not much more could be accomplished by any writer.

W. F. B.

"The Pyramid of Tyranny" by Domela F. Nieuwenhuis has been published in Jewish, and can be obtained from R. Rocker, Stepney Green, 58 Dunstan Houses, London E., England.

Inequality is the source of all revolutions, for no compensation can make up for inequality.—*Aristotle*.

Politics is a legalized game for thieves.

FREE SOCIETY

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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 11, 1903.

435

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

Among Ourselves.

It is too early for replies to the proposition to purchase a linotype for FREE SOCIETY to have been received at the time of this writing; and as an error made at the postoffice caused a delay of a day and a half in sending out our last issue, the project is scarcely known even to the comrades of Chicago; yet if all should be as enthusiastic as the few who have already been heard from, the plan would undoubtedly succeed. At a meeting in Chicago, held for another purpose altogether, with only fifteen people present, the sum of \$40 was pledged in a few minutes.

All money pledged or received for the purpose will be acknowledged in this column. If the necessary sum should not be received in due time, the money will be returned to the senders.

The following is the list of names of those who have subscribed to the fund up to the time of this report, Monday, Oct. 5:

PLEDGES.

A. Ettlinger, Chicago.....	\$ 10.00
M. Rubenstein, Chicago.....	2.00
P. Finkler, Chicago.....	5.00
H. Gordon, Chicago.....	5.00
H. Ehrenberg, Chicago.....	5.00
J. Livshis, Chicago.....	5.00
Weisslander, Chicago.....	3.00
H. Sachs, Chicago.....	5.00
Dr. M. Kahn, Chicago.....	5.00

Total, \$ 45.00

Notes.

FREE SOCIETY Ball takes place on December 5, in Aurora Hall, cor. Milwaukee Ave. & Huron St. All wishing an enjoyable time should not fail to be there.

Next Thursday, Oct. 15, the regular fortnightly meeting at FREE SOCIETY headquarters will take place. Members of the new club should not fail to attend, as important business will come up.

FREE SOCIETY

Parry and Thrust.

Man is free—to hope.

Liberty waits for you.

Tears are poor weapons.

Commands create cringers.

Authority never stops to argue.

Government is disorder agreed upon.

Roosevelt is becoming obese. Atavism.

A government is known by the parasites it keeps.

The happiness of poverty is pathetic self-delusion.

Political fireworks do not illuminate political misdeeds.

True mutuality is the efflorescence of manly independence.

Some people mistake a certain touchiness for individuality.

The leaden acts of riches shine because they are plated with gold.

Those who sneer at love as an important factor in social life know neither love nor life.

The president and organized labor are not to be good friends. Let hope lift up its head then.

Many a "great man" only seems great in comparison with those who think themselves small.

A diplomat is a liar developed into an artist, and then employed by a government to deceive foreigners.

Marriage is a credit transaction, with so slight a profit that the interested parties soon wish to repudiate it.

The Chicago American wants a law to prevent stock gambling; let it look rather to the law which makes stock gambling possible.

Hearst has been praising the German Socialists and blaming the American. By this stale trick the king of newspaper fakers hopes to "stand pat."

The Knights of Labor will not join the rest of organized labor in its opposition to President Roosevelt. Nights of Labor would seem to be a fitting name for such.

Max Nordau wonders at the American rush after foreign titles. He should learn that the accumulation of wealth and the love of place, distinction, and power go together.

The talk about exposing "graft" in the Chicago city hall is either all buncombe, or evidence of insanity in the talkers. If the "grafting" crowd got together, who would be left to do the exposing?

The man who wants a "strong government" always has his eye on the other fellow; if he only could know that the other fellow with a similar desire, has his eye on him, it might make him wonder if, after all, government is necessary.

Anarchism is not a doctrine of murder, except to those who murder the truth; it is a doctrine of salvation from murder; the murder of manhood and character by the twin monsters: capitalism and superstition. Anarchism is a doctrine of the preservation of life, and it is nothing more, or less.

The murderers of the king and queen of Serbia have been sentenced, one to two years suspension from the army, and the others to terms of imprisonment of a month or two. If anyone asks why these murderers escape thus, tell him that they were not Anarchists. Murderers are good or bad according to their economic and political convictions.

Anthony Comstock attempted to arrest an eastern physician on the charge that he was selling an "obscene" book; the physician promptly knocked Comstock down and walked away. The latest reports state that the shock to Comstock's bones was even greater than the shock which the book in question gave to his "purity."

The women of America are to be appealed to to address the consorts of four European kings with a petition in behalf of Macedonia. The busybodies, several prominent women, who are inaugurating this presumptuous crusade, are, with those who will follow them, in a peculiar position: are there no outrages in America, that they look to Macedonia; or do they give up the reformation of American character as a bad job? One would like to know.

The Cripple Creek miners are in great straits, but are standing together. The attempts of the military to coerce the public, the local officials, and the miners, has resulted in damage suits against the governor, the general in charge, and several underlings; and a newspaper which they tried to suppress was brought out in spite of them by a brave woman. Public feeling is running high. Militarism is trying to destroy unionism. The Denver Post finds the situation ominous.

In the Delaware workhouse offenders are publicly whipped; and thousands flock to the scenes of the whippings, to which 25 cents admission is charged, to enjoy the exhibition of oppression, shame, and agony. The reintroduction of the whipping post is of a piece with other repressive legislation, only it indicates more than an overplus of stupidity. Prisoners are brutalized and deprived of all self-respect by being subjected to such indignities, while the onlooking pub-

FREE SOCIETY

lic develops a taste for torture and a pleasure in seeing others suffer which aids the development of evil tendencies on all hands. In the name of righteousness unrighteousness is inculcated by law.

Some time since I questioned the consistency of an Anarchist, Benj. R. Tucker, in being delighted over the election to office of a certain person. The reply of *Liberty* was something entirely beside the point at issue, and I noted the fact in these columns. Now Tucker returns to the battle loaded with the weapons of invective, and tells his readers that he "cannot be expected to argue with the correspondents of a paper which has nothing but sneers for logic." Of course Tucker's mere dictum determines what logic is; there is no need of presenting my criticism in *Liberty* that its readers may determine whether Tucker or I is the more logical. How easily the readers of *Liberty* can come at the truth! It is a maxim of lawyers that when an attorney has no case he should abuse his opponent. Is Tucker, perhaps, in this case an attorney? AMERICUS.

By the Wayside.

The London *Spectator* is of the opinion that a native of India is "one of the freest of mankind," that is, if he obeys the laws of the land and in no way offends the government. This is profound news, forsooth! Such kinds of freedom can be found all over the world, even in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado.

There is an Eldorado for bookkeepers in sight under a Socialist regime. The *Coming Nation* is soothing a troubled inquirer with the assurance that there will be no so-called money—only a "medium of exchange" . . . keeping an individual's account with society and society's account with the individual." What punishment will be accorded to counterfeiters the editor does not state.

The editor of the same paper realizes the fact "that weeds grow mighty fast" in the Socialist parties, and "a lots of hoeing needs to be done." But the editor ought to know that, in the nature of politics, the weeds overgrow the wheat before the hoeing is begun, and a complete failure of crops is the result. Such has been the history of all political parties, and the Socialist parties are already beginning to repeat the lesson.

To many of the comrades who jeopardize the existence of FREE SOCIETY merely by negligence in not paying their subscription, I would like to suggest that such indifference is inconsistent with the ideal they believe in as well as unjust to the publishers. When the latter are working twelve and fifteen hours every day in order to keep the paper a-going, and yet are not supplied with the means necessary for a bare living, we Anarchists have little reason to denounce the exploiters who exact all they can from the toilers.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has discovered that this city is ruled and managed by thieves and tricksters. This is stale news,

Mr. Harrison. Nicholas I of Russia once proposed a law to hang every official who would steal as much as the worth of the rope, and his prime minister objected to the enforcement of the law, on the ground that there would be no official left in the land, excepting "his majesty" and himself. Thus it would be in the United States and in any other land. A criminal institution—government—cannot breed honest officials.

In an editorial, the *Denver Post* proves that, according to the constitution of Colorado and the law, the military authorities—"an organized body of men"—in the State have inaugurated "a rebellion" and "overthrown civil authority," and expects that steps will be taken to punish the criminals,—Generals Chase and Bell. What a farce! What else is government but "organized violence," and these so-called generals have simply carried it to its climax. Had the workers perpetrated one tenth of the outrages and violence the trained brutes are guilty of, they would have been shot down like so many dogs.

The trade union press thinks that the decree of a St. Louis judge, who decided that employers have the right to discharge a union workman and to blacklist him, "is a travesty on liberty." The workingmen cannot comprehend that all law is "a travesty on liberty." One excludes the other. Besides, why should the employers not have as much "right" to discharge men for any reason they see fit, as the union men have to prevent a scab from working where he pleases? It is only a question of might in a time of warfare, and "in war everything is fair." All iniquities existing in our present society are the result of law—government—and will prevail so long as the workers uphold authority.

To have "justice" rendered quickly one needs only to know a few names of prominent city hall "grafters," as one of our comrades in this city can testify. He happened to be arrested for "disorderly conduct," and when he arrived at the police station, a flash of genius struck him. "Could I use the telephone for an instant?" he asked the captain. "What you want the telephone for?" the officer asked brusquely. "I want to speak to Mr. — and Mr. —" (naming two officials whom he knew only from hearsay). "Do you know these men?" he was asked, this time more politely. "Yes, sir! they are my friends," he replied boldly. "Well, you better go then," said the police captain, apologizing for the "mistake" the policeman had made in arresting him.

The daily press, which never forgets to inform the public when a European prince or an American millionaire is coughing, has but little to say about the governmental outrages perpetrated by the trained murderers of Colorado. "Anarchy reigns in Cripple Creek," says a daily, which may lead some people to believe that poverty and government have been abolished and peace and plenty inaugurated. But unfortunately it is "law and order" that still reign in the mining town of Colorado, as

will be seen from the article, "The Situation in Cripple Creek," which appears in this issue. The "peace" had not been disturbed by the striking miners, nor was there any call for the presence of the troops. But the mine owners intended to crush the union, and the government is ever willing to help "the weak." And General Bell is a genuine representative of Russian despotism. The union leaders are arbitrarily thrown into the "bull pen," simply to get them out of the way; the editors who dared to criticize Bell's outrages, and strike-breakers who are brought from other States and refuse to enter the mines after learning that they are to be used to defeat their fellow workers, also wander into the "bull pen." But when civil officers arrest strike-breakers (who are proven to be ex-convicts) for carrying concealed weapons, they are promptly released by the military authorities;—all of which goes to show that tyranny and brute force reign in Colorado, but not Anarchy, as reported by the dailies. INTERLOPER.

For Chicago.

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

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 admit a man and woman for 25 cents. At the door 25 cents.

A concert will be given by the Workmen's Educational Club, Friday October 9, at Ruchl'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.

Comrade W. F. Barnard will deliver a lecture on a pertinent social question.

Note that this concert has been postponed from Saturday, Oct. 3, to Friday, Oct. 9, 1903.

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 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.

Man's Inhumanity.

It was a warm day in midsummer, and the half dozen men who lounged about on the long up-grade just outside Springfield, Ill., waiting for a freight, swapped stories and indulged in reminiscences of their lives on the road.

They were hobos; tramps, if you like; but they were not of the genus professional. To judge by their faces and hands, and listen to their talk, it could easily be seen that they were workmen. Men who were on the road partly thru a spirit of adventure and partly because they were unable to find work at their various callings in the cities they had left behind them.

Several of the party were so anxious to get to Chicago that they made a run for a passenger train which puffed slowly up the hill. They were unsuccessful, as they had not seen the train in time, and had misjudged both the distance they had to run and the speed at which it was going.

Their return to the group drew a question from a quiet man who sat at one side,—a question as to what they were trying to do. The answer came, "trying to catch the rear end of a 'sleeper' and climb over the top to the 'blind'." The quiet man smiled grimly and remarked, "I tried to ride a 'sleeper' once; but never, no, never again."

We took a good look at the speaker, and settled ourselves to hear his story. He was rather short, but thick set, and looked as if he had seen hard work and had considerable strength; while his keen eye and square chin suggested pretty strongly that if need be he could be the right man in the right place.

He explained that in summer he generally traveled as canvasman with some circus, while in winter he either went to southern California to work on some of the fruit farms there, or to Pennsylvania to work in the steel mills, according as the inclination came over him. His home was in St. Louis, and he went there from time to time to see his parents, who, he said, were getting rather old. He began:

"It was about two years ago. I had been working all winter in a steel mill in Pennsylvania; and as spring came on I decided to run down and see the old folks before starting out with a show. I had a little money, but decided to hit the road, so as to have a few dollars on me when I got home. It was a case of hard luck from the start; and I hadn't traveled fifty miles when I got ditched in a little town near Greenberg, consisting of about a dozen houses, a water tank, and the railway station. Only one freight a day stopped there, and that was a local, which stopped at every station.

"Time was no object to me; but hanging around that little burg for two days made me desperate, and I decided to catch the 'blind' out the second night. It was a long wait, and made me dead tired; and being over anxious, I misjudged the distance the train would run past the station. She ran far ahead, and as I couldn't run alongside without being seen, I lay low until she pulled out, and then swung myself on the rear end of the last 'sleeper'.

"I paused a bit to breathe before climbing on top, as it was a long crawl over all those coaches to the 'blind'; but I waited too long. The door suddenly opened, and the

'brakie' came out with a lantern in his hand. I crouched down as far as possible on the last step; but he saw me at once, and said, 'Get off!'

"We were about five miles out by this time, the train going at a good speed, which increased every second. The moon was out of sight and it was pitch-dark. To jump was to risk a broken neck; so I began to parley, then to plead with him to let me ride to the next stop. His answer was short but by no means sweet. 'Get off, damn you, or I'll knock you off!'

"I braced myself on the last step, with one hand holding the iron railing on the end of the platform, the other gripping the rod on the end of the coach. It was a tight corner, and I said, 'For God's sake, mister, don't kill a fellow.' It looked as if he meant to knock me off the step with his lantern, but for some reason—probably the fear of breaking the lantern—he didn't. He put his lantern down, gripped the bars in the same fashion as I did and deliberately raising his right foot, planted it against my breast and began to shove with all his strength.

"I hung on for dear life; but the force was so great that in a few seconds I was doubled up like a jackknife. My head began to swim, and all the time I was in deadly fear of striking some switch along the track, he had forced me out so far.

"My strength was nearly gone, and I was about to let go, having almost given myself up as lost, when the power in his right leg being exhausted, he dropped it and was about to raise his left one. Quick as a flash I leaped at him and got him by the throat. How it happened is a mystery to me, as I was about done for; and under any other circumstances I would have run from him.

"He was very tall, and much heavier than I; but this was a case of life and death; it was his life or mine; so I threw myself on him and sunk my nails in his windpipe. The shock was so sudden that he couldn't defend himself, and I clawed him like a tiger. I banged him against the railing and bent him partly over it, he gasping for breath, all the while beating the air trying to get at me. In the scuffle the lantern was kicked off the platform, and it was black as ink.

"I had murder in my heart, and was fully determined to throw him from the platform. I swung him round, intending to force him against the door, get a firmer grip, and then pitch him off the train. Fortunately or unfortunately the door wasn't latched, and opening inside, it flew back as we crashed against it. We fell on the floor, I on top and still holding him by the throat.

"The noise awakened a passenger sleeping in the end berth, who jumped out in his night clothes and began to call the porter. The latter, a big burly Negro, came running down the aisle, put both his arms around my waist, and tore me loose. I staggered out on the platform as the 'brakie' struggled to his feet panting for breath.

"The conductor heard the row, and came running to inquire what was the matter. The 'brakie' said, pointing at me, 'That man tried to murder me!' 'You lie! God damn you!' I said; 'you tried to throw me off the train!'

"They were four to one; but desperation makes a man do strange things. I felt down

in my 'shiv' [undershirt] and flashed out my razor, saying, 'The first man that lays a hand on me, I'll cut his heart out!' And I meant it, too.

"The moon had come out, and it made the blade glisten as I stood with my back to the railing; and they saw I meant business. It had rained early in the evening, and the imprint of the 'brakie's' boot heel was as clear as day on the light shirt I was wearing, proving that the 'brakie' had tried to murder me. Whether it was this, or the razor that calmed them down, is hard to say; but the conductor said, 'You get off at the next station.' And I did.

"If I had fallen off that train and been killed, there would have been less row than if a hog had been killed. Three lines in some paper next morning, 'Another Tramp Killed.' That is all.

"No more 'sleepers' for me, boys."

A train hove in sight just then, this time a freight bound for Chicago. We who were heading that way ran and caught it, waving a good-by to those we left behind, the quiet man among them. K.

Echoes.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* says that when Emperor William makes his next speech in public he had better leave Providence alone. This is because of his friendship for the "unspeakable Turk." What nonsense! The most brutal and bloody scoundrels in history have been on good terms with Providence. At least they have said so, and Providence has not denied it.—*Free-thinker*, London.

Eight hundred miners at Novinger, Mo., have refused to obey the order of John Mitchell, to crawl back to the caverns of the coal mines. The great leader who was lauded by the press of the country for placing the miners' cause of the anthracite region in the hands of a tribunal selected by Roosevelt, is slowly sinking into that grave of oblivion which yawns for compromise. Mitchell and Gompers will soon be swept from their pedestals.—*Miners' Magazine*.

Wage slavery in the twentieth century has become more abominable and more humiliating than chattel slavery in the ante-bellum days. Organized labor in every department of toil is demanding leaders who are not afraid to mould a policy that will end the murderous system that makes human life secondary to property. Men who produce the wealth of the world are becoming tired and weary of a system that demands the armed power of State and nation to protect property and degrade manhood.—*Miners' Magazine*.

Some proprietors of employment agencies in the city of New York have been arrested for procuring young girls for houses of prostitution. The fee charged by the procurers was from \$3 to \$10, and the commercial libertines, according to the press reports, have been doing a land office business. If the detectives who have unearthed the unholy occupation of employment agencies had carried on their investigations a little further, in all probability, they would have

discovered that the orders for young girls for immoral purposes came from the gentlemen in gilded dens in Wall street; but under the present system the rich are immune, and human flesh, landless and homeless, is the cheapest commodity in the world.—*Miners' Magazine*.

When men behave worse than wild beasts; when they ruthlessly slaughter not only their fellow men but also defenseless women and little children, and wantonly destroy property, we calmly look on and applaud. But it must be done in a lawful manner; that is, it must be sanctioned by government. And yet what an awful fuss we make when a few people are killed in a railroad or trolley accident! We rave and shout and invoke the curse of heaven on the corporations that are to blame. But, after all, it seems to me that the corporations are not nearly so bad as the governments which deliberately send out hired assassins to ravish other countries with fire and sword. However wicked the corporations may be, nobody has ever accused them of purposely destroying lives and property, while governments always do these things with malice aforethought.—*The Whim*.

That the trade unions in their present form are still affected by sundry deficiencies and infirmities, no intelligent friend of labor will deny. And the unions do not claim to be infallible, like the mumbling old man in Rome. Neither can it be disputed that in certain branches an element gets to the top which is corrupting and contaminating. But all that cannot embank or hinder the usefulness of organized labor for toiling humanity. Trade unions are and will remain the bulwarks of the proletarians. They are the immovable rock on which the most furious and wanton waves of capitalism will dash to pieces. The more the trade unions become conscious of their splendid mission, to free the workers completely from the yoke and shackles of capitalism, the more will they rid themselves of these inefficiencies and infirmities,—the more will they free themselves from characterless leaders and advisers, who so often use trade unions simply as a tool, as a means to attain their selfish and dirty purposes.—*Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

On Labor Day, a friend of President Roosevelt said to him, "Before the expiration of your next term, there will be a labor crisis such as Cleveland faced in Chicago in 1894, and you will be called upon to meet it." The dispatch stated that, in reply, "Roosevelt snapped his teeth and said, 'I'll meet it.'"

Nobody doubts it. He will meet it just as Cleveland did, with bristling bayonets. Resistance will mean death, and submission slavery. This will be the ultimate result of the election to the presidency of "A Man on Horseback."

For countless ages, The Man on Horseback has ruled the world. He will continue to rule until mankind learns to bestow as much honor and glory upon the man who walks as the man who rides. He will continue to rule until the masses lose their veneration for titles, brass buttons, bright colors, and gold braid.

On Labor Day so-called leaders rode spir-

ited horses while the rank and file walked. These "leaders" were decked with blazing badges and girt about with broad bright "surcingle"—marks of distinction. This is wrong. Such men can only be fair weather leaders. In the stress and storm that is to come—the day that tries men's souls—the real leaders will spring from the ground—from the ranks. These will not command but lead. The Man on Horseback is a commander.

The servile instinct in man has become a part of his nature. The average man wants somebody to look up to, something to venerate, a hand to kiss, even tho' it be the hand that smites. We have held the stirrup of the Rough Rider, and bent our necks to the barbed hoofs of his horse, until it has become a part of our very natures to cringe, snivel and simper like silly idiots in the presence of official power.

The words "master" and "slave" are found in every language. These vile terms have left scars on the brain and hearts of all the children of men. These words I abhor. Were it in my power, I would erase them from the pages of history and blot them from the memory of man. No eye should ever see, no ear hear, and no tongue speak them again. In their place I would write "brotherhood" and "equal freedom."

The human race has bowed so long and so low, it is difficult for it to stand erect while we regard the gospel of manly manhood, and equal rights as an idle dream.

When every man considers himself a sovereign, and every other man in the world a brother prince of the royal blood whose rights and authorities are co-equal with his own, serfdom will be unknown, marks of distinction vanish and the whole race enter into its heritage as the children of God. That day may be a long way off, but all men can hasten its coming by refusing to be master or slave.—*Brann's Iconoclast*.

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The Cripple Creek Situation.

During the past week the citizens of the Cripple Creek district have witnessed scenes that outrival all the barbarism that has been written of Russia. The liberty of every citizen who has not been in accord with the brutal program of the Mine Owners' Association has been threatened. The judiciary, which law and all established precedent have declared shall be free and untrammelled [So long as it suits the powers that be.—Editor FREE SOCIETY.], has been invaded by the military power of the State, and the judge upon the bench has been forced under protest to submit to arrogant decrees formulated by the mine operators and enforced by the militia under the command of an executive who has subverted the highest office in the gift of the people of the State to serve the corporations in their brutal persecution of men for no crime, save that they were members of the Western Federation of Miners and loyal to the principles of that organization. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, during the session of the District Court, the city of Cripple Creek bristled with bayonets, and even a gatling gun was taken from Camp Goldfield and placed in close proximity to the court house commanding all approaches. The roofs of buildings became the camping ground of sharp-

shooters, and the court room was filled with detachments of militia for the purpose of having an influence upon the decision of the court, in the trial of the four men on writs of habeas corpus. John H. Murphy, attorney for the Western Federation of Miners, and ex-attorney general, Eugene Engley, protested in vain against the presence of an armed soldiery in the court room. Their protests were fruitless and they finally withdrew from the court, refusing to remain while the court was stacked with the implements of war. Judge Seeds, after listening to the lengthy argument of Attorney Crump in support of the position of the military authorities, took the same under advisement, and the next day rendered his decision, which denied right of the militia to subordinate civil law or arrest citizens without warrant or process of law.

When the judge had finished the reading of his decision and ordered the military authorities to release the four men who were held as prisoners, General Chase arose in the court room and refused to comply with the order of the court. The prisoners were taken back to the military "bull pen," and in the meantime Governor Peabody called into consultation with him Judges Hayt and Helm, both of whom have occupied seats on the supreme bench of the State. After several hours' consultation, an order was issued by the governor to the military authorities to comply with the order of the court, and the prisoners were released. . . .

When the brainless and brutal Chase defied the decision of the court, the wife of S. Parker fainted in the court room. Parker was dragged from his home shortly after the troops invaded the Cripple Creek district, and the long days of waiting for the release of her husband taxed the physical strength of the devoted woman who had borne mentally all the outrages which had been suffered by a husband who was loyal to the principles of his organization.

The decision of Judge Seeds has had but little effect on Chase and Bell, who are still making arrests of prominent members of the Western Federation of Miners. The president of Victor Miners' Union No. 32 and the city marshal of Independence were arrested shortly after the decision of the court, and after being held for several hours without any charges being preferred against them, were released.

A detachment of militia again entered the Altman Miners' Union hall in search of prominent members of the union, but as the hall was empty there were no victims for the "bull pen."

General Chase visited Denver last Friday, and when interviewed by reporters, declared that the State militia would remain in the Cripple Creek district until the last vestige of unionism was stamped out. The people of the State can no longer doubt but that the governor has entered into a conspiracy with the Mine Owners' Association to exterminate, if possible, every union of the Western Federation of Miners in the Cripple Creek district.

The outrages that have been committed have had the effect of cementing the miners more closely, and the executive board of the district union has every confidence that the present struggle will end in a victory for the Federation.—*Miners' Magazine*.

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