



### The Workman to the Nightingale.

Oh, darling Aurora's! Oh, singer devine!  
Thou calls't me to share mother Nature's great feast,  
To go, like the *chosen ones*, noble and fine,  
Away from the town, for an hour at least;  
Lay down the tools and quit work for a while,  
And go into field, into forest and woods,  
Where sunbeams so cheerfully, lovingly smile,  
And Nature her mysteries quietly broods!  
My forces, exhausted, thou say'st, I'll renew  
On Nature's green bosom, 'midst flowers of May,  
Where every creature, its destiny true,  
Lives careless and mirthful and joyous and gay?

Alas, my dear birdie! thy wish to fulfil  
Is not in my power, is without my reach:  
How can I, pray tell, leave the shop and the mill,  
Where deep in my flesh sits the kin of the leech?  
Go into the field blooming flowers to smell,  
While in factory wither my girls and boys  
Hear busy bees buz 'round flowers' sweet bell,  
When I'm deaf from eternal machinery noise?  
And when shall, pray tell me, I go into field,  
To see Nature awakened, incarnate in thee,  
If my work is to common some leisure to yield,  
If only to toil and to toil I am free?

Warm showers are sprinkling with silvery drops,  
But, ah! of what use are the rain-drops to me?  
Tho they make the soil yield greatest blessings—rich  
crops,

Still merciless Want I so frequently see;  
I'm toiling and toiling thru day and thru night,  
Exhausted, fatigued, all vitality lost,  
Yet oft in his arm holds Hunger me tight,  
And overcome am oft by heat and by frost . .  
No, no! I can't leave the tumultuous town,  
For pleasure of country's all glorious Spring  
So long as of bondage the yoke bends me down  
And slavery's fetters so fast to me cling.

The well is there murmuring, rippling the stream;  
Alas! When I gaze at a stream and a well,  
And see their waves rolling with calmness supreme,  
And hear their sweet voices world-mysteries tell—  
A horrible vision appears to my mind:

An ocean of blood and of sweat and of tears,  
Of brethren workmen, who, mentally blind,  
Are led into darkness by masters and peers;  
And there 'midst the awful, the horrible waves,  
There's bathing the wealthy, solively, so gay,  
The rich, who all workmen oppresses, enslaves,  
Possesses the earth, owns thee, and the May!

OSCAR SMOLENSKIN.

162S So. Orkney st., Philadelphia.

### Should Radicals Colonize?

If the colony is based on sexual unorthodoxy it will be destroyed by the mob or by the government.

If the colony is based on economic or political unorthodoxy it will be destroyed by the sexual radicals. That is to say, the economic and political radicals who are not also sexual radicals will not permit freedom of speech and life in sexual matters, and so disruption ensues.

This is true of any part of the country in which a colony may be established; the sex issue deadlocks the situation.

If the colony is based on religious unorthodoxy simply, it must face grave perils in the South and in smaller areas elsewhere. But no

colony of religious Freethinkers long can escape the disintegrating influence of the sex problem, theoretical and applied, so that colonies of Freethinkers must in the end, the country over, share the fate of colonies based on sexual, economic and political unorthodoxy.

The time has passed when nonconformists could go out and build up communities in the wilds. Nowhere on earth is there a spot where they can be safe, where they can be out of the reach of the long tentacles of the old communities, of the old and powerful States, alert, armed, aggressive, determined to enforce conformity, to have union without liberty, now and forever, one and indivisible. Rapidly growing population, the demands of commerce, steam and electric traction and communication veto forever the segregation and isolation of radicals of any school. All Christian lands are one, the destiny of their peoples one, the permanent uplifting and liberation of any class inseparably dependent upon the uplifting and liberation of all classes, of all men and women. All hope of continued diversity on a large scale lies in the shotted guns and Whitehead torpedoes of Japan, but radicals cannot colonize in Japan, for there is no room, nor is there room in China, even if Japan saves China from Christian civilization, and if there were room, geographically speaking, there would not be room for our kind of radicalism. Outside of Japan, and of China under the leadership and protection of Japan, there is hope for but one morality in the near future; there is but one accepted morality now in the rest of Asia and its islands, in Africa, in Europe, in the Australasian continent, in America. In the warfare of arms, no tactician, no great captain, would for a moment dream of conquering his enemy by taking possession of and sitting down indefinitely in some little valley, some remote village; on the contrary, his occupancy of these would be incidental only, knowing that these would be his when the capitals, the fortified strongholds, had fallen into his hands. His campaign would be directed against the centre, the heart, the brain, of the enemy's power. So in the warfare of ideas, of ethics, of social development. The good strategist recognizes the futility of the hope of doing the most effective work for radical ideas by gathering in squads on the fringes of society. The pioneer settlement, colony, can carry the old thought to the uttermost limits of the land and maintain it there, because it has back of it the inertia, the prejudices, the active sympathy of the whole mass from which it went out, but it is vastly different with the advance guard of fundamentally differentiated thinkers and doers. A colony of such men and women is large enough to attract destructive attention, but not large enough to defend itself, not large enough to germinatingly and dominantly impress the body of the inhabitants of the region.

To illustrate this partially, let us for a moment leave to one side the question of colonization with specific sociological ends in view. We will glance briefly at the settlement of the country west of the Mississippi River. I select this part of the United States because I spent the formative years of my life there, because the larger portion of my radical activity was exerted there, because I know more of it by

observation and in detail than I do of any other section. I will premise by citing the well known fact that the "prairie schooner brigade," the men who carried rifle and ax and plough to and over the plains and thru the forests, left the older settlements because they were dissatisfied with their conditions there, because they were restless, were enterprising, were ambitious; because the conventions and restraints of the old life were irksome to them, often galling and intolerable. Well, what happened? To prevent diffusion of attention, to concentrate your gaze, I will touch on only one feature of the pioneer sociology. Religion of the orthodox stamp lost much of its power over the brains and lives of men; not of all men, but of many men. There were more active, militant Freethinkers than in the older States. Sunday laws were non-existent or unenforced largely. There was an air of freedom, of unconventionality, of hospitality, of growth, that no other part of the country knew. It was the best field for the Freethought lecturer; there the editor of the Freethought paper had more subscribers than elsewhere, in proportion to population. The promise of the morning was very fair, the colors of the mental dawn vied with those of the flowers of prairie and mountain. But for the most part it was a false dawn, the flowers nearly all withered and died. Up from the South, out of the East, swept other waves of humanity. They followed, swept over and bore down the pioneer wave, even as the successive waves of the ocean sweep over and obliterate their predecessors on the sands of the beach. Those who came after were not so enterprising, not so daring, not so insurgent, as were those who had led the way. Religion strengthened as the years passed. The minister, the church, more and more became social forces to be reckoned with, to be deferred to, to retire before, as population increased and society formed and crystallized. Increasingly Sunday became a day of worship or of simulated worship; increasingly odium attached to those who chose to spend the day otherwise. In less than two decades the crest of the wave of Freethought receded from eastern Iowa, crossed the State into Nebraska and the Dakotas, retired thru the passes of the Rockies and died in the waters of the Pacific after lifting California to the proud eminence of being the only State without Sunday laws, and placed Washington beside her as the only State that taxed church property. Today the church is a deadhead in Washington, and many California cities and towns have as stringent Sunday laws as can be found in the moribund East, even in poor old Massachusetts.

Let me repeat, that I may make unmistakable the bearing of this chapter of recent history on the question of colonization by radicals. Emigrants from one part of a country settling in another part and building up new communities can modify only, and that slightly, the beliefs and institutions in which they were raised. They cannot change radically those beliefs and institutions. Five forces combine to prevent such independent radical change: 1. The residuum of conservatism in themselves. 2. The "harking back" to conservatism of a large percentage of their offspring. 3. The influx, long continued, of immigrants from the old

home, immigrants slower in their thoughts, less daring in their emotions, more conservative or even reactionary in their tendencies than were the pioneer settlers. 4. The influence of public opinion in the mother States, States drained of much of their progressive element. 5. The positive inhibitions of national law.

I should go so far as to maintain that one hundred radical men and women, scattered thru as many towns, villages and rural districts, would do much more, in the long run, to enlighten the minds of the people and modify the institutions of the whole country than would that number gathered into a colony and labeled. The reasons that force this conclusion are so many and so obvious, as it seems to me, that I shall not now pause to specify any of them.

It must be confessed that the attitude of the propagandists of colonization is extremely difficult to understand. They appear to reason *a priori* only; there is no induction underlying their arguments. Their serene indifference to such commonplace things as facts is one of the most astonishing phenomena in the whole domain of radical agitation. The moment a colony reaches a certain degree of prominence it is marked for death by the haters of innovation. Ruskin committed hari-kari in Tennessee because its respectable majority was inexpressibly shocked by the presence of a handful of Free Lovers. The Oneida Community, Christian Socialist, association and conception regulated by order in the name of "scientific stirpiculture," snuffed itself out when the Church threatened to turn against it the artillery of the State. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, most religious of all, heretic only in sticking more closely to the Bible than do other Christians, is at the parting of the ways. It must surrender by definitely abandoning its sexual irregularity, which is the most regular of scriptural regularity, or draw the sword. The latter would be madness, and so the end is in sight, except that possibly Mormonism has a future as a colorless co-operative enterprise, as Oneida has as a joint stock association.

Not one of these was a really radical colony, yet not one of them was conservative enough to survive on its original basis. What, then, is to be the fate of colonies that do have a really radical basis? Extinction, undoubtedly. And the stronger they are at the beginning, the more influence they exert, the greater their educational value, the earlier will come their hour of doom. "Death loves a shining mark." Defenders of the society which is will not permit rivals to grow up in the same nation, nor on the same continent, nor on the same planet. With them it is all or nothing. They cannot stand free competition. They will not endure a moral code differing from their own. The old dies in the light of comparison and contrast if it be not rooted in better soil than is the new. This is why the old nearly always persecutes the new. This is why the new of yesterday, that was persecuted, and is the old of today, in its turn persecutes the new of today. This is why no radical colony can have permanence. This is why enthusiasts who go out into the wilderness do not get even into telescopic sight of the promised land.

I have no fault to find with the taste of those who prefer life in the village or country to life in the city. In many respects it suits me better. My years have been apportioned about equally between rural and urban life. Each existence has its advantages and its disadvantages. It is impossible, it is undesirable, for all radicals to reside in cities. But individual taste and choice are not the matters at issue. The question is whether radicals who first of all desire to promote the consideration and acceptance of their ideas can do more effective work in the frontier colony or in the city. A secondary question is whether they can get more out of life for themselves as toilers, thinkers, lovers and parents. Or, make the primary the secondary question, if that is your point of view. My argument will not be affected by the relative importance attached to the two considera-

tions, the needs of the propaganda and of self-expression. To pursue one's vocation in the country, quietly and unobtrusively doing such teaching as one may among a few neighbors, is one thing, and is possible for many. Much good has resulted therefrom; it is a part of the slow yet sure process of leavening the whole lump. To organize a colony, to go out far from the centres of intellectual activity, proclaiming the purpose and the unconventionality of the promoters from the housetops, advertising for recruits on the avowed ground that the colony is discarding, is flouting the old morality, the customary allegiance to the State—all this is quite another thing, something that can end only in the defeat of the objects sought, the useless frittering away of energies and means, the disastrous lessening of hopefulness, the endurance of martyrdom for no adequate return in the interest of the cause loved and served. To live in the country, alone with a few relatives and friends, because you enjoy yourself better there than you do in the city is one thing, natural and understandable. To colonize, in the hope and expectation of more liberty, of greater opportunity for development, of wider permanent usefulness in propaganda, is quite another thing, foolish to a degree, and incomprehensible considered as the act of rational, observing human beings.

Besides, the impossibility of long maintaining a radical colony in the face of outside opposition, in defiance of the enmity of the mob and the Juggernaut of the law, is the diminution of your usefulness as teachers, while the colony is permitted to live. You are marooned there, a few score, a few hundred, a few thousand, at the most. You are in substantial agreement regarding the basic principle on which the colony is founded. You gathered there because of that agreement. Your very unconventionality puts a barrier between you and your immediate neighbors beyond the pale. You can teach only by your example, and your example is a horror to those you wish to convert; your example is to bring down on your colony the hordes of the rabble or the minions of the law, soon or late, and wipe your colony from the map of the State. You are too far from those you desire to reach to influence them to juster views by the evidence of your better lives; you are too near to them to be safe from their alarm and wrath; to be far enough away to be secure, you must get off the earth. As instructors, sirs, your usefulness is largely at an end. Your comrades in the colony are already in the household of faith, or they would not be in the colony. You cannot get at your nearest neighbors outside. If you publish a paper, nearly all the subscribers without the colony are also your comrades. It may cost you a few dollars less each week or month to print the paper, and it is certain to be twice as hard to get the dollars you must have in order to meet the unescapable expenses. Even were there no imminent danger of suppression, of extirpation, even were it possible to go as teachers among your neighbors round about the colony, still your effectiveness as apostles of the new sociology is cut in two ten times or more by your self-banishment from the great cities.

No one who has not lived in the country can realize how much greater is the personal liberty possible in the city, can sense the feeling of breaking bonds that comes to him who passes from the farm, the hamlet, the village, the county town, into the city of hundreds, of thousands or of millions. And any comparison of the opportunities for propagandism in country and city becomes at once a startling contrast. The mountain stronghold possibly may be, now as in the past, the last refuge of liberty hard pressed, but the mighty city is its cradle, its nursery, its school, its university. Not that the men of the city love liberty more than do the men of the country. No; that is not the reason. But here competition is more intense. Here the blood flows swifter from heart to brain. Here men must think quickly, act quickly. They must grip and hold as no-

where else, or go down. The summons is imperative to advance, or perish. Here the men of all races, all faiths, all ideals, all planes of thought, all conditions of society, meet and mingle and chafe, drop old superstitions, pick up new truths. To the great city flow all streams of commerce, of thought, of art; from it flow all streams of commerce, of thought, of art. It is the centre of distribution. In many respects it is hell, but the fires of this hell drive the motors of intellectual and moral revolt. Men cannot stagnate here as in the country, in the quiet life of woodland dells. There is neither time nor place for stagnation. And they may have more practical freedom than in the country, and that freedom is far less dangerous to them here than would be the same freedom in the colony; here they have vastly greater opportunities for the observation and study of their kind, for the comparison and sifting of ideas, for the instruction of their fellows. In this day of instantaneous communication and rapid movement, the difference between city and country slowly becomes less, but it is very, very far from elimination; always there is more surveillance, more interference, more despotism in the country than in the city, save on the remote frontier, and that frontier almost has disappeared. In the struggle of ideals, in the war of ideas, in the evolution of sociological experiments, we must guard the lines of communication and supply; we must not set our outposts too far away or we shall lose them to the enemy. Our policy is to push slowly outward from the centres, keeping in as close touch as possible, avoiding colonization as a confusion and a plague, remembering that no part permanently can be free until the balance of power is ours, until the liberation of all is assured.

E. C. WALKER

### Napoleon the Social Reformer.

Yes, the great Corsican dictator, incredible as it may seem, in his youth seriously embraced the problem of the abolishment of human misery caused by unjust class distinctions.

A late member of the French Academy, who had made the personality of Napoleon a special study all his life, wrote a book, "An Unknown Napoleon," in which he states that in 1791, while the future emperor was still an obscure captain of artillery, the latter submitted a treatise on the above subject to the Academy of Lyons, in which, among other things, he says:

"Man is entitled by nature to that part of the earth's wealth which is necessary to existence and comfort. \* \* \* His powerful arm needs employment in accordance with his well being. As it is today, he looks around and sees all the land divided up into a few hands, and the possessors thereof live in idleness and luxury. Why do the latter possess all the good things of life and the workers own nothing? \* \* \* The possessing class have kept the dispossessed out of all affairs of government. Why this gross injustice? Politics has willed it so. But where do consistency and humanity come in? Whenever I see one of the disinherited punished for having 'infringed' this or that law I am convinced that it is only the strong who make the weak a criminal. \* \* \* Why not say to the rich: You possess too much, while the others do not have enough! It is evidently the duty of the intellectuals to better human affairs and devise a more equitable system. Besides, is there really no more room or incentive for human sympathy? What do our hearts beat for? I pity and despise you."

As emperor and dictator he later tried to abolish poverty "by decrees." November 24, 1807, he "commanded" that the Minister of the Interior "banish social misery from the soil of France within a month," by which he exposed his ignorance on the subject. He certainly did not realize that in giving such command he charged his minister with the entire overthrow of prevailing institutions, his government in-



cluded, for in no other way could social misery be effectually banished. But Napoleon, when in authority, believed in "great phrases" (bluff) and big guns as indispensable means in governing the deluded people—very much like our "Teddy" today. The guns come into play when "bluff" fails to draw—that is the essence of policy, diplomacy, "protectorating" and other "technicalities" incidental to prevalent governments.

"Let us set an example worthy of being followed by our descendants. We have the ability, talent, energy and the means at our command to carry this great reform thru. I have no sympathy with the time honored snail's pace of bureaucracy, and do not propose to waste three or four months on investigations. I want action and results," continued the "man of untiring energy" to his perplexed minister. But where are these results for the descendants to exult over? We today are still seeking the answer in the stars.

Of course, the minister, Cretet, had to make a "bluff" of carrying his master's decree into effect, and he forthwith gave orders to erect fifty-nine temporary poor and work houses, providing room for 22,550 inmates. Then he had all persons out of work, vagabonds and others gathered in from the streets of Paris that offended the bourgeois eye of propriety, and incarcerated them in what could be, at best, characterized as a penal institution for unfortunates whose crime against society consisted in being poor.

In due time the emperor realized that with these "Russian prosperity villages"\* inaugurated by his minister, social shortcomings in France somehow were still a conspicuous feature, and that in spite of "general prosperity."

When he returned from Russia in 1812 Napoleon asked, among other things, about the condition of the workmen in Paris of his prefect of police. The latter reported in writing:

"In the St. Antoine quarter and vicinity the workmen walk the streets crying for 'work or bread.' Some are placarding the city with anti-imperial and revolutionary posters; but I do not advise the arrest of even their most radical leaders. It would, in my opinion, lead to open revolt."

A detailed statistical report on the condition of the Paris unemployed accompanied this report, which showed that out of a total of 66,850 workmen 21,950 were in a state of enforced idleness.

This shows how our modern "up-to-date" lecturers and writers on the labor problems err by making modern industrialism alone responsible for the number of the unemployed today. The fact is that as long as there have been poor among us (and that is from time immemorial) we have had the unemployed also, and for the simple reason that the poor spring from the unemployed. One begets the other. Thus, even in earliest feudal times, or as soon as ail men were not free to employ themselves in agriculture, mining, hunting, etc., because land and other natural resources were withheld from them, they became poverty stricken and dependent. Give mankind free access to the bounties of nature (natural opportunities) and poverty or want of employment will no longer be a problem. But such arrangement would not suit our modern highwaymen, who rob their victims "according to law" and other superstitious means.

F. CAMBENSY.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

\*To convey to the empress, Catherine II, the impression of the existing prosperity of her subjects, her minister, Potemkin, built a number of "prosperous villages" all along the route of travel undertaken by that sovereign. The building material consisted of light lumber, paper and paint, and the "villages" disappeared immediately after the Czarina had passed them.

### Reflections.

Last night I saw Tolstoy's great "Resurrection" played on the stage. As I sat amidst that vast throng and witnessed the most revolting and heartrending scenes from Russian life, a flood of thoughts rushed o'er me that filled my heart with unutterable sadness. The exiled to Siberia, the woman's ward in the prison, the crushed and debased lives sacrificed for the greed of gold and power. I wondered what effect all these terribly realistic recitals with the horrible scenery of the stage had upon that crowd. If they had read the "Resurrection" or any of Tolstoy's books; if they knew aught of the man—a man who has renounced titles, riches, power and elegance and given his life to resurrect man and womanhood; not as we see it to-day, but the truly great and good in each and every individual, to show them the corrupting influence of this base abandonment to the pursuit of wealth and imperialism, exposing corruption and injustice wherever found. How one person who claims to have a spark of divine love for mankind can deal in human flesh and blood as tho it were naught, astonishes me. How this awful exploitation can go on and on without arousing a bloody revolution is beyond my comprehension. If now and again one has the spine to raise a protesting cry against all these outrages, they are called fanatics, fools, etc., persecuted, betrayed and cast off the earth.

As I sat there I thought of that genius as he sat in his simple room, writing these sad truths eagerly and enthusiastically, enwrapped with his subject, silently pouring out his denunciations against the conditions which rob men and women of their birthright. The audience was almost breathless at times, every nerve strained to its highest tension. It was the saddest thing I ever saw on the stage.

A couple of young men where I work—I suppose fair specimens of Young America—did not even know who this great author and genius was. They do not want to take the trouble to read or think of the great men and events of our time. Their mental diet consists of baseball games, golf and sporting news altogether. They said life contained enough sadness without witnessing such harrowing dramas on the stage. They ought to know, for they were brought up in the church, and stimulated all thru childhood on the false conceptions of patriotism. Their country and church—right or wrong. Society has molded them in her image. In their estimation it would be a far graver offense not to know just how to button their coat the latest, or knock the ashes off their cigars with the right finger, than to know the shadows coming events are casting over our fair land. A day of reckoning is coming, when people will learn the injustice of eating bread at others' expense—expense of life and happiness—ashamed to be drones in the great busy hive of useful activities; that the only truly sublime life is the one filled with great love of justice and earnest endeavor to reach the highest goal possible for them to attain; that there is no height beyond one's power to reach if they possess desire and determination. They must first throw off the shackles of ancient customs, habits and opinions—strip off every threat of superstition which clings or drags them down.

This is what this great man has done, and his creative force has increased manifold. Even tho he was a count, his influence could never have the broad grasp in mankind it has to-day. All hail his name and work!

GERTIE VOSE.

### Retribution.

Russia presents a peculiar spectacle in the present war. While her armies are numerically stronger, her resources larger and her position evidently more advantageous than that of the Japanese, yet victory so far seems to be on the side of the latter. The Russian soldiers are frightened by a spirit of superstition regarding the superior ability of their enemies, and Russian battleships go down mysteriously. And the White Czar is turning whiter and paler with fear with every rising sun. Well may he, for his doom has come at last. His large army and navy will avail him nothing, for he is contending unknowingly against a far mightier and more superior force than that of the Japanese. His battle is with the fathers, the brothers, the sons and the relatives of the thousands of noble men, women and youth upon whom his brutal, fiendish government has for years and years past been heaping untold indignities, brutalities and barbarities; on whom it has been guilty of the most revolting tortures and crimes; upon whose bare backs it has inflicted the knout and poured hot molten lead, and whom it has driven to Siberia in droves and treated more shamefully than so many hogs, cattle or wild beasts would be treated by a feeling master. It is the relatives, the friends, the sympathizers of those noble martyrs who have been and still are persecuted by this beastly Czar, simply because they dared to hold opinions regarding true progress and civilization—it is with these this white livered beast has now to count—it is the mighty force of the revolutionist element that is confronting him. It is this element that invisibly directs the destinies of the brutal government of the white livered Czar.

The Russian revolutionist has no use for the government of man by man. He knows well that government is the cause of all oppression and misery in all countries, absolute or constitutional, monarchies or so-called republics alike. His ideal is therefore by no means that of a Japanese government. But he recognizes the fact that anything almost is superior to the reign of the white beast, and that the defeat and downfall of that beast is the first necessary step toward paving the way for the realization of his glorious ideal—a political and social free Russia.

To this end he dedicates his energies. For this noble aim he forsakes position, wealth and fame, and at the expense of his own pure, noble, exalted life hurls the tiger czar's battleships into eternity.

Tremble, Nickolous!

S. D.

Gotham is constantly thronged by tourists who come to see J. Pierpont Morgan lunch off a glass of milk and a piece of pie, the Statue of Liberty enlightening the world without laughing, and other wonders.—Life.

Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech; the abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race.—Bradlaugh.

# 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.

## NOTICE.

W. F. Barnard will lecture before the Chicago Society of Anthropology, Sunday, May 22, at 3.30 p. m. Subject, "Why Politics Are Corrupt." The meeting place is on the ninth floor of the Masonic Temple.

The annual meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship League will take place on May 31 at Hotel Lafayette-Brevort, Eighth street and Fifth avenue. The convention will have two sessions, one in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, devoted to addresses, readings and music, and one in the evening at 7 o'clock, for dinner and of reading and speeches. Everybody is welcome.

## From the Watch Tower.

Property is superfluity.

Patriotism fattens on war.

Habit is reason's worst foe.

The tax list is a thief's record.

Your profit is somebody's loss.

The thought of liberty thrills a man.

Jealousy is the Nemesis of monogamic love.

A pauper world does not make a society, does it?

The weeds of authority choke out the plants of liberty.

Many theories do, but serve to imprison intelligence.

The hope of the world is the man who wants to investigate.

The thick and thin patriots live merely to deceive themselves.

Hearst wants to buy the presidency. Query: Would the trusts sell it?

## FREE SOCIETY

The present war is an orgy of blood spilling following a carnival of robbery.

The King of England is said to be a great lover of Ireland. Well, Ireland gives him revenues.

The State has never been known to voluntarily decrease its privileges. Men have always had to fight for liberty.

Those who talk of "hotbeds of Anarchy and Socialism" are lineal descendants of those who of old talked of "hotbeds of Republicanism."

Many Indian tribes formerly lived without government. These tribes are now extinct; government, which "secures life," has destroyed them.

Do you ever grow tired of strife and struggle and long for co-operation and peace? If so, be careful; you are likely to become a "dangerous Anarchist."

The newspapers and the people are at last awakening to an interest in the Colorado labor war. The lawless Colorado legislature will make a pretty spectacle when exposed.

The people are always trying to reform the government; who ever heard of the government trying to reform the people? It is an awfully one-sided and tiring game, this reforming scheme.

Debs will be the next president if the Socialist party can make a majority of the voters wise enough by election time. Education is dangerous, tho; educated voters are likely to become Anarchists.

The czar is reported to be giving large sums of money to religious institutions since the war began. If the story is a true one it illustrates a high ideal of God. Even deity can be bribed, Russia's ruler seems to think.

When the discontented are denounced as "Anarchists and murderers" by those in places of privilege, it is time that they looked at the facts of their condition a little more closely: then they may be able to place the effective causes.

Australia's population is falling off, and exploiters of all kinds are greatly agitated in consequence. If the people of Australia are indulging in a little neo-Malthusianism by way of experiment, let dealers in flesh and blood pay a bonus for babies.

The senior bishop of the Negro Methodist Church in America, H. M. Turner, has stated that he will not sing the national hymn, "America," till America ceases to persecute and murder Negroes. Are the Negroes to be among the first to learn that the office of the State is to not care for the people?

Jacob Riis, of New York, who was made in a moment by Roosevelt, who gave him a boost, is dissatisfied with the Chicago boy because he becomes a trade unionist. Jacob should go back to Laban Roosevelt; there must be some new and nice reward waiting for him now that he has spoken his little piece.

James J. Hill, president of the Northern Securities Company, a trust which the Supreme Court recently declared criminal, has just given \$1,500,000 to the Catholic Church in St. Paul, Minn., in order that a new church edifice may be erected. God, don't your associates make you ashamed?

Attorney General Miller, of Colorado, admitted that the legislature of the State was owned by the mine owners when he made his address to the Supreme Court recently, mentioning the men who had "debauched the fourteenth general assembly." The Moyer habeas corpus proceedings are likely to make some Anarchists, if Colorado men can reason.

The first of May did not see a great many strikes inaugurated, but it found the workers in a more organized and generally prepared condition than they have before been, and it found them realizing that they have a battle before them which will tax their abilities to the utmost. Employers' associations and other capitalistic combines are drawing up in battle array, fronting labor.

It is said that at the recent funeral of Michailovsky, which took place in St. Petersburg, the government was denounced in numerous speeches delivered by radical friends of the dead man. The police arrested no one, nor were the orators or their many listeners attacked. There are times when it would not be good policy for the State to suppress free speech; this occasion was such a one.

Another professor is to leave the University of Rockefeller; this time it is Dr. John Dewey, director of the Emmons Blaine School of Education. Harper and Rockefeller did not like him because he sought to inculcate independence and originality in children, and because his own offspring were allowed to address him as "John." Dr. Dewey is like Professor Triggs; he does not know enough to deny his honest convictions.

Cattlemen from twelve States and Territories west of the Missouri River have united to fight the Beef Trust, an organization which was dissolved by law long ago, and have created a fund of \$100,000 to begin the work with. That a dead trust should be so much alive that \$100,000 is needed to get a new coffin for it is one of those mysteries which only believers in law are able or can be expected to explain. Better sing "America" and forget it.

Anarchists who take sides in the war between the Japanese and Russian governments are admitting that there can be something good in government in thus choosing. In a quarrel over territory and the right to exploit a race there are no issues at stake that a libertarian can recognize as determining right or equity. This matter should be plain and clear, but race prejudice, alas, has made a half patriot of many a one who might otherwise have been a man. Down with national prejudice! Down with war!

AMERICUS.

## By the Wayside.

"We have forgiven King Peter," says the New York Times. Since the government has learned that the assassinations at the palace in Belgrade were merely perpetrated to secure Peter a fat job and not to overthrow the present order of things, the United States will gladly recognize the new ruler.

"It is estimated," says *Wilshire's Magazine*, "that it takes the labor of 16,000,000 men to feed and clothe 1,000,000 armed men now engaged in the Russo-Japanese war. This means that 17,000,000 men are withdrawn from the industrial forces of the world." Add to these figures those millions who are engaged in preparing instruments of murder and the other millions whose sole occupation is to protect the accumulations stolen from labor, and you will perhaps see the ridiculousness of the objection that in a free society some men may be shirkers.



The French government has at last realized the mockery and travesty of having the crucifix and other symbols of Christ in the court rooms and other places of so-called justice, and has ordered that these emblems be removed from the departments of vengeance and violence. It is to be hoped that the United States will follow suit, for nowhere is the emblem of Christ, one who said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," less in place than in the American courts, in which corruption is rampant and the victims of society are murdered by means of rope and electricity in cold blood.

\* \* \*

Strange as it may seem, the world is actually advancing, in spite of Secretary Cortelyou, Roosevelt or even the omniscient Congressmen, who have been busy stamping out Anarchism. According to *The Public*, William Kent, a rich man of Chicago, delivered a lecture before the students of Yale University, in which he admonished the students to avoid the fear of names and to study Socialism, Anarchism and the Single Tax, condemning the current ignorant and malevolent attacks upon Anarchism as a propaganda of high crimes. The rough rider and the lawmakers will certainly not feel flattered by being classified among the ignorant and malevolent citizens by a prominent man in society.

\* \* \*

"Christian civilization" and "benevolent assimilation" are again the battle cries of the professed followers of Christ, the preachers of love and brotherhood. The British are introducing the Bible among the Tibetans by means of cannon and bad whiskey, while the Germans are giving the Hereros lessons in "discipline" and submission. Both nations abhor violence, of course, *i. e.*, if it is committed by an individual against one of the exploiters or rulers, but they cheerfully wade thru the streams of blood of the almost defenceless heathens. Very aptly does the *Simplicissimus* illustrate the "yellow peril" in a cartoon, where the Hereros invade the factories and relieve the German workers from their chains. "It is high time," it says under the cartoon, "that the government proceeds with all its power against the Hereros, or else the black beasts may finally come to Germany to abolish slavery among us."

\* \* \*

The Russian government has evidently reckoned without its hosts—the efficiency of the Japanese army and internal discontent. It was certainly aware of the rebellious spirit among the masses and hoped to divert the attention of the awakening people from their own misery by arousing a feeling of patriotism and hatred against the yellow heathen. But the calamity that has now befallen the Russian army is apt to kindle the revolutionary sentiment of both the peasants and factory workers, and the Ministry of the Interior has suddenly discovered that it is the duty of the government to give employment to the unemployed and thus gain the affection of the beloved subjects. But De Plehve's dismay and repentance will be of no avail. He cannot banish the spirits of the dying and suffering youth in Siberia, the outraged women in prisons and the accusations hurled into his face by the writings of a Tolstoy, a Gorki, a Gerhuni and a host of other grand and valiant souls by a full dinner pail. Russian youth and intelligence will not rest until the last vestige of blood-stained tyranny be wiped from Russia's soil.

\* \* \*

General MacArthur has at last been frank, and it is to be hoped that the workers of this country will heed the admonition and prepare themselves for the defensive or be slaughtered wholesale if they continue to express a desire for better conditions. "The country is on the eve of great industrial disturbances; a convulsion in society is inevitable," said the general at a banquet in San Francisco. The noble general then concluded that "one of the most

essential of the moving forces which are molding and shaping the destinies of the nation is a well organized militia in every State of the Union." And, strange to say, none of the dailies, which are ever ready to tell the workers that the ballot box is the most essential of the moving forces by which they can remedy the evils, cares to refute MacArthur's assertion that in reality it is not at all the ballot that the believers in law and order rely upon. But the general is mistaken in his assumption that tyranny rests on rifles and police clubs. Its prop is ignorance, and an intelligent union of workers will easily handle a body of ignoramus—the militia. The toilers only need to refuse manufacturing the murderous instruments in order to paralyze the powers that be.

\* \* \*

Since some of the American and European dailies have been eulogizing "prosperous and progressive Japan," some students of sociology have investigated the prosperity of the toilers in the "Mikado Empire," and have found the following: The daily wages paid in the manufacturing centres to male workers are: Expert mechanics, 55 cents; decorators, sculptors, embroiderers, foremen—all experts, 25 cents; good trades workmen, 20 cents; factory hands, including weavers and spinners, 15 cents; common laborers, 12 cents. Female: Embroiderers, painters, etc., 11 cents; forewomen, 9 cents; good working women, 7 cents; spinners, weavers and other factory workers, 5 cents; children and apprentices, 2½ cents. The working hours are generally from sunrise to sunset. The above are the "fortunates," for tens of thousands cannot find work at any price, who live virtually like rats, as was shown in last week's *FREE SOCIETY*. But in spite of their misery they are an extremely religious and patriotic people. Nevertheless, the light of dawn is beginning to penetrate the island. Trades unions are growing rapidly; there are even Socialists and Anarchists.

\* \* \*

The "Liberty Bell" is to be exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition "side by side with wealth and inventions," says a newspaper report. I should suggest that the bell, wealth and inventions be placed as the background of the hall, but the relief should consist of the gallows on which four men were strangled in Chicago for their belief in the brotherhood of mankind; the graves of the murdered miners in Pennsylvania and Illinois, for demanding humane treatment; the bullpens of Idaho and Colorado; the iron cage of Ellis Island, in which John Turner was locked up for believing in freedom, and last, but by no means least, hundreds of thousands of little graves of innocent children, who died in their tender infancy from want of food and proper care or from the foul air and drudgery of the cotton factories. At the right the fat and grinning face of a "captain of industry"—the left the diabolical visage of a Mephistopheles lurking from behind a curtain, to complete the picture.

\* \* \*

Rev. Homer Stuntz, a missionary in the Philippines, has written a book in which he laments that "thousands of leaders of public thought have given up all pretence of religion. Sickened with the shams they have seen, they are in open revolt." Many of these men, he says, have studied in European universities and are men of learning. After showing that the Filipinos are utterly disgusted with the Catholic Church, he says: "Either Protestantism must win them with a reasonable presentation of the claims and promises of Christ, or they will not only be lost, but will drag others down with them." But if the Filipinos are to look upon the lovable manner by which they were assimilated as "a reasonable presentation of the claims and promises of Christ," the chances are that they look upon the claims and promises as a mockery.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown, in his book entitled "The New Era in the Philippines," also clamors for "that internal moral change which medieval Christianity effected only in a comparatively small number of individuals," and "if the Protestants do not succeed in producing such a change, our government is doomed, and the last hope of the archipelago is extinguished." \* \* \* The colossal question really is, Shall they go to atheism or to Protestantism? Our free institutions cannot rest on atheism.

Our Freethinkers may find food for thought in the above statements, namely, that governments and gods stand and fall together. "Major Halford, of the army, unhesitatingly declares that the Protestant missionaries are worth more than the brigades and divisions of troops in the habilitation of the islands," which in plain English means nothing else than that a religion which teaches obedience and humiliation and promises a paradise as a compensation for the misery endured on earth is more apt to keep people in submission than rifles and cannon; for "free institutions" can safely rest on atheism, while government rests entirely on deception and brute force.

A reporter of the New York *Sun* who interviewed prominent Christian ministers and other doctors of erudition on the secularization of the Sabbath came to the conclusion that the "divinities" were the least divine. All of them were in favor of forcing the people to listen to "heavenly words," or else the city would be doomed to perdition. Only Dr. Van De Water looked at the devil's work with more or less equanimity. "Our pews are all rented," he said. The newspaper lady did not particularly enjoy the sentiment expressed by God's representative, namely, driving people into paradise by means of a police club, and she turned to the godless "doctors."

\* \* \*

"I am not exactly of the opinion of Heine," said one of them, "who averred that he would be pleased to see every minister in the world hung by the entrails of the Catholic priests, but I am frankly agnostic. I don't believe any God would be so vain as to demand that His people sit in a crowded church every Sunday of their lives, listening to His ministers throwing bouquets at Him. In the first place, I don't believe these ministers are called or ordained, as they contend they are." \* \* \* How is it possible for a maker of such a universe to pick out any infinitesimal man, set him on a pedestal and say to his people, 'This is my minister. Leave the parks and the sunshine and listen to him talk.' As for keeping the Sabbath, New York is no worse now than it has been or will be. In a city of its size there are always some who will do as they please. If they please to do nothing worse than play baseball, we ought to be satisfied. If a man or woman is going wrong, he or she will go wrong. Nothing will keep them back. You may chain them. They will break the chains. You may imprison them. They will somehow contrive a way of escape. What we need is to get away from hypocrisy." And after this agnostic frankly admitted, unlike the sky pilots, that his profession—practice of law—was a parasitic one, preying upon the miseries of the public, the reporter exclaimed: "I like these agnostics better than I do some other people." Even the District Attorney, Jerome, had discovered that people could not be bettered by law or other means of violence. If the people wanted the saloons wide open on Sunday they would have them wide open, in spite of the law. Neither could he see why people should be required to spend the day of rest in the church when they prefer picnicking. The woman reporter is now reflecting upon the question whether God and law are "necessary evils" or simply parasitic ornaments of society.

INTERLOPER.

## Before the Battle.

A calm night. Stars "of hope" aglow in the heavens. In the east rise the sombre pinnacles of the Korean Mountains. Below the precipice gurgles the river, between felled timbers. Two Russian sentinels are on duty. It is intensely cold. They are standing in the snow kneedeep, scarcely able to hold their guns in their hands, stiffened with the frost.

Misha—"Nothing to be heard?"

Sasha—"Nothing but the rushing of the waters."

M.—"I can see nothing moving."

S.—"Only the waters of the river."

M.—"How late is it?"

S.—"I don't know. Let us hope they'll soon come to relieve us from this irksome duty and give us a chance to have a mouthful to eat and a warm cup of tea to drink before we can get a moment of deserved rest for our tired out limbs."

M. (after some silence)—"Do you come from far, brother?"

S.—"I am not sure about it. All I know is that ours have knocked about in freight cars, like pent-up cattle, for the last thirty-four days, and the only change I experienced during that time was a tedious and perilous march over a big frozen and snow covered lake. I come from the village of Pletrovsk, in the Government of Riazan."

M.—"And I from Perm."

S.—"There I left a young lass called Natasha, with two blond braids, finer ones than ever you saw, brother. I was about to be married to her, before this war broke out."

M.—"And I have an old mother. Last Christmas she sent me one rouble in an envelope. We drank brandy for it. She sent it for that, and I can forgive her for her advice, for I was stationed in a Siberian regiment. Her gift proved a treat to me and the comrades."

S.—"You can well forgive her for that."

M.—"What is this place called, do you know?"

S.—"I don't."

M.—"What mountains are those over yonder?"

S.—"I don't know, except that it is mountains we see."

M.—"I wonder what we are specially here for?"

S.—"I can't tell you, either, brother, except it be for to keep an outlook. It must be that, for the officers told us so."

M.—"That's so; but against who are we supposed to fight?"

S.—"I don't know; only it's against men we never saw, and that don't belong here."

M.—"We don't belong here, either; we are from a long way back, too."

S. (sadly)—"Yes, far away! Would to God I could see and console my Natasha."

M.—"But, brother, who is it we are fighting for? Is it for our own good?"

S. (after reflecting)—"It must be for God; for our orthodox belief."

M.—"How can it be for God, when He is supposed to be almighty, and therefore does not need us to defend him?"

S.—"I guess you are right. It can't be for God that we fight."

M.—"Well, for whom, then?"

S.—"It must be for holy Russia."

M.—"But, friend, as Russia is holy, it is God's place alone to defend it. A holy Russia surely does not have to depend on us poor moujiks for its existence and prosperity."

S. (after more reflection)—"I know for whom we fight, brother. We fight for the czar?"

M.—"For the czar? But as the czar is the mightiest man, how—"

S.—"Yes, he is a mighty man, but only thru our devotion to him. Thousands and hundreds of thousands with guns and in uniforms, just like us; these only make him mighty, these alone."

M.—"Yes, yes, I see that. So it must surely be for the czar that we fight."

Here the report of a rifle is heard to the left of them; Misha falls with a bullet in his breast.

Sasha (bending over his wounded comrade)—"Brother, my dear brother!" (Weeps.) Misha (his voice breaking)—"I am hit—I shall die—I am sure. Yes—the czar—is mighty." (Dies.)

Sasha—"Oh, his poor mother, his poor widowed mother. Her only hope—her only support. Poor boy—" (Another bullet stretches him to the ground). "Oh, if I could only console my Natasha!" are his last words, while he is suffocated by his own blood.

All is silent again. Two youths, in the vigor of health a moment ago, are stretched out on the snow, on which an ugly red spot is writing their death certificates, while to the growing generation at home the eternal lie is inculcated: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." (Sweet and seemly is it to die for one's fatherland.)—Translated from the Dutch by F. Cambensy.

## Louise Michel.

Since Comrade Louise Michel has outlived the obituaries which had been written in her honor, some of our readers have asked for more information about this valiant fighter for freedom and justice—hence the sketch given below, in addition to what appeared in last week's issue.

Louise Michel was born—"illegitimately"—in 1836 at the French Castle of Broncourt. Her mother was a peasant girl, an orphan, brought up in the castle and seduced by the son of its owner. In 1850 Louise and her mother left the castle, passed an examination as a teacher, and, as she would not take the oath necessary for holding office in France, she opened a "free school" in a little village. In 1856 she came to Paris as assistant teacher in another private school, and, as she always gave literally her last shawl or cloak to the woman who was in need, as Comrade Kropotkin says of her, lived in extreme poverty. She soon became a conspicuous figure in the revolutionary movement.

Before the Franco-Prussian war she organized a big public demonstration, vigorously protesting against the ensuing wholesale slaughter of human beings. This was the beginning of her fame and popularity as a fearless, undaunted and uncompromising herald of freedom.

In the struggles of the Paris Commune in 1871, Louise took a most active part, fighting as a common soldier in the ranks of the Communards, as well as nursing the wounded. To the last she remained on the barricades defying the enemy. That she was not shot in the brutal massacre that followed the defeat of the Commune is a miracle. She gave herself up to the court-martial, and was to have been shot if it had not been for the cowardice of the court-martial. "I will not defend myself," she said in court; "I will not be defended. I belong entirely to the social revolution, and I declare that I accept the responsibility of all my acts. I accept it entirely and without reserve. You accuse me of having participated in the execution of the generals. To this I answer, yes. If I had been at Montmartre, when they wished to fire on the people, I should not have hesitated to order fire myself on those who gave such commands. \* \* \* I have no accomplices; I acted on my own account."

The Commissary Daily demanded the penalty of death.

"What I ask of you," Louise Michel replied, "you who style yourself a court-martial, who proclaim yourselves my judges, who do not hide yourselves like the Commission of Pardons, in the field of Satory, where our brothers have already fallen. I must be cut off from society; you have been told to do so. Well, the Commissary of the Republic is right. Since it seems that every heart which beats for liberty has only right to a little bread, I too demand

my part. If you let me live, I shall not cease to cry vengeance, and I shall denounce to the vengeance of my brothers the assassins of the Commission of Pardons."

"I cannot allow you to go on," interrupted the president.

"I have done," Louise answered promptly. "If you are not cowards, kill me."

They condemned her to transportation to New Caledonia. All attempts of her influential friends to effect a pardon she stoutly rejected. During her exile she devoted herself to the nursing of her fellow prisoners and the tyrannized natives, whose legends and poetry she collected after she had learned their language. In 1880 a general amnesty was given, and she returned to Paris, where she immediately joined the ranks of the down-trodden toilers.

Six years later she was again condemned to nine years' imprisonment for "highway robbery" and "inciting to plunder." One day "she marched at the head of a procession of the unemployed," said Kropotkin, "and, entering a baker's shop, took a few loaves of bread from it and distributed them to the hungry column." This was the crime of a woman "who never could be compelled, during her imprisonment, to have better food than her fellow prisoners, because she always gave them what was sent to her." \* \* \* "Demands for her release were continually raised, both in the press and in the Chamber of Deputies." After three years she was "pardoned" by the president, which "mercy" she regarded as a "disgraceful insult."

Since then she has lived more or less in London, continuing to devote her time and energy to the cause of the poor and the oppressed.

At the Workingmen's Congress, held in London in 1896, or rather at the conference held by those who had been excluded by the intolerance of the Social Democrats, Louise Michel spoke in favor of the general strike, arousing great enthusiasm among those present. "The general strike of all the distressed of the world," she concluded, "this passive industrial resistance cannot be repressed, and we should disseminate the idea incessantly."

The New York World of February 28, 1904, contained an interview with Secretary Taft, formerly governor-general of the Philippines, on conditions in those islands. In the course of the interview, the secretary is quoted as saying:

"There are a great many instances among the natives of families which have not been sanctified by a marriage service. Among us such a condition would be looked upon with horror, but there is an innocence and sincerity in the Filipino relationship which disarm condemnation. The people are so moral and good that the domestic virtues exist in the absence of the marriage tie. The relation in such cases continues as long as the parties prove faithful, and as fidelity is a strong point with them, the system seems successful."

"During the whole of my term in the islands I did not once see a native woman betray so much as a glance that was immodest. They have an intuitive refinement which is very pretty and charming, and altho the native costume entails a greater exposure than our northern ideas sanction—except in a fashionable ballroom—they wear it so modestly, with such graceful unconsciousness, that it appears perfectly natural and proper."

"I remember seeing a woman whose kimasa accidentally slipped down, leaving the whole of one shoulder exposed, but she did not show the slightest embarrassment, and her own modesty was so perfectly unaffected and natural that no spectator could have felt embarrassed, either. After living among the Filipinos you can appreciate the force of the proverb, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' I have seen a woman go down to the shore to bathe within sight of everybody, as they do habitually. She had to undress and dress within view of a great many people, and she did it so



fearlessly and naturally, and at the same time so modestly and quickly and skillfully, that even the most evil mind could hardly think evil."

### That Constitution.

With a fraternal feeling of love and comradeship for Comrades Barnard and Baginsky who comment, I wish to criticize the looseness and inaccuracy of the language with which they so glibly dispose of the "Anarchist Constitution" as being itself a crime perpetrated upon the community by reason of its "constitutional" character.

I base my syllogism on the definition of crime as an act which the laws say must be punished, and Comrade Barnard, admitting this definition, and giving no other, "testily" (I believe that's the word he applies to me) informs us that "constitutions themselves are crimes perpetrated upon the community."

I love you because you know what human sympathy is, but do you know the meaning of language, Comrade Barnard? What do you mean by crime? When I know that I can reason with you, I consider it something commendable, noble, the essential characteristic of independence and manhood. You (evidently) deem it vile, unmanly and depraved. Naturally, then, we cannot agree.

That the "Anarchist Constitution" would abolish crime (not by changing the nature of man, but by abolishing all law which says certain acts must be punished) is given a flat denial, you say, by what we know of all constitutions that the past has experienced.

I am free to admit, if you consider it has any relevancy, that "all constitutions that the past has experienced" have been an imposition upon man and detrimental to his welfare. I'll go further and say that any constitution, past or future, defining any act as a crime and ordering that it be punished would be necessarily more detrimental than it could possibly be beneficial, but all this only seems to me like the flowers that had nothing, etc.

"Constitutions are ever the safeguards of crime," you say. What do you mean? Whenever you use the word crime your language is more unintelligible than Greek.

You say you have been at some pains (I'm sorry to have caused you the pains, Comrade) to read it and speak of the regulations and restrictions on the practice of medicine and age of consent for girls. Certainly if this constitution or any "laws" enacted thereunder could provide that a disregard and violation of such "regulations and restrictions" must be punished as a crime or otherwise, I'd join you in saying, "Damn such a constitution."

"A series of laws to be followed by those who believe in no law," you say. No wonder you had the pains, Comrade, if this is the way you read it. I read it otherwise—perhaps because I'm cross-eyed. I enjoyed as hearty a laugh, I dare say, at the language of your criticism, as you did in your review, and nearly rolled off the sofa in my paroxysms of mirth.

Then, again, you seem to feel that the author's idea is that this constitution would be a good permanent basis for society, leading up to more and better law which would be superior to the absence of all law. But had it not been for those pains when you read it you could not have failed to see it was designed with the opposite idea; viz., not as a constitution which would right all the evils during the course of its being, but as one which, while not running counter to the government superstition entirely, would easily and quickly educate the people to the nature of this superstition. And the term "Anarchist Constitution" does not necessarily mean a constitution which would give us absolute and complete Anarchy, but one which, while yet a constitution, is imbued with a strong Anarchist tendency.

And when it is said all authority of legislative and governing bodies to define any crime

or fix any penalty is abolished, you shout: "What's it for, then?"

Read John Turner in No. 12 of FREE SOCIETY. He says:

Still, of all civilized nations, the United States is probably the most anarchistic. It was born in rebellion and nurtured in Anarchy. In the Rt. Hon. Sir Geo. Trevelyan's history of the American Revolution . . . he shows that the collection of individuals calling themselves a Congress had no legal standing—less inherent authority than a parish vestry—and only the political power their personalities could exert. No central authority existed in America. The local governments were responsible for the ordinary course of administration, tho even they were not duly constituted at all. Congress then, and for many years after, was described by John Adams as "not a legislative assembly, nor a representative assembly, but only a diplomatic assembly." It could issue recommendations to those of its countrymen who were ready to accept advice, but it was powerless to enforce them. The management of the United States was at that time an Anarchy, politically speaking. Emerson refers to it as such in one of his essays, with approbation. In fact, if one is to believe the Fourth of July orators, it was the heroic period of American history, of which in the past they have pretended to be most proud.

Now, a government or constitution providing for a Congress which is "not a legislative assembly nor a representative assembly, but only a diplomatic assembly," and can issue recommendations to those of its countrymen who are ready to accept advice but is powerless to enforce them may not be the ideal (and in my opinion is not quite up to it), but it would be the biggest possible step towards Anarchy and would probably die of innocuous desuetude, just as would the government and its congress under the "Anarchist Constitution," and you and I, Comrades, would shake hands at the funeral and laugh all over again those side-splitting guffaws that our comrades have just been reading about in FREE SOCIETY. D. I. STURBER.

### Alice Sterling Reiterates.

Wrong again, Bolton Hall. Borrow your friends' ears once more if they will lend them. I did not assume that your absurd ideas on the problem of sex were the outcome of your views as a Single Taxer; on the contrary, I am perfectly sure that your views as a Single Taxer are consequences of your belief in the reasonableness of exploitation in general, of which your faith in rent, interest and profit is one proof, while your faith in the necessity of sexual exploitation by woman is another and most striking one.

The "triumvirate of rent, interest and profit" (Do you never use a word in the figurative sense, Bolton Hall? Are you too eminently practical for that?) the three foundation stones of economic exploitation, which Henry George would have us preserve with religious care; faith in this monstrous three-in-one is compatible particularly with faith in the monogamic sex relation; the one reflects and perfectly sets off the other. Get imagination; dream that a world might be in which woman would not be dependent upon a given man for anything, nor a given man upon a given woman; dream that rent, interest and profit have gone to heaven or hell with the Single Tax, and you will be near to realizing that a child does not need the constant influence of a particular individual of the masculine sex in order to develop "a point of view"—your great discovery. Think of a man devoting his life to the task of furnishing points of view for children! Reflect, Bolton, do.

Rent, interest and profit, in my view of things, are but different forms of robbery; you as a believer in rent in the sphere of love have my sympathy. Some day, when you sturdily refuse to be a piece of domestic property, I may admire you; for I am only a woman.

ALICE STIRLING.

### Nothingness and Anarchism.

At the Progress Club of Los Angeles, Cal., a debate took place Sunday, April 24, upon the subject of "Science vs. Religion." Our half brother, Griest, the valiant knight of governmental Socialism, represented our side of the house—Science—very ably and creditably. He made one slip of the tongue, however, when he said: "If they (meaning Newthoughters, Spiritualists and other religionists) were consistent and logical, their theory would carry them into the Anarchist camp." Now, as a matter of fact, some of these religionists are Anarchists, not because of their religion, however, but in spite of it.

Religion deals with gods, devils, angels, spirits and other manufactures of the imagination. Its basis is belief, which, as our own half brother very correctly defined, is "a faith in something the existence of which cannot be proven." It is simply nothing or nothing-isn. Anarchism, however, deals with something real, substantial, material—Society.

If they were logical, therefore, these people—the religionists—would land not in the camp of the Anarchists, but in that of the governmental Socialists, who, like themselves, still recognize a ruling power over themselves—be it a government of the people, of gods, devils or ghosts.

But, in the language of the Quaker, they are all illogical but me and thee, brother Griest, and sometimes methinks that even thee is illogical—upon government. S. D.

### "Lucifer" Revives.

EDITOR FREE SOCIETY: Kindly allow me to say to all interested that I am now speeding homeward as fast as the iron horse can carry me, and expect soon to waken *Lucifer*, Son of the Morning, from his temporary slumber, and cause him to shine forth with clearer, brighter lustre than ever before. Some important changes in form and frequency of issue are in contemplation, which it is hoped will add to the efficiency of the publication. The chief object of this notice is to ask all who wish to see *Lucifer* live and grow, to write us to that effect at once, and especially to request all whose subscriptions have expired, or are about to expire, to renew, or at least to say that they desire to have the paper continued to their address, so that their names may be counted as subscribers in our application for readmission to second class rates of postage, which application must always be renewed whenever one or more issues have been skipped. Whole number 1,013 of *Lucifer* will probably appear about May 1.

M. HARMAN.

500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much higher consideration. I bid the laboring people beware of surrendering a power which they possess, and which if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.—Lincoln.

There will be more doing and less talking about labor and capital when we reach the point that wage slavery is as morally wrong this century as chattel slavery was last century.—The Toiler.

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