

FREE SOCIETY

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An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that In the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism Is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. V, NO. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 199.

BE THOROUGH.

I conservative? Nonsense! You around me!
I am Ibsen—the same you've ever fought me.

To change the chessmen! What good is that to you?
Upset the game itself and I'll hurrah for you.

Many the Revolutions! One only do I cherish—
The rest were futile, feeble, amateurish.

IT took the prize,—rip-roarously!
I mean the Flood!—victoriously.

Even then Lucifer met with a traitor,
Noah duped him and turned dictator.

Ye prophets, men of poets, and action,
Next time, be thorough: to hell with sanction.

Then boom your Deluge,—foaming frightfully;
And I'll torpedo your Ark,—delightfully.

RED PENCIL. (translator)

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism in its simplest, clearest and most unequivocal sense is nothing but a means of the rulers to satisfy their ambition and desires; for the governed it means the relinquishment of all claims of manly dignity, sound judgment and self-respect, and their slavish subjugation to their rulers. Such is patriotism wherever it is preached.

Patriotism is slavery.

Those who advocate the maintenance of peace by arbitration think in the following manner: two beasts cannot divide their prey unless they fight; they act like children and savages, but sensible people settle their differences by argument, by persuasion or by submitting their grievances to unprejudiced and sensible persons. Thus should the nations act today. This argument seems correct. The nations have today reached the period of reasonableness, they bear no malice to one another and could settle their differences by peaceful means. But this argument applies only to the people and that to a people who are under no control of any government. A people who submit to a government cannot be credited with common sense, since such submission in itself signifies a lack thereof. How can one attribute common sense to people who promise to do anything (even commit murder) the government, that is, certain persons who have attained certain positions, may order them to do. People who will thus bind themselves and submit to everything that strangers in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris or Berlin may decree cannot be considered reasonable, and the governments, that is, those who possess such power are even less so and it is to be expected that they will abuse this extraordinary and terrible power and that it will distort their vision. Quarrels between nations cannot be settled by reasonable methods, such as conventions, courts of arbitration, etc., so long as this submission of the nations to their government lasts, for this condition necessarily entails ruin and destruction. This submission of the nations to their governments will last as long as patriotism exists, for all authority is based on patriotism, that is, on the willingness of the people to submit to authority and to defend their nation, their country or state against an alleged foe.

The power of the French kings over their people was based on patriotism, on it was based the power of the Committee of Public Safety after the revolution. The power of Napoleon, of the Bourbons of the second Republic, of Louis Phillip, of Napoleon III., of the third Republic and at last that of Boulanger was based on patriotism.

It is awful, but there is not and there never was a violation of one nation's rights by another that was not due to patriotism.

The Russians fought against the French and the French against the Russians in the name of patriotism. It is in the name of patriotism that the French and Russians are at present preparing to attack the Germans; it is for the same reason the Germans are about to engage in mutual warfare. But this sentiment does not only lead to war. It was in the name

of patriotism that the Russians crushed the Poles and the Germans the Slavs—it was patriotism that inspired the commanders to kill the Versailles and vice versa.

One should suppose that owing to the spread of education, the facilities of intercourse between the various nations, the circulation of literature, and chiefly that threatening dangers from other nations are being materially lessened, it would become more and more difficult and at last altogether impossible to sustain the fraud of patriotism. But, alas! the fact is that especially the spread of general knowledge, the facilities of intercourse, the circulation of literature are being utilized by the governments to foster a feeling of mutual animosity between the nations, that while the uselessness or rather noxiousness of patriotism becomes more and more evident, the power and ability of the governments and ruling classes to call forth a spirit of patriotism among the people increases in the same ratio. The difference between the past and present is simply the fact that today a greater number of people share in the benefits which patriotism secures to the upper classes, therefore a greater number are endeavoring to spread and uphold this extraordinary superstition. The more difficult it becomes for a government to maintain its power the greater the number of those who share it.

In early times the reigns of government were in the hands of a few leaders, such as emperors, kings, dukes, their soldiers and attendants, but today this power and the benefits resulting therefrom are not only shared by government officials and the clergy, but also large and small capitalists, land owners, bankers, members of parliament, professors, scientists, and even artists, but above all authors and journalists. All those people spread either intentionally or unintentionally this illusion called patriotism, which is to them indispensable if they wish to secure the advantages of their position. And this deception is practiced as successfully now as in former ages, thanks to the many and various means at their disposal, notwithstanding their number being greater and that it has become more difficult to deceive. The uneducated people of a hundred years ago who had no idea what their governments consisted of or by what nations they were surrounded obeyed blindly every local government official or noble whose serfs they were; the government found it only necessary to keep on good terms with these officials and nobles by occasionally bribing or rewarding them, thereby compelling their people to do any and everything they desired. Now, since the people can read, since they possess more or less information regarding their governments and know by what nations they are surrounded, since workmen may travel from place to place and give an account of what happens in the world at large, the simple request that the mandates of the government be obeyed is not sufficient, hence it is necessary to instill false ideas of life and their relations to other nations into their minds.

Thanks to the development of literature, of education, and commerce, the governments who have their agents everywhere are enabled to imbue the minds of the people by means of laws, through sermons, the schools and the press with the most peculiar and erroneous notions concerning their own interests, the mutual relations of nations, their characteristics and intentions. The people on the other hand being overburdened with labor, having neither the time nor energy to examine and criticize these false conceptions that have been forced upon them, submit to every demand without a murmur.

Men of the people, who have succeeded in freeing themselves from the yoke of everlasting toil, and obtaining an education—who ought to see through the manner in which they are imposed upon, are subjected to so many threats or bribes by the governments that they without an exception take sides with the latter by accepting lucrative positions as priests, teachers or officials, thus becoming accessories to the criminal

fraud which destroys their fellow beings. It is as if traps were set at the gates of culture and knowledge in which all those are caught who, by some means or other, manage to escape from the drudgery and toil of oppressed humanity. When one begins to comprehend the enormity and cruelty of this deception, one is involuntarily tempted to accuse those who, through selfish motives, aid and abet this body and soul destroying fraud, of being crafty schemers. It is nevertheless a fact that they deceive unintentionally, they cannot help it. They do not deceive after the manner of Machiavelli; they are not even conscious of it, but live under the impression that they are doing something that is grand and noble, a supposition which is strengthened by their surroundings. Of course they know that they owe their advantageous positions and power to this fraud, but they do not practice it in order to deceive, but in the belief that they really benefit the people. Thus are emperors, kings and cabinet ministers with their crowning festivals, military parades, reviews, or maneuvers and mutual visits, while dressed in many gorgeous uniforms, going from place to place, and looking very dignified, all the time considering how to preserve peace among hostile nations,—nations who would never dream of going to war,—firmly convinced that their doings are very wise and useful. In the same way are cabinet ministers, diplomats and officials firmly convinced, that, when dressed in rich uniforms, decorated with all kinds of ribbons, badges and crosses, while writing with great care on the very best paper their altogether useless communications, advices and projects, that without their doings the world would come to a standstill or at least be thrown into disorder. Military officials dressed in ridiculous costumes, considering what kinds of weapons and cannons would best answer the purpose of killing human beings, are perfectly sure that their reviews and maneuvers are of the utmost importance to the nation. The same is the case with priests, journalists and authors of patriotic school and text books, who are always richly rewarded. And the arrangers of international festivities such as the Franco-Russian, are themselves sincerely moved while delivering their patriotic orations and toasts. All these people are unconsciously fraudulent, because their whole lives are based on this lie, and because they do not know what else to do. Furthermore their doings have the sympathy and appreciation of those in whose midst they live, because they are independent, they mutually approve of and excuse their actions. Emperors and kings excuse the actions of soldier's officials and priests and vice versa. The inhabitants, and especially those of cities, to whom everything that is done by all those people, is completely incomprehensible, attribute to their actions a peculiar and almost supernatural significance.

The people witness, for instance, the erection of triumphal arches and grand pyrotechnical displays; they see men adorned with crowns, clad in gorgeous uniforms and precious garments; they hear the roar of cannons and the ringing of bells; they see the regiments of soldiers and their music bands march up and down; letters and telegrams being exchanged; messengers hurrying from place to place; and since they cannot possibly believe that all this (as is really the case) is done without the least necessity, they attribute to it a peculiar and mysterious meaning, and receive those persons with great noise or in solemn silence. And especially this loud cheering or respectful silence tends to encourage those who are responsible for all this nonsense.—Leo Tolstoi.

NOTICE.

For the benefit of comrade Emma Goldman's propaganda tour a ball has been arranged in this city for January 21, 8 o'clock p. m., at the Apollo Hall, 810 Pacific street, between Powell and Stockton. All readers of Free Society and friends of Emma Goldman are cordially invited.

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FORMERLY "THE FIREBRAND."

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Co.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to **FREE SOCIETY, 43 Sheridan St., San Francisco, California.**

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.

OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

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"Establish Justice."

There are certain great words in every language, so great that the race comes slowly to any adequate conception of their meaning. Yet the moment the light of intelligence begins to dawn on human consciousness, their greatness is vaguely perceived. Travestied they are again and again. In their name, inconceivable crimes are perpetrated. Hypocrites and scoundrels delight to use them for cloaks. Yet with all their misuse and the foul contamination associated with them, the sense of their immortal glory never quite vanishes. Science remains the mighty key to this marvellous universe; though the student of history, and even the careful observer of our own day, can view with naught but disgust and horror the immense mass of bigotry, humbuggery, and cruelty which that great name has covered. Art, made the idle plaything of dilettante triflers, hideously distorted by theorists, prostituted to a thousand vile ends, remains now and forever the supreme guide to the interpretation of nature, and to the revelation of truth. Even religion, hateful as the word has become to many of us, used as the bulwark of every tyranny, may yet, in an honest social system, prove to correspond to some real need of man's nature, and raise him to majestic heights, though all that assumes its name is now, as formerly, used as an engine to hurl him into the mire.

There are, however, larger and more fundamental words than these. Science, art, religion, whatever their true meaning and value, are mere instrumentalities for the attainment of larger ends. The greater words are such as liberty, truth, love, justice. How little the human mind has yet been able to grasp of the full meaning of any one of these! They are transcendent in their signification and importance. All the ignorance and misconstructions of all the ages, the polluting voices of millions of bigots and hypocrites, the uncounted crimes perpetrated in their names, have never availed to tarnish their lustre. Endowed with immortality, they have defied the power of men and gods. They have burst through prison walls, and forced tyrants to tremble on their thrones. Prometheus, chained to his naked rock, may well laugh to scorn the thunderbolts of Zeus.

Now one of the main purposes of the Constitution of the United States is announced to be to "establish justice." Who dare say that this is an ignoble aim? Truly, if the constitution of our fathers shall in any large measure effect so sublime a purpose, it may well beboove us to cease our iconoclastic propaganda, and join the ranks of the "obedient and well-disposed citizens." Establish justice! And what is justice? When we have determined this elementary fact, we may see how far the constitution has fulfilled the expressed design of authors.

In seeking an apt definition of justice, we may almost exclaim: ("not homines, tot sententie,"—"as many opinions, as men"). Fortunately for our purpose, the greatest of ancient thinkers has bequeathed to us a treatise second in value to none ever traced by the pen of man. The core of this great work is precisely what we are seeking, an examination of the real sense of the term "justice." The solution is a simple one. In our homely but expressive English idiom, justice means "to mind your own business." This is Plato's solution; and modern theorists have for centuries vainly striven to find a better one. It remained for the philosophic Anarchists to revert to the definition of Plato, and in applying logically to social problems, to discover the true law of rational and universally beneficial human association. This small, misrepresented, and almost outlived school of thinkers has solved the riddle of the Sphinx, and has effected the long-sought reconciliation between human progress and the full development and expression of individuality. Such glory is abundant recompense for any amount of present social obloquy.

Evidently no such conception of justice could have been in the minds of our forefathers. A trifle over a hundred years have passed since the framing of the constitution; and today the average citizen has very little business of his own to mind. A network of compulsion is stretched all over his path. Under the benign influence of the constitution, and the myriads of statutes begotten from it, they have found a few individuals gradually relieving them more and more of their own affairs. The laws which they must obey are very obligingly, (but by no means gratefully), made for them by a little clique who have intrigued their way into power, and who can never be displaced, (still under the fostering care of the venerated constitution), except by the more wily machinations of an equally self-centered set of schemers. As great riches are a source of great care and responsibility, another little group of philanthropists very kindly volunteer to assume the entire burden, even against the will of a proverbially ungrateful population. The burden of deciding vexed problems in ethics is spared by the State, (the clique of politicians aforesaid), and the Church, a revered organization, which sells through tickets to Heaven to such as will acquiesce in slavery on earth. A man's whole house, if he is so fortunate as to possess one, from his kitchen to his bed-chamber, must come under surveillance. His pleasures are carefully selected for him, lest he should make the fatal blunder of attempting to be happy in his own way. He must not even deal as he sees fit with his own life, since it belongs to his masters.

To leave irony, and come to stern fact, what is more manifest than that the attempt to "establish justice" through a written constitution and a government founded thereon, has proved an ignominious failure. Every man in this great republic must wear a collar from the cradle to the grave. With some, it is of gold, and lined with softest velvet. We are wont to envy them; for their lot seems easy, compared to that of the vast majority, who bend under a yoke of iron. But it is only a relative matter. No man, whether on a throne or in a hovel, can be happy unless he is free. The Czar of all the Russias is one of the most wretched and discontented men on the face of the planet. These favored children of fortune are forever uneasy in their gilded cage. The wrongs they and their kind have inflicted on the toiling masses recoil on their own heads. True, they sit at magnificent feasts; but the sword of Damocles is ever suspended above them. Their class maintains its supremacy; but no individual in that class finds safety or happiness in our tottering social system. The dawn of an era of social justice will shine as brightly for them as for the great brotherhood of the dispossessed.

brotherhood of the dispossessed.

Is justice established? No, by the groans of the beaten and degraded wage-slave; no, by the pallid faces of the starving seekers for employment; no, by the tears of helpless women and children; no, by the festering slums of our great cities; no, by the beggars and paupers who fill our streets and throng our institutions; no, by the army of criminals bred of despair and madness; no, by the martyr-sisterhood of prostitutes, often nobler, truer women than their proud sisters who pass them by in scorn; no, by the workmen of Homestead, Chicago, Lattimer, Virden, shot down like dogs for demanding their rights; no, by our polluted courts with different standards for rich and poor; no, by the land, and the fruits thereof, wrested from the toilers and producers, to fatten the parasites of the social body; no, by the deep, ominous mutterings of the social revolution.

How long shall a paper constitution hold in thrall the bodies and minds of men and women? When will the countless victims of oppression arise, and "establish justice" for themselves and the race—that justice whose other name is liberty?

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Out of the blue waters of a far-away sea rises a beautiful and fertile island. It is peopled by a race of industrious, thrifty and peace-loving men. They had inherited certain traditions, they revere and hold sacred old customs, and their thoughts have become fixed and rigid. They have learned to look upon the laws come down from time immemorial as a part of the eternal order of things, and as the immutable system of the universe.

They have always been diligent workers, they knew not what rest meant, they toiled on and on, they filled storehouses with the products of their labors and they

lacked constantly food, shelter and clothing. So steeped were they in their reverence for the laws of their land, so positive were they that things were ordained by one above, that it occurred to but a few that their miserable existence might be due to human greed, to human beastiality, to human abuse of tyrannical power. Rare, indeed, were the occasions when one of them would venture to say that some change in or the abolition of certain rules and regulations, imposed upon them by their "superiors," might result in improving their condition.

How, they asked, could any one wish to alter that which had always existed. Did not their priests tell them that this is "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, in this world without end?" And did not their priests know what they said? Did not the professors of their big university preach the same gospel? Did not their own labor-leaders hold the same views? In winter ice covers the waters, snow lies on the fields, the sun does not give sufficient heat to warm their shivering bodies. Could any one remedy this? The sun is so far away; what good could complaining do? And so the kept on in their way, the same old way, thinking it the only way. They hungered and they were thirsty, they shivered and had no shelter, they were naked and could get no clothing, they died and were buried; and all the time great heaps of all the necessities of life were piled up in this misery, and nothing could rouse them from their stupor. They wondered at nothing, and they kept on toiling.

One day, however, a stranger came there in search of information. He wondered at many things. Wherever he looked he found the same condition. On the picturesque hills, surrounded by beautiful woodland and fertile valleys, he beheld a few commodious, imposing manor-houses; while the unattractive plains were covered with ugly, decaying, dirty, rickety old huts—built closely together. On the fields and in the factories he noticed men, women and even little children bent over their tedious work; they were urged on by the hard voice of their foremen, their faces were haggard, pinched, prematurely aged, expressionless; their bodies were lean and their tattered rags did not cover them sufficiently. From one of the manor-houses a well-dressed, well-groomed, overfed man came down, strolling leisurely. With utmost contempt shown in his every movement he passed by the cowering, abject toilers and gave orders to an overseer.

So striking a difference between the habitations and appearance of men of the same race excited the curiosity of the stranger. He sought for an explanation and began to make inquiries at the humble doors of the miserable huts. But his efforts were in vain. The hut-dwellers had neither time nor inclination to bother with such trifles. They were too busy with their work to waste some precious moments on an idle, curious fellow. Anyway it has always been so and always will be. They were born to work, while others were born to enjoy the benefits of their labors. In some future life, in the great beyond their obedience and their diligence will find their due reward.

Unable to learn anything from the hut dwellers, our stranger went up to one of the manor-houses. But all approaches to it were guarded by men in blue and brass. They refused him admittance, they knew what they were there for, they had their orders and they would keep out a tramping vagrant, whose sole aim was probably to stir up some strife among the obedient workers. In no gentle manner was he ordered off the land of the lords; clubs of hickory and repeating rifles were brought in close nearness—our stranger fled as fast as his legs could carry him.

Finally he found an old, gray hermit, seated on a rock on the summit of a mountain, lost in meditation.

"Forgive me, if I disturb you. I am a stranger in this part of the world and I am seeking for an explanation of what I observed." Encouraged by a nod from the hermit the stranger continued: "Why is it, that the manor-houses—a few in number, beautifully located, commodiously built—are inhabited by idlers, while the toilers live in miserable huts?"

"Ask the folly of the many, ask the greed of the few to explain to you the justice of a social order, which permits a few to own all the land, with its vast resources, while the many must toil without ceasing to render payment for the privilege of living." With eyes flaring, with his voice trembling, the hermit growled: then calming down he proceeded:

"By force and fraud, by statute and law, by keeping armed thugs (called soldiers and police), the idlers have made themselves masters of the industrious."

Praised and upheld by hypocrites (called priests), encouraged by scoundrels (called legislators), and approved by rascals (called judges), they have entrenched themselves in their positions. The lords make the laws and the lords administer them, they beat and starve, they imprison and hang, they club and shoot the workers, and by such means keep them in submission. The hut dwellers themselves help their masters to do so. Each year they march to the ballot-box and each year they elect their tyrants. Many and devious are the ways by which the lords begot the fools. Now it is the tariff question, then again the silver issue, at another time it is prohibition, on other occasions the immigration question which is made the question of the hour, to divert the attention of the workers from their economic misery. And if everything else fails then patriotism is appealed to to enthrone these benighted wretches. They respond eagerly, they offer their bodies and their labor, they become the food for the cannons fired by wretches similar to them (whom the lords are pleased to term 'enemies'; they engage in wholesale murder, bloody war, all in the name of humanity; while the lords remain safely at home and grab everything those poor fools toiled and fought for."

"Is there no one to enlighten this people?" asked the stranger.

"It is sad to relate, but they will not hear. Years ago I recognized the iniquity of all that which horrifies you. Day and night did I try to open their eyes; I talked, but few would listen. So steeped are they in their ignorance that they fail to grasp their own misery,—my words had no effect on them. And when after years of unremitting labor, some few began to understand, the lords of the manors sent their minions after me. They took me forcibly from my humble dwelling, they dragged me before a court,—parody of justice! My doctrine of human liberty they declared a heresy—I was called a rebel. They exiled me to the forest and to the mountains as a wild beast, dangerous to human society. One or two of my pupils stepped into the breach,—the lords found willing judges,—the hut dwellers furnished the jury—their own brother became the hangman,—my pupils were silenced on the scaffold."

For a few moments both remained silent. Then suddenly the stranger asked:

"How many are those who dwell in the manor-houses?"

"A bare twenty."

"And how many in the huts?"

"A million."

"A million fools and a million cowards!"

EUGENE LINEDORFER.

GOVERNMENTAL PHILANTHROPY.

Italy and Switzerland are philanthropic countries. The death penalty has been abolished there. The horrible fate of Luccheni shows us what they mean by abolishing the death penalty. The closing act in the Geneva tragedy awakens in our memory the recollection of another who was overtaken by the same fate.

In 1878 a young soldier attempted to assassinate the Italian king. His name was Giovanni Pasonante. He was sentenced to life imprisonment because the death penalty had been abolished. For two years and a half he was confined in an underground dungeon on the Island of Elba. The cell was wrapped in eternal darkness and the excessive dampness caused all of his hair to fall out. To save his life, that is, to prolong his torture he was taken to another cell, which, while being quite as dark as the former, was dry. Here he was chained to the wall day and night, and the keeper who brought him his food had strict order not to speak to him. Many men of distinction tried their utmost to be permitted to visit him, but all in vain, for not even the archbishop of Porto Ferraja was allowed to see him. Only one gained admission to his prison,—Signore Bertani—and that only after his violent attacks upon the premier minister. He was allowed to look at the prisoner through the key hole under the condition that he would not speak to him. It took Bertani a long time to accustom his eyes to the darkness, and finally with the aid of a small lamp he saw an emaciated human being with an extremely pale countenance, one of his hands pressed against his agonized heart and holding up his 50 pounds chains with the other.

From time to time the prisoner gave vent to such horrible shrieks that he was heard by the sailors on the island. Even the prisoners of San Francesco,

near Naples, often heard his unearthly cries while he was tortured in order to compel him to divulge the names of his accomplices. He had none, but he was nevertheless continuously tortured because he would not mention any name. In this way they broke down his health and spirit until he became insane and began to eat his own dung. When the government learned the result of its horrible barbarism Pasonante was taken to the prison of Montalupo, for the government began to fear the moral responsibility—for a catastrophe in consequence of the indignation of the people seemed unavoidable.

Pasonante was a man of great intellectual abilities. Experts who examined him before he was sentenced, to determine his state of mind, that is, whether he was sane or not gave it as their opinion that he was an unusually profound thinker. When asked if he felt justified to disregard the sentiments of the majority, he answered: "When the majority is devoid of sentiments, the minority is justified to rebel against it." And to the question, how he, a simple workman could write articles and pamphlets, he replied: "The 'ignorant' are sometimes successful where the 'learned' fail." And this man was slowly tortured to death by the Italian government.—S. Merlino.

ARE WOMEN INFERIOR?

Like Comrade Doering, I have a habit of observing, and many times have I noticed little boys of three and four years tenderly nursing a dolly, and gazing upon the pleasing sight, I could not help but remark to myself, how soon the paternal instinct, "the care of offspring," manifests itself in man. But I stopped here. Luckily I did not drop my "observer," and like Comrade Doering infer a lot of trash, such as "man's life is bound up in his offspring," "his sole part is the reproduction of the species," and argue from this that great intellects, high aims, and deathless courage did not belong to man. Yet on such frail assumptions is built the wide spread fallacy of woman's natural inferiority to man.

It has been customary in all times, down to the present, to exaggerate the maternal instinct in woman and ignore the existence of paternal love in man. While the real facts of the case are that "love and care of offspring" exist equally as strong in man as in woman; one has but to note the toil and self sacrifice of many fathers, who long to give their children a better bringing up, or start in life than theirs has been, to feel the truth of this statement. Man's life—no less than woman's—to the extent of protecting and caring for helpless infancy, is "bound up in his offspring," and when both realize that self development—mentally and physically—is the grandest gift parental love can bestow, we will see that "reproduction of the species" will in no way interfere with that development, but will on the contrary be the strongest incentive to self culture. It is a virtue common to both sexes, to "clothe the loved one with attributes of mind and character" he or she never possessed. It is fortunate for the most of us, that "love is a little blind."

True it is, that in literature, art and science, man leads the list in point of numbers, but it is an open question as to whether this state of affairs arises from the natural inferiority of woman, or from that cramped position in society in which it has pleased "god, government and grundy" to put her. Darwin argues that "woman's abject state of bondage" is ample proof of her natural mental inferiority to man.

Therefore, argue many, if woman's slavery is founded upon the rock of mental inferiority, there can be no salvation where brains are lacking; and if Darwin's reasoning is correct, woman must forever remain dependent upon the chivalry of her superior—man. But there are flaws in the old theory as regards the unequal brain development of women compared with that of men. In the light of the intellectual progress made by the "inferior sex" during the past century, when some of superstition's bars had been removed, it is only reasonable to hope that with equal opportunity to develop her intellectual powers woman will at last stand on a proud equality with man.

The underlying cause that led to the enslavement of woman was undoubtedly the advantage taken of the physical disability of maternity.

In a savage state of society, woman being physically inferior to man, was obliged to submit to brute force or be exterminated, so it was not a question of lack of brains but lack of muscle that is responsible for the degraded position of woman, and all laws and customs of the present day that discriminate against woman,

are but the surviving relics of a barbarous age and the reign of brute force.

Comrade Doering's assertion "that the striving for things of no immediate benefit, the sacrificing themselves for an idea, is not woman's part" and that the few women who are "like men in this respect" are masculine in appearance, is so utterly ridiculous as to hardly need refuting. I have thought, and there is ample evidence to warrant the thought, that in "striving for" and "self sacrificing themselves for an idea," or cause they deemed just, woman fully equalled, if she did not surpass, man. Especially has this been true in every struggle for human freedom. Woman's record here is one that she may proudly place side by side with that of man.

On their never ending struggle for liberty, the insurgent women of Russia have faced every danger, suffered every privation, and gladly given up life in the hope that their sacrifice might hasten the dawn of freedom. The personal description of many of those noble women contradicts the Doering theory that the feminine possessor of brains is masculine in feature. Stepniak in a pen sketch of the immortal Sophie Perovskaya, begins with the words, "She was beautiful," and eloquently portrays the physical and mental charms of the woman who in the secret societies was the life and guiding spirit of more than one movement that caused tyrants to quake. To think of Sophie makes one proud of womanhood. May her memory live as long as the cause for which she died. Among the names of those who adorn history at the time of the French Revolution, are two at least that refute the statement that brains, courage, and a self sacrificing spirit in a woman are always coupled with masculine features. One is Charlotte Corday, the other Madam Roland. Carlyle speaks of Charlotte as "one to be held in memory through long centuries so bright, so complete was she. Of a beautiful still countenance with a completeness and decision about her." She was an ardent Republican, before the Revolution, and to quote her words at the trial, "Never wanted energy," meaning "the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." For the sake of her country, to save the lives of thousands and give peace to distracted France, Charlotte took the life of Marat. Then, while Paris raged about her, she went quietly to the prison. Her hours were few—a swift trial and a death sentence. A priest was sent, but she declined his aid. "Clothed in the red smock of a murderess, so beautiful, so serene, so full of life journeying to death, alone amid the world." "Many take off their hats saluting reverently, others growl and howl." At the guillotine Charlotte wears "the same still smile." Joyfully "sealing her faith with her blood." Of Madam Roland Carlyle speaks as one who will claim remembrance from several centuries. Intellectually gifted, an ardent Republican, a beautiful queenly woman, and we are told with as "brave a heart as ever beat in a woman's bosom." Yet she, too, was sacrificed; doomed to die she went calmly to the guillotine, cheering the fears of a poor man, Lamarche by name, who shared her fate. At the foot of the scaffold she paused and asked for pen and paper, "to write the strange thoughts rising within her," but was refused. Her last words were, "Oh liberty, what things are done in thy name!" Her last act was "to die for Lamarche's sake, to show him how easy it was to die."

Louise Michel! When I see that name, I think of all the virtues of the virtues common to humanity and not the private property of either sex. I see her—the champion of liberty—in the face of imprisonment and death fighting in the streets of Paris, comforting the sick, giving her last cent to the needy or knitting socks for her fellow convicts, and I am glad that all those virtues, that big loving heart, blesses humanity in the form of a woman, even, though the features are a little masculine. There is one more feminine reality I would like to refer to, and that is Emma Goldman. The brains and the courage and the really horrid independence possessed by that small woman, are purely masculine, viewed from Doering's observatory; yet in appearance she is an awful of feminine sweetness, neatness and completeness, and I count it as a "gift from the gods" to have so fine an object lesson, as that embodiment of brains, courage and energy, known as Emma Goldman, to counteract the false dogmas of masculine egotism.

Caplinger's Mills, Md.

KATE AUSTIN.

"Every act is a sacrifice—a sacrifice of that which we love less for that which we love more."—Nie'sche.

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The number printed or written on a wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

A PROTEST MEETING.

A great massmeeting was held January 6, in Cooper Union to protest against the recent anti-Anarchist conference in Rome, Italy.

The undertaking of the meeting was assumed by that indefatigable worker and comrade in the cause, Emma Goldman, and though she met with strong opposition even among the Anarchists, yet the meeting was a gratifying success. The hall was packed and about 3,500 persons were present, and it was an inspiration to see such a genuine manifestation of Internationalism, even the Social Democrats withheld the exhibition of their god—the ballot box. Comrade Cook from Providence, R. I. was chosen chairman who introduced Emma Goldman as the first speaker in the absence of Prof. Horwitsch who was to have spoken first. She made her customary warm speech in the English language, outlining the cause of the anti-Anarchist conference and also of the effect. She was followed by comrade Geo. Brown of Philadelphia and Prof. Horwitsch—a Social Democrat—of New York who outlined the Hazelton massacre trial for the purpose of illustrating the utter futility of depending for justice upon the law or the interpreters thereof—the Judge,—showing also the imperialistic trend of the present society, and finally the demand by the revolutionary forces for a better system. He was followed by Comrade Duma, who spoke in French and was a very inspiring speaker. Comrade Gracena speaking in Italian, and though not the intended speaker for the Italian comrades, he swayed the hearers to loud demonstrations.

The spirit of patriotic ignorance was slightly manifested by a few hisses upon the introduction of Comrade Estave (Spaniard). He, however, made an excellent impression and commanded the attention of the audience. L., a Social Democrat, spoke in the German language and gave a fair statement and did the unusual thing in not attempting a disturbance. Comrade John Most having promised the Italian comrades to speak was called if present or his proxy to come to the platform and speak but he was not present, the fact being that he broke faith with his comrades because of an old grudge he holds against Emma Goldman and thus he willfully crucifies the cause of suffering humanity insofar as he personally is concerned. The last speaker was comrade S. Janofsky of Brooklyn who stirred the audience to a point of wild demonstration by his enthusiasm. By special request Emma Goldman came to the platform again and was greeted by great applause, speaking to the gratification of all. One of the features of the evening was the taking of collection by 12 young lady comrades resulting in the raising of \$31.15. From private individuals and groups \$60. had been collected, and as the expenses were \$97. there was a deficit of \$5.85 which will be paid by the Italian group of New York. J. H. Cook.

COLONIZATION.

I am glad to see Comrade Rotscheck discourages colonizing in the wilderness, also that C. Shaw and his New Idealists propose to plant their colony near a city. But, sincerely sympathizing with the latter in their project, I will tender them

three pieces of advice—a cheap commodity of which supply usually exceeds demand for it. First—Start your colony in a city, not near one. Secure the solitude of a crowd. Second—Don't advertise publicly. New Idealism, openly professed, is a plain invitation for both Judge Lynch and other guardians of morals to interfere. Quietly practiced, in a city, it is perfectly safe. Third—Don't rush things. One at a time. New Idealism in practice is a capital phase to begin with. When you have proved yourselves capable of Anarchist-Communism on that line, you may begin, without much fear, to work the economic racket in. I will throw out a fourth piece of advice, for good measure: Read Rotscheck's article three times a day. It is a solid chunk of wisdom. C. L. JAMES.

NEWS ITEMS.

—London has 200,000 factory girls.
—New insurrections among the peasantry have broken out in the province of Alessandria, Italy, and are not yet suppressed.

—Four Anarchists have been arrested in Hanover Germany. They are accused of belonging to a secret organization.

—In Lausanne, free (?) Switzerland, they have prohibited the sale of our contemporary the Temps Nouveaux.

—A Bavarian army officer recently shot and killed an old woman. She was gathering dry wood in her apron. Will they sentence the scoundrel to life imprisonment for "murdering an old and defenseless woman"?

—The May riots have left a deep impression in the minds of the Milanese law officers, who are only too willing to show their zeal for the reaction. A night or two ago a Belgian mindreader and hypnotist named Pickman, in the course of an exposition of his powers, hypnotized a man chosen at random from the audience, and ordered him to sing. The man began in an unintelligible and trembling voice a few words of a song which passed almost unnoticed. What was Pickman's surprise, then, when a detective appeared on the stage and demanded the singer's name and address, and finally requested his presence at the police station. The hypnotic subject had committed the hateful crime of singing a socialistic song, the "Workmen's Hymn," which, it appears, is strictly forbidden by the authorities. It was only after a doctor had certified that the man had not been responsible for his act that he was left in peace, but he will hereafter be watched as a dangerous Socialist. The audience got wind of what was going on, and lustily gave vent to its disapproval.—Emile de Minciaka, Milan.

NOTICE.

Some friends of Emma Goldman, remembering the success of her last lecturing tour to the West, have received her consent to make arrangements for lectures at intermediate points—the lecturer to start from New York the latter part of next January. Comrades desiring further information will write to Emma Goldman, 50 First St., New York.

It has also been deemed advisable to start a fund to cover the traveling expenses, and those wishing to assist may do so by sending their contributions either to the lecturer direct, or to Free Society, which will also acknowledge all contributions.

On this tour she will lecture on the following subjects:

The Power of the Idea.
A Criticism on Ethics.

The Origin of Evil.
Politics and their Corrupting Effect on Man.

Trades Unionism: What It Is and What it Ought To Be.
Sex Problem.

Meetings have been arranged in Barre Vt., Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and the mining districts of Western Pennsylvania, Chicago, St. Louis and other places.

ATTENTION!

Some Anarchist Communists, who are tired of wage-slavery and living an isolated life in the midst of a superstitious society, have decided to start an Anarchist-Communist, New Ideal colony in the state of California near a city and to live out their ideas as far as conditions will permit under the present system. Men and women who are free from all superstitions (marital included) and are willing to join a colony of free-minded men and women are invited to give their names and addresses and to state what means they possess.

One comrade is now travelling looking for a suitable locality. For details write to C. Shaw, P. O. Box 695, Riverside, Calif., or to Free Society. Enclose stamp.

RECEIPTS.

Please do not use private checks nor bank checks if you can avoid it.

The safest and most acceptable manner of remitting is by postoffice or express money order Week ending January 14.

Group Equality of Brownsville, proceeds of a massmeeting, \$6. Bucher, Kazulick, Schneider, Snellenberg, Borello, each \$1. Wilke, Murray, Nuzik, Velay, Peiz, Sheedy, Susmildt, each 50c. Austin, 30c. McAndrew, Carlin, Ott, Ebel, Rosenbaum, each 25c. Cook, Braun, Seigle, each 10c.

Freie Lie oder Ehe?

(Mating or Marrying, Which?)

By W. VAN ORNUM.

This excellent pamphlet is now for sale in the German language and ought to be distributed among our conservative German friends.

Write to A. Gross, 330 E. 76th st., New York.

Single Copies 5 cents. In Quantities cheaper.

For Barre, Vt.

Emma Goldman will lecture at Tomass Hall, Main St., on the following subjects and dates:

Jan. 25, The New Woman.
Jan. 28, Politics and its Corrupting Effect on Man.
Jan. 31, Authority vs. Liberty.

For Chicago.

I will contribute 20 per cent of all charges for repairing and cleaning clocks and watches to the Propaganda Fund.

Comrades will please take notice.
Chicago, Ill. C. SCHLICHENMAIER.
40 Orchard street.

Alexander Berkman.

Some friends of comrade Alexander Berkman had a photographer sent to the penitentiary and his picture taken, which can be had for 25 cents. The proceeds will be utilized for the benefit of our imprisoned comrade.
Address: H. Bauer, 73 Springgarden, Allegheny, Pa.

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