

# FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, MARCH 5, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 205.

## SOMETIME.

A dirge for the minds in thrall—  
A wall for the bonded soul—  
Oh, give us hearts like beaten steel,  
Or else o'er fate control.

A wall for the seamstress lone  
Who toils for her daily bread,  
Until there gleams in her golden hair,  
Full many a silvery thread.

And a dirge for the workman brown,  
Whatever may be his name,  
Who crushes thoughts with his hammer-strokes,  
That might give him world's fame.

But a shout for those who see  
The battle hymn of life,  
And calmly sing it amid the jar  
Of Truth's unequal strife.

One thing we are glad to know,  
As we wrestle with demon powers,  
In less than a hundred years, their heads  
Will lie as low as ours.

But a dreadful doom awaits  
The men who have tricked and lied,  
And pressed their heels on their brother's necks,  
Until reason itself has died.

But I rather would be a serf  
And exist on the rich man's crumbs,  
Than to have his gold and his shrinking soul,  
When the day of reckoning comes.

And after a weary while,  
Somehow through the scourge of pain,  
Will come the knowledge—not all have lived,  
Nor all have died in vain.

San Diego, Cal.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

## FREE SPEECH SUPPRESSED IN BARRE, VT.

In vain have our fathers fought, futile were the battles, wasted the lifeblood of our best men. Centuries of oppression, the denial of liberty of conscience, the ruthless slaying of all those who dared to think, who dared to speak, sent the small band of Pilgrim Fathers from despotic tyranny to people a new country. The right to think, the right to speak has always found staunch defenders in hilly Vermont. There manhood grows, there manhood lives—or shall we say it lived? Shall we think that the sturdy race of men, who risked their lives in defence of free speech, has been supplanted by pigmies and by weaklings? It about seems so.

Hark, read and consider! "One Emma Goldman" (as the chief of police of Barre, Vt., pleases to term this fearless, progressive, energetic woman) had the hardihood to deliver some lectures in our State. Three meetings were held in Barre, all were well attended; all three were exemplarily orderly; the crowd was eager to hear what the speaker had to say. Not the slightest disorder was noticeable, if we except some hissing at the last meeting, which was generally attributed to the lack of good manners on the part of the hissers. As is her wont, Emma Goldman told the good people of Barre some unpalatable truths. But truths they were, no one could gainsay that. Repeatedly the challenge went forth to dispute them successfully,—no one could do it.

Seeing that the common people began to open their eyes, that they began to recognize the great wrongs which they suffer from our social system,—the influential business men who, of course, live by preying upon the workers, persuaded their tool, the Mayor of Barre, to prevent any further lectures. In obedience to this command, one Warren Howland, chief of police, by Patrick Brown, forbade the hall keeper to rent his hall for any further lectures. If there ever was a wanton, brutal denial of the right of free speech (guaranteed by that idol of the people, the Constitution of the United States), it was perpetrated on the 31st of January, in Barre,

Vt. Evidently Emma Goldman did not state falsehoods, evidently she did not incite to riot. For had she done so the police would have arrested her. But they had to prevent her in one way or the other from enlightening her listeners, and as the easiest way, they chose to trample upon your rights. It was plainly shown that you have no rights which the clubbing policeman is bound to respect. Free speech forsooth! It is dangerous to the welfare of present society to tolerate it, and, therefore, they muzzle all who have something to say. This is the new order of things—the money-bag is almighty; bow down before it or you will be silenced.

Will you, descendants of those men, who spent their best energies, their best years, their own heart blood in fighting for the right of free speech, buckle down before a petty tyrant? Today it is a stranger—an Anarchist; tomorrow it will be you who will be forbidden to express your opinion. Nay, nay, let us by all means assert our manhood, let us show the world that that spirit which craves for freedom, and which grants freedom, is still alive in us. Let us say, and let us say it in unmistakable terms, that we, one and all of us, are ready to sacrifice all, even our lives, for freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of action.

As to the particular case in question: Having no other means to give a shadow of excuse, the perpetrators of this outrage have resorted to infamous lying. They accuse Emma Goldman of having exclaimed: "God bless the band that blew up the Maine!" They circulate the falsehood that she had said that all those boys who went to the front in our late war with Spain deserved to be shot. All who know the nature of Miss Goldman are ready to state that such words could not come from her lips; she, being an atheist, could not ask the blessing of God for any one; and as to the other slander, every one knows that she has always the greatest pity for those unfortunate men, who were duped by capitalistic instigators of that war into giving up their lives, that those cultures should extract riches from embalmed beef, by which they poisoned those poor boys.

We append here an extract from the undelivered speech entitled "Authority vs. Liberty."

Have you ever, my friends, thought about the meaning of authority and about its injurious effects upon liberty? I doubt that you did, for else how could you continue to worship it, to kneel before its altars and offer such awful sacrifices to this insatiable monster. Let me show you what authority has done, look what it is doing today, be it exercised under the cloak of religion, government, paternal rights or public gossip. Let me impress you with the disastrous results it has produced, and some of you—those who think, those who love liberty—will agree that authority must be replaced by liberty.

There was a time, when to doubt the powers of God and his representatives meant death, horrible torture, agonizing persecution. Hideous and countless crimes were committed in the name of God, and his self-appointed earthly representatives perpetuated their existence by compelling implicit obedience to their authority. No one is able to tell all the struggles, all the sufferings, through which the rebellious minds went on account of the tyrannical absurdities of Church authority. Thousands, yea, millions of lives were sacrificed, the earth was deluged with the blood of heretics before the authority of gods and devils lost its hold upon the thinking men and women. Thousands refuse allegiance to religion today, they know that it is rooted in ignorance, fraud and humbug; and they combine their efforts to pull down the relics of Church author-

ity. The growth of freedom from Church authority, Church despotism would be very encouraging indeed—but for the fact that a large number of unbelievers, freethinkers, atheists and infidels have not yet advanced far enough in freedom to benefit the world at large. Unfortunately they have only changed the form of authority; they have done away with the authority of the Bible and have replaced it with that of the statute book. They are ready to persecute and to condemn all those who refuse to acknowledge the right of the State to dictate to society just as quickly as the religious monomaniacs were to burn heretics and witches.

What is the statute book? Nothing else but the commands of earthly gods, monarchs, despots, czars, kings or presidents. True, to disregard heavenly authority meant persecution and death, yet it is still more dangerous to rebel against earthly authorities. They are so much more numerous, they have so much more power to back them, they can enforce their will in so many ways, that it sometimes seems as if there were no salvation for mankind. It is easy to convince a man nowadays that a supernatural being is an absurdity, that the story of creating the world out of nothing is ridiculous; science has demolished these fables; intelligent men and women do no longer spend their time in killing dead gods, nor are subject to Church authority.

Much more difficult it is to convince men that the authority of government, of the State, is injurious, and that man made laws are the worst foes of society. Abolish all laws? Do away with the State? You destroy society, people say when one enters into the discussion of the fallacy of belief in authority. No intelligent man or woman wants to destroy society, for society and State are not identical. Hear what Thomas Paine says: "Society has grown as necessity of man, but government out of folly of mankind." He said it a hundred years ago, and we have learned that the State is really of recent date, while society exists since the world exists. I do not distinguish between monarchy and democracy, whether one man or a dozen of men backed by force represent authority; it has the same aim; the results are the same. They exercise their power at all cost and check every independent tendency. The statute book forbids theft, robbery and murder as crimes against the law, but those who worship these new gods profit by it. Thou shalt not kill, steal rob and cheat, says the law; at the same time under its very wing wars are carried on, whole nations are destroyed, prisons are crowded, armies enlarged, battleships built, thousands beleaguered, garrotted, hung and sent to the electric chair, while a few are getting richer and richer, monopolizing half the earth, and the great mass of producers hunger, the army of the unemployed is on the increase and uncounted thousands of children die for lack of food and want of air.

And why all this misery? Because the State authority has taught you so long the sacred rights of property that you have learned to take it as truth. You do not recognize that it is the statute book by which capitalism is maintained; you do not understand that there is a new trinity: God, Capitalism—God, the State and God, the Church. So long have you submitted to this "worthy" trinity that you believe that authority is absolutely necessary—and that if it be abolished men would cut each other's throats. How little you know of human nature, how little you know its history. Says Kropotkin, the scientist: "You fail to recognize that the most glorious epochs in humanity were those, in which the liberties were not destroyed by the State and when masses of men lived in free communes and free federations." Only those who do not think, who do not reason, who accept everything that is because they do not investigate still cling to authority. Intelligent people see clearly that authority in any form is but a check to development and growth, that it is but a chain tied to a man from

(Continued on page 3)

# 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.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

According to *Lucifer* the case of the editor of the *Blue Grass Blade* is to be appealed. Members of the Ohio Liberal Society have engaged lawyers, who will attempt to obtain a new trial. The conviction of C. C. Moore of Lexington, Ky., of sending "obscene" matter through the mail is an outrage, and letters of protest should be written to Attorney General Griggs, Washington, D. C., and to the District Attorney W. E. Bundy, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following utterances of Prof. Herron confirms my assertion, made at the beginning of the war, that hostilities were maliciously instigated by the money power:

"I stand as a father confessor to a certain capitalist who has placed in my hands a copy of a compact between merchants, jobbers and others entered into just after the explosion of the Maine, a year ago.

"This compact is an agreement on the part of interested parties to promote the war feeling in this country until hostilities shall have been declared with Spain. In other words, it was a conspiracy on the part of those people to bring about the war in order that they might profit by it. To this end they subsidized congress and the press and they succeeded in their desire. Out of the war they divided up a profit of \$30,000,000. When the war is really ended and the investigation committee has ceased its labors I may make public the terms of the compact and the names of those who were parties to it."

I wonder what friend E. C. Walker will now say, who contended that the powers that be were driven by the American people to rescue the poor Cubans from Spanish oppression?

Austin W. Wright, a prominent Chicago board of trade broker, when impaneled on a jury the other day, declared in court before Judge Burke "with an air of pride," as the newspapers had it, that he was an Anarchist and, when reminded by the judge of the "protection the laws afforded him," coolly replied: "I don't believe in your laws." He was naturally excused from jury duty, but the judge is reported as having, in subsequently speaking of the incident, remarked: "Wright is a bright, intelligent looking man, which made his utterances all the more surprising."

Well, the judge ought to remember that this is an age of surprises. When a few more Anarchists step into the footsteps of our brave Comrade Wright and boldly declare themselves upon on similar occasions, Judge Burke may possibly "get on to himself" and study some Anarchist literature when it may begin to dawn upon "his benighted honor" that it takes not only a bright, intelligent looking person, but one bright and intelligent in fact—a student—to be an Anarchist.

"The world do move."

It was nauseating to read in the papers of the many people who indulged in the obsequious act of kissing Mrs. McKinley's hand on New Year's day. Toadyism does not properly belong to a republic, although it is rather hard to know, nowadays, what our country is. If true, it is surprising that this kissing act was allowed by the lady of the white house. The Hobson kissing act is bad enough, but nothing in comparison, so far as significance is concerned, to this contemptible piece of flunkysm on the part of American people.—*Hartford Times*.

Wonder if our worthy contemporary realizes what a republic is? A German philosopher called a president a "king in a swallow tail coat." The styles and methods of governments under republics are slightly modified as compared with those of monarchies, but the essential features, the principle remains, namely government. The objection to governments consists not in their styles and methods, nor in the numbers of executors, but in their essence, in rule, that is in the fact that the wills of some human beings are subjugated to those of

others. Practically there is very little difference between modern monarchies and republics. In the one monopoly rules through ignorant legislative bodies with a king as a figurehead while in the other monopoly rules through corrupt legislative bodies with a president as a figurehead. Monopoly and rule in both cases.

Our contemporary has still to learn that the salvation of all so-called civilized countries lies not in a change of governments but in their total abolition and in the return to the sovereignty of the individual—Anarchy.

The kissing match our contemporary so bitterly complains of is no outgrowth of any particular kind of government, but of the social superstition that circumscribes the relations of the sexes, whereby many men grow so sex-hungry that they will even kiss a Mac's woman's hand. However, that is no worse than kissing the pope's toe as some good American citizen do.

A triple lynching took place near Leesburg, in Georgia, last Saturday. A negro had committed a crime, but the mob could not find him and contented itself with hanging three others.

And all that in spite of the government which, we are told, exists for the "protection of life and property." What a beautiful illustration of the efficacy of government! By all means let's have more of the paper!

## "PROTECTION."

Another illustration of the beauties and glories of government is contributed in the Contemporary Review by the report of G. N. Bennett, a newspaper man, of the scenes enacted by the Anglo-Egyptian troops after the battle of Omdurman. It appears the facts about the state of affairs had been suppressed. It now leaks out that not only the blacks as previously reported, but the English white soldiers as well were let loose upon the wounded and helpless men and upon innocent, fleeing women and children and committed acts of carnage and fiendishness, wholesale slaughter and robbery that beggar description and are well calculated to drive the blood of shame to the cheeks of everyone who is in the least responsible for this barbarism. "Woman and children were fired upon, and the soldiery were turned loose upon the town to loot it at their pleasure," says part of the report. The Chicago Chronicle, which makes lengthy extracts from the Contemporary Review, makes this comment: "The conviction forces itself upon the readers of this remarkable article that the reputation of the British arms will be best served by keeping silent regarding the 'glorious' victory over the Khalifa, in reward for which General Kitchener has been raised to the peerage."

Quite so. The British government's interests would be best subserved by leaving its people in ignorance regarding those horrible deeds. The interests of the British people, however, as well as those of humanity will be furthered by spreading this revolting news and by holding up to contempt and scorn the actions of these organized bands of banditti called governments. For the actions of these British banditti are by no means isolated, and, if the facts were only known, might find a worthy counterpart in the doings of the American government at Manila.

All governments are alike. Their real tendency and effect is not the "protection of life and property," as they would feign have us believe, but the very opposite, their destruction and the undermining of the legitimate object of life—happiness.

## ARMED POLICE.

Her British Majesty's Consul General, W. Clayton Pickersgill, in writing his regret at not being able to accept the invitation to Washington's birthday banquet, said: "It would have been a great pleasure to join you in a toast to the memory of that glorious rebel of the first of the Anglo-Americans."

Seeing the police of this city march down Market street armed with rifles, caused me to pinch myself to make sure whether I was in the "land of the free" and not adreaming, or whether we are in the midst of a rebellion. Or does the money power see it coming? It was certainly appropriate for the Banker-Bonder Mayor Phelan to be riding at the head of such an insulting menace to the workers of this city, especially as it appears to have been the first of such "holy" day processions. Wishing for reliable information on the subject, I wrote the following letters:

Police Commissioner Mose Gunst:  
Dear Sir,—Will you kindly inform me the "make" and cost of the rifles carried this day by the police, also how many rifles the police commissioners hold in their keeping, and if this is the first time the police have paraded in this city armed with rifles?  
To save you all the trouble possible I have enclosed a copy of the questions, so that you need write a very few words only. A stamped, addressed envelope is also enclosed.

Your faithful,  
J. A. Kinghorn-Jones.

Editor *Chronicle*.—Can you inform your readers the "make" and cost of the rifles carried by the police this day, and how many rifles the police commissioners hold; also if this is the first parade in San Francisco in which the police were armed with rifles; and if so, do you consider it the most atrocious insult possible to offer the workmen, who have to pay for the rifles and the men who carry them, for the powers of both are to be used against labor?

Note:—Kindly publish this letter in full, even if you have to head it something like this: "A crazy freak", or "A candidate for—" or anything you please to cover yourself. Answer the queries in a foot note.

Gunst has not replied and the *Chronicle* has not found "space."

It would be really interesting to know the cost of those death implements, and compare it with the amount that the city has defrauded the school teachers. But "knowledge is power," and Ruskin is not up to date of American imperialism, for he said: "There is no wealth but life." School teachers impart knowledge, and rifles are for the sole purpose of taking life. Governments sole purpose is to protect property—life is so cheap! It does not enter into their considerations for one moment, except with reference to the lives of the small clique who do the governing, that "a mule is property"—and that "500 Filipinos are only fit to manure the fertile land of their birth." The want of the hour is: More glorious rebels.

KINGHORN-JONES.

## A POLITICAL PARABLE.

"Why," said a prostrate but argumentative Filipino to the Genius of American Liberty, "am I not entitled, by the mere fact of my existence, to freedom and a government of my own construction?"

"Ungrateful wretch," said the Genius of American Liberty, as it telegraphed for more ammunition, "do you not know that the reasons are many and varied?"

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," murmured the Filipino, meditatively.

"Tut, tut," said the Genius of American Liberty, "no such impudence to your betters will be tolerated. Do you not know that you are nothing but a poor, miserable foreigner?"

"I want to be free," said the Filipino.

"According to International Law, I am the rightful successor to the sovereignty over your once possessed by Spain," said the Genius of American Liberty. "My indignation at her denial of your rights was so great that I went to war and forced her to sell me her dominion over you at a bargain. Your allegiance is due to me now instead of to Spain."

"Sic semper tyrannis," (May this ever be the fate tyrants.) said the Filipino, as he reached for his knife.

But the Genius of American Liberty was armed with a long-range cannon, which it expeditiously used for the Filipino's dismemberment. "Did I not tell you," it said to the fragments, "that you were incapable of self-government? Why, I have had no trouble at all in whipping you. You haven't half good enough weapons, and you use them with poor execution. It is plain that Manifest Destiny has selected me as your Beneficent Protector. True, I cannot do much for you now. If you had been less hasty I would have had my expansionist

preachers convert you to the True Religion before making its blessings so necessary to you. But your estate and your children still remain. I will administer the one, and furnish a Suitable Training in Civilization for the other."

And then the Muse of History made another entry under the head of, "Treasures to Liberty."—John H. Marble in San Francisco Star.

### FREE SPEECH SUPPRESSED IN BARRE, VT.

(Continued from page 1.)

cradle to grave which hinders the free use of his limbs. It has terrorized the mass of mankind into submission and slavery, it maintains itself by force only, producing cunning, shrewdness and violence.

Some I hear ask: "Do you not acknowledge authority in science, art and literature?" Most certainly I do. But that authority has no force to back it, it cannot compel my acception nor can it prevent my rejection of it. If, for example, I refuse to accept Spencer as an authority on Communism, he cannot punish me, he cannot imprison me, he cannot hang me. He represents his thoughts only, and probably does not care one bit whether men accept his theories or not. But should I refuse to recognize the order of the chief of police in Barre, which prevents my speaking to you, I should find myself in your prison in short order. There lies the difference. Behind Spencer there is no force, behind your chief of police are the clubs and pistols of your policemen; and it is this brutal force that makes authority a curse to humanity.

Let us see, on the other hand, what liberty has brought us, and then choose whether you prefer to bow your neck before authority or walk erect under the banner of liberty.

We have precious little of it and we are rapidly losing it; but even under the curse of government, side by side with despotism, the actions of individual free efforts are legion. Schools adopt free methods of instruction, they develop the liberal tendencies in their pupils; hundreds of societies spring up for self-improvement and the benefit of mankind. Societies for scientific research are founded without the aid of government and they produce the best works. Poets, artists, scientists and others have worked upon individual effort and not by dictation of government. Everything that is good and noble, grand and beautiful, wise and useful, has been done by the spirit of liberty, from the love of freedom, in spite and in the teeth of government and authority. When man will have recovered from the effects of authority, when he will understand that freedom is the most precious thing, when he will be free to live, to work, to act, to develop, to enter into social relations with whom he is in sympathy, then warfare, conquests, robbery, theft, corruption, poverty and all the ornaments of the State, all the burden of authority will be looked upon as relics of barbarism.

This, my friends, is a rough sketch of Anarchism, of the ideal you hate and persecute, the ideal of thousands of men and women in all spheres of life, who are proud of being called Anarchists. You are shocked when you hear that word, you shiver at its very sound. Your fear is but the result of authority, which has instilled into you the hatred for those who wish you well, who at the risk of their own lives and comforts try to free you from the clutches of your masters. You do not see our work in this light, you join in the cry of fools and knaves "Hang the Anarchists!" but I see the time coming when you'll understand that all efforts to check the growth of Anarchism are in vain. For its teachings are based upon the power of the individual within himself and not without. Its philosophy is based on that stern, undisputable logic that liberty is just as necessary for man as air, light and food.

Do not waste your time in trying to stop the waves of the ocean with a broom; it is useless. Already the elements are growing into immensity, tearing down every obstacle in the way; after the storm has passed the air will be calm and pure, and the world will be filled with the sweet odor of liberty.

### PROSPECTS ARE GLOOMY.

The meeting of parliament is preceded by the usual crop of speeches. It is strange to observe the unanimity with which prosperous politicians shun the condition-of-the-people question. The country is tired of the poor. Ten years ago slumming was fashionable. Parliamentary commissions were held on the sweating

system, on the invasion of destitute aliens, on the housing of the poor, and a dozen cognate subjects. Some legislation followed, but little good has been done. One-fifth of the inhabitants of London still occupy dwellings unsanitary from over-crowding. Within a mile of the Mansion House are masses of men, women and children who are more truly barbarian than the Basutos, Sudanese, or the aboriginal tribes of the Himalayas. Greater interest is excited among educated people by Sir William Harcourt's attack on prelates who have found the Narrow Way, a path to the House of Lords, than in the ghastly failure of civilization in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and most of the great towns and the great cities in England and Scotland. It is true that the country is prosperous, that the revenue is increasing, that philanthropists are active, that politicians are eagerly on the lookout for grievances that will tell with the voters. But the mass of national misery is appalling. It remains practically untouched by legislation. Over a million of our social failures are provided for in our workhouses. The sum of poverty and degradation outside the poor laws, inherited by this generation from its predecessor, is not being reduced. We are in a fair way to hand down to the next generation greater embarrassment and more efficient machinery for the manufacture of larger masses of human degradation. The national debt of the country is under \$100 a head. In 1815 it was \$225 a head. While liability for past expenditures has thus diminished, responsibility for our social failures has increased. In London alone the number of prostitutes exceeds the population of Albany. The folk without homes in London equal the population of Boston. Known criminals exceed one-third of the population of Memphis.

It is economically untrue that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer; but the gulf between the Haves and the Havenots is deeper and wider and blacker as education enables the latter to understand the contrast between their lot and that of the comfortable classes. I have seen men willing to work throw themselves down in the street praying for death to end the misery of want. I have heard the wailing of children locked lonely into a bare unsanitary room while the mother, all too soon after recent childbirth, seeks the wherewithal to feed them. From the cheap lodging houses, from the railway arches, from the over-crowded tenements, rises an ever-increasing volume of inarticulate but unquenchable revolt against intolerable conditions of life. Statistics published by optimistic officials are satisfactory to those who wish to believe that all is well in this overcrowded island. Discontent is not a matter that lends itself to statistics. Discontent however is growing. For the present everything is quiet. Trade is good. The disinherited have no means of co-operation, no political pull, no leverage as against the prosperous members of the community. The combined efforts of all the churches and all the societies have undoubtedly produced certain visible effects, but the evils that remain are so enormous in their extent that the blindest and most preoccupied politician can scarcely fail to perceive that expanding trade, a strong navy, friendship with the United States, a settlement with France, and public and private charity still leave something to be desired if the British people are to escape the charge of hypocrisy.

Myriads of children produced in reckless disregard of parental responsibility and plunged into an environment of villany and vice, with no playground but the streets, is a feature in English city life which attracts little attention, but it is as much a reality as the Sudan victories. The social reformers are no more in agreement than the theologians themselves, though there is a general conviction that a great deal requires to be done. Canon Barnett who has done brave and good work in Whitechapel for many years, has recently called public attention to the horrors of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, but, with the exception of one or two letters in the newspapers, has met with no public response.

Although there is no country in the world where the social revolution is less likely to take place than in England, there is national weakness and shame in the social condition of the masses of our countrymen, and until a new Savonarola arises to arouse the national conscience, the tendency will be to go from bad to worse. Many of the younger members, especially on the unionist side, in the present parliament, are keenly alive to the social question, but the preoccupation of the country, and necessarily, therefore, that of the prime minister, in foreign affairs, renders them impo-

tent, even if legislation could accomplish anything in a direction where nothing but change of character and of morals can be of permanent benefit.—Arnold White in *Harpers' Weekly*. Letter dated January 21, 1899.

The conditions in England are the same as in this country, but the "change of character and of morals" will never "be of permanent benefit" as long as the causes that produce such evil effects are left intact. With the abolition of monopoly in land and machinery and the repudiation of governments, which are the tools of those that control the means necessary to sustain and enjoy life, the social question will be solved. "Remove the restrictions to freedom of production and exchange," says James Armstrong, "and the abundant returns to industry will destroy the greatest temptations to crime and meanness. Banish want and the fear of want—which today hangs like a Damocles sword over the heads of the people. This will afford the better traits of human nature—now warped, repressed and crushed—fair opportunities for manifestation, and a wondrous change will be wrought; avarice will gradually dwindle away and assume less offensive forms, while the flowers of hope, kindness and generosity will flourish and bloom in perennial beauty, shedding their fragrance in a world of peace and plenty, a world redeemed and disenthralled."

And when we have removed the restrictions now hampering production, distribution and exchange, and the traits of human nature not warped and repressed by laws and customs, then we have obtained a condition of freedom—Anarchist-Communism, a condition in which there will be plenty for every human being. A. I.

### POLITICAL PARTY.

A political party attains the goal of the most beneficent endeavor, no less through constancy of purpose than through incorruptible leadership. Every party is somewhat a factor in the development or degradation of mankind; every organization contributes more or less to the sum total of human weal or woe; and, since every organization declares itself for freedom and not the enslavement of mankind, it has principles, the abandonment of which is criminal; and duties, the sacrifice of which deserves the severest condemnation.

The one duty of every party is the unflinching advocacy of what it deems the right, and its noblest principle, that which arrays it forever with democracy, against despotism. In the outset, persecution will preserve its purity; but, as it develops and moves on to power, slander will give way to supplication, and men, who were recently despised, will find themselves growing into favor. Venality, with subtle lies, points to the path of power, which may be surely and quickly traveled; if on the altar of the god of spoils, the best interests of humanity are offered up.

It is then that the party, whose former integrity was prophetic of real achievement, survives or perishes in a crucial test. The general and melancholy lesson of all history is that the corruption of all organizations, both political and religious, upon their rise to power. The organization of parties makes it necessary to lodge great power in the hands of one or more individuals, who are certain to abuse it more often than use it. Liberty therefore, is best promoted by itself. It can be promoted by nothing else.

In the long run we will have either slavery or freedom; for liberty is like a flame—it either increases or expires. The less abridgment of freedom will at last result; liberty; hence the progress of society has been a saw from slavery to liberty and back again. We are now growing towards slavery. After a while present institutions will be overthrown, but as the basic principle of slavery is likely to be left untouched, society will again journey to despotism.

The one great reform, therefore, that is needed is the abolition of the law of contract.—Armstrong's Autonomist.

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## A GLIMPSE OF FREEOM.

"Yes, marriage is surely a failure, unless you would say that the rearing of children, the sewing on of buttons, the patching of worn garments and the hard work from morning till night was a success. No time for amusement or recreation; nothing but grinding poverty. If all girls could only understand this before marriage, it would be a blessing."

"But what of Henry, your husband, is life one long summer holiday for him?"

Before I give the answer let me describe the speakers. Two women of about the same age. From thirty-five to forty. One of the women, Anna, had been a pretty young woman—blue eyes, fair hair, dimpled cheeks; but the cares of maternity and the home had borne heavily; the fretful disposition had left its impress on her features. A few threads of silver had made their appearance, and the hair drawn back from the face and twisted in a tight knot at the back of the head did not add any attractiveness to the care-worn face. She it was who declared marriage to be a failure. Her visitor was a very plain woman—plain almost to homeliness, but the brown hair was tastefully arranged. The face was calm and, though showing traces of suffering, yet it was attractive. The house in which they were, was a small one and shabbily though neatly furnished. The windows were curtained with cheese cloth, which hanging in full creamy folds made a pretty drapery. The rag carpet was clean and bright, a few chairs, a table and a cot, completed the furniture of the room. Some pictures on the wall, a small book case filled with well-worn books, added the finishing touches.

When the question about Henry was asked, Anna seemed somewhat annoyed and answered: "You know, Margaret, that men do not have so hard a time as women. Henry is out at work and only has the bother of the children an hour or two of an evening. He comes home, eats his supper, after supper he reads if he chooses, if not he goes out to the store or to a neighbor, while I am home from morning till night; I tell you I am tired of the whole thing and would end it if I could."

"Why not end it?" asked Margaret.

"I can not; I don't know how. I feel that I am tied hand and foot."

"Now Anna, I have not much time to talk to you this morning, but I want you to come and spend the day with me tomorrow and I will tell you some things that will open the gate to freedom, if you will only go through when the gate is open."

"Margaret, you know I can't leave home!"

"I know you can if you want to. If you will make no effort to get out of drudgery you will always remain a drudge. I will expect you tomorrow," and Margaret was gone.

"What a woman she is! A husband and family to care for, does all her own work and yet has time to visit and to study. But there are some queer stories out about her. Henry was telling me last night that Franklin Morse was there a great deal and that they were often seen together. And she has a husband, too! But she doesn't look like a bad woman and I believe I'll try and go there tomorrow."

The morrow found Anna in Margaret's sitting room with her sewing, "for you

see, my friend, I can not lose time and so brought my sewing along." Margaret laughingly answered, "While you sew and we talk let me fix your hair more becomingly. I remember when your hair was your chief beauty and should be yet, for it is abundant and glossy. Your excuse for leaving so many things undone is 'I haven't time.' A woman should always take time to make herself as attractive as possible." While Margaret was talking the hair had been arranged and Anna was much pleased with the change. "It makes me look five years younger," she exclaimed.

"Don't be afraid of old age and don't try to look any older than you are," said Margaret. They then resumed the conversation of the day before. Margaret giving many hints and kind advices regarding the care of house and children and the saving of her strength. They were interrupted by a knock at the door. Margaret opened it and in walked Franklin Morse. Anna had met him, and greeted him coldly. "It is just as Henry said," she thought.

Franklin handed a book to Margaret saying, "Here is the book I promised you, Margaret; I am sure you will enjoy it." Margaret thanked him and as he arose to go said, "Stay for dinner, Frank; William will be here soon."

"I believe I will, for one gets tired of boarding house fare," was his reply.

Anna was astonished at the audacity of the two, but thought, "it will be different when William gets home."

Margaret excusing herself left the room to attend to dinner. Conversation lagged, for Anna would not talk to Franklin except to answer his remarks shortly and coldly. Soon William Mays, Margaret's husband, came in and to Anna's astonishment greeted Franklin with a cordial "Hello Franklin, glad to see you." Margaret came in to announce the dinner. William kissed her and said, "Well, little woman, is dinner ready?" "Yes dear, come to dinner; the children are just home from school."

The dinner passed pleasantly, all joining in the conversation. Anna did not talk much, she was filled with surprise at what she saw. There was evidently an understanding between the three and she was eager to solve the problem. After dinner the men left and Margaret said, "You are wondering at my conduct, are you not, Anna? Now let me explain some things to you. You think you are a slave, that you are tied hand and foot. You long for freedom, don't you?" "Yes, Margaret, life is nothing but a treadmill for me. You have given me an insight as to how my labors may be lightened, but you know when a woman has passed the middle milestone of life that there is little more enjoyment for her."

"No, I know nothing of the kind. A woman must not lose her interest in the world and the world will not lose its interest for her. We have been life-long friends and I will tell you something of my life. Like you I had grown weary of living and felt that it was but a dreary round of duties. William had grown careless; his love for me had not died, but I had lost much of my charm for him. You know he is very fond of music, and as Mrs. Warren is a good singer he got in the habit of going there and singing with her. It left me alone because I would not go with him. One evening Franklin Morse came in to see William; finding that my husband was away Frank stayed with me. For the first time in many months I really enjoyed myself. We talked over old times and he left some radical papers for me to read. I read them and was

astonished that such papers were allowed circulation. I can not tell you the whole story—it would take too long, but Frank came often and we talked of many things, among them of the freedom of woman, and I gradually saw the justice and right of demanding my freedom. When I first broached the subject to William he would not hear of such a thing as his wife being free from him, of his having no claim on her, but when asked, 'Do you not think more of Mrs. Warren than the world would approve?' he answered: 'The world has nothing to do with my private affairs.' Man has so long believed it right to do as he pleased and has denied woman the same privilege that it will take many lessons before he will learn that a woman has exactly the same right. It was through almost heart-breaking trials that the lesson of freedom was learned, but William finally saw that I would have my freedom at whatever cost, freedom in every respect, owning my own person and that he had no more right to that body than any other man, and that no demands were to be made. I told him of my love for Franklin and that my love for him was no less, and that as he enjoyed himself with Mrs. Warren because they had much in common, so Franklin and I were fond of each other's company. I love freedom. I want to do as I please. The soul who holds freedom dearer than life will be free, even though death be the penalty, and upon the value placed upon freedom will depend whether it be gained or not. The first step for a woman is to affirm: *I own my body; it is mine; no man owns any part of it or shall touch me unless I so desire, marriage or no marriage, law or no law, divorce or no divorce, good name or bad name. Bible, priest and preacher say what they may, I belong to myself! I can stand alone or fall, I can go to prison or to death, but I will not tolerate the caresses and embraces of a man I do not love. Freedom has dawned for a woman who has reached that point. Is freedom worth it? Do you want it that bad? Now, Anna, I tell you this for I know that you have always had a tender regard for my brother Morgan. He has long loved you. Why should you deny yourself the pleasure of the pure love of a good man?"*

Much more conversation of a like nature followed. Anna went home with heart and brain full. The good seed was sown and in time bore good fruit. A new joy came to her, a new life, for she found that the love for her husband was none the less because of her love for Morgan. Some heart-aches, some jealousies there were, but these righted themselves in time.

ERASTUS LONGMAN.

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