

# 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.

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WHOLE NO. 215.

## THE LAST TRUST.

(Dedicated to the members of the Hague Peace Conclave.)

We've coal trusts and lumber trusts,  
Trusts in flour and bread;  
We've silver trusts and gold trusts,  
Trusts in brass and lead.

We've whiskey trusts and banker trusts,  
Trusts in seals and whales;  
We've iron trusts and steel trusts,  
Trusts in cotton bales.

We've railway trusts and cattle trusts,  
Trusts in wheat and oats;  
We've labor trusts and leather trusts,  
Trusts in hogs and goats.

We've ice trusts and stove trusts,  
Trusts in travellers' grips;  
We've gas trusts and glass trusts,  
Trusts in battle ships.

We've paper trusts and book trusts,  
Trusts in news and mails;  
We've cycle trusts and wire trusts,  
Trusts in screws and nails.

We've wool trusts, and telephone trusts,  
Trusts in oil and wine;  
We've lawyer trusts and medical trusts,  
Trusts in binder twine.

We've Edison trusts and Tesla trusts,  
Trusts in salmon and deer;  
We've tobacco trusts and sugar trusts,  
Trusts in lager beer.

We've engine trusts and dynamo trusts,  
Trusts in priests and slaves;  
We've editor trusts and tombstone trusts,  
Trusts in coffins and graves.

We've rent trusts and mortgage trusts,  
Trusts in national bonds;  
We've rubber trusts and gutta-percha trusts,  
Trusts in Maxim guns.

We've army trusts, embalmed beef trusts,  
Pawn trusts of the Jew,  
We've democrat trusts and republican trusts,  
And Socialist trusts a few.

We've government trusts and God trusts,  
A trust in civilizationalization;  
We've Federal trusts and Vatican trusts,  
Trusts in sure salvation.

We've teacher trusts and preacher trusts,  
Trusts in legislation;  
We've heaven trusts and hell trusts,  
Trusts to all damnation.

Now all we want is one more trust  
That struggle and strife may cease—  
An International Despot Trust—  
A world-wide trust in "Peace."

RED PENCIL.

## A REVERIE AND A DREAM.

My fire-place grew musty from disuse. In one corner was a spider's web, in the meshes of which several flies were helplessly entangled, benumbed by the late Jack Frost. A spider was feasting upon its victims. I kindled the fire, and as the flames leaped forth the web fell and many of the intended victims escaped. The incident was suggestive. I had just read of the attempt of the rebels far East trying to set Manila on fire to get rid of their oppressors, the Americans, trying to drive them into the sea for liberty.

Outside the cold was intense, and the north wind blew shrilly around the corner. The embers burned briskly and in their effulgent glow there was a peculiar fascination for me that night. In my mind passed strange things. I saw Rome burned under Nero by the Christians and by Cataline, Carthage in the time of Hannibal; Moscow by the natives, to destroy the daring conqueror whom no power could vanquish, brought to defeat by fire—Napoleon. Fire did it, the cheapest weapon of the oppressed in all ages and climes; a weapon, strange enough, even belittled by the workers of our own day and time. I asked myself "Will the slaves

ever learn a lesson?" I had seen even mules point their ears upon noticing the approach of other animals in the prairies who were free while they themselves slaved under the lash of a master on the dusty trail, and I wondered whether the workers had as much natural instinct left as these mules. From this reverie I fell asleep.

In front of a mammoth factory, shivering to their marrow in the cold March wind which penetrated their scanty clothing, the "outs" had gathered in the early morning by the hundreds waiting for a chance to be exploited. Sullen and morose, they presented a pitiable sight. They had neither sufficient clothing on their backs to warm them from without nor enough food in their stomachs to heat them within. Gradually their numbers increased, and hemmed in and pressed from every side, they warmed up. At first their sentiments were voiced in murmurs, but, like the March wind, soon grew stronger and fiercer. All their complaints were of woe, woe, woe. Suddenly a sign was hung out of the office in front of them with the words upon it that have made many a man despair—"No hands wanted." A tall and stout looking man, to all appearances in the prime of life, broke down from exhaustion. He had looked and hunted for work in vain, and fainted from lack of food. Some one in the crowd tried to revive the man with some spirits, and partially succeeded. He looked about him and said: "I thank you, comrades, for your kindness, but nothing can help me. I am dying of hunger after many a day's search for work under this damnable economic system. Carry me to my abode, but your fate will be the same if you continue to do as I have done. Praying and begging for your rights is of no avail. This monster of monopoly will not provide food for you; you must take it. Act like the Filipinos. Free yourselves or die in the attempt." This said, he stretched himself and lay stiff on the frozen ground of the street, the common resting place of dogs, horses and workmen. Consternation lasted for a few moments. Then some of the men pulled boards off the factory fence upon which the prostrate form was borne silently away, a crowd following and gathering the weary "outs" from before other bastilles in the neighborhood, till they reached to be a throng of thousands when they arrived at his home bringing a corpse to a hungry mate and babe. Prostrated by grief and exhausted by privation, the wife and mother lay over the inanimate form for some time, but suddenly she arose like a goddess and said, "My brothers, burn these slates that bore my dead husband home to me, and keep it up until the last vestige of monopoly is gone. Then you will have plenty of everything. This I beseech you in the presence of this lifeless form and my cold and hungry babe, else your fate will be as sad as his."

When the fire started she bent over it and exclaimed:

"Fires of freedom, burn at last!  
In every age and cause and clime,  
The mightiest weapon of war and time  
For battling down the hosts of crime  
Is fire, fire, fire. Victorious fire!

"It shatters armies  
With its flashes,  
Welming empires  
In thunder crashes.

"By fire perished Babylon,  
Ninevah, Thebes and Rome;  
Fire flamed Jerusalem  
And burnt Diana's dome.

The glow of blazing Carthage  
Lit up the Punic foam,  
And fire swept Troy and Sodom  
To their everlasting home.

"Manifest destiny,  
Must be must,  
Temples to ashes,  
Idols to dust.

"Trembling, flickering, leaping nigher—  
Blood and iron, days of fire,  
Wrathful, vengeful, higher, higher,  
Beauteous, sun-born, cleansing fire.

"Belshazzar's hall,  
It made his tomb;  
It flung Napoleon  
To his doom.  
Verily! Verily! Verily!

"The day of Redemption draws nigh,  
O, Goddess of Liberty, harken!  
You are holding that torch too high.  
Lower it! Lower it! Lower it!  
Lower it before I die!

"Temples to ashes,  
Idols to dust;  
Fire consumeth  
Things accurst."

Enraged by their hunger and by the prophetic declamation of the Joan of Arc of their class, the men dispersed in all directions like the bees in a cloverfield and the forty foxes of the good man in the bible who let them loose with firebrands in the wheat of the Philistines. The flames rose sky high in every direction, and the people said, "We will free ourselves at last. Blessings to our liberator." But alas, it was but a dream!

CLEMENS PFUETZNER.

## "WOMAN AND ECONOMICS."

Charlotte Perkins Stetson's, "Woman and Economics" is a remarkable book in more than one sense. First, it shows that a woman may write as coldly, as analytically and exhaustively as any man; were no name attached I doubt if a good judge could determine the sex of the writer. Then, it is from a novel standpoint. A new view is given of the much discussed woman problem; it is almost epoch making in its remarkable sociologic stand. And it is thorough, and clear, and strong.

One need not necessarily coincide with all Mrs. Stetson's conclusions, to thoroughly enjoy and be benefited by her excellent work. Every one should read it. It will be a startling eye opener for those who have thought little on the subject and believe that women are as they are and in the conditions they find themselves because "it is the will of God" and that they must never hope to get away from it; and it cannot but suggest new lines of thought to the most careful student of sociology.

The author understands evolution comprehensively and builds upon it. She begins by showing that all creatures are modified by their surroundings, and that the human is more affected by his social environments than any other living creature. She calls attention thus to a principle that is the fundamental basis of her work: "Attention is now called to a certain marked and peculiar economic condition affecting the human race, and unparalleled in the organic world. We are the only animal species in which the female depends on the male for food, the only animal species in which the sex relation is also an economic relation. With us an entire sex lives in a relation of sex dependence upon the other sex, and the economic relation is combined with the sex relation. The economic status of the human female is relative to the sex relation."

The far reaching effects of this intermingling of sex with economic relations Mrs. Stetson portrays vividly in the first chapters of her book. "The male human

(Continued on page 3.)

# FREE SOCIETY.

FORMERLY "THE FIREBRAND."

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

## THE SPEECHES.

The book containing the speeches of the eight Chicago Anarchists in Judge Gary's court, their pictures, the monument erected to the memory of those legally murdered, and Altgeld's reasons for pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab, is now ready and should be widely circulated among those who are still under the impression that our comrades were guilty as charged by the government.

The retail price of the book is 25 cents, but to groups and individuals who purchase ten copies or more it will be sent for 15 cents per copy. Cloth, 60 cents.

No. 2 of our quarterly will be *Monthend Society and Anarchy*. The latter will be printed in larger type and better paper than No. 1, but the price is the same. Send in your orders. **FREE SOCIETY.**

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears are kindly requested to pay up if they wish to continue reading and supporting *Free Society*. In case they are at present unable to remit the amount, but wish to read the paper, they will please drop us a postal card and their names will remain on the list.

Through party antagonism Santa Fe, N. M., will be delivered from a great nuisance and an expensive burden. The democratic mayor has suspended the chief of police and all the police appointed by his predecessor. As the city council is republican and will not ratify any appointment the mayor may make, the town will remain without "protection," and the citizens probably will learn from experience that government is an unnecessary evil.

"Politicians are figures which the millionaire moves on the national chess board," says an exchange. And the poor dupes pay for the game, I would add.

In commenting on a lecture delivered by a noted jurist of Chicago before the bar association recently, the *Cigar Maker's Journal* takes exception to the prediction of an approaching conflict between capital and labor, and claims that "the trade unions will settle this question and settle it right, and without the aid of torch or gun." Is the editor a knave or a fool? Has he been in a trance during the last ten or fifteen years in which the workingmen have been shot down like so many dogs with impunity? Has he never heard of the Hazleton massacre, or of those who have been recently killed in Pana, Ill.? Or has he not read the latest dispatches from Coeur d'Alene where the union men have now been arrested by the hundreds and the union forcibly broken up by the United States troops? Verily, labor leaders are the greatest enemies to labor.

General Merriam, who has established "law and order" in Coeur d'Alene by arresting not only the union men, but also the sheriffs "who sympathize with the strikers," suggests to have a law passed by the federal government, making it a criminal offense to belong to a trades union. What next?

Bronson, a third class city in Kansas, is in a grave condition. There are three political organizations in the town, but the people were so busy digging for natural gas and zink that they forgot to hold a municipal election, and the result is that the town will be without a government for two years. "Just think of it," says our correspondent, "a large number of people struggling through the suffocating days of summer and facing the chilling blasts of winter with no government to protect them."

Concord, N. H., April 6.—In announcing Thursday, April 13, as Fast Day, Governor Rollins said: "The decline of the christian religion, particularly

in our rural communities, is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it. There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January; there are villages where children grow to manhood unchristened; there are communities where the dead are laid away without the benison of the name of Christ and where marriages are solemnized only by justices of the peace.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Columbus county, N. C., has a population of about 18,000, of whom approximately 12,000 are white and 6,000 black, but the state auditor says that the report does not show that any marriage licenses were issued there during 1898.—Truth Sober.

Verily, verily, this is getting to be an awfully immoral country. But for the hawk-eyed Rollins, Comstock & Co., a good Anarchist might feel inclined to shed a crocodile tear.

## THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONGRESS.

Most readers of *Free Society*, as well as a large number of those engaged in the labor movement in America, are familiar with the several congresses that have been held in the last ten years and the attempts to solidify the international labor movement: the congress at Paris in 1889, at Brussels in 1891, at Zurich in 1893 and at London in 1896. Many progressive people believe that these congresses have resulted in much good to the revolutionary labor movements of all countries, and that they would have resulted in much greater good had it not been for the Social Democrats who assumed that one is an enemy to the cause of labor unless he was willing to accept Karl Marx as his God and pattern himself after the German Social Democratic party. From year to year the Social Democrats have grown more bigoted and narrow minded and as a consequence more tyrannical: their bigotry and tyranny have, however, resulted in some good, for they have shown the world what to expect if these men were to get into power in place of the present exploiters.

At the last congress the Anarchist-Communists were excluded except those who represented trade unions, and all anti-parliamentary Socialists were given plainly to understand that their room was preferable to their company, with the result that the Dutch delegates from the Free Socialist Party of Holland, which is anti-parliamentary, withdrew from the congress after a statement made by Domela Nieuwenhuis.

The parliamentary committee of this International Socialist, Workers' and Trade Union Congress, acting under instructions from the London congress, has recently issued the call for the next congress which is to be held at Paris next year during the Exposition. This time the issue is plain, for the call expressly states that all sections of the working class movement who do not expressly state that they recognize the necessity of legislation and parliamentary action will be excluded. Under such circumstances it is believed that Anarchists and anti-parliamentary Socialists will not present themselves for admission.

It is felt, however, that there is need from our standpoint to convene a congress wherein Labor Groups, Trade Unions, Revolutionary Socialists and Anarchist-Communists can discuss ways and means of overthrowing and destroying this present hideous nightmare called "the capitalist system." To this end an appeal has been sent out from Paris to our various papers throughout the world, which has already been printed in *Free Society*. The appeal is signed on behalf of the organizing committee by F. Domela Nieuwenhuis, F. Pelloutier and E. Pouget. The committee is a representative one and the names are a sufficient guarantee that this is a serious attempt and that a congress will be held.

Domela Nieuwenhuis as editor of the *Free Socialist* of Holland, the chief organ of the Free Socialist Party of that country, may safely be said to represent a large number of his countrymen. F. Pelloutier as president of the Federal Labor Exchange of France, a federation of trade unions and quite unlike the Labor Exchange in the U. S., an organization of two hundred and fifty thousand trade unionists, and E. Pouget, editor of the famous journal, *Père Peard*, with its thirty thousand readers, also voices the opinions of a very large section of French workers. Here in England Kropotkin, Tcherkesoff, Turner and others well known to radicals have expressed their approval of the idea and will do all they can to make it a success.

In 1889 it was a delegate from the Knights of Labor who moved the resolution at the Paris congress that

the workers of the world come out on the 1st of May every year to show their solidarity with each other, and alas! it is America who alone today does not celebrate this event. Shall America be represented at this congress? It should be, for it will be an interesting one. Let the capitalistic exploiters of the world who will assemble in that beautiful city to enjoy themselves at the expense of the toiling millions who are drudging their lives away, know that within their seeing and hearing there are assembled men and women who are but sounding the alarm to the workers of the world to rise in their might and demand that which has been denied them so long—bread and freedom for all.

Paris is a city of revolution, and one must be cold indeed not to have been moved when he has stood on the steps of the Pantheon and thought of Milliere and the barricades about there in 1871; when walking in Notre Dame, now the home of superstition, and hearing the priests chant that once the temple of God was defiled, referring to those glorious times during the revolution when revolutionary meetings were held there; when seeing the spot where Louis the glutton was beheaded; when climbing the heights of Montmartre and thinking once more of that glorious 18th of March 1871; and when, after seeing it all, after having wandered through the streets that have been wet so many times with the blood of those who believed in liberty, wending his way quietly to Pere-la-Chaise and there in the corner beside the wall paying his homage to those heroes who calmly gave up their lives for the cause of the workers shouting only "Vive la Commune!"

Let all those comrades who belong to trade unions urge them incessantly to send delegates. It will be good propaganda even though they fail, but it will not fail if enough enthusiasm is put into it. Let us hear more from the comrades on this subject. Addresses of trade unions and labor bodies who are thought likely to take part should be sent to L. Remy, 71, Rue de Buffon, Paris, France.

The correspondence will be large and as the comrades who are organizing the congress are workers the expenses must be met by subscriptions. I would, therefore, ask our comrades of *Free Society* to open a subscription list in their paper for this purpose, the money to be sent monthly to the treasurer G. Dubois Desaulle, 65 Avenue Ledru Rollin, Paris, France.

I take this opportunity of sending regards to all comrades in the United States. **H. M. KELLY.**

## ALMIGHTY MONEY.

The money power ignores the decalogue, and has established in lieu thereof something that requires the coinage of a new word, the analogue: THOU SHALT PAY IN GOLD.

The production of gold in the United States is less than one dollar per head per annum. The currency problem founded on the apex of this inverted pyramid, to use James M. Eckles' words, "presents in its circulation feature the singular spectacle of nine different kinds of currency, all except two of which are directly or indirectly dependent upon the credit of the United States." As he was speaking for and before the Association of American Bankers, he did not go on to explain, that as truth is simple, and deceit is intricate, confusing, false, the currency should be of one kind only, depending on the credit of this great democracy; nor did he quote Jefferson's opinion, "Banks are more dangerous to the liberties of the people than standing armies;" nor did he dilate on Prof. Bonamy Price's definition of money: "Money is a tool of exchange and nothing more; it is not a measure of value nor a standard of value, nor a representative of property; it transfers property from one party to another, as a wagon hauls goods from one place to another." Of course not; the bankers' aim is not to manufacture more of these wagons, but to contract the supply.

The following extract from the *London Times* shows why and how America has been reduced to its present deplorable condition: "If that mischievous financial policy which had its origin in the North American republic during the civil war in that country should become indurated down to a fixture, then that government will furnish its money without cost. It will pay off its debts and be without a debt. It will have all the money necessary to carry on its commerce. It will become prosperous beyond precedent in the history of the civilized governments of the world. The brains and the wealth of all countries will go to North America. That government must be destroyed, or it

will destroy every monarchy on this globe." It has been accomplished; the United States can no longer boast of being a republic or a democracy—it is an oligarchy.

On October 9, 1878, the New York bankers, by circular this addressed the national bankers and leading capitalists of the United States: "Dear Sir,—It is advisable to do all in your power to sustain such prominent daily and weekly newspapers, especially the agricultural and religious press, as will oppose the issuing of greenback money; and that you also withhold patronage or favor from all applicants who are not willing to oppose the government issue of money."

No better bill was ever introduced than that of the late Senator Leland Stanford in 1890, to empower the government to issue paper money and loan it to farmers to the amount of half the value of their land at two per cent interest. This had a precedent, too, for David Hume tells us, "In our colony of Pennsylvania the land itself, which is the chief commodity, is coined and passes into circulation." We know how Senator Stanford's bill was nipped in the bud, and his political influence and power was crushed from that moment.

The trusts govern—they have so reduced the consuming power of the people, that they have to seek foreign markets. The humanitarian ladder which floated the war, having been pricked by Abner McKinley's commission of a dollar per overcoat, the "embalmed" beef, and the general treatment of the private soldiers, the true motive, the vast expansion of trade—is now the cry to quiet the masses. Will history record that nation as sane which, in striving to supply foreign markets, cut down the wages of their own "sovereign people," millions of them half fed, clothed in rags, and housed with less comfort than mules?

The unrighteous tool of exchange is the only factor that prevents the producers owning all the results of their labor, and we are certainly not sane to allow such conditions to continue. Hundreds of thousands of our strongest men spend the best part of their lives extracting gold from holes in the earth, to be hidden away again in certain extravagantly costly vaults in certain holes in the cities; whereas, if these same men devoted as much time and energy in producing those things for which they exchange the gold, the nation would be immensely more wealthy, and those who labor, really happy, because the fearful struggle for bread would no longer afflict the workers like an eternal nightmare.

The Single Tax would soon break the monopoly of land; it is not, however, logical to expect land monopolists, who are only possible through the monopoly of the medium of exchange, to allow this to come into general operation. The money power—the law makers—will not permit such an initial power of justice to be established; they are fully aware that this would open the door for the emancipation of labor, and they will rather take the chances of a revolution.

Currency reform must precede all other great reforms; this is possible through individual effort, as is being proved in this country by the Labor Exchange and in New Zealand by the Commercial Exchange.

"Go, wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Noaman was wroth, and went away, and said, behold I thought, he [Elisha] will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper."

Labor suffering from the loathsome disease of poverty, is told, "Go use your own medium of exchange!" But Labor appears to think like Noaman, that the remedy offered is too simple, that their cure must be effected by calling on their god, gold—the government, or by striking.

The time has come when we have to divide into two distinct camps, without any hedges: one for those who advocate scientific paper money, based on land and all the productions of labor, and therefore honest; the other for those who advocate metal money, based on one or two only of all the products of labor, and whose great power is robbery through usury enabling the idlers to live in luxury on the toil of others.

To be still more concise the combat now in progress is between workers and strikers. KINGHORN-JONES.

#### COMMENT.

The assertion of Comrade Kinghorn-Jones that the "tool of exchange is the only factor that prevents the producers owning all the results of their labor" is utterly unsound. Monopoly and government are the causes of prevailing iniquities, and it does not matter whether our currency consists of

gold, silver or "scientific paper money," the producers would be robbed just the same as long as legal tender and the monopolization of utilities exist. Therefore not "currency reform," but the abolition of legal tender is the remedy, for even "scientific paper money based on land and the productions of labor" implies inequality and government. As all people are interdependent in the production of wealth it is utterly impossible to render an exact equivalent to the individual, consequently the standard of value must ever be arbitrary and lead us straight into the State Socialist camp.

Neither would the single tax break monopoly. Taxes cannot be collected without a government and that government will cut its own throat is not to be expected. True, in theory the single tax apparently is a fair adjustment, but the fact remains that where there is legal ownership there is exploitation; where there is exploitation there is government, there are rich and poor, oppressors and oppressed.

A. I.

#### "WOMAN AND ECONOMICS."

(Continued from page 1.)

being is thousands of years in advance of the female in economic status. Speaking collectively, men produce and distribute wealth, women receive it at their hands." In analyzing the popularly given reasons for the economic dependence the writer exhibits her best work. She shows that the general supposition that woman receives support for her motherhood and home keeping powers, is not true, for neither her motherhood nor her services as domestic are in proportion to what she receives, and really have nothing to do with it.

The most important effect, the one which most tends to fix woman in her inferior position is the over sexing of the race, especially in woman. She has run to sex and its functions to the detriment of her faculties as a racial being. "The unnatural feature by which our race holds an unenviable distinction consists mainly in this: a morbid excess in the exercise of the sex function." "Sex distinction in humanity is so marked as to retard and confuse race distinction, to check individual distinction, seriously to injure the race." These sentences show the trend of her argument, but one must read it all to understand the significance attached to these facts.

One is tempted to quote largely in looking through the book, there is so much that is apt and true and expressive. Mrs. Stetson's sentences are like pearls—complete, shining, rich in meaning. In endeavoring to epitomize her thought, one is inclined to give her own words, for it is difficult to make it briefer and tell it at all. But one must resist the temptation for want of space. Her one idea, that women through being economically dependent have become too highly sexed, and their sex relation so mixed with their economic relations that little but evil follows, is the prominent one in the work and is well wrought out. Her remedy is the complete economical independence of woman; the co-operative home, the classification of "women's work" (the feeding of the human race and the scavenger work which has always been piled upon her) into trades and taken up according to choice, and not inevitably on account of sex. She shows that the happiness and welfare of children are not best promoted by the entire devotion of the mother's time and energies. A woman may be much besides a mother and is all the better a mother for being a human being of many resources and capabilities. Children are better taken care of in groups of the same age by people who understand and love the care of children, than in isolated homes presided over constantly by weary, nervous, monotony-worn mothers. There should be plenty of time for the exercise of mother love as well as all other social faculties; but there is no more logical reason why a woman should devote all her time, possibilities and capabilities to her children than that the father should. The old isolated home with its overstrained, oversexed mother, and the supporter, the master, the father, will die out. It is already doomed. A race of free men and women each following a vocation, and arranging home relations as best suite them, will come. She says, "We shall have homes that are places to live in and love in, to rest in and play in, to be alone in and to be together in; and they will not be confused and classed by admixture with any industry whatever."

She does not, however, pronounce against monogamic unions. She believes the monogamic relation will be the highest, most lasting, most conducive to both race and individual welfare. She believes in a strong moral force.

"A healthy, normal moral sense will be ours, freed from its exaggerations and contradictions; and, with that clear perception, we shall no longer conceive of the ethical process as something outside of and against nature but as the most natural thing in the world."

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

#### PEPPERY POT.

As a rule men turn "saints" and women "devils" after they entered into the "holy" matrimony. The former seek a haven of rest from the "wild oats" they had been sowing and which debilitated their systems, and now proceed to people the world with weaklings and semi-idiot, while the latter, getting a taste of the lovely fruit by experience and a glimpse at the heaven on earth, gradually discover that their mates are counterfeits and seek outlets in more congenial channels. I have no use for either saints or devils, but if I were compelled to choose—I should certainly prefer the rational, natural "devil" to the debilitated hypocritical "saint."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* berates—and justly so—the ferocious acts of "our own barbarians" in Texas; but it fails to see and even glorifies the acts of our own barbarians in the Philippines. What's the matter with the dear *Chronicle*? Is the unprecedented slaughter of the poor Filipinos by "our own butcher-boys" sanctified because of its being committed upon a wholesale plan, or is there anything "in it" for the *Chronicle*—a slice of the bondholders' benevolent assimilation-percentage, eh?

No doubt we all have something more to learn and Kate Austin might learn something if she did as Allie Lindsay Lynch advises her "come up out of the wilderness; remove from a little mill village and take up your abode where there is an activity of thought which demands to know 'what of the hour.'" Yes, Kate might learn some things; for instance she might learn how a lot of unscrupulous, brazenfaced impostors make a living in the cities by trapping poor unwary dupes under the cloak of humanitarianism with the assistance of white muslin and illuminating paint. On the other hand Allie has the advantage over poor Kate; her store of knowledge is so vast that she could well afford to unlearn some things and she might do well to go to the "little mill village in the wilderness" and drop her—supernaturalism, her superstition.

Naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace is not the only scientist in the world who got off the track; there are others. Not many years ago scientist Wiggan predicted the smash-up of our planet; it didn't smash worth a cent. A few months ago another scientist in Austria predicted a similar little picnic, but we are still here. It's a glorious thing to know that even scientists are mortals and made of the selfsame clay as ourselves, and that even they sometimes may lose their mental balance on some propositions while being entirely sound upon others—However, Buechner Tyndall, Huxley, and a few others rarely if ever get unbalanced and they never yet discovered any "spooks or angels."

Simplicity of language, clearness of expression, and terseness in construction of compositions are rare virtues with radical writers. Virginia Daniels and N. C. Mathers make an agreeable exception. The former's "Declaration of Principles" in No. 206 and the latter's article "The Patriotic Howl" in 213 of *Free Society* are masterpieces and ought to be printed and scattered by the millions; they are most excellent matter for propaganda.

The proposition of our Colorado colonizing comrades to start an emergency fund for persecuted radical editors arrested for daring to print the truth is worthy of consideration. Its scope might be extended to protection in other events, such as sickness and distress. The idea of a protective association of radicals is generally discouraged by some comrades upon the grounds that "corruption creeps in where monies are to be handled," but it would be much wiser to run the risk of corruption with the possible loss of a few paltry dollars than to have innocent comrades starve and be persecuted—changed to death. There is no good reason why the radical element could not and should not have a mutual protective association thriving and extending as much protection to their members as the Masons, Odd Fellows and others who do not howl "Corruption!"

S. D.



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### MARRIED NOW.

He has ceased to call her "darling."  
She has ceased to call him "dear."  
He has ceased composing sonnets  
To her "little shell-like ear."

She has ceased to hurry madly  
To the mirror when he calls.  
He has ceased to buy her chocolates  
And ice cream at concert halls.

This is not because these lovers  
Have been mixed up in a row—  
No, the simple truth is that they  
Are a married couple now.

### HER OWN STORY.

I received the sample copies sent me which were read with much interest, especially Sue More's story, by which I was very much impressed. I am rejoiced to know that women have begun to assert their rights. I am acquainted with lots and lots of wives who are slaves to selfish, domineering companions. Many women suffer on and on in silence until finally they find rest in the grave, only to have their place filled by another. The mistress is a thousand times better off than the average wife.

After reading the story just mentioned something said to me: "Your married life has been quite an eventful one; why not write a sketch of the same," and hoping some poor down-trodden woman may be benefited by it, I have concluded to do so.

I was holding a claim in Colorado and teaching school when my "destiny" crossed my path. He seemed all that was good and true. At least he was very good to me and I trusted him, so we were married. We had not lived together long before I discovered that he was unworthy of my affections. He soon sold my fowls and pocketed the money; butchered the only cow I owned without giving me an equivalent or even the promise of any; began to find fault and cursed me and became enraged over trifles often, imaginary. Many times I did not know the cause of his anger, perfectly innocent of the charge. I was weak and defenseless—a woman, and belonged to him. I must submit to his abuse. He carried a bottle of strychnine and often a loaded revolver. Many times after abusing me he would go out of the house telling me he was going to kill himself. Naturally timid and of a sensitive nature I was very much frightened by his actions, believing he meant to do as he said. Then I would coax him into a good humor, acknowledge it was all my fault and agreed to anything he might ask.

A fool that I was I had yet to learn that I had rights of my own and it was my duty to assert them. I had never been taught these things. Matters would then run pretty smooth for a while, until he took another "spell." Sometimes he threatened to get on a drunk. Often I have followed and persuaded him to return.

After living this kind of a life several years I began to see through his schemes and concluded if he wanted to get drunk or wished to commit suicide, I should not interfere, although I would feel very badly; I concluded it would be the best thing that could happen to me. When he found out that these plans failed then he changed his tactics. One day, because I rode to town with a neighbor when he refused to take me himself, he went to a lawyer to see about getting a divorce, and paid him a fee to work for him against me. He said he was going

to leave me and take the children, as the laws of our state gave a man the children, and I believed it. This was worse than anything he had done yet, because I would part with my life before I would give up my children. No one can tell what I suffered in my mind. Finally I found out though that he could not lawfully take the children from me.

This is a brief sketch, a mere outline of the past eleven years of my life—worse than a blank. I might say much more, enough to make a small book of the wrongs and injustice, the false accusations, the cruel treatment, sick or well, that I have received at the hands of the man who stood up before "Man and God" and swore to love, protect and care for me above all others.

This is one case among thousands; one may vary somewhat from another, but in every one it is a case of master and slave. I am living with this man now, not because the law says I must but because I cannot leave my children. I am now waiting for them to become old enough to take care of themselves. Then, then—I shall be free!

Holyoke, Colo.

T. L.

### THE "SOUL" AGAIN.

J. A. Shaw, of Ventura, Cal., sends the following brief communication:

"Where was the artist's soul during the two or three hours in which the medical profession say he died three times"? Brother Kinghorn-Jones, and S. D. ask the above question in *Free Society*.

Saying nothing of the materialistic "filing" down deep in the above—the soul, mind, consciousness, (all synonymous terms) never returns to the body after a complete separation, while life in innumerable cases has remained for hours, days, or weeks, and the onlookers supposed that the subject had been dead and that consciousness had returned.

I would be pleased to see as bold a desire for truth evinced in this discussion of "psychic philosophy" by these much esteemed brothers, as in the material happiness of the human family. Friend Shaw justly underlined the word "say", for neither Kinghorn-Jones, S. D. or Shaw have any more proof of the correctness of that newspaper item than they have for the existence of a "soul, mind or consciousness," independent of the body. Both are based upon hearsay. But the former's resurrection of the body, is more plausible and reasonable than the latter, independence of the soul. As long as the body exists and blood is still in its veins its circulation may perhaps be re-established. There would be nothing irrational about that, for the piece of machinery upon which the experiment would depend would be there. But it is quite different with the independence of the "soul." Modern science (see Ludwig Buechner and others) prove that the "soul" or mind or consciousness (which friend Shaw admits to be synonymous) is simply a result of the action of the brain, purely physical. When therefore the operation of the brain, that physical process, ceases, whence, oh ye wise friends, haileth that shadowy and mysterious "soul"?

Again; friend Shaw claims "the 'soul' or consciousness never returns to the body after a complete separation, while life in innumerable cases has remained for hours, days or weeks and the onlookers supposed (italics mine) that the subject had been dead and that consciousness had returned." But in this case it could not have been a mere supposition, for the man had questions put to him and answered them, a sure sign of positive consciousness.

It would be "pleasing," indeed, to see as "bold a desire for truth evinced in

the discussion of this psychic philosophy as in that of the material happiness of the human family," and our friend Shaw may rest assured that none is more eager in that respect and more sincere than the writer, but—we differ on the definition of that little word: "Truth." What is a truth, for instance, to Buechner, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin and others, is "blindness" to Shaw and some of other friends, while what is a truth to friend Shaw is simply a bold stretch of fancy and wild imagination to us.

S. D.

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