

## FREEDOM.

Ye who scorn a king's dominion,  
Wherefore sanction any rule?  
For the sceptre and the ballot  
Are alike the tyrants' tool.  
Since the sages are out-numbered  
By the scoundrel and the fool.  
  
Whence your right to rule your neighbor?  
Whence his right to govern you?  
Still is savage force triumphant  
As when feudal banners flew,  
If the dull-brained horde must ever  
Trample down the good and true.  
  
Know ye not that those in power  
Evermore your rights desire?  
Read ye not the ghastly records  
How the martyrs all have died,  
How the tyrants part the raiments  
When the Christs are crucified?  
  
'Tis the same in this sad country,  
'Tis the same by distant seas;  
Here they strangled Albert Parsons,  
There they poisoned Socrates.  
Whereas'er a ruler dwelleth  
There the people's woes increase.  
  
Down with all the foes of Freedom!  
Sorrow waits their dupes befooled  
In the day when glory cometh  
To the souls by wisdom schooled,  
When the tower of State shall topple  
On the rulers and the ruled.

San Diego, Cal.

LEROY CUMMINGS.

## OBSERVATIONS.

There are many people who hold that might makes right, and who believe in the survival of the fittest. However true this general proposition may be, there are some errors made in upholding that contention. They claim that the fact that some do survive proves that they are fittest to survive, having might, otherwise they would not survive.

Now, the greatest error of these people is that they attribute might to people having wealth and the power that wealth yields. This is a wrong meaning to attach to the word "might." Might means strength, dexterity, manhood. Those who now survive best, commercially speaking, do not necessarily possess any of the qualities of might. A society pimp who inherits wealth from a father who by corrupting legislatures and obtaining special privileges over other men, amasses a fortune, is not "mighty" in the true sense of the word. He may be rotten with disease, senile from debauchery, a veritable weakling, yet by virtue of having property (the products of laboring people) he is more powerful from a money standpoint than the stalwart, muscular, nimble-limbed, skilled mechanic. But in reality the latter is the mightiest and is best fitted to survive under proper economic conditions.

Now, what is it that comprises the might of the weakling? It consists of forms of law, mere parchments of flimsy paper, which the working people superstitiously regard as sacred, before which the stalwart and mighty not only bow down but assist the weaklings in forcing others of their kind to bend low in servile genuflections by enlisting in the militia and taking up arms against their brethren and at the same time against themselves. Accursed shame! The really mighty are virtually committing suicide by respect and observing the laws that are made for and by their masters.

In the *Popular Science*, Monthly for June, Cesare Lombroso, the apologetic criminologist of the ruling classes, takes up considerable space in an article on Luigi Luccheni, the man who caused the premature demise of the Empress of Austria.

Lombroso seems to be getting his eyes opened to the real condition of affairs that breeds Anarchy. He used to describe the deeds of Anarchists as the insane doings of epileptics, neurotics, and the like, but now he is looking deeper into the matter and almost condones the deeds which he formerly abhorred. He warns and admonishes the powers that be that they must look to other means than has heretofore been tried to extirpate Anarchy from the land. Instead of imputing insanity to Anarchists he now characterizes the actions of European nations as imbecility in dealing with Anarchists as they do. Following are the closing paragraphs of his article:

"We may learn from this what the true remedy should be. The idea of conquering Anarchy by killing Anarchists is not valid, because every Anarchist has another to take his place. It is rather necessary to change the direction of the disease by changing the miserable conditions in which it originates.

"Not for humanity, therefore, not for exalted social theories, but in our direct interest, we ought to make a complete change. The suppression of a dozen Anarchists is like killing a thousand microbes without disinfecting the surroundings that contain millions of them; it is fit that we should look, if we want to be better, to breaking up the large estates, and ameliorating the conditions of agriculture and operative industry, and this is in the interest of the governing classes.

"Typhus, cholera, and plague, it is true, attack chiefly the poor, but from these the contagion extends also to the rich; and from the unhealthy habitations in which rich men permit beggars to crowd and suffer, the miasm, as if in revenge, is propagated to marble palaces.

"That imbecile idea of some European nations, who, instead of disinfecting the medium, find it better to put down the doctors who propose remedies, cannot make itself at home except among peoples who are destined to perish."

Well, Lombroso, it is likely that they will perish. In all ages the ruling classes have been blinded by bestial self interest to the end, and gone down before the avenging hand of the oppressed.

Chicago, Ill.

WILLIS M. ANDREWS.

## EMMA GOLDMAN IN THE NORTHWEST.

The new state of Washington, which is said to take the lead in the march of progress, has had the pleasure for the first time to hear one of the most progressive women, Comrade Emma Goldman.

She arrived here direct from Chicago on May 20th. Thanks to the liberality of the Spiritualists of Tacoma, she was given the use of their temple free of charge. This act will not be soon forgotten. It speaks volumes for the increasing eagerness for investigation into all subjects. She delivered three lectures in this city which were fairly well attended. The audience at each meeting was very attentive. Many questions were asked which were treated by Emma Goldman in her usual masterly style.

A challenge to debate issued by one of the ablest and most intelligent men in the ranks of the Socialists was quickly accepted by Comrade Goldman. This attracted a large crowd the greater part of whom were Socialists. One does not need to be prejudiced to say that she had an easy thing of it in this affair. The arguments of her opponent were penetrated by her

\* The hall was offered for the fourth meeting, but when the Spiritualists found that the subject of the last lecture was "Free Love," their courage collapsed and Comrade Emma Goldman had to look for another hall.

A. I.

irrefutable logic and shattered into fragments. Admitting that she did not succeed in convincing the members of the Socialist party of the error of their way, yet there are many to whom it will be a guiding light to avoid the mire of politics.

Two meetings were held in Seattle. The seed fell on better soil there than at Tacoma. The audiences were larger and more enthusiastic. The discussions that followed each lecture were extremely interesting and showed the ability of the speaker to great advantage.

Such work cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression on the thought of the future. Perhaps it would be exaggeration to say that the spread of radical ideas is keeping pace with the increasing poverty of the masses, but the attitude of the listeners toward the speaker is remarkable for their tolerance in comparison to that of a few years ago.

Here in Washington the comment of the press was very fair and with one or two exceptions devoid of bitterness. As the newspapers always cater to the wishes and tastes of their readers this in itself looks encouraging.

Comrade Goldman has lost none of the fire and force which has made her famous as a propagandist. The secret of her power lies in the fact that she is the very embodiment of the doctrine she preaches. Every fibre of her being is electrified by the spirit to which her lips give utterance. Freedom's cause must languish if her kind will not increase through the potency of the many forces that combine to produce the perfect individual.

The sale of literature was quite large especially in Seattle. This means of propaganda is a very necessary auxiliary in our campaign. When the voice is stilled by exhaustion those silent missionaries are ever active after the excitement has subsided.

At the conclusion of her arduous labors Comrade Goldman visited the Anarchist colony at Lake Bay, where they are showing the world that society can exist without the trammels of law and authority. She spent a few pleasant days among the colonists enjoying the beauties of nature in that lovely locality. She was heartily welcomed and kindly treated. An entertainment was given on the night before her departure which included a lecture by Comrade Goldman followed by music and dancing which was enjoyed by all. She left the colony with many regrets from the comrades at her short stay.

A very pleasant termination of the Washington campaign was a social and dance given at the home of Comrade Wilson. A large gathering of friends and well-wishers united in showing their appreciation of Comrade Goldman's work in behalf of downtrodden humanity. Before the merry-makers dispersed for their homes the nucleus of what promises to be a club for the study of social science was formed.

These few hours of simple enjoyment were a foretaste of the happiness that will bless the world

When Freedom's light illumines the mind  
And love holds away o'er every heart.

Comrade Goldman left here on June 5th for Portland, Ore., San Francisco and other cities and towns in the "Golden State."

T. SHERIDAN.

Tacoma, Wash.

## OUR AIM.

Man is naturally neither good nor bad; he becomes what circumstances and environment make him.

Place him into a disagreeable position; narrow down his opportunities for a livelihood so that he will be forced into a fierce struggle for existence—and you have the liar, the thief, the robber, the murderer—in short, the bad man.

Place him into a pleasant position, enable him to earn a livelihood in an easy way—and you have the conscientious, considerate, amiable and affable man—in short, the good man.

Hence Anarchists aim not to "reform" the individual, but to so change the environments that there will be no incentive left in society for inharmonious and disturbing acts.

LOWBARDI.

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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.

## MORE COMMENTS.

Professor David Starr Jordan of Stanford University is one of the ablest exponents of theoretical democracy, as against the expansion craze which has spread so widely over this country. What he has to say on the subject is clear-cut and convincing. The only cause for regret is his failure to realize the wider application of his principles. Here are his words, as quoted from the report of a recent lecture:

"No matter how good a man may be, he is not fit to rule others body and soul. It is bad for the governed."

Here is the root-idea of Anarchy, albeit expressed by one who in the same lecture couples together "Anarchy" and "disorder," and, that nothing may be lacking to the production of "confusion worse confounded," represents both as the natural outcome of invasive oppression. The whole trend of the lecture leads to the conclusion that a people are differently affected by an "outside force" and by "their own despotism." Professor Jordan fails to see that the difference is one of degree and not one of kind. It was by its "own despotism" that Rome fell, her real death having occurred centuries before the barbarian invasion. On the other hand, in certain historical periods, even a foreign despotism may, like feudalism, chattel slavery, and other now effete institutions, have had a large share in accelerating the progress of a nation. Need we look farther than the Norman Conquest?

Anarchists do not dispute the respective values of patriarchalism, absolutism, constitutional monarchism, republicanism, and democracy, as successive and unavoidable stages of social progress. Each was a necessity, until its inadequacy to human needs became manifest to advancing consciousness. We cannot, however, recognize any one of them as sufficiently grounded in any fundamental principle to be a finality. We see that all real progress tends to diminish our respect for authority. The very social irritation of our time is a mark of the determination of the individual to be something more than part of a vast machine. A submissive people is invariably a retrograde people. A government never can "rest on the consent of the governed." The moment it does so, it ceases to be government. Anarchy, in abolishing both governors and governed as antithetic classes, aims no blow at social order. There is a natural solidarity which is in no way dependent on authoritarianism. The first men who are wise enough to abolish government will find themselves quite well able to live without it. Crime is mainly the product of abnormal social conditions, rather than a manifestation of the normal impulse of human nature. If anti-social and invasive individuals present themselves under free conditions, the silent boycott will be a weapon sufficiently powerful to teach them to respect the rights of others. Co-operative or communal association for production or for public purposes will require no centralization of power.

If Professor Jordan will inquire more deeply into the basic principles of Anarchism, he will discover something more closely akin to his own thought than he perceives dreams. Our doctrine is not the blatant demagoguery of fanatical revolutionists, but the logical deduction from admitted facts and accepted principles. The red flag symbolizes not chaos and destruction, but justice and reconstruction. As has well been said, "Liberty

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is not the daughter, but the mother of order."

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Stephen T. Byington illustrates the insufficiency of half-knowledge. Of the Blue Laws of Connecticut as "invented" by the Rev. Samuel Peters, a conservative writer, Alice Morse Earle, says, in her work, "The Sabbath in Puritan New England": "Though in detail not correct, they are in spirit true records of the old Puritan laws" in the New England States. The statutes did not descend into minute details, any more than do our present statutes against disorderly conduct, rioting (under which Emma Goldman was arrested in Providence a year or two ago for speaking in a public square), and the like. But Mr. Peters has not one whit exaggerated the actual effect of those laws, according to contemporary judicial interpretation. Here are the words of the New Haven code, as a sample of the rest: "Profanation of the Lord's Day shall be punished by fine, imprisonment, or corporeal punishment; and if proudly, and with a high hand against the authority of God—with death."

Now for some of the applications, all to be found in authentic colonial records. Passing over various recorded fines for "catching eels" and "sailing a boat" on Sunday and similar heinous offenses, we find in 1670, two lovers, John Lewis and Sarah Chapman tried for "sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple tree in Goodman Chapman's orchard." In Plymouth, in 1652, Elizabeth Eddy was fined "two shillings for wringing and hanging out clothes." In 1658, James Watt was publicly reprimanded for "writing a note about common business on the Lord's Day, at least in the evening somewhat too soon." In Wenhams, in 1774, a man was fined "for a breach of the Sabbath in pulling apples." A Dunstable soldier was fined on the singular charge of "wetting a piece of an old hat to put in his shoe" to protect his foot, 40 shillings. In 1659, Sam Clarke, for "hankering about on men's gates on Sabbath evening to draw company out to him," was re-proved, and warned not to "harden his neck" and be "wholly destroyed." In 1651, Thomas Scott was fined 10 shillings, "unless he have learned Mr. Norton's Chatacise by the next Court." In 1647, William Blagden, being brought up for absence from meeting, plead that he had fallen into the water late Saturday night, and could light no fire on Sunday to dry his clothes, hence, having no other suit, had spent his Sabbath in bed. Nevertheless he was found guilty of "slothfulness," and sentenced to be "publicly whipped." In 1780, the Massachusetts legislature enacted a law fining absentees from "public worship" ten shillings. Similar laws prevailed in New Hampshire and Connecticut, in the latter colony until 1870. By the way, up to the present year, a Connecticut law forbade the running of Sunday trains between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. The Blue Laws still die hard. I have left the most striking and famous illustration till last. Here it is, independent of the authority of the unvarnished Peters: In 1656, Captain Kemble of Boston was set for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewd and unseemly behavior." The specification of his guilt consisted in the fact that he had kissed his own wife "publicly on the Sabbath Day," on his own doorstep, having just returned home from a voyage of three years. He must have appreciated the welcome of his townsmen!

I fully agree with Mr. Byington that "forgeries and errors will help no cause in the long run." It is also well to remember that excellent aphorism of Josh Billings: "It is better not to know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so." Moreover, in exonerating our Puritan forefathers from the charge of having "burned" so-called witches, let us ask ourselves if the physical and moral torture actually applied was less painful than the ordeal by fire. Hanging was doubtless a milder death; can the same be said for the "peine forte et dure," (a harsh and severe pain) under which Giles Corey suffered? JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

## ABOUT OUR PECKSNIFF.

The expressions of Henry J. Weeks and S. D., with regard to the Philippine infamy must strike a responsive chord in the heart not only of every Anarchist but every American who remembers the tradition of Washington, Monroe, and Olney. But the wisdom of such utterances at the present moment may be questioned. Unless protested against, by Anarchists, as premature and ill-judged, they have a tendency to invite some act of violence against the perjured traitors now in power. What form would such an act naturally assume, and what would be its probable consequences? To blow up all our murder machines, as the Spaniards blew up one, would, of course, be an excellent thing. The form vengeance would naturally take, were any injudicious person worked up to attempt it now, would certainly be the execution of some one among the traitors; and it can scarcely be doubted which one would be chosen. I should regret any such occurrence, not, I assure you, out of personal regard for the individual. Bill McKinley is legally and morally the sole murderer of all who daily are being slaughtered in the Philippine Islands. The heir of a bankrupt party, having promised everything and being able to do nothing, he devised the imperialistic infamy as a last resort. It was he who originally proposed receiving the booty of Hawaii from his fellow-pirate Sanford Dole. He carried out this flagitious robbery by an usurpation of power, after Congress had refused to sanction it. He dilly-dallied us into the war with Aguinaldo, on purpose to find an excuse for continuing the cancer of piracy which is his faction's only hope for next election. He has sold us to England, politically, as his gang did financially before his nomination. To him we owe the disgraceful spectacle of the American flag on the New York Chamber of Commerce surmounted by the British. He has broken his word with the Cubans, as he has with everybody else. He has poisoned our soldiers, aided our enemies, disgraced our nation, filled our land with mourning, and identified our future, so far as he could, with that of the suicide-tyrants who went before. He is responsible for all the evils of the present and the outlook, not merely through his official position, but because he has all along been the animating spirit in our recent course of crime. There can be no question that his execution would be a just act. But in my opinion it would be a most impolitic one. It would do no good to either the Filipinos or the Americans. At the present time, it would injure both. It would arrest the growing feeling against his policy, and bequeath the same, strengthened, to a successor, who might very probably be an abler man. Let alone, he is hanging himself at a great rate. I am in favor of letting him have rope; both because he will hang his principles with him and because it is in that form, not the other, that justice ought to overtake him. Besides, anticipating Fate in his case, would be against that great principle of revolutionary prudence, that the best parasites are actually the most noxious. By picking them off, as Luccheni did, we teach that it is dangerous to be a parasite at all. By executing the worst, we obscure our purpose of extermination, excite for them sympathy, which they otherwise would not have, and bring on ourselves opprobrium which they are willing to carry for us. Bill is the worst we can find—therefore he is the last anyone should think about removing. C. L. JAMES.

## A FEW POINTERS.

The following article was sent to the *Call* of this city, but returned as "too intemperate":

Confronted with new and perplexing conditions, assailed with conflicting and contradictory principles, it is essentially a time when all good citizens should state without shrinking or fear their attitude towards the grave questions which have arisen in this country within the last year.

New standards, in direct opposition to those under which the independence of this country was achieved and fostered, and under which we find our only security today, are put forward and insisted upon with an intolerance and rancor that inevitably brand a weak cause.

All the most elementary morals of civilization which have hitherto received the instinctive acquiescence of unanimous mankind are now specially and painfully sought to be modified and construed to condone the dishonest designs of political and military adventurers.

In our own country we have constables, sheriffs, judges and jailers; court houses, jails and chain-gangs which exist for the detection, trial and punishment of

murder, assault, arson and robbery and other crimes. In support of these instruments, for the suppression of these crimes we submit to be taxed without question, because the prevention of crime is a self-evident necessity. The general recognition by all men in all civilized countries of the justice of this code secures the person and property of the American, as well in France, Russia or Japan as in America. The assent to this code is so general that its infringement by individuals at once outlaws them and incites the hostility of all mankind.

But, a new Pharaoh has arisen who knows not this Joseph. Taxed here in America to suppress and punish murder, we are at the same time and under the same authority taxed to incite and reward it in the Philippines.

Here, to forcibly seize and retain the goods of another is "robbery." In Luzon it is "foraging."

To burn the dwellings and homes of citizens in our own country is "arson" and a crime. To render homeless and houseless thousands of Filipino babes, women, old-men and cripples is "clearing the country," and a virtue.

If we are rightly taxed to punish murder, arson, assault and robbery in America, we are wrongly taxed to promote and reward the same crimes in the Philippines, and we cannot pay both taxes without compounding a felony.

General Smith, extenuating the above crimes writes to Mayor Phelan that "the Philippines are exceedingly rich." So are the United States rich, but does that excuse the looting of one without excusing the looting of both?

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer in a burst of "patriotism" declared at San Francisco the other day, that "with Americans behind me, I could whip the world." This may have been a "patriotic" declaration, but was it a "professional" one? A prize fighter would probably "whip" better even than the reverend doctor.

General Merriam says we have outgrown our constitution, and as far as he is able, has suspended it. Such a speech from such a man is only possible under that very constitution he would suppress.

The above are only a very few of the many instances of the double-standard-morality we plain single-standard-morality citizens are being forcibly hitched on to.

We are taxed to support two conflicting codes. Which is right?

Is crime in America virtue in the Philippines?

What sanction has a code anywhere that can be suspended everywhere at the promptings of the greed or ambitions of those in power?

Could we but see ourselves as others see us, would not the picture presented be somewhat as follows:

Ministers of the gospel turn the "great white throne" into a rostrum from which to sanctify and glorify the violation of every one of the ten commandments, when those violations are against a foreign and a weak people.

Our politicians take their stand upon the constitution to deny to all peoples but our own every right of man guaranteed and declared inherent in all men by that very constitution.

Our public institutions, by the testimony of the daily press, when not used to exploit private citizens are used to debauch public officials, and are the ready instrument for the oppression of weak peoples whose territory we covet and invade under the pretext of conferring upon them the "blessings of our free institutions."

Our "representatives" use the powers delegated by the people with a greater profligacy of personal enrichment and public oppression than any European government dares to do.

Our "patriotism" is a false sentiment for the tyrannical suppression—under pain of mob violence and petty public persecution—of the right of the individual to think, speak or act except in accordance with the manufactured opinion of a bigoted and unthinking majority.

Our "Americanism" means popular sanction or endorsement of all crimes committed in the name of the nation by those temporarily in power.

Our "flag" waves indiscriminately over schools, brothels or churches and stands as often lately for criminal aggression and native oppression as formerly it stood for liberty and national virtue.

Our "highest ideal" after dollar-getting is to whip someone. We care not how small or weak, in fact, the weaker the better, and our current literature in prose, poem and song are vain-glorious repetitions of our Titanic victories over small islands and their savages in the great Pacific.

Our "daily press" is—with a few honorable exceptions—a huge black-mailing institution, advertising itself, and coercing nickles and dimes from the pockets of the needy and the foolish under the pretence of magnifying some already absurdly exaggerated "popular hero," or righting some pretended "public wrong."

Our "national humanity" is fitly illustrated in the brutal sentiment "A dead Filipino is the only good Filipino," and our "national morality" in the vicious and idiotic sentiment "My country right or wrong."

Our allegiance, after all, is given to the "constitution," and not to those who either violate or ignore it, and our reverence, consent and support is due only to those things, institutions and laws which are in themselves venerable in every clime and common to every people.

HENRY J. WEEKS.

### TRAIL OF THE TYRANT.

In the March number of the *Galling Gun* published at Cleveland, Ohio, the editor has the following to say concerning his arrest on the order of Mark Hanna:

My Uncle Samuel sent me a lovely valentine the fourteenth of February. It was very striking in form, though not startlingly original. In fact, it was a warrant for my arrest, on the charge of mailing obscene matter, said matter having been published in the *Galling Gun*.

The charge, which is but a pretext for my persecution, is as groundless as a gold bug argument, as flimsy as McKinley's message, as rotten as Mark Hanna's record.

Obscene matter, within the meaning of the statute, is defined as follows:

"If the effect of pamphlets and papers sent through the mails, as a whole, would be to deprave and corrupt the mails, as a whole, would be to deprave and corrupt the minds of those into whose hands they might come, whose minds are open to those influences, or to excite lustful and sensual desires, they are obscene and lewd, whether such effect on the minds of readers is produced by single passages or portions of them, or by portions."—United States vs. Clarke, 38, Fed. rep. 732. Nothing of this kind has ever defiled the pages of the *Galling Gun*.

There are features in the case which go far to prove that my arrest is due to political persecution. The *Galling Gun* is published in the city that is the home of Hanna. Preparations are now being made for the next presidential campaign. The *Gun* is reckoned a dangerous paper, and it needs must be suppressed if possible. It has said things about Mark Mac & Co. that no other paper can or cares to. But it has always told the truth. It has shown up the swinish senator as he is, and by comparison a hog would seem holy. It has uncovered McKinley's character and held it up to the public gaze in all its loathsome littleness. It has shown that he was a speculator before he became president. It has told how he helped his family to fatten from off a nation's necessity. It has exposed the crimes of the most corrupt cabinet this country has ever known. It has laid the lash on every fraud with utter fearlessness. And he who tells the truth must expect to pay the penalty.

Against me is arrayed all the powerful machinery of a great government. I must personally pay the expense of the defense, but the United States treasury will pay the freight for the other side. The president of this proud people prostitutes his power to persecute a citizen of Ohio! Every resource of the administration will be used to secure my conviction. But the thing is not so easy. Imperialism is not an accomplished fact, and McKinley is not yet an emperor. The crime of lese-majeste is not specified on our statutes. Less than a hundred years hence, perhaps, the man who shall say what I have said will be hanged as high as Haman with Manila hemp.

My persecutors have been too precipitate. They should have consulted me before commencing proceedings. I could have told them with what they have to contend. The love of liberty still has its home in the hearts of men, and before they crush me they will have to overcome every impulse of Americanism that lives in this land. They must first destroy the universal demand for fair play. Public sentiment is on my side, and that sentiment is still stronger than the power of political prostitutes. My conviction would do more toward McKinley's political damnation than all the words I might write for the *Gun* from this hour till the day of doom. And whatever the trials of the present, my time will surely come. There are forces which McKinley, in the smallness of his soul,

can neither see nor understand. My enemies may seem to triumph for a time, but there will come a day of reckoning—and when it does come I'll return blow for blow.

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Of course my conviction can never be secured by fair methods. But if I should chance to fall a victim to the hellish hate of the servitors of Satan, I'll take my medicine like a man and shame the very slaves who do their master's bidding. I would rather be buried within the walls of Ohio's bastille, I would rather be clothed upon with the stripes of shame and shuffle in the lockstep, clasping the shoulder of a sullen criminal, I would rather drag through years of dull, dead drudgery, with every hope turned into a horror, but with a clear conscience and hands and honor clean, than to be Monster McKinley in his place of power and robbed with the purple of imperial pride, or yet "Hog" Hanna sticking his simious snout from behind the throne.

I have fought for freedom. I have battled for my brothers. I have sought to help humanity. I have striven to lift the lowly. For this I have earned the hate of hellicats in high places. But I have only done my duty and deserve neither credit nor censure. I have no desire to be regarded as either a martyr or a miscreant. I hope for justice, but am prepared for whatever fate the future may hold. To me freedom is a sweet and sacred thing, but if I must be sacrificed on the altar of the common cause then that sacrifice is sweeter still and a thousand times more sacred. They may shut me in from God's sunlight, they may slay my every happiness, but they cannot murder my manhood. I am content if my individual loss shall result in the aggregate gain. "The greatest good to the greatest number" is the motto that makes up the ethics of my existence. I am willing to remain within prison walls till I die and de ay, if in the end the dust of my bones shall be blown through the world to fertilize the flower of human liberty.

### Literature.

SONGS OF THE UNBLIND CUPID. Price 30 cents. Published by The Calamus House, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

This is an *edition de luxe*, in red and black, of a few hitherto unpublished poems by the well known liberal poet, J. Wm. Lloyd. The verses are printed from Kelscott type upon deckle-edged, hand-made paper of cerulean tint.

THE SILVER CROSS, OR THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH. A translation from the French of Eugene Sue. Price 25 cents. Published by the International Pub. Co., 23 Duane St., New York.

Eugene Sue writes fiction, yet his narratives are reflections on his history which portray the struggle between the oppressor and oppressed with a comprehension that by far surpasses that of the average historian. He shows in a masterly style that, to use the language of the translator, each successive tyrant class, despite its change of form, hysterically sought refuge in "law and order," patriotism, religion, etc., to justify its criminal existence whenever threatened by the attitude of resisting slaves. "The unity of action of the oppressors, despite hostile politico-material interests and clashing religious views," has ever been manifest, and the institutions of education and the churches and public offices have ever been "in possession of a plundering class."

THE BATTLE AT VIRDEN, ILLINOIS. Published by the International Labor League, Chicago, Ill. Sent free of charge.

This pamphlet gives the history of the battle of Virden, Ill., and is an excellent eye-opener for the indifferent. Its motto is: "Necessity has no law and a starving man has a right to his neighbor's bread."

THE LABOR QUESTION. By Harry Kueneman, Paterson, N. J. Price 10 cents.

The author of this interesting pamphlet realizes that the ultimate result of any system of society must ever be despotism and tyranny as long as rules and laws of conduct and ownership of the means of production and distribution are recognized, yet he thinks that the labor question can never be settled without an appeal to Christ, not knowing that he thereby upholds authority. He proposes a society free from government, yet he repudiates Anarchism, claiming that the Anarchists "propose to kill society," a claim which is so absurd that he makes himself ridiculous. Society cannot be killed unless we kill each other off and the last remaining individual commits suicide. Anarchists simply repudiate authority in every form in order to kill despotism in its root.



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## CHICAGO.

### PICNIC OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.

Maywood, Ill. will be the storm center for the Chicago radicals on the Fourth of July.

The boom of cannon crackers and the click of rusty guns, however, will have no place among us, for we no patriots be. The peals of merry laughter, the joyous sound of voices and melodious strains of music will ring out in happy contrast to the stereotyped howl of the patriot with his firecracker in one hand, while the other, perhaps, covers a rupture in his belated trousers, bespeaking of overproduction of fools. Unlike him, having no freedom to "blow" about, we intend taking to the woods and fields; and, stretched upon nature's green velvety carpet, beneath the cool shades of the oak, and surrounded by an atmosphere purified and perfumed in the intoxicating fragrance of the wild roses, congratulate ourselves upon the knowledge of our bondage.

Leaving the city to the mercies of the "brave and free," the slaves in their terror will rouse and flee.

The Social Science Club has made arrangements for this outing, and from present indications a very large crowd will attend. Indeed, it is the ambition of the club to make this the biggest congregation of the friends of freedom held in recent years, and this is published that the readers of *Free Society* may not miss the opportunity to assemble with their friends and enjoy the pleasure of a day's intercourse with nature.

While the flag is being embraced by the patriot, whom it doesn't represent, let the scoffing rebels away to the brush, and enjoy a day content.

How to get there? Take the Lake St. "L." to Fifty-second St., there take the Lake St. electric car to the end of the line where L. S. Oliver, who resides in Maywood and to whom the club is much indebted for valuable assistance and influence in securing privileges, etc., and the club committee will receive and direct you to the grounds. An hour and a quarter will be required in the journey from down town. Arrive in Maywood not later than 10 o'clock if possible. Should you be late and miss the committee, ask anyone you meet for Comrade Oliver.

For cyclists it is an excellent ride over a perfect road. JAY FOX.

## A BUSINESS PARABLE.

Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid him in cash, but far the greater number said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed, and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said, "My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough to pay expenses."

So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay one of these days," forgetting that though each account was very

small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so badly that he fell out of bed and awoke, and running to his granary found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming.

MORAL.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—Ex.

## SHE DEFENDS THE FLAG.

We congratulate Mrs. Kelly, of Conshohocken, Pa., upon the promptness with which she has adjusted herself to newly declared ideas and principles. In her pig-pen was a grunter which a neighbor claimed as his property. She raised the American flag over the pen, and when the neighbor came for his pig she knocked him down with a clothes pole. Her defense was that he was making a disloyal attack on the American flag, and the jury acquitted her. Why not? If it is disloyal to haul down the flag that has been raised over the wrongfully acquired territory, why is it not equally so to haul it down when raised over a wrongly acquired pig? Whether the flag be defended by a clothes pole or an eight-inch gun, over a pig pen or Porto Rico, the principle is the same.—*Boston Transcript*.

## SLAVERY NOT YET EXTINGUISHED.

The popular impression that slavery in Africa is a thing of the past is entirely erroneous. It is estimated that there are at least 50,000,000 slaves in Africa. In the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba alone, which are governed by Great Britain, 260,000 are held in bondage, and the horrors of the trade are so great that for each slave who reaches the coast eight or nine die on the way. So that the supply of 7,000 slaves annually smuggled into Zanzibar represents the murdering of about 60,000 annually. From Zanzibar slaves may be legally transferred to Pemba, and from there to Arabia. The hard work in Zanzibar, a British dominion, is almost all performed by slaves, and women may be seen every day chained together in gangs of seven, working under the supervision of a policeman, armed with a lash.—*London Clarion*.

"Once," said the dean of a great university to a writer in the *Conservator*, "I called on Walt Whitman with a number of my fellow professors. The old man received us with that gentle courtesy which was characteristic of him, and among other things he asked me kindly: 'And what do you do?' I said that I held a chair of metaphysics and logic at my university. The old poet gave a reassuring smile as one who encourages a child, and answered: 'I suppose we must have people to look after these things, even if they don't exist.'"

## 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 June 10. New London Group, \$1. Kranz, J. L. Jones, Naselli, Erickson, Engvall, Kiefer, Ruby, each 50c. McGowan, Pletznier, Jensen, Mechanick, Gleich, Queckboener, each 25c.

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