

# 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. 51.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 239.

## HEROISM.

He's a hero, who can stand  
In solitary ways  
Fronting with a courage grand  
Uneventful days,  
Living on when hope is gone;  
Bravely tolling all alone;  
Doing what must needs be done  
With no thought of praise.

He's a hero, though his name  
And high endeavor  
On the great world's scroll of fame  
Are written never.  
In some unsuspected place  
With a real heroic grace  
Meeting failure face to face  
Undaunted ever.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

## REVOLUTIONISTS.

Our martyred comrades were revolutionists. They never denied it and they worked, hoped and died for it. It was a part of their lives, a religion, in a sense, and they carried it to that last moment when Fischer cried, "This is the happiest moment of my life!"

But a revolutionist is not to be comprehended by the common mind which thinks as it is told to think; and he is more than we are wont to believe. He is pictured as a caricature of rage and rebellion. He is more likely to tower above our heads, calm, thoughtful, courageous, realizing better than we, the danger, yet patiently, bravely awaiting it. He is more than a reformer, more than a well-wisher of humanity. He does not hope—he *will*.

He sees a vision of society as it should be, thrown up against the sky of the future, and all his mighty energies are bent upon making it a reality. The terrors facing him do not count; the immediate perils are small compared to centuries of anguish stretching behind him, and the marvelous possibilities glowing in the future. Compromises, palliatives, peace measures, are but obstacles in the way of a true adjustment of human relations. He is standing upon a mountain top, and he knows before we do what is coming.

He does not love violence and bloodshed; his great heart is breaking over the sufferings of the poor; he cannot endure that this shall go on forever, and in his prophetic brain, he knows—it *will not*!

But the world does not need such men, it is said. "A revolutionist is about nine parts crank and one part criminal," comes from a very lenient critic; and he adds, "Evolution is the silent force at work, and our impatience, our violence, our unhappiness over sad conditions do not hasten or retard the general progress. Why not make the best of things and so add to the stock of happiness by being happy ourselves?"

But evolution is made up of growth and sudden changes, and painful births, and deaths of the old. It is not all gentle unfoldment in the warm, sleepy sunshine. Pain and struggle and irresistible energy are elements in evolution. The destroyer is a part of the process of up-building, and we need not fear it.

"Whatever of good the old time had  
Is living still."

That fiercely, desperately, earnest soul who is ready to die that the truth may be uncovered from the weight of thousands of years, is a necessary factor in development. We dread his disturbing influence; so do we dread the furious storm which clears and purifies the air, but it must come.

It is not in us all to be revolutionists. Many of

us are not made of that stuff which can rise above the present, troublous danger and live and die for a coming glory. We have not that terrible courage which demands justice though the heavens fall. It is not necessary, perhaps. Planners and builders are wanted; cheery souls who can conserve the possibilities of happiness until all can enjoy them, sweet natures who will live beautifully, as we all wish to do sometimes, and who will preserve the ideal. The art of living must not be forgotten while we are struggling for the opportunities to learn it; the poetry of life must be cherished by some one, while others are fighting for a place for it.

It is not easy to make happiness, to keep bright and cheery and brave under conditions which tend to kill this spirit; and they too, are heroic who can always do this. But let them never belittle the grand, great natures who can do what is also essential, and which they cannot do.

The world worships its successful fighters, and questions little why they fought. The slain and vanquished are reviled rebels, though their cause was the noblest; one lauded victor must have climbed over the bodies of many martyrs—and they are forgotten. Our comrades are as yet among the vanquished; it depends on us to rescue their names from obloquy, and to keep bright the cause for which they died. The love of life was strong in their young, ardent natures, yet they shrank not from the sacrifice. Their devotion was an inevitable part of evolution; quiet work, endurance, patience, hopefulness, the simple living of those principles we love, are also necessary. But—ah, let us never forget the men who could rise to heights we perhaps never could, or blame them for being the lofty souls they were. The martyrs of the race have been its saviors.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

## THE NAVY.

There has never been wanting, in this country, a fair sprinkling of clear-headed people who have opposed any attempt to increase the army, and their opposition has been based upon the recognition of the fact that a standing army is at all times a menace to such freedom as we have. It has been "patriotic," though, to look with quite other views upon any proposed increase of the navy. People have said (and everyone was disposed to say so last year), that the navy, not being a land force, could not be used to endanger the liberty of the country, and that a career in the navy did not afford any opportunity to acquire political influence such as has been used by successful soldiers with the well-known evil results. Will any rational person say so now, after all this insane outburst of Jingo patriotism over the official sea-pirate Dewey? Is it not clear that the mischievous career of Grant can be paralleled by Dewey by way of the navy, just as easily as Grant "got there" by way of the army?

The successful admiral of Venice fastened as much odious tyranny upon the republic as the most successful soldier ever dreamed of attempting. Any standing governmental force is a menace to freedom, whether army, navy or police, for the reason that all such officialism is simply another name for "opportunity" backed by force in opposition to a vast herd of units legally and purposely deprived of means of self-defense. Any form of standing officialism is a menace to freedom, and instead of promoting order promotes disorder. Imagine to yourself the wildest possible social disorder that you can conceive of, and then ask yourself, honestly, if it is pos-

sible in imagination to exceed the fact as you know in actual life, as found under government professing to exist to ensure peace, order, and stability. Making concessions as to human nature not being perfect, still, is it possible to conceive of a society held together by voluntary associations alone giving rise to such social misery, disorder and violence as we see existing right along as the direct outcome of the action of government? Human imperfection, outside of governmental influence, gives rise to a perceptible amount of disorder, death and misery, but with the advance in the education of the race, all that tends to and does diminish. But it is precisely the opposite with the disorder, death and confusion that arise through a government in its operation upon those it governs and quarrels with. The horrors, disorder, slaughter and bloodshed caused directly by government, in its wars, have always exceeded the similar evils that arise in any given society through the imperfections of the individual, and the indirect evils of it were frightful to think of, though not perceived by many as yet. And yet with all the advance in civilization this governmentally created evil continues to increase instead of diminishing. The wars and their attendant miseries are on a much vaster scale; no sooner is one war ended than governments begin another somewhere else; they go to the end of the earth to carry them on.

The evils arising from "crime" may be fairly constant, as conditions now are, but they are dribblets, drops in an ocean, mere retail business, with a sure tendency to diminish as their causes are known and removed by industrial and associated efforts. But the evils incidental to government, also constant, are certainly on the increase, and government is organized and equipped with a vast machinery at its command absolutely and deliberately planned for the perpetration of all these horrors on an enormous scale and with cold-blooded foresight, after the manner of a wholesale business as compared with a retail one. Only to the slow and constant growth of intelligence in society at large is the improvement of society to be attributed; and that has taken place in spite of government, in opposition to government; it has been possible because society, voluntary association and mutual aid, are good in themselves. On the contrary, the application of this greater intelligence to governmental methods has been a failure, has made confusion worse confounded, has vastly increased the scale of corruption, disasters and miseries of war, has failed to solve any social problems, has perpetuated social evils, has failed in every direction except that of giving increased power and wealth to a larger horde of hungry officials;—all this because government is in itself an evil, an abuse.

Get rid of the navy,—it is only one of the long-reaching arms of tyranny. We are safer with it at the bottom of the sea.

C. B. COOPER.

When thirteen years ago a small bomb was thrown on the Chicago Haymarket in defense against an approaching invasive horde of drunken murderous bloodhounds of capitalism, killing instantly one policeman, fatally wounding six others and more or less seriously injuring about sixty more, the exploiters of the world with all their oppressor-henchmen cried aloud for vengeance and the word "dynamite" was carried from mouth to mouth as the most horrible of horrors.

Today news comes from South Africa that the English have murdered with "lyddite" at Mafeking 1500 Boers who had been defending their homes and liberty—but no one cares, for it is all done in the name of "law and order."—San Francisco Tageblatt.

## FREE SOCIETY.

### FREE SOCIETY.

FORMERLY "THE FIREBRAND."

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Ass'n.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif. For visitors of Guerrero St.

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.

Read the speeches of the martyrs.

Keep their memory green by continuing their good work.

Let us hope the time may come when the memory of the Chicago martyrs will be perpetuated in the building of a temple dedicated to the cause of human emancipation.

It takes a good lover to be a good hater. Albert Parsons loved his family and the cause to which he dedicated his life with all the power of his ardent nature; and he hated the capitalistic system and all who stood for it with an equal intensity.

"We are the birds of the coming storm!" We may not make the revolution, but our very existence as revolutionists, our interpretation of the signs of the times, and our warning to the people to be ready for the storm, make good the words of Comrade Spies.

The law of retribution is said to be impartial, swift and certain in its operation. Yet that historical monster, the Duke Alva, died peacefully at his palace in Spain; Grinnell and Schack enjoyed distinction and comparative wealth while living, and passed away quietly in the midst of their friends, and the cold-blooded Gary still lives, amid opulent surroundings, and standing in the estimation of the respectable world in which he lives. He will also probably die peacefully. Retributive justice is not always sure.

The cattle stalls (voting booths) are up again; we shall see some more prosperity for the whisky and tobacco vander, some more bloody noses and black eyes among the rotten politicians—perhaps another change of bosses—and labor will resume its old treadmill.

President Krueger of the Boer Republic is leading his troops against the British; that is more than the leaders of the British dynasty would do and it is more than President McKinley did. Both of the latter are too wise to endanger their own "precious" lives; they rather send the ignorant mudsills into the fire to perish and bring them laurels.

"Five great powers to prevent England from grabbing the South African republics." What's the difference under what flag the South African "republics" are? The landlord and the moneylord rule anyhow and everywhere; the governments of both "republics" and monarchies protect them, and labor is fleeced and robbed equally under both. Down with both and all rule. Let us have a free humanity composed of individuals.

In London some of the comrades are contemplating the opening of a cooperative restaurant in which good meals could be served at low prices. This is gratifying. Everything helps and no effort is too small to be of some benefit. San Francisco ought to follow suit. Those interested in the plan are requested to correspond with Paul Schramm, 7 Wells St. W., London.

A comrade from Cleveland, Ohio, reports the boycott there is broken and the great strike practically ended. Thus a great deal of means has again been wasted in this struggle without much effect. Will the workers ever learn that a strike cannot be successful unless it be general, and then it is not worth while striking for a few paltry cents more or a reduction of working hours; in such a case fundamental issues, such as the abolition of rent, interest and taxes with its creative machinery, government, are the proper thing to raise; others are worse than useless.

J. C. Barnes in last issue of *Free Society* develops into a full-fledged Anarchist-Socialist-Greenbacker-Single Taxer. In order to complete the circus he but needs to add to his stock Populism-Democracy-Republican; then he would certainly be a good all around man and able to please everybody. There's nothing like being a Jack-of-all-trades—and master of none.

Hugh O. Pentecost, the once brilliant exponent of radicalism has returned to his former trade of preaching and is humbugging his dupes on such questions as which is the proper day to worship on—Saturday or Sunday—and whether and how God wants to be worshiped.

This is the same Pentecost who once so charmingly said: "It is just as rational to talk about a thimble-abb as about a god; neither has any meaning to us." How he did descend!

#### REMINISCENCES.

BY WILLIAM AND LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

On the recurrence of this anniversary, the first memories which present themselves are sad and hopeless ones. The dark, sorrowful November day when the sodden earth lay brown and desolate beneath our feet, and the dull clouds brooded low over our heads, while our beloved dead were being put out of sight—the fatal hour which none of us believed could come, the awful day in which we moved about benumbed, which Lucy Parsons and I spent in dark, dirty underground cells locked from each other and stripped by the minions of the law, back further to the long weeks and months of strain, anxiety, work and waiting, these all come to us first. But beyond that, brighter visions arise and it is a sad pleasure to recall the scenes when they were with us, full of life, energy, devotion and delightful comradeship.

Our comrades were peculiarly gifted with social faculties, and brightened every gathering of which they were a part. I believe nothing in my life was ever more enjoyable than the socials and picnics at which Albert Parsons and his wife, August Spies, Sam Fielden and other good comrades would gather around a table and talk. I consider that a good part of my early economic education was gained at those places. The men were usually at their best; their brightest thoughts bubbled up as from a fountain and rippled around us, calling out all that was strong or good or clever from the rest of us. Spies was always a little sarcastic, but so keen and fine that we enjoyed it even when turned against us. Parsons was genial, brilliant, ever ready to adapt himself to the moods and natures of those present; Fielden, whole-souled, humorous, full of quaint touches of tenderness, simple uncultured poetry, and good heartedness. It was a Bohemian crowd, without conventionality, or elegance, but with more brightness, wisdom and earnest longing for truth than might be found around any millionaire's table, where sparkling wine flowed instead of the more plebeian beer.

Albert Parsons could quell a mob with his voice and his presence, meet in mental combat a room full of college bred preachers, make plain the truths of Anarchism to a hall full of stolid workmen, and turn to a social gathering of friends and become its life. On the evening of November 29, 1885, Wm. Holmes and myself gave a little party on the occasion of our marriage. I shall never forget how full of wit, animation and delightful resources Parsons was that evening. He made us forget ourselves; even the two or three friends who were not in sympathy with our views who were present, forgot that Albert Parsons was to them a curiosity and Lucy Parsons a startling innovation, and really enjoyed themselves.

During the course of the evening, Wm. Holmes thought it a good joke on me to pretend that he was very badly intoxicated; being a great deal of an actor, he carried out the idea with wonderful realism, so much so that I began to feel badly. I remember so well, how quickly Albert Parsons caught my thoughts and sprang to my side to comfort and re-assure me, saying he would take care of him, that I should not let it worry me one bit; it was only the occasion that was to blame for it that it was not serious in the least. Then he proceeded to "take care of Wm. Holmes" and get him properly sobered up; by that time Will himself thought the joke had gone far enough and sobered up to the point at least which the rest of us were "at."

L. M. H.

The years 1882 to 1885 inclusive were active years

for the propaganda in Chicago. Especially is this true of the last two years. I moved away from the city at the commencement of the year 1885, but know general way that from that time until that fatal day in May the agitation was almost at a white heat. During the years 1883, 1884, and 1885 I was very closely associated with the active movement, and therefore with its principal actors. As secretary of the American Group, I. W. P. A., I attended all the meetings, both at the hall and in the open air. In those days we never missed an opportunity for a "demonstration." We used to placard the city with big posters, challenging noted citizens to debate the social-labor question. The only man of any note who accepted our public challenges then was William Salter, speaker for the Ethical Culture Society, and through this means Salter became a warm personal friend to several of us, working nobly, in his own way, during our dark days for a commutation of sentence. Many times immense parades were held, and it was a great sight to see between three and four thousand men and women marching in orderly procession, every person decorated with red, with fully a hundred blood-red banners held aloft—one long, moving line of red—and with bands playing the Marseillaise and other inspiring airs. Parsons and Neebe generally acted as marshals of these parades, and the former's skill and grace as a horse-back rider I remember were especially admired. On Thanksgiving Day we held open air meetings on the market square (not the Haymarket) when Parsons, Spies, Fielden and G. S. Griffen would pour forth floods of oratory calling the attention of the invited guests (for we had previously circulated hand bills among the so called "hoboes" inviting them to our Thanksgiving "feast") to their own hungry, ragged, homeless condition in comparison to the turkey and turtle-fed residents of the rich quarters. After the speeches we would marshal the ragged outcasts into line, and several hundred strong would march through the avenues where the wealthy dwell, so that they might gaze, from their luxurious drawing rooms, at a sample of the misery and poverty wrought by them through their greed. I would generally act as chairman of these meetings, and frequently of the open air meetings held every Sunday on the lake front. My voice was not strong enough, nor had I the capacity otherwise, to make telling speeches in the open air.

I think one of the most remarkable and exciting demonstrations we ever held was at the opening of the magnificent new building dedicated to high-toned gambling in Chicago; I refer to the Chamber of Commerce. On the night of the opening the great hall of the Board of Trade was filled with the representatives of the wealth, beauty and fashion of the city. A few blocks away, at the market square was gathered a motley crowd of radicals, tramps and curiosity seekers. I think I never knew Parsons and Fielden so eloquent as on that night. From the salt barrels near the river warehouses they poured forth a torrent of invective, argument and appeal. After the speeches we got the crowd into line, and headed by two of our women carrying red and black flags, we solemnly marched to the brilliantly lighted building where the festivities were at their height. When within a square of the building we were confronted by two rows of armed and uniformed policemen, stretching across the street from building to building, who disputed our further passage. We then marched to another street and attempted to reach the building from a different direction, again to find the way blocked by a grim double-line cordon of police. From four different directions we attempted to reach the temple of mammon, and each time found our way disputed by the officers of the law. Those high-toned gamblers in the necessities of life were well guarded that night. At the last stopping place Neebe stepped to the front and shouted "Men, make ready!" The moment was intense. Many of us expected the next instant to be mixed up in a fearful fight, but after a short and hurried council it was decided that the time had not yet come for bloodshed, and we marched back to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, where Fielden and others harrangued the crowd on the street from the second story windows. It was principally for this that Neebe received his sentence of fifteen years in Joliet penitentiary. I have often wondered what must have been the feelings of the gay throng in the Chamber of Commerce building that memorable night.

Another eventful occasion, although of a different character, was Comrade Spies' address before the Congregational ministers of Chicago. An invitation had



been sent by the ministers through their secretary for two of the representative Anarchists to meet them. Parsons was out of the city, and Spies sent for me to accompany him. We found the ministers assembled to the number of twenty or more. We were courteously received and introduced to the leading ministers present. After getting through some routine work the chairman stated that the meeting had been called mainly for a discussion of the social question, and introduced Comrade Spies. The latter made a fine address, although I remember I thought at the time that it was too brusque, his criticism of the class to which our hosts belonged being especially severe. When he had finished one minister after another arose, pouring the hottest kind of shot in our direction, and plying Spies with questions. It was an exciting time. My brain fairly burned with the seething thoughts to which I longed to give utterance, and I even felt resentful at the time that Spies was taking all the time and giving me no chance to get the floor. It was on this occasion that Spies, when twitted by one of the shallow-brained ministers present with trying to create a revolution, gave utterance to that famous sentence, "We are the birds of the coming storm!" I can see him now as he thundered forth those prophetic words, his form drawn to its fullest height, his arm extended, his handsome face aglow with enthusiasm and pride. After that sentence I thought no more of speaking, and when at the close of the two hours' session one of the ministers apologized for overlooking me I hastened to assure them all that I would not then have it otherwise for the world. In the enthusiasm of the moment I felt that it would have been almost sacrilege for me to attempt to address them. I was quite satisfied to let well enough alone.

W. H.

For two years I accompanied Alb. and Lucy Parsons to the meetings of the International, every Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon. These walks and talks are among the pleasantest memories of my life. Albert Parsons was a great caricaturist. When he thought his words would not reach any party whom it might hurt, he would treat us to some of the most comical "take offs" I ever heard. He could tell a good story or laugh at a good joke. Withal he was always delicate and gentlemanly, and was careful not to hurt the feelings of those present, or even to shock their prejudices unless with a serious purpose of doing them some good.

It is well to bring up the lighter and brighter memories of our comrades now and then, or we will leave to the coming generations the idea that they were only revolutionists and martyrs. I love to think of them as they appeared when free, and were full of enthusiasm and a sort of cheerful but serious determination. I never remember them as I saw them the last time. I will not, unless I need the picture to inspire me; I like best to recall them as they were in their best days, as I present them to you today.

L. M. H.

Distinct and vivid in my memory are the incidents of the 5th of May, 1886. The morning papers reporting the Haymarket meeting and the hurling of the fatal bomb; the early appearance of Comrade Parsons and his account of the tragedy of the night before. And then the dreadful uncertainty and the feverish excitement caused by rumors in the village.

About eleven o'clock in the morning I went down town. All kinds of rumors were floating about. The telegraph operator at the depot, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, assured me that Chicago was already in the throes of revolution; that the "red devil" had destroyed several public buildings and sacked private residences; that troops had been called out and fully a hundred persons killed. I mingled with the crowds on the principal streets of the village, and was everywhere met with dark, suspicious looks and muttered curses. Some people with whom I had been on terms of intimacy crossed the street to avoid meeting me. I could not, would not believe the alleged reports of riot in Chicago; nevertheless I told Comrade Parsons what I had heard. He became greatly excited; declared the social revolution had begun, and but for my earnest pleading would have set off immediately for Chicago. It was finally agreed that we would wait until the next morning, when if the reports of the day were corroborated by the newspapers or if no Chicago papers came to hand we would both go to the city and take part in the conflict. Meantime we talked, not of the future, for there seemed such a brief future for us, and it was impossible to tell what the morrow would bring forth; but we talked of the past, and of the

movement which had become, at least to him, the best part of his life and for which he expected to die. He was all enthusiasm, all expectancy, and his enthusiasm fired me, although my better judgment told me that the morrow would reveal a very different state of affairs from what he anticipated.

Immediately after the dinner hour I again went to the telegraph office. Startling rumors were thicker than ever, and ugly glances when I appeared on the main street showed the temper of the people. The operator gravely assured me that the great city was in a frenzy of excitement and alarm; that several public buildings, including the post-office and court house had been blown up with dynamite; that hundreds of people had been slaughtered in street fights, and that Chicago was practically powerless in the hands of the "mob." I knew not what to think or do. To this day I have never learned whether these reports were actually received by the operator or hatched in his fertile brain. Whatever their origin they were given out to all the people of Geneva as true, and were believed by most of them. I dared not tell Comrade Parsons what I had heard. He was already chafing at what he termed his "cowardice" in remaining in a place of safety and security while the greatest of modern conflicts was going on but a few miles distant. I told him that there had been no additional particulars; that all as yet was doubt and uncertainty.

Again, toward evening, I went for news, but could get no denial of the earlier reports. I was so "rattled" that I did not even think it necessary to settle up my little affairs in the village. I talked calmly to my aged mother who was with me and who I feared would make it very hard for me to go, but she was a soldier's daughter, and in turn surprised me by her calmness and fortitude. Perhaps she realized, as I seemed to in a vague sort of way, that the next day would bring no parting or rushing into danger.

The next morning, as early as they could be had, I purchased the Chicago papers and there found my cooler judgment confirmed. Lizzie and our comrades had been arrested, and parties were already frantically searching for our fugitive.

Fischer's character seems to have been but little understood, even among his closest associates. The fact is that he was one of those rare souls who tower so majestically above his fellows as virtually to belong to another sphere. His whole being was so bound up in the movement that he was literally a part of it. His days were passed in labor so that he might have money to spend for the Cause; his nights in agitating, planning, working for its success. His principal amusements were his preparations for the great conflict which he looked upon as inevitable. For Fischer was a revolutionist, and his most ardent hope was that he might take an active part in the great struggle for oppressed humanity. Even his personal needs were sacrificed to his enthusiasm for the Cause. Although receiving good wages as foreman of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* composing room, he yet lived amid the poorest surroundings, and begrudged every cent needed for home comforts. Possessed of a powerful physique, great vitality and love of life, with the tenderest affection for his wife and pretty children, young, ardent, with a wonderfully analytical brain and mental abilities above the average, he yet deemed it a glorious privilege to sacrifice his life for the cause which he loved far better than all else beside. We all admired and loved the man prior to his arrest; but it was after he was enmeshed in the coils of the law that his strong character shone out the completest. He was like a strong granite wall. Neither the brutality of his persecutors nor the pleading of his friends moved him in the slightest degree. He scorned every overture for capitulation or compromise. He disdained the services of intercessor and priest. Liberty or death! this was his shibboleth, and no influence could prevail to shake him. His calmness during the long months of his imprisonment, and his quiet enthusiasm for the death that awaited him when his fate became certain were marvelous. His whole character was revealed in that last terrific moment, when, with his inward gaze already fixed upon eternity he exclaimed from out the fulness of his heart, "This is the happiest moment of my life!" We may never look upon his like again.

W. H.

I last saw Parsons on Wednesday before the fatal Friday. I believe few were allowed to see him afterward. His wife did not, and only his counsel and one or two newspapermen, were admitted. I have sometimes thought that if he had had his way he would

not have seen anyone. When I saw him and gave him one or two messages from the outside world, he seemed to be preoccupied; he looked up, not at me. He seemed like a person who had shut out all the possibilities of life, and sounds from the struggle only disturbed him. He was alone, and I doubt if any of us reached him. Fischer could remain in a natural condition and truthfully declare that it was the happiest moment of his life; Parsons' nature was such that he arose into a wondrous mood where he had little in common with the ordinary affairs of society, and he preferred to be left there. Yet he was as truly brave and composed as were the others.

L. M. H.

A great deal more might be written about our comrades, and the varying phases of the movement of which each of them was an active part. The eighteen months of their imprisonment in Cook County jail at Chicago were crowded with incidents which would be of more than passing interest to the readers of *Free Society*, but which lack of space will not at present admit of narration. Neither Lizzie nor I knew the bright, handsome boy, Lingg, prior to his arrest, but during the many months awaiting trial and re-hearing of the case we got to know him well, and to greatly admire him. Even his early jailers spoke of him and of his conduct in terms of the highest praise. Engel I had met many times, and his daughter Mary had become a well known character at our numerous public meetings, where she used to distribute literature. Parsons, Fielden and Spies were members of the American Group of the International. The others were also connected with revolutionary groups of the same association of which there were then several in the city.

W. H.

### AN OLD JOKER.

One Louis James, of Hillsdale, N. J., who ornaments his name, or thinks he does, by prefixing a "Rev.," in a "special" sermon to the Order of United Workmen the other day let loose the following piece of sophistry: "Capital and labor necessarily go along together. They are component parts of a complete whole. These two beautiful yachts, Shamrock and Columbia, are samples of this, for capital had to have the skill of the workmen to produce them and the workmen needed the capital to enable them to do their part." The little joker that this sky pilot carefully hid from his hearers consists in the fact that there is no contention whatever between capital and labor, but between the capitalist and the laborer. Capital is the child of labor and, if justice were had, would never part out of the laborer's hands, but by the hokus-pokus system of profits, interests, rents and taxes, backed by the arch-thief government, this labor-produced capital has been robbed from the laborer and is now in the hands of a lot of loafers who style themselves capitalists. Now, translated into plain English this sky pilot's sermon would read thus: "The capitalists who had robbed the laborers of the result of their labor, in spite of all the capital they had robbed them out of, needed the skill of the workmen to produce them (the Shamrock and the Columbia), for robbers do not know how to do anything but rob, hence must have others to do labor for them, and the workmen, after being robbed of the outcome of their labor—the capital—and the means to produce anything with, naturally needed the capitalists who had robbed them out of these means and had to humble themselves before their robbers to get some of these robbed means loaned to enable them to do their part, that is to produce more out of which to be further robbed."

If this sky pilot is really too ignorant to see this plain proposition in its proper light, let him study this over as many times as he has his useless bible; and if he is insincere, let him continue humbugging the people by his legitimate profession of sky piloting instead of mixing up with political economy which is out of his sphere.

S. D.

### VOICE FROM THE PAST.

COMRADE PARSON'S LETTER FROM WAUKESHA, WIS.

The following letter, written to me by Comrade Parsons from his place of concealment at Waukesha, Wisconsin, on May 22, 1886, has never been published. It was of necessity forwarded to me in the most secret and roundabout way, as a close espionage had already been placed on all my mail, and it is safe to say that scarcely a letter mailed or received by me for several months while in Geneva

going  
toiter, how  
ves by this rob  
market for the

passed to its destination unopened by the authorities:

My dear Comrade, The bearer of this communication is a true friend and most worthy comrade. He is comfortably situated, and I have received all necessary aid from him. He comes from me to talk with you and Lizzie M. about our persecuted comrades, the glorious cause, and especially to let my noble wife know that I am well, and full of hope.

Be careful and let no one know where I am. Keep it from my wife and friends. It is not necessary that they know anything more than that I am well in every respect.

What a howl of rage is going up from the wounded Property Beast! What shrieks of despair and cries for blood! This is music to all who strive for liberty. The Property Beast is in the last days of its power, its bloodthirstiness, its cruelty. Private capital with its pack of bloodhounds—the police and militia—will ere long be powerless in the presence of an aroused and fearless people. As for the Haymarket tragedy—not upon our hands is their guilty blood. They fell ignobly, striving to suppress free speech and to smother the manifestations of the discontent of enslaved and oppressed labor. From the echo of that Tuesday night the tyrants of earth may take warning that the reign of brute force and bloody violence is nearing its end all over the world.

Our imprisoned comrades, do they bear up well under their new burden? Poor Fielden, is his wound dangerous? And how are his wife and child? I know our comrades will divide the last crust with them. August Spies, nature's nobleman; he will with Fielden prove a match more than equal to all the lies and arts of liberty's foes.

The trial will prove abortive. Myself and comrades held for riot and murder by the Coroner's jury cannot be justly convicted. The Grand Jury in turning Schwab loose proclaim the falsehood of the charge that we were guilty of conspiracy to produce a conflict that night. The testimony of the reporter, English, before the Grand Jury as to what I said disproves it; Schwab's absence, as well as the presence, unarmed, of myself, my wife, and my two children. As for inciting to riot, well, if what I said has moved the people to resist the oppressions and throw off the yoke of the capitalist loafers and labor robbers, then I would be happy even in a prison cell to await the dawn of the day when emancipated Labor would proclaim and set me free. Those fellows who claim the earth as their private property are themselves on trial for grand larceny and wholesale murder of the people. Let them beware of the verdict! I have no fear of the speedy victory.

Now comrade, what is your advice? Shall I put myself into the hands of the bloodhounds? Shall I stand trial? Confer with Lucy E. and Lizzie M. and other comrades. I am ready now as ever to do my best in the cause against the foul system that keeps labor in bondage to capital. Talk with the bearer of this note freely. Write me the program, if you have any, and believe me as ever yours for the Social Revolution.

ALBERT R. PARSONS.

P. S. This letter was intended to be delivered to you in person, as the party was going to Chicago; but a change of program has caused the letter to be mailed to you.

My present seclusion is perfect. I am resting and I need it. My health was never better. I, in common with every Anarchist, abhor the strife and conflict of evil men arising from arbitrary power and brute force resulting from statute law. The statute laws and the written constitution are a foul usurpation of the natural law; a usurpation which deprives mankind of its peace and liberty by conferring privileges upon the few. Obedience to the laws of man is treason to the natural law. But the question now is, where can I do most to proclaim this vital truth? The decision once made I will not hesitate.

The papers say that I am in Pennsylvania, Missouri, Florida, and Cuba. This is in keeping with the capitalist witnesses before the Grand Jury; they are busy one day denying the testimony of the day before. I see the capitalist papers are abusing and slandering Mrs. Parsons in a shameless manner. What does this mean? It shows that this woman is a power whom her traducers fear. They hate because they fear. Keep cool. By no means get excited. Be calm. Be wise. Can't a reduced size of the *Alarm* be printed? It would do great good. This is seed time. The harvest is near. We are sowers now, but we will reap very soon. The K. of L. and the Trades Unions are being forced to proclaim Socialism. Wait. Wait.

I could write you much more, my dear comrade, but

it is unnecessary. I have not suffered or wanted for anything since we parted. I am doing well. Let no one, no, not anyone know where I am. Be cheerful. Love to all. Hand the enclosed letter to Mrs. Parsons in person. It is the first word she has received from me and it contains matters of importance. ALBERT.

Here we have revealed many of the characteristics of our comrade; sentiments welling from the depths of his great heart. Courage, hope, love of family and friends, hatred of oppression; readiness to do and die for the cause which had become so dear to him.

WM. HOLMES.

#### POLITICS.

In an election cartoon published in a democratic paper of this city, the pictures of Abraham Lincoln and James D. Phelan (candidate for mayor) appear alongside of each other with the following words: "Which will the sensible voter listen to: They (republicans) ask you to read the record of Abraham Lincoln and vote for Horace Davis (republican candidate for mayor); we (democrats) ask you to read the record of James D. Phelan and vote for James D. Phelan."

Whatever acts or remarks of Lincoln the republicans had referred to it is pretty safe to guarantee they did not mention the most important words that ever escaped his lips, viz: "No man is good enough to rule another." The gentlemen of the republican party could certainly not have referred to that, for it would be the death of their party and every other.

But Phelan's picture is accompanied by a transparency with the following inscription: "Good Government—Just Taxation—Honest Administration—Equal Opportunities—Public Improvements," all of which is clap-trap.

Government means subjugation, coercion, the rule of physical force—a principle that is contrary to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence which makes "all men born free and equal" and to the progressive spirit of the age which unmistakably declares in favor of the principle of voluntaryism and attraction rather than the barbarous spirit of compulsion.

"Good Government" is about as rational as a good poison, a good conflagration, a good tidal wave, all of which are simply elements of desolation and destruction and not of construction.

"Just Taxation" is a contradiction. The robber holding up his victim upon the highway might as well speak of a "just robbery." There certainly is no justice in burdening the people with the payment of enormous amounts of money for the support of a lot of loafing officials.

"Honest Administration" is a farce. Governments are based upon violence and dishonesty and must breed dishonesty.

The phrase "Equal Opportunities" under the co-existence of government simply means adding insult to injury. There can be no opportunity for equality under government; the only opportunity is to do the government's bidding or be clubbed, imprisoned, shot, hanged or annihilated in some way.

"Public Improvements" are out of the question where a horde of hungry officials are swallowing up what little the landlord and the moneylord have left after going through the people's pockets by the villainous system of rent and interest which is backed by government.

The only way James D. Phelan or any other politician or political party can pave the way to public improvements would be to abolish themselves and leave the people attend to their own business. S.D.

#### REVOLUTION—RESISTANCE.

In an editorial on "Socialism and Anarchism," which recently appeared in the New York *Journal* the writer who is evidently a very fairly inclined person, falls into a common error. He classes Anarchists into two kinds, namely: "the revolutionary, violent Anarchists, represented by John Most, and the peaceable, philosophical Anarchists, who work for a condition that may exist 1,000 years hence, represented by Benjamin R. Tucker, of New York."

A revolutionist, according to the Standard dictionary is "one who favors or takes part in a revolution," and a revolution, according to the same dictionary is "a radical and usually sudden change, whether peaceful or violent, as in governmental or social conditions, or the means by which it is accomplished; a total change, as of character or ideas." Italics are mine, and are to prove that, as the word "usually" shows, revolutions are not necessarily sudden as according to the misconception of many people, and that they are neither necessarily violent, as the words "peaceful or" show. The essential part of a revolution consists not in the methods employed in its accomplishment, but rather in the principle, in the fact of its accomplishment, as is shown in the concluding part of the definition: "a total change, as of character or ideas." It will therefore be readily perceived that any one who desires or works for "a total change, as of character or ideas" of society is a revolutionist, and that the radicals who by the writer of the editorial in question are characterized as represented by Most as well as those by Tucker are revolutionists alike, for all schools and shades of Anarchists as well as Socialists aspire to a "total change" of social conditions. It is in fact this feature only, namely the fact of their being revolutionists, or more correctly speaking abolitionists, that distinguishes them from the "reformer" who only aims at partial changes and modifications of existing conditions.

Nor, it may be stated in this connection, are the so-called "peaceable" Anarchists opposed in principle to violent methods of accomplishment. Benjamin R. Tucker himself in treating this question somewhere in *Liberty* admitted that he opposed the use of physical force not on the grounds of principle, which he recognizes as being just, but on the grounds of expediency alone.

Upon the grounds of principle, Tucker admits, the employment of physical force is justifiable by Anarchists and Socialists because they are on the line of defense, repelling invasion. The upholders of present conditions are invaders of the principle of liberty—equality of opportunities—and the repulsion of an invader is a matter of self-preservation which is the first law of nature. The question only is what methods are most practicable, most effective in the repulsion of or resistance to such invaders, a question of mere expediency, and upon this point revolutionists are divided into three schools, namely: active resistants, passive resistants and non-resistants. The distinction our friend, the *Journal* editor wished to make should have been made on this line, and such classification would have brought Most among the active and Tucker among the passive resistants. S. D.

#### ERRATA.

A bad mistake occurred in the last issue of *Free Society* through haste and oversight. In S. D.'s footnote to J. C. Barnes' article "Money an Unnecessary Evil" the word "monopoly" was omitted; it should have occurred in the fourth line of the sentence which should read: "... rent and interest are the effects of land and money monopoly," etc., etc.

#### For Pittsburg, Pa.

The eleventh anniversary will be celebrated Nov. 11, 8 p. m., at 510 Wylie Ave., John Most being the speaker of the evening. Admission 10 cents.

#### For St. Louis, Mo.

The 11th anniversary of the legal murder of the Chicago labor martyrs, will be held at Druids Hall, Ninth & Market Sts., Saturday, November 18. English oration by Voltairine de Cleyre, and German by John Most. Admission, 10 cents. All friends of labor are cordially invited.

#### For Chicago.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE will deliver the following lectures:

Sunday, November 12, 2 p. m. For the Social Science Club of Chicago, Hall 913, Masonic Temple, cor. State & Randolph Sts. Subject, "Expansion to Bursting."

Monday, November 13, 8 p. m. For the Hull House, cor. Halsted & Polk Sts. Subject, "The Poetry of Reform."

Tuesday, November 14, 8 p. m. For the Chicago Commons, 140 North Union St., two doors East of Milwaukee Ave. Subject, "The Evils of Impersonal Rule."

Friday, November 17, 8 p. m. For the Single Tax Club, Handel Hall, 40 East Randolph St. Subject, "A Comparison of the English and American Radical Movements."

JAMES F. MORTON, JR. will pay a visit to Chicago where he will remain from November 30 till December 28. All those desiring him to lecture for them in Chicago and vicinity during his stay, will please communicate with C. F. Frier, 467 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

as Con-  
onal minist