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# 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. VI. NO. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1899. *complete* WHOLE NO. 241

## AN EPITAPH.

He died, and left the world behind;  
His once wild heart is cold;  
His once keen eye is quelled and blind!  
What more?—His tale is told.

He came, and, baring his heaven-bright thought,  
He earned the base world's ban:  
And—having vainly lived and taught,  
Gave place to a meaner man!

—Bryan W. Proctor.

## WHAT I AM THANKFUL FOR.

About this time of year I am used to thinking up a few things about which to be thankful; and in 1899 I find I have a few more things to be thankful for than I had in 1897 and 1898.

First, I am thankful that I am still in the Land of the Freak and the Home of the Knave.

I am thankful that those "waves of prosperity" so numerous plentiful during a McKinley administration have not thrown me into a reckless suicide's grave.

Although a resident of Poverty Gulch I still am thankful for sound money, for I do hear the sound of metallic currency once in a while.

I am thankful that the dearly beloved William, President of the United States and Dictator of the Isles of the Pacific Ocean, is still in the land of the living Trust.

I am thankful that Abner McKinley managed to rake in a pot of money through fraudulent contracts during the merry Yankö-Spanko war.

I am thankful that Willie Waldorf Astor prefers England to this country; and may he have "good success" in marrying off his daughter Pauline to a "holier-than-thou" lordling of the British aristocracy. I am also thankful that he has found himself of lordly and noble lineage through a long line of beautiful Spanish and Moorish Astorgs.

I am thankful that Ted Sloan has become the jockey of the Prince of Wales; and also in the same breath that England holds over three billion dollars' worth of investments in this country.

I am thankful that I am one of the 500,000,000 people that yet wear clothes and live under some kind of a shelter.

I am thankful that the embalmed beef scandal made Alger take to the woods, vacate his secretary's chair and give place to Root.

I am thankful that insane asylums are flourishing and multiplying, while crime, prostitution and poverty are increasing on every side.

I am glad that I have to pay a tribute to a \$55,000,000 Biscuit Company for buying and eating a cracker, that I wear underclothing and socks bought from a \$30,000,000 corporation, that my shoes are manufactured by the \$125,000,000 United States Leather Company.

I am thankful that if I eat sirloin steak in a Los Angeles restaurant I pay tribute to a \$50,000,000 dressed beef combine. I am thankful that by putting salt on my potatoes I am helping out a poverty-stricken \$5,000,000 trust, that by eating fish on Fridays I am able to help pay the dividends on \$10,000,000 worth of stock of the American Fisheries Company. I am glad that in buying linen collars my money helps the struggling \$10,000,000 starch trust. Oh, yes, I am psalmfully joyous that today all the necessities of life are controlled by 116 trusts; and that after a while the liquid air trust and the airship trust may be maneuvering things so that we cannot even breathe unless we pay a breathing trust so much for that proud privilege.

I am proudly and most righteously glad that I can still pay rent to a landlord to shelter my head from the storms of life, profit to an employer to hire to work for him and interest on debts which the peculiar conditions of the times have forced upon me.

I am thankful that wealth is elbowing honest poverty out of existence, that the snoutling of the porker is seen on every side, that the demon of expansion has seized the world, that the spirit of greed is transforming an earth of beauty into a hell of hate.

I am thankful that the reverential octopi and denominational theological hucksters of the so-called church of Christ are changed by the wand of commercialism into priests and priestesses of the church of the Golden Calif.

I am thankful that the medicine men of the tribe of Judas must become assassinating druggists, abortionists, poison fiends, microbe sellers, hirelings of hell and chief masters in the synagogue of His Grim Satanic Majesty.

I am thankful that the newspapers, "yellow journals, police gazettes, dime novels, erotic and sexual literature are debauching the minds of the people and are become as intellectual poisons to the mentalities of descending weaklings.

I am glad that we live today under the reign of Commercialism, in which shoddy and sham rule and honest merit sinks to the bottom of the sea, in which ministers are personating credulists and theological hucksters selling their peculiar religious doctrines at the highest possible cash price, in which lawyers sell their brains and words and anger for money, in which sensational yellow journalists spring into being, hired bravos of the pen, stringing together words for a living, in which actors and actresses do not act but exhibit themselves as living pictures of indecency. Thankfulness is indeed mine that we live in a world where hope and happiness is but a raving maniac's dream.

I am glad that Aphrodite still raises aloft her scarlet banner in the market-places of the world; that marriage is a nightmare dream and that procurers and procuresses of discontented beauty roam up and down the land dressed in the fine feathers of their hypocritical tribe.

I am glad that Bacchus sends men and women to the devil, while Poverty, Despair and Insanity, the three Furies of our modern life, send suicide-ward many a noble man and beautiful woman.

I am thankful that the bombthrower, the assassin and the pyromaniac now and then throw a little spice into our life by some dramatic escapade.

I am thankful that in this civilization of commercial cannibalism Millionaire Borden has discovered the utility of the naked bodies of living, breathing babies; and living up to his doctrine of belief hires hundreds of small boys to work in the bleaching departments of his New England mills without a rag upon them, the chemicals bleaching their skin to a snowy whiteness.

I am thankful and most supremely glad to know that perhaps after I die impecunious medical students may steal my body to sell the skin thereof to tanners and jewelers, who may make it up into shoes, belts and card cases for their millionaire customers.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

.....  
"Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's strugglings, toilings and sufferings, on this earth."—Carlyle.



Adolph Fischer.

Adolph Fischer was born in 1860 in Bremen, Germany. At the age of fifteen he came to this country and became an apprentice of his brother in Little Rock, Ark., and learned the printing business. He worked at his trade in different States, joined the German Typographical Union in St. Louis in 1879 and finally came to Chicago in 1883, where he was engaged on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, being foreman of the composing room at the time of his arrest. He left a widow and three children, one girl and two boys.

He had imbibed the principles of Socialism when a mere youth, his father having been a man of very progressive tendencies. In 1883 he joined the International. He was a revolutionist and one of the most active members of that organization. He was not at the Haymarket when the bomb was thrown. His last words on November 11, 1887, on the scaffold, were: "This is the happiest moment of my life! Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Adolph Fischer was tall and angular in form, of strong physique and commanding appearance; a man of indomitable will power and unswerving adherence to principle.

Our last issue being cramped for space we were obliged to omit the biography of August Theodore Vincent Spies whose picture appeared therein. Spies was born in Central Germany December 10, 1855 and was consequently thirty two years old when he was hanged. He had received a good education in a polytechnical institute in Germany and immigrated at the age of seventeen. In 1875, when twenty years old, he became identified with the Workingmen's Party of Illinois. In 1877 he joined the Socialist Labor Party, but became disgusted with the Socialistic program of political action, and two years later in 1879 he allied himself with the International Working People's Association. In 1880 he was elected managing editor of the German Anarchist paper *Arbeiter-Zeitung* at whose helm he remained until he was taken off by the monopolistic murderers.

Physically Comrade Spies was a handsome man, of medium height and weight and erect in carriage, and his appearance indicated the man of superior intelligence and mental force.

His personal magnetism may be realized from the fact that Nina Van Zandt, the niece of the presiding judge—Gary—who accompanied her uncle to the court room was charmed by Comrade Spies' address, fell in love with him and was married to him in prison.

Ever green and riverberating will remain his last words: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

# FREE SOCIETY.

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

## TO COMRADES EVERYWHERE.

Comrade Viroqua Daniels is in need of assistance. She came down from the mountains a year ago to receive medical treatment for an obstinate trouble she has been fighting for nearly twenty years. Under the able treatment of a dietetic physician she is gradually improving, and the probabilities are that her health will be completely restored in a few months. But her means have given out and she is now obliged to look to the comrades for assistance.

Those who have closely read the *Firebrand* and the earlier issues of *Free Society* will recall Comrade Daniels' able prose and poetry contributions with pleasure. Her "Declaration of Principles" is stirring and beyond doubt the most radical document issued. Her ailment interrupted her work lately, but she will take up her vigorous pen again as soon as her health is restored.

Comrade Daniels is one of the ablest and most enthusiastic workers in the cause of human emancipation and her speedy recovery is much to be desired.

All contributions should be addressed to her at Peralta, Calif.

Comrade Daniels requests to know the names and addresses of all comrades contributing so that she may have an opportunity to repay them as soon as she is enabled.

A. I.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Twenty men killed at the elections in Kentucky! It was a fight for "principle"—the principle involved being which party, the Republican or Democratic, were to get the spoils of office.

This Kentucky Kilkenny-cat business would be a blessing to humanity if the fighters were the rotten politicians themselves who perished, but unfortunately they stay at home and, general-like, send out the ignorant horny-handed sons of toil to fight their battles; the workingman fights and dies for the loafer who lives and thrives. That is the glory of patriotism.

A little incident occurred the hypocritical ministers, who do the praying for the wholesale butchers, had not ordered with their christian god: the cruiser Charleston was lost. It's a blessing to the boodlers who will now have an excuse to rob the treasury of another couple of million dollars to fill up the gap, but—poor Mr. Mudsill will have to foot the bill; he's got muscle enough, even if the brain isn't properly balanced.

What a wholesome effect the hypocritical preachers have upon the sol'yer boys is evidenced by the "sacred" vestments the boys in blue have "captured" in the Philippine churches and deposited in the San Francisco pawnshops.

In France things are boiling again. The Chamber of Boodlers in Paris is in uproar; for the radicals—the only honest men there—"threaten the foundation of society" by offering to abolish the French god and the French murderers' engine (army) both of which are indispensable with the peace and tranquility of the boodlers. The boodlers, of course, are "society."

"Aguinaldo is captured!"—by his own brave men whom he is leading on to repel the loud-mouthed, bragging invaders the same as ever. Hm!

A new era is upon us. Whether it be the era that poets have sung and martyrs bled for, is doubtful, but certain is that with Pentecost defending god, with Victor Yarros as editor of a monopolistic newspaper, with Byington advocating Anarchistic police, courts and jails; with a lot of Anarchists, among the latest of whom Henry Cohen is reported, studying and practicing LAW; and with some other new Anarchistic stars peeping into existence in the defense of the ballot—a new era is most undoubtedly ushered in. What era? Well, being just after dinner and in an exceptionally

good and forgiving mood one can hardly be more liberal than to call it the era of freaks. \* S. D.

## KROPOTKIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Kropotkin's autobiography, published recently in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will soon be issued in book form by the same publishing company. This will give all who are able to spare a small sum the opportunity of reading a life sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the 19th century. Not only will the reader feel the presence of a great and noble character—the man of the autobiography so modestly keeps himself in the background, that his presence is felt rather than seen—but there will arise before his mental vision a grand panorama of the great struggle for the principles of human liberty that took place in Russia during the '60's and '70's. The duplicate of that terrible struggle may be found in many lands, but it seems to me that in no other can be found that devotion to principle, the exalted courage, and utter self-abnegation, that is so remarkable a feature of the Russian revolutionist.

Kropotkin has condensed, in a wonderful manner, in a limited space, sketches of many noted people connected with the radical movement; descriptions of the scenery about his native birth-place, household customs, laws, etc.; terrible incidents in the lives of serfs; stories of prison tortures and executions; his school days, and glimpses of court life; reviews and masterly criticisms of the various schools of thought that are contending for the rights of man, and in place of the half-way measures that fear of what the people will do in liberty, which is so characteristic a feature of many notable reform movements, Kropotkin offers Anarchy as the only real solution of the questions pertaining to freedom. This solution was reached only after the most thorough investigation on his part.

To reach for the truth, to discover facts, is a passion with this man. United with these traits is a nature that overflows in kindness and sympathy for others. This it was that led him to fling the ambitious dream of a great scientific career to the winds when confronted with the sufferings of the people. "Of what benefit," he asked himself, "is all this knowledge to a people who lack bread, who cannot read, and who, in order to support the class to which I belong, in our idle quest for knowledge, merely to gratify our own self-love, must ever remain in this deplorable condition?"—And the answer to that question, as well as the price that was paid for that answer, you will find in the "Autobiography of a Revolutionist."

Nothing I have read in many a day, gave so much pleasure as this pen sketch of Kropotkin. All the emotions of which the heart is capable are stirred to their depths: wrath, tears, smiles. With the most exalted feelings we view the splendid men and women who stood shoulder to shoulder with the author during those memorable two years prior to his arrest, "when to live," declares Kropotkin, "meant life in the fullest sense."

With him we feel the gloom of the great prison made infamous through the noble lives that were strangled in the dungeons; with him we follow the long line of illustrious names, Russia's glory and Russia's eternal disgrace. Here was confined the poet Ryluf, hanged back in the '20's. From the same place was borne to the scaffold the tortured and almost lifeless form of Karakosoff, but his spirit steadfast to the last. The details of that last scene, as related by an eye witness, are simply torture to the reader. What monstrous deeds, what revolting crimes occur in the name of justice! What thoughts crowd upon Kropotkin as the iron door in that gloomy dungeon of St. Peter and St. Paul shuts between him and the sunlight! Among the names of all those martyrs whose fate he seemed destined to share, was one, that in the hour of his despair shone like a star of hope, that of the great Bakounine, who after eight years in that very prison, emerged with more vigor and energy in the cause than those outside could show, and so Kropotkin summons all his fortitude: "I will not die in prison; I, too, will conquer," and so he walks his five miles a day in that small cell, and, denied for some time the use of writing material, he composes and commits to memory long plays. This is very exhausting, but finally, through the intercession of his friends, he is allowed to finish his work for the Geographical Society. Then after long months the cells are filled with prisoners, and by a system of tapping on the

\* Fortunately all these people mentioned are so-called "Individualists" or "Tuckerites," whose conception of freedom goes not beyond that of "equal liberty," i. e. equal slavery.

S. D.

walls, they communicate with each other. Kropotkin discovers a dear comrade in one of the cells, and this one tells him of a poor peasant confined in the opposite cell, who, being uneducated and used to a passive life, is ill-fitted to cope with his hard conditions. They communicate with him and try to encourage him, but all in vain; the man went slowly mad. "It was a most terrible experience," writes Kropotkin, "this daily feeling the torture that a fellow being's mind is slowly going to decay."

A noteworthy incident, showing Kropotkin's desire to impart knowledge to others, was his tapping the history of the Paris Commune to a youthful prisoner in a neighboring cell. This occupied a whole week.

There is so much of interest that I might relate, but space forbids. But I must tell my readers of Kropotkin's one weakness—it is tea. The cups of tea that this dear man drinks would astonish you. After his escape he lands in London. He can read English, he can write tolerably fair English, but, unfortunate soul, he cannot speak it worth a cent, and with comic gravity he relates how difficult it was to make his landlady understand that "instead of a cup of tea—it was many cups of tea he desired," and he adds quaintly, "I fear she thought me a great glutton."

Among the many sad incidents of Kropotkin's childhood, incidents that were a powerful factor in shaping his destiny, we note one in particular. A serf in his father's household had been flogged; at the first opportunity little Peter crept into the hall, and clasping the man's hand covered it with tears of pity. The poor slave drew his hand coldly away and said in his bitterness, "And you too—when you grow up—will be like the others?" "Never, never," sobbed the boy—and the world knows how nobly the man's life has fulfilled the promise of his boyhood.

If you desire inspiration, if you would inspire others, read and circulate the "Autobiography of a Revolutionist," you will learn of men and women who have expended the wealth of their magnificent minds, for the benefit of humanity, and whose lives are devoted to the cause of liberty. Sublime are the moral heights to which Kropotkin and his comrades invite us.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

KATE AUSTIN.

## BIRDS VS. HUMAN BEINGS.

"The King's Daughters and Sons at Baltimore are taking action in favor of prohibiting the wearing of plumes, feathers and birds on hats." How affectionate! What a pity that these Tyrant's Daughters and Sons are so oblivious of the fact that there is another species of beings in existence who are treated much worse than birds and whose attention is first in order—their own species—their suffering fellow human beings. The wearing of birds on women's hats, it is true, does not indicate a spirit of refinement by any means; but the birds are at least dead and beyond pain; their killing is done suddenly at all events. The millions of men, women and children, however, who are worked year in and year out every day from early morn till late at night in mines, factories and workshops for a pittance hardly sufficient to keep their body and soul together—these poor human wretches unlike the birds are made to die a death of slow starvation, misery and agony. And the millions of poor men tramping from one end of the country to another in search of employment they cannot find are obliged to live off the monopolistic robber's swills and offals and be kicked and cuffed about and have their manhood crushed out of them are indeed in a much more pitiable condition than the birds, but—the religious training of the Tyrant's Daughters and Sons was presumably not looked after with the view of instilling love for their own species;—kings don't love their own species. D.

## THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

There was an appreciative audience at the Free-thought meeting, 1133 Mission St., last Sunday evening.

Chairman R. T. Simpson said the meeting was devoted to the commemoration of an event which is far reaching in its influence upon society. Twelve years ago—on November 11, 1887—five men were sacrificed upon the altar of prejudice and superstition for their honest convictions, for the advocacy of principles which are to uplift downtrodden humanity and for their unswerving allegiance to these principles. This meeting was to review the tragedy of the judicial murder of the Chicago Anarchists

A. I.



and to judge the judges in that memorable case.

S. Silberberg reviewed the case at length. The tragedy, he said, grew out of the eight-hour strike which had been agreed upon for the 1st of May of 1885 throughout the United States. Some trouble arose at the Chicago McCormick reaper factory where the strikers had attempted to induce the non-union workers to desist from working in their places. The police interfered and killed several persons. To protest against these wanton police murders the memorable meeting on the Haymarket was called. Fearing trouble mayor Harrison attended the meeting until it was about to disperse and in going home left instructions with the police not to interfere with the meeting because it was a peaceable gathering. In spite of that the police rushed in ready to repeat their murderous work of the previous day when some party, unknown to this day, threw the bomb which resulted in the killing and wounding of a few of the uniformed murderers. Being unable to find the thrower of the missile, yet being anxious to take revenge the united monopolistic and governmental forces concocted a plan to get rid of the Anarchists by trumping up charges of conspiracy. By packing the jury, bribing and buying witnesses and judges and managing the whole case in such a manner that even the most conservative people, whose minds were pure and whose hearts were leaning toward righteousness, were shocked, they sent five noble lives to death. They had killed some Anarchist agitators, but they had not killed Anarchism, for the cause of oppressed and downtrodden labor is still crying for an adjustment, and Anarchism—the only correct solution of the question—is making rapid strides. Though five Anarchists had been murdered by the law their cause is now stronger than ever: "the blood of the martyr is the seed of liberty."

J. Kirkwood said the strangling of these men by the law was a most shameful act of injustice. Society had a right to defend itself against the encroachments of a lot of loafers in uniforms who threaten the lives and liberties of peaceful people in the pursuit of their happiness.

An old man with snow white hair and beard, almost blind and using a cane for his support, now rose in defense and eulogy of the martyrs. The whole Haymarket affair, he said, had been the result of the existence of the Chicago "Citizens' Association," a brutal know-nothing organization of monopolists and their tools whose purpose was to crush the labor movement which had assumed such large proportions and had threatened to undermine monopoly. This strike was their opportunity and they had engineered the case which accounted for the appearance of the police on the Haymarket in spite of the contrary orders of the chief magistrate of the city. The police interference with that meeting was a plain violation of the constitutional rights of the people which guaranteed free speech, free press, and the right to bear arms. When that peaceable assembly at the Haymarket was disturbed and threatened by a band of uniformed murderous ruffians the person who threw the bomb was but making use of his constitutional right of self-defense which was implied in the provision that the people had a right to bear arms.

J. T. Kewish said from the standpoint of justice the act of the authorities in murdering those Anarchists was indefensible, but society is but a slow growth; it has not yet arrived at the lofty standard of the Anarchists and in its present infantile mental attitude it thought its safety endangered, and in its ignorance thought its act of the destruction of what it considered a menace to its existence justifiable.

W. Eagle thought the hanging of those men was a shameful disregard of the simplest laws of common sense; it was a travesty upon justice and an indelible blot upon the history of the United States.

Dr. Jno Wetzel showed that these men had been arrested for murder, tried for conspiracy and murdered for treason; such an act was an anomaly in the world's legal history; they had advocated the

loftiest principles human beings could aspire to and had to pay the price of their loyalty with their lives. It was revolting, but nevertheless it was the course of the world's history; truth and justice have a perpetual struggle with falsehood and injustice, and the advent of righteousness is a matter of evolution.

J. A. Gillie said with reference to the remarks of Kewish that what the ignorant part of society felt itself justified in doing was immaterial; the act of the authorities in hanging the Anarchists was a brutal judicial murder.

Chairman Simpson concluded: The question was not to be considered from the standpoint of expediency, but from that of principle and simple justice, and as such the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists was an unjustifiable coldblooded murder. The basis of governments has always been brute force; their existence has no moral justification and they are therefore obliged to perpetuate themselves by physical force. But they will find in the end that no matter how many men they kill they cannot kill an idea; the club, the bayonet and the cannon will not put an idea out of existence; there is but one way of doing it: reasoning it away. And since Anarchism is an idea that is based upon reason it cannot be clubbed or reasoned out of existence and will therefore live to eventually bless the human race.

S. D.

### CHRISTIANITY.

Every religious movement, every struggle between religious sects, presupposes as its principal cause, in the last analysis, economic conditions. Questions of religious antagonism illustrate clearly the theory maintained by Karl Marx, of historic materialism or rather the economism of history. Christianity is one of the best illustrations of it. To the student of the origins of the Christian movement, of the conditions out of which it arose, the views which it opened up to the human masses, the work of Jesus and of Paul was more economic, social, than religious. M. A. Chirac has recently proved this in a study published in *L'Humanité Nouvelle*.

The truth of the theory is also made clear by the "Natural History of Jesus" by M. Gustave Lejeala given in this same review.

Primitive Christianity was essentially a social movement, a movement of the poor against the rich. Consider the teaching of Christ and you will easily see how he was a despiser of the powerful, of riches, of masters, of chiefs. I speak of the official teaching, that of the four gospels, and especially of the sermon on the mount.

To support my assertion, let me make a few brief quotations:

"But be ye not called rabbi: for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."—Matt. xxiii, 8 9.

There are only equals. There are neither masters, servitors, chiefs, nor subordinates, but brothers, equals.

Other texts (Matt. xxv, 40, 42; Luke xxv, 26) support these affirmations of Jesus, for again and again he returns to the same subject in order to impress his hearers thoroughly with it.

In a celebrated parable, that of the workers of the last hour, Christ does not hesitate to formulate this audacious doctrine: "To each according to his needs." Elsewhere he opposes all judging, all condemnation, all magistrates. (Matt. vii, 1, 5, 25, 26; Luke vi, 37; xii, 58, 59.)

He thunders against the rich and cries to them: "And again I say unto you: It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Matt. xix, 24). It is the express condemnation of the rich, the exaltation of the poor. The fathers of the church, too, did not deceive themselves, and in their turn stigmatize the rich. Thus do St. Basil the Great, St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nyssa, etc. Thus does St. Jerome, who says:

"Wealth is the product of theft. If it has not been committed by the actual holder, it has been by his ancestors."

Jesus, moreover, preaches Communism. In this connection how expressive are verses 35-40 of chap. xxv of St. Mathew, the verses 10 and 11 of chap. iii of St. Luke, and these words of the Acts of the Apostles, confirming verses 44, chap. ii, 34 and 37 of chap. iv:

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any one of

them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common." (Acts iv, 32).

No doubt is possible, that Christ was a Communist. His Communism is so certain that the fathers of the church have affirmed it in their sermons, discourses, etc. So numerous are the passages that choice is difficult. We can give only a few.

"Life in common is obligatory for all men," said St. Clement. "In simple justice, all should belong to all. It is iniquity which has made private property of it. Hence has arisen discord among men."

And St. Ambrose exclaims:

"Nature, then, has made community right, usurpation has created private right. The earth has been given to men in common."

Five centuries later, in the sixth, St. Gregory the Great wrote:

"The earth is common to all men. It is not enough not to carry off the goods of others; in vain they believe themselves innocent who appropriate to themselves the goods which God has given in common: in not giving to others what they have received, they become murderers and homicides, because in retaining for themselves alone the goods which should have helped the poor, it can be said that they kill as many of them every day as they could have sustained with them."

The family, militarism, country, have been the subject of attacks not less keen on the part of Jesus and his disciples. Read Matt. x, 37-42; xii, 47-50; xxvi, 52, etc., and you will be convinced.

Christ is then, as Renau has said, a sort of wild Socialist. He unites the vague aspirations of the poor, of the servants, of the slaves, and propagandises whilst stirring up the proletarian masses against the capitalists. Therefore the latter do not fail to kill him legally. His disciples continue the struggle. The poor, the slaves, the destitute come to them. The rich, the noble and bourgeois of the time hold aloof. They see in the new sect a menace to their goods, their estates, to their persons even. Therefore the rulers, the servants of the rich, persecute the innovators, the revolutionists. Officials of all kinds, priests of every sect, the military, serve the rich by pursuing, by condemning, by excommunicating and killing the proletarians who wished neither masters nor servitors, neither rich nor poor.

But amongst the poor the propaganda makes continual converts. Christianity spread unceasingly. In the eyes of the artisans, of the cultivators, of the slaves, of the petty traders it symbolises a better future, a society where man will no longer be exploited by man, where man will no longer be the property of man.

In proportion as Christianity, this proletarian social movement, grows, the capitalists become alarmed. They persecute unceasingly, and increasingly the movement spreads. Even some of the middle class, some of the nobles, from emotional enthusiasm, from sentiment, have gone over to Christianity. Others have gone over from ambition, to become the leaders of the movement, to direct it. Others, preferring to be first among Christians, these enemies of society, rather than to be lost among the crowd of rulers.

The invasion of the "barbarians" continues. In their turn the poor wish to enjoy life. In their turn they wish to be their own masters. The danger is great for the capitalists and their servants: priests, magistrates, military, officials of all kinds.

Not being able to extinguish triumphant Christianity in blood, the capitalists decide to side-track it, and by slow degrees they prepare the way for the trick.

The main point of the doctrine of Christ is Communism and the struggle against the rich; unconsciously or not this struggle is little by little abandoned.

The propagandists, the leaders, are gained by fine words, by sounding arguments, by honors. The propaganda becomes less and less social, more and more other-worldly. A few protest. Some, old in the movement, workers from the first, predict the ruin of Christianity. But in vain. The fine talkers, the intelligent, the young, ignorant of what Christianity is, excommunicate them, lash them. And the mass, not perceiving that they are being purposely deceived, or caught by words, listen and follow obediently. And one day the emperor, his dignitaries, his officers, his magistrates and officials become Christians. The trick has succeeded.

Christianity is now a thing of possessors, of capitalists. It rules in name, but it exists no more. The master is, as before, Capitalism.—A. Hamon, in *Le Reveil Social*, Nantes, France.

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### SEXUAL SLAVERY OF WOMAN.

The following was taken from the *Methodist Times*, London England:

Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, in a circular letter she has just issued, speaks of a printed document in which some of the officers and medical men of the cantonments of Northern India advise the government to appoint recruiting sergeants to scour the country in search of young and attractive women to be dragged into the Chuklas dens of vice, in which they are held as complete slaves. They advise also that the government pay three rupees a head for every girl thus captured and brought in. Well may Mrs. Butler ask: "Has anything ever been recorded worse of slave hunting in Africa?" She continues:

Your readers have probably seen Alfred Dyer's letters. I need not dwell on the horrors they have revealed. I will only say that one word contained in an official document from which he quotes is alone sufficient to raise a revolution; and it must do so if England is to stand clear of the deepest guilt. That expression is made use of by our representatives in India when giving minute instructions for the drill of the poor girls and women hunted up by recruiting sergeants and compelled to live a life of infamy: such and such things are to be done and observed when the women are UNFIT FOR DUTY. Let the word be written in letters of fire! Duty indeed! and this is what men in power have come to consider the duty of woman! Our first word—the word of woman—on carrying the fiery cross over the channel to France, Italy, and the whole of Europe, was: "We rebel." We raise once more the cry of rebellion today, and louder than ever against this surpassing wickedness, this imperious formulation of the duty of woman.

I can quote no more, though I have used less than half the article, for I want to make some comment.

"The fiery cross." If Mrs. Butler will study ancient symbolism she will find that the cross itself is an emblem of the masculine generative organ, and the aggressiveness of Christianity—its entire disregard for the rights of all others is in perfect keeping with man's aggressiveness in the sex relation. Permit me to say that what so arouses her indignation is entirely legitimate to the other conditions that government enforces.

Women for the use of the soldiers is just as right as soldiers for the queen—to uphold her power. They are slaves as well as the women. They are hunted up, conscripted, or inveigled by recruiting officers while under the influence of liquor freely furnished. But a few of them go willingly, but let them once try to escape and they are shot down like dogs. They are made worse than beasts and lest they become unmanageable with pent up forces when not in active service, they must have women. The officers know what they are about.

"England's guilt," forsooth! Why talk of gnats in the presence of camels! England's greater guilt of subjugating India involves all the rest. England has no right in India, no business there with her armies, but as in all else that is called reform, or attempted reform of present conditions, Mrs. Butler cries out against the effect instead of the cause. Let Mrs. Butler demand that England take her armies out of India and see how much sympathy she will get from the churches.

"Jesus shall reign." They took possession in the name of Jesus. If there is a name under heaven that has cursed the world it is that of Jesus.

Now, to show up the beauties of government a little further, I will give some statistics taken at the time of the

queen's jubilee—50 years on a throne. The following was taken at the time from *Lucifer*, Moses Harman's paper:

It is computed that in Ireland alone during Victoria's reign 1,255,000 have died of starvation; 3,365,000 have been evicted, (I wonder how many have been evicted in this country during the time); 4,185,000 have been compelled to emigrate to escape starvation or eviction. While her subjects were thus starving or being driven from their homes because they could not pay their rent Victoria and her household were living in gorgeous palaces rent free. During these fifty years—according to a pamphlet before us entitled "Royal Paupers," by G. W. Foote—the royal family have drawn from the nation about \$120,000,000. What have these royal drones done to justify this enormous expenditure by the workers of the British hive?

The Rev. Newman Hall gives us another page of Victoria-ism. He says that in the fifty years of Victoria's reign there have been sixty-three wars, and that \$10,000,000,000 was spent by Great Britain in the last thirty-three years of her reign; that the Crimean war alone cost \$1,800,000,000, and the lives of 850,000 men.

Such are the beauties of government-ism, and with all our boasted liberty, we are in the same boat.

Oh, the blindness of the people!

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

### WHAT MONEY DOES.

If John Brown, a toiler, happens to get drunk he is promptly locked up by the police. If he resists he is usually clubbed and then charged with assault on an officer. He is arraigned in court the next day, and possibly fined. In addition his name is sent abroad through the newspapers.

When a millionaire club man gets drunk and is rolling helplessly about the street, a policeman cares for him tenderly, leaves his route, neglects his duty for hours and sees that the gentleman gets safely home. When the officer is complained of for neglect of duty he pleads guilty and says he thought he was doing right, and the Police Board agrees with him. The officer even refuses to give the name of the man he assisted, and the board sustains him. Technically this is proper, as the officer pleads guilty. But do you suppose he will be disciplined for leaving his route? It is hardly possible, no matter if a burglary had been committed, or even murder, while the officer is neglecting his duty. He is taking care of a millionaire drunk and a man of good family, who needs his attention. Even if he is disciplined by the Board of Police, no doubt the gentleman he cared for will look to it that the officer does not suffer.

So much for money; so much for position and name!—Boston Traveler.

### The Letter-Box.

M. C., Aurora, Ill.—Of course, if you are "able to disprove Kropotkin's argument on the eight-hour movement in a short and concise article," we will gladly publish the same. But you claim that Trades Unionists are revolutionary, while a writer in the last *Federationist* says "there is nothing revolutionary in the advocacy of and the adherence to the trade union principle." Its methods are as legal and loyal as the church." Sad but true; trade unions will never amount to anything as long as they are not revolutionary, but "as legal and loyal as the church;" for the law-abiding have never reformed nor improved society, but always the law-breakers, the "enemies of society," have been paving the road to progress.

J. K., Turner, Mich.—"A complete separation of Church and State" is an impossible proposition: both stand and fall together. No; it is not sufficient to have "free thought" granted by the

State. Thoughts, as well as love, are free and cannot be suppressed by any eternal power, but the freedom to act is hampered by governments and such freedom can only be achieved by repudiating authority in every form.

F. A., Livermore, Ia.—Glad to hear that the book "Moribund Society and Anarchy" is circulating and stirring the minds. The pamphlets ordered have been mailed.

G. S., Summerland, Cal.—We really rejoiced when we read your lamentations that your wife would not "obey any more" since she has been reading our "terrible sheet." If women and workmen alike would cease to obey and did resist tyranny conditions would soon improve. But, by the way, do you really imagine that "your wife" will love you better since you would "not allow her to read *Free Society*"? Poor creature!

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