

# FREE SOCIETY

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An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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WHOLE NO. 242

## NOVEMBER ELEVENTH.

The following lecture was delivered in Chicago by comrade Voltairine de Cleyre of Philadelphia:

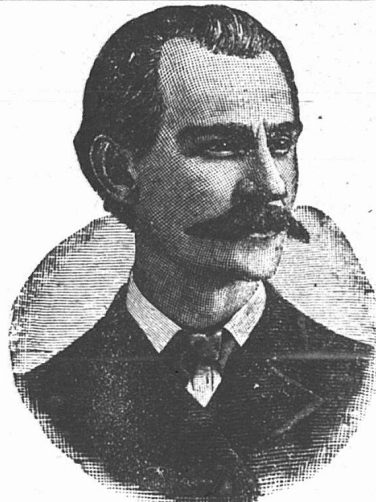
"Greater love hath no man known than this, that he give up his life for his friend."

We are they to whom was given that uttermost of love, —we, into whose ears there came a crying through the wilderness of poverty and shame and pain, a wind through the desert from the Land of Promise; voices that said, "It is not right that you should hunger, it is not just that you should be denied one of the glories of this earth. The world is wide: it is not reason that you should bury yourselves in a narrow den and see the earth from behind a cave mouth, while a bird that you could grasp in your hand so is free to cross the continent and pick its food where it lists. It is not fairness that the thing you have made should be taken from you by the hand that did not make it, and you be left with nothing but the smut and smell and memory of the torture of its making. It is insane that men should rot for want of things and things for want of men; insane that millions of creatures should huddle together till they choke while millions of acres of land lie desolate; insane that one should pour down his throat the labor of hundreds in a single night, and those hundreds always near the gateway of famine. It is criminal to believe that the mass of us are to be dumb animals, with nothing before us all our lives but eating, sleeping and toiling at the best, with all the light and loveliness of nature and of art an unknown realm of delight to us to which we may look only as the outcast at Eden. It is stupid to allege, still more stupid to believe, that you who are able to do all the hard things of this world, to burrow and dig and hammer and build, to be cramped and choked and beaten and killed for others, and not able to win all for yourselves.

"You are not helpless if you do not will to be, you workers who labor and do not share; you need not be the ever-tricked dupes of politicians, who promise what it is not in their power to perform, and perform what their buyers order them to; you have only to learn your own power to help yourselves, only to learn the solidarity of the interests of all those who work, only to learn to trust yourselves to take your rights, by no indirection, through no intermediary, but openly on the spot where they are denied from the one who denies them,—and having taken, KEEP. The wealth and the love and the beauty of this earth are yours, when you are ready to take them; you are no beggars at your brothers' table: children of one plentiful board, there is enough for all and none need want.

"Do they tell you to look to the kingdom of God? We tell you to look to the kingdom of this world; for, verily, men have looked long enough to *post mortem* justice, and thereby only supported another injustice, the trade in salvation, the buying and selling of heaven. They tell you there have always been rich and poor, and that what has always been always must be. It is not true that there have always been rich and poor; neither is it true that what has always been must always be. Men and the societies of men are creatures of their conditions, responsive to the pressure upon them from without, like all other things, and not only liable to change but bound to change. Every age finds its own adjustment. There have been times and places wherein all men were poor, as we should think them now, yet no injustice done, for all shared alike. There have been whole races of men with indefinite history behind them, who never knew mine and thine. They have passed away, people and system together, with the method of making a living. And Property, with all its varying forms of attendant slavery, has come into existence in response to the irresistible demand for a change to suit new methods of production; —and as it had to come so it will have to go. It is impossible it should continue; for under this plethora of products turned out by the newer methods, Property has lost its power to balance Man and the Thing.

Albert R. Parsons was born on June 24, 1848, in Montgomery, Ala. He was left an orphan at the age of five when one of his elder brothers, who was living in Tyler, Texas, became his guardian. At about the age of twelve he became apprenticed to the printer's trade at Waco, Texas. When the war broke out he joined a local volunteer company and served for one year as "powder monkey," when he joined the regular service. At the end of the war, Parsons went to Waco again, and in 1868 he founded a weekly paper, the *Spectator*, advocating the rights of the freed slaves. The paper was able to live but a short time on account of the prejudice prevailing. In 1874 he went to Chicago, where he joined the Typographical Union. He began to study the social question and was soon deeply interested. He joined the Socialist Labor Party in 1875, becoming an agitator of more than ordinary ability. During the railroad strike of 1877 he spoke at a large meeting in favor of the strikers, for which he was discharged from the employ of the Times and put on the black list. In 1880 he withdrew from the S. L. P. with others who started the International Working People's Association. From this time on Parsons was constantly in the labor movement, sometimes speaking to vast audiences. On one occasion he spoke to a house of 40,000 people, many being turned away. In 1884 the I. W. P. A. founded the *Alarm*, of which Parsons became editor. He was a speaker at the Haymarket, his wife and children being present with him. He had already retired from the meeting when the bomb was thrown. He left Chicago the same evening but surrendered himself when the trial came on. His last words on the scaffold, Nov. 11, 1887, were: "Will I be allowed to speak, O men of America? Let me speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the voice of the people be heard! O—"



Albert R. Parsons.

Shoved out by the tireless, flying steel hands, piled in great masses, products accumulate; the toiler at the base is flattened under the weight which Property makes it impossible to distribute. The mountain of riches crushes its creator; men and things alike waste. It cannot go on. The dead weight cannot forever press down the living energy: in the end distribution must come. Out from its burrow comes a mangled, bruised, and bleeding figure,—misshapen, ugly, black, covered with hell-light: suffocated, gasping, it struggles on to its feet at last, wipes the blood and sweat out of its eyes, gives a wild stare at this mountain of gold and glass and glitter it has made, catches a brief vision of the dwellers on the mountain, and with a mad cry leaps upon the thing to destroy it. He is a giant still: has he not, down there in the underground, been through the blows that temper and fires that try? Maimed and lamed, there is brawn in him yet; seared and numbed he can yet feel for a white throat. The hand that hammered the bolts has a wild grasp in it still, that lays hold and wrenches apart more desperately than it put together. The mountain is leveled, and—he begins again.

"He is the Revolution, and—he is a Fool. For he will need to make and destroy, make and destroy, until he destroys the institution which makes accumulation possible. He! Why 'he'?" You, working people, you are that fool. You are he who scoops the sea and dies in the desert for a cup of water. You are he who piles that mountain of wealth, and finds nothing better to do with it when it crushes him thereafter than to set fire to it.

"But listen, Fool, there is something better for you. This thing, Property, is not the final word of the human intellect with regard to the distribution of wealth. Beyond the smoke-edge of this frightful battle of Man and Machine, what lies? The ideal of Communism: perpetual freedom of access to natural sources of wealth, never to be denied by Man to his brother Man. Perpetual claim on the common wealth of the ages, never to be denied to the living by the dead. Perpetual claim upon the satisfactions of all common needs of the human body, never to be denied to the living by the living. Beyond the smoke wreath of the battle, what lies? Days of labor that are sweet, men and women doing the work that nature calls them to, that

in which they delight,—laboring at a chosen service, not one into which they have been forced; working and resting at reasonable hours, sleeping when the earth sleeps, not driven out into the darkness, like an unloved child, to turn night into day, and cripple the overdriven body by unnatural hours of pleasure stolen from sleep. Chosen toil, room, recreation, sleep—these, poor outcast animal, Man, are to be yours! Beyond the smoke-rim of the battle, what lies? The death of cities, the people resurgent upon the land, the desert blossoming into hedges, the air and light of nature once more sending their strength through nerve and vein, and with it the lost power to feel the joy of existence, the realization that one is something more than flesh to feed and sleep,—a creature of colors and sounds and lights, with as keen an ear for a bird's song, as ready an eye for a tint of cloud, as any woodman in the older days; a creature with as fine a taste for pictures and books and statuary and music, ay, and with a hand to execute them too, as any man who lives today upon your sweat, buys his library with your dribbled blood, and condenses the flesh that has vanished from your bones into the marble which adorns his alcoves.

"Beyond the smoke-haze of the battle, what lies? Life, life! Not existence,—life, that has been denied to you, life that has ever been reserved to your masters, the broad world and all its pleasant places, and all its pleasant things."

This was the cry that came to us, and we listened and heard. We followed the crying voices through these wildernesses of brick and stone; for it was a fair hope, and who would not wish to dream it true? None but the masters, and they were afraid; they clamored for suppression of the voices; "Let not these work-cattle of ours get this vision of Man," they said, "else they will cease to be beasts, and we —?"

And that demand for suppression produced the Haymarket bomb. Let it be said here and now, in the city of the event, in the teeth of those that compassed the death of five men whose sin was to have prophesied a nobler life, to be born even through blood and pain after the manner of all birth, that the time has gone past when one should stand and say, as has been said

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# FREE SOCIETY.

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

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

In Havana, Cuba, the labor unions celebrated the 11th of November. Take notice, Mr. Gompers.

We are told by the anti-expansionists that what we ought to do with the Filipinos is to place them in the same position as the Cubans. Let's see. Three papers have recently been suppressed in Cuba for uttering sentiments that did not suit the American administration. If that is the "liberty" the poor Filipinos are to be blessed with, they had better keep up their brave fight; for if they did accept such terms, they would in the end only have to renew the fight, as will sometime have to do the Cubans and the original Americans who have today practically lost their most cherished constitutional rights to free speech, free press, freedom of assemblage and bearing arms.

Jacob Groth, of Baltimore, committed suicide on Nov. 1, by hanging himself because a spiritualist had told him a few days before that "a dire catastrophe was about to happen to him." The man's early teachings had all been spiritualistic. Quite natural that he was so strongly imbued with it that he thought he had to assist it by making good the evil prediction.

At last we are beginning to realize the benign influence of the Peace Congress at The Hague. England is using lyddite shells in South Africa compared with the scent of which the Chinese stinkpots are fragrant and according to reports "the effect of which (the lyddite) is so terrible that it kills by smell and is more deadly than the shells that kill by striking;" and the American war department has just accepted a new explosive—thorite—which is far more powerful than dynamite. A suitable christmas present for the Boers and Filipinos, suggested, no doubt, by the Peace Congress at The Hague presided over by the pious little father of all the Russias.

Start another hymn, brothers.

S. D.

## RANDOM SHOTS.

"Not revolution, but evolution!" the leaders cry, and the well-trained masses thoughtlessly repeat the cry. By means of a quiet, peaceable unfoldment those who aspire to a complete change of existing conditions, want to accomplish it. As if a great change in society had ever taken place without revolution! As if a possessor of power had ever divested himself of that power willingly and without resistance!

Power will yield to power alone. That should be proclaimed again and again by those having the ear of the people instead, supported by the results of socio-economic investigations, of sounding the prophetic bugle that everything must in time rectify itself.

Science is not infallible. Even her most illustrious disciples have sometimes erred. Many things that had been considered irrefutable truths forty years ago, are now proved grossly erroneous. That ought to be considered by the leaders of those yearning for freedom, and instead of referring them to the wisdom and works of the party-scientists they should unceasingly call their attention to the facts of life and to the great doctrine that deeds alone will accomplish results.

"Not revolution, but evolution" may be a suitable slogan for comfortably fixed people who can afford to wait. For those enduring privations and needing food, raiment and shelter there is nothing more inverted than it.

"The majority has the power, but, alas! it is unjust. Justice is on my side and on that of a few

other individuals—the insignificant minority." If they but could understand the truth that the mass of humanity never yet produced any accomplishments, that it has always been the individual in antagonism to the large crowd that has wrought the progress of the world from step to step.

The large mass of humanity has always required scores, nay centuries, to accept and digest new ideas. Therefore nothing is more fallacious than to consider the masses the pioneers and initiators of the world's progress. The masses are always lagging behind. By the time they adopt what has been gained by hard struggles as a truth, one may rest assured that the true initiator of progress, the individual, has already discovered it to be erroneous and that the masses are again antagonizing the newly developed truth as vehemently as they once did the one they are now hugging.

Even truths are mortal; mortal as the gods. The raw wooden image the savage worshipped in his superstitious fear had to make room for the idol invested with supernatural powers and endowed with warriors' attributes; this in turn had to give way to the omnipotent, omniscient and allwise god, and he at last has been crowded out by the "great conscience of the world."

Just so the raw truth had to disappear before the refined and that which served our ancestors as uncontested has come to be considered as error and inversion by its posterity.

To be sure even the great clumsy mass of the people progresses from century to century, but it is indebted for it to the individuals who have emerged and have proclaimed their doctrines and discoveries irrespective of scorn and derision. The masses as such have never given the world one single new idea. They have always been the recipients, recipients with reluctance.

That readiness to assist the poor distressed Boers of which the government of the United States is absolutely devoid is found in a gratifying manner with those whom misinformed people are wont to disregard—the great meat suppliers of Chicago. They are sending whole shiploads full of canned meat for the English to South Africa.

England sent to Africa an artillery brigade carrying 10,000 lyddite shells. Every one of these shells has the capacity of killing three hundred men. These shells have already given proof of their wonderful powers. In the battle of Obdorman they destroyed the army of Kalif Abdullah. They caused the death of the Derwishes from suffocation by the wholesale and suffocated hundreds of vultures and eagles away up in the air.

Such are the weapons christian England is going to use against the christian Boers; the same England that once upon a time thus expressed itself regarding the same Boers: "Quarrels between mother and daughter do not belong before the public."

A very affectionate mother, indeed, that treats her daughter in this manner!

Of course all educated Europe will raise a hue and cry over this barbaric method of warfare. But England cares as little for the world's opinion in this respect as she was influenced during her contemptible operations in Ireland, India and the Sudan.

Wherever England has forced her way, her entry has been accompanied by the people's curses. But she had no ears for the curses. They have been drowned in the tingle of her metallic booty and by the sound of the church bells of the most pious country on the face of the earth.

Indeed, they are very pious, very moral, very-chaste, these high aristocratic gentlemen of England.

In London recently an important "African question" was settled. They have an exhibition there of a whole village of Kaffirs with two hundred natives. It appears that the delicate young ladies considered themselves perfectly indemnified for the reserve English prudery is forcing upon them by the enjoy-

ment of the robust nudity of these country people of Om'Paul, so much so that cautious paterfamilias and husbands began to entertain apprehensions for the complexions of their offsprings and petitioned the authorities to prohibit the attendance of the Kaffir village by the ladies. The exhibiting company was really afterwards requested to close the exhibition to female visitors.

What a wise order! It really would have been terrible if the propagation of these highly noble families were to be effected by the Kaffirs by birth instead of such by education and intuition.—Translated from Der arme Teufel.

## DIFFERENCES AMONG ANARCHISTS.

IX.

I have received from my valued friend Comrade Carr, of Cleveland, O., a copy of "The Relation of Anarchism to Organization," a paper read before the Franklin Club of that city by Fred Schullder, with the request for my opinion. I am glad to give it as his "exposition has been most sound," albeit I may be obliged to reiterate what I have already said in the columns of *Free Society* and *Discontent*.

The comrade begins with this definition of organization: "The taking on of organic structure—the formation or development of organs. Now an organ is a part capable of performing a special function, which is essential to the life of the whole. Sociologically, then, organization is a combination of individuals and an arrangement or construction of this combination into parts each having a special function which is essential to the life of the combination."

To make the analogy more complete he should have added and all, controlled by a central will: a sovereign authority, then indeed "organization and evolution have about the same meaning." What is true of organization is true of government. Our State Socialist introduces the same argument. "Government," he says, "is a natural function and the basis of all organization," and, like our friend, gives us "a brief outline of the causes and the direction of evolution to show not merely the importance but the necessity of a government." And I agree with both in thus outlining the factors and phenomena of nature. It is plain to "be seen that organization and government proceed according to the same inevitable laws." But I must give the State Socialist credit for the better logic, in showing that sovereign authority is the necessary result of organization. It is true that Anarchism to be "a theory of social development" and life must align itself with nature, but nature ever strives for the independent individual. If the life of the race demands a combination of the individuals, nature destroys their independence; converts the organisms into new organs and starts a composite individual. Individuals in nature's communities may have "equal liberty," they certainly have equal slavery.

Strange that Comrade Schullder can see no difference between the economy of nature and the economy of man. He speaks of "society at large" as a "social organism" and confounds it with the church and organized societies and says of the latter they "are voluntary, that is to say are Anarchistic in their formation, so it will be clear that Anarchism is not opposed to organization." Not so clear after all when one takes into consideration the fact that all organisms in nature proceed on lines of government depending entirely on Archic power—the supreme authority and sovereignty of the brain. His society as a social organism is merely a figure of speech. It has no relation whatsoever to his organization of men. Organization as the result of evolution is a very different thing than organization as the result of man's will and power. Nor is it at all clear to me that being "voluntary they are necessarily Anarchistic in their formation." With me slavery is just as much slavery albeit the slave voluntarily assumes his chains.

Our friend enlightens us on "well known laws in logic." I am no logician but I understand the importance of having truth for a major premise. It is easy to arrive at any conclusion if we start right. We can always make a good argument by selecting certain factors and ignoring or denying others. This is apparent when he says, "What the Anarchist objects to in the State is not the element of organization, but the element of government. Take the element of government out of the State and no Anarchist will object to what remains." Just so; when a bullet finds lodgment in the brains of an enemy, what remains is harmless.



The act of organization is for the purpose of governing. Our comrade says, "In union 'here is strength, but in organization there is still more strength." Whence comes it? If this be true is it not simply because a central will is empowered to enforce a rule or system? In other words, a chief, a ruler takes the plan of "many men of many minds." After all, as I have repeatedly said, it is a matter of definition. Our comrade says: "The Anarchist by defining government as invasion of the non-invasive person's liberty draws a sharp distinction not only between government and resistance to government, but also between government and agreement." Had the comrade inserted the words of our school after the word Anarchist in the above definition I should have no cause for protest. But when I "don't the red cap of Anarchy" it was with the understanding that the word meant WITHOUT RULE OR RULERS, WITHOUT CHIEF OR ARCHIC POWER. I can draw no "sharp distinction" between the government of a political organization and the government of an Anarchist organization. If I "agree to abide by the decision of the majority," may I not as well belong to one organization as another? I simply vote to be a slave.

He makes a point of "location" as a difference between government and organization. But why does government locate itself? Simply to avoid warfare with other governments. When the Anarchist organizations supersede government "a question of locality" will arise and to avoid farther strife, the territory will have to be divided up, and his "freedom to secede" will amount to just about what it amounts to now. If he doesn't like the laws of one organization he can try another. So long as human nature endures, "power pollutes whate'er it touches." When he goes out of his way "to show that Anarchism is not opposed to majority rule nor any other rule, so long as this rule rests on agreement," I can only say I see no sharp distinction between his "Anarchism" and government that "rests on the consent of the governed." When he says in summing up, "Anarchy is dependent on, and must come about by the development of popular consciousness to a perception of the expediency of non-interference, through mutual respect," I feel like exclaiming: Here's my hand, shake, brother, shake, you mean all right,—I can only say, drop your school and study the principle of liberty.

Eat! Elms, N. Y.

### THE ELEVENTH IN CHICAGO.

The Eleventh, the bloody Eleventh, has again taken its place with its predecessors in the history of the past and has left with us, not its sad, but its glorious memories! We weep no more over the martyrs' blood, over the desolate homes, over the precious lives of the murdered five. We but rejoice in the sacredness of the cause, and pledge ourselves anew to a continual labor for the triumph of the principles for which they gave their lives. This was more than evident at Old West 12th Street Turner Hall on Saturday, November 11, when a crowd composed of both sexes and all ages first sought seats and then standing room in vain. The program was well arranged and religiously carried out, and it was a program that some of us will never forget. Your request for brief contributions prevents me from forwarding it. Carl Nold spoke in German, and I was told by German friends that he lashed his hearers as an audience was never lashed before. He kept before them their cowardice and ignorance until amazement and shame was pictured on every adult face, but the bold orator went right on. His position was that of a soldier as well as a teacher, and when he left the platform he left the impression: that man will do as he says!

The English address was delivered by comrade Voltairine de Cleyre of Philadelphia, and the one regret I have is that such an address was not delivered at Central Music Hall before professors and plutocrats; the former would be convinced that they are not the teachers of great truths in economic reforms, and the latter that Anarchy was not killed off twelve years ago; but on the contrary, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and that the apostles of today are by no means second in importance to those whose blood was spilled that Anarchy may perish. Her address was evidently carefully prepared—which proves that she

realized the sanctity of her theme and the greatness of her cause—and delivered with splendid elocutionary force and effect. Some of her passages were withering in their sarcasm, some powerful in their intensity of feelings and all of them impressive, owing to their genuine eloquence and logic. She was Swift, Demosthenes and Phillips, that is to say, she was a mixture of satire, inspiration and scholarship. I doubt very much if her address will show up in cold type half as well as it was delivered. I am not of a very vivid imagination and yet there were times when the sentences issuing from her lips appeared to blister the very atmosphere. At others, in the place of her eye, in the heave of her bosom, in the stiffening of her frame and expanding of her muscles, she bore a striking resemblance to the female figure cut into the stone monument erected to the memory of the dead at Waldheim. It is too bad that a woman endowed with such talents cannot be kept in the field permanently.

T. R. QUINN.

### NOVEMBER ELEVENTH.

Concluded from page 1.

in the past, that "the Haymarket bomb was a police plot." The police never plotted anything half so just! The Haymarket bomb was the defense of a man who stood upon the constitutional declaration that the right of free speech, and the right of the people peaceably to assemble, shall not be abridged. Worker or non-worker, Anarchist or Archist, that man acted as an American constitutionalist; and if ever in this world an act of violence was just, that bomb was just. Every policeman wounded by that bomb was the victim of the treasonable order of Inspector Bonfield. At his door, and the door of the masters he served, lies the blood of Mathias Degan and his fellows.

But did they care, they who had been waiting their opportunity, whose was the act? Did they care for the dead policemen, whose names they used to hang their black, lying charge upon? Not they. They cared no more for the "hounds of the law," thus sacrificed to a violation of law, than they cared for the undiscovered hand that threw the bomb. They cared only for the crying voices that threatened them with the New Time. They set themselves to do those men to death, and they did it. What need to repeat here the history of that black crime called "The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists?" Is it not fresh in all our minds how the "jury of peers" was chosen from the ruling class,—not one single "peer" of the accused among them all? Has not the highest official authority in the State of Illinois told with legal dispassion how every one of these jurymen admitted before he began that he was prejudiced, and how each was so tampered with and twisted by the ruling judge that the lie "I think I can be fair" was wrung out of all their mouths? Do we not remember how Grinnell boasted to Mr. Favor that he had packed the jury to hang? Are not that dead wretch's words yet in our ears, saying "Anarchy is on trial?" Was it not openly avowed, to all the world that here, in this country, founded as the asylum of opinions, men were being sentenced to death for their opinions? Have we not today admissions coming in from every quarter, such as this from the November number of the *Century Magazine*:

"As to miscarriages of justice have there been no cases where groups of men among our most disinterested citizens, moved by misinformation or touched by pride or influenced by false notions of 'honor' have stood up on the side of falsehood and worked sad injustice to men of conscience who spoke the truth and feared not? At least one such *cause celebre* has not quite passed out of the memory of the living."

"Sad injustice to men of conscience!" This bit of justice comes a little late for the men who are dead. Yet it is an admission.

Of all the political trials that ever outraged the forms of even legal justice to say nothing of the spirit, it has remained to republics to give the worst. If the czar of Russia wishes an example of despotism, let him look to America. Here it is that we shoot men for marching on the highway and hang them for preaching ideas.

Yes, it is all fresh in our memories,—fresh as that bitter November day twelve years ago when Parsons, Fischer, Engel, Spies, waited within for the signal of doom, while without a helpless mother and wife plead for the keeping of a broken promise to the heartless cordon of the "law" around the sullen hole of death; plead for the last clasp of the hand that in an hour

could clasp no more, the last look from the eyes that would die and never know whose promise it was that had been broken: fresh as the memory of the singing voice that went up in the night and gloom calling sweetly, "she's a' the world to me": fresh as the memory of the lift'd hand and the voice repeating,

"This hand is as steady  
As when, in the old days,  
It plucked the already  
Ripe fruit from Life's tree:"

fresh as the memory of the deathless words:—

"The time will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

"Long live Anarchy: this is the happiest moment of my life."

"Will I be allowed to speak, O men of America? Let me speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the voice of the people be heard! O—";

fresh as the memory of gallows and trap and the swinging, dying bodies;

fresh as the the memory of him, the beautiful one, the brave, defiant one who took his death not waiting for your hangman and from his poor mangled dying throat whispered hoarsely at the end, "Long live Anarchy!"

Fresh and fresh, and forever fresh, O rulers of the world, the memory of the deed you did that day! Green in our hearts as the holly at Yule,—doubt not ye shall be remembered, doubt not ye shall be paid! With what measure ye mete unto others it shall be meted back unto you again. No item of the record shall escape. Shall we not recall the tricks that were done to turn the tide of sympathy which welled up, when terror and cowardice were abating, and decent human nature began to assert itself? Have we not before our eyes the picture of petition-tables overturned in the streets? In our ears the edict of Mayor Roach, "No public discussion of the Anarchist case, no singing of the Marseillaise"? Do we not remember the four "bombs" found in Ling's cell conjured through the stone walls and deposited there by Anarchist(?) magic!—It is all remembered: we know you are our creditors still! Perhaps you would have interest;—it is one of your institutions!

And what did you accomplish? You struck a welding blow that beat the hearts of the working people of the world together. You lifted out of the obscurity of the common man five names, and set them as beacons upon a hill. You sent the word Anarchy ringing through every workshop. You gave us a manifold crucifixion, and dignified what had been a speculative theory with the sacrificial cast of a religion. In the heart of this black, slay place of crime and crime you have made a sacred place, for in it you lopped off an arm from the Cross and gave us the Gallows.

And if it were given us to see tonight the thoughts of men made visible, we should behold the grave at Waldheim in the heart of a star whose rays shot inward from the uttermost earth. Ay, they are streaming over many waters, and out of strange lands where the English tongue is never spoken,—they, the invisible phantoms that pass in the darkness, less of substance than the wind that floats the November leaf, but mightier than all the powers that ever mowed the human grass when governments went reaping! They are pouring in tonight, the intangible dreams that bind masses of men together in the bond of the ideal,—a bond that ties tighter than all bonds of flesh; for it makes that one shall look into a stranger's eye and know him for his own; shall hear a word from the antipodes, and hold it for a brother voice; shall ask no name nor station nor race nor country nor religion, but put himself beside his fellow-worker, needing no question since he knows that other labors and would be free. A surge of comradeship sweeping over the earth this night, the chant of rebellious voices singing the storm-song of the peoples, an earth-circle of reverberations from those lips that are dead;—"Long live Anarchy," rung out this hour from platforms in every great city in the United States, England, France, Australia; talked low in Italy and Spain and Germany; whispered in the cellars of Russia, the cells of Siberia! And murmured on the lonely islands where our prisoned comrades rot away, the words, "Twelve years ago today they hung our comrades in Chicago, and the debt is yet unpaid."

Ay, it is growing, growing—your fear-word, our fire-word, *Anarchy*.

Lean your ear to the wind and you will hear it, the never-dying, never finished speech, denied, choked by you that shameless day.

A warmer sanguine glows on the world's communal flag, stamped out, stamped in, by you—the blood of the Rose of Death.

The number printed or written on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

## HEALTH AND LIFE.

"What are the best methods for prolonging health and life?" was the question discussed at the Freethought meeting, 1133 Mission St., last Sunday night.

Dr. Wetzel opened the discussion. He gave a history of the sanitary conditions of past generations and showed that disregard for cleanliness and pure air caused plagues and other frightful epidemics which decimated whole populations. The people in former ages were wont to attribute disease to impiousness and attempted to assuage the angry god by prayers and sacrifices. Great conflagrations in those days used to come to the aid of the ignorant and superstitious and purify the polluted atmosphere and check epidemics. A moment of fire is worth an age of prayer. Next to fire the sun is the purifier and health conservator. We have partly outgrown religious superstition and pay more attention to sanitary conditions so that we are more proof against epidemics. But our age has produced another enemy to health and life in the form of poverty and famines engendered by monopoly. Monopolists cause the poverty and distress of the people of all civilized countries and then hypocritically send supplies to famine stricken districts where, if the provisions robbed by the wealthy were distributed, there would be no necessity for outside aid. The quarters of the rich are pure and healthy, but those of the poor are unclean and unhealthy. Overwork and underpay send millions of the industrious classes to untimely graves. Compared with the ages of animals who live five times the age at which their structures have become fully formed the human being ought to live at least an hundred years. Yet according to the death rate of New York nearly half of its population dies before the age of twenty and most of the other half before thirty. Three quarters of the so-called civilized human race is carried off by consumption. The adulteration of food is another great cause of the destruction of life. It is next to impossible to procure unadulterated food in the open market. Our flour, whereof is made the staff of life, contains chalk, and our water is polluted with dead Chinamen who are occasionally found in the water reservoirs. In the face of such terrible odds it is extremely difficult to suggest methods for prolonging health and life. The remedy must come through concerted action. Individual cleanliness, pure air and sunlight in living apartments is of utmost importance. The body should frequently be bathed, the underwear cleaned and steamed so as to insure the annihilation of insects and disease germs. Prevention is better than cure. Vaccination has proved, the doctor thought, a means of preventing smallpox.

F. Jones dealt a few strong blows to theology which he held responsible for the largest share of our sufferings. He considered it better under prevailing economic conditions for people to die early than to endure privation and starvation. He feared overpopulation as a result of improvements in sanitary conditions and prolongation of the life period. This position, however, was proved erroneous by Dr. Wetzel who pointed to the fact that comfort and refinement tended to a decrease in the propagative propensities; also that prevention was so simple nowadays that its means would aid in checking overpopulation. (Why bother our

brains about overpopulation when there is ample room for thousands of millions more on this earth? Remove monopoly and government and people will have no difficulties in providing themselves with the comforts of life.—The compositor.)

Wm. Patterson entered a vigorous protest against vaccination; it is the worst kind of superstition; it is responsible for more deaths than all other diseases; even syphilis is inoculated by it and is transmitted to succeeding generations in the shape of scrofula, salt-rheum, etc. Medicine is one of the greatest curses that afflicted humanity.

Sister Roberts, a staunch freethinker, related her personal experience and observations as to the great benefits to health of pure air.

J. A. Gillie paid his compliments to doctors and drugs; both are worse than useless. The vaccination theory is disproved by scientific investigations. It was abhorrent to common sense to inoculate human beings with filth and poison. The first requirement to health is to be well born. The next is to lead a simple life with regard to diet, exercise, habits, air, etc. The use of tobacco and alcohol shortens the life not only of the users, but even of the poor victims who being thrown into their contact are forced to inhale the filth and poison.

R. Simpson joined the protest against vaccination which innocent babes and school children were forced to undergo. It was a brutality revolting to the sense of any justice loving person to sow the germs of filth and disease into the body of a child incapable of reasoning and defense. Here, he emphatically exclaimed, you perceive one of the beauties of government: it poisons the human being in the cradle and robs it when hoary with age. One of the greatest requirements for the preservation of health is cleanliness; the religious adage is, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" instead of that it should be, "Cleanliness first, last and all the time and godliness into the sea."

The subject for Sunday, November 26, is: "Are Freethinkers and Anarchists free from worshipping personal gods?" S. D.

## A DIALOGUE.

"Whose are these grapes, father?"  
"They are mine. Tomorrow they will be pressed and we'll have some good wine."  
"Well, while I was in college you have worked so hard?"  
"No, my son; my foreman got some men to do the work."  
"Then the grapes ought to belong to the workmen because they have done the work."  
"Why, no; the vines are mine and I have paid those men for their labor."  
"But where did you get the money?"  
"I got the money from the proceeds of our last year's crop and by taking land rent from the workers."  
"Then, to make money you don't need to work?"  
"Why, no; the laborers do the work."  
"But, could not those workers save you the trouble of pocketing their money and returning it to them again?"  
"But, don't you see, I don't give them all the money they earn."  
"Now I understand your robbing system by which you live on the products of their labor."—*L'Aurora.*

## THE NEW PLAN.

A new plan for industrial colonies is to be tried in southeastern Kansas, where coal, water, wood, gas and farm lands, are ready to be made use of by a set of laboring people who are seeking perma-

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