

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

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. 314.

Do Ye Hear the Children Weeping?

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his tomorrow
Which is lost in long ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest;
The old year is ending in the frost;
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest;
The old hope is hardest to be lost;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning?
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops down the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All turning all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O, ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for today!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth;
Let them feel that this metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still all day the iron wheels go onward;
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of the angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

—Elisabeth Browning

The Pyramid of Tyranny.

Recruited from the people, paid by the people, the army, if necessary, is used against the people. That is the lesson we can learn from all this—if we are willing to see and to hear what the actual circumstances show so clearly and distinctly.

So it is not the possessors themselves who defend their property; they seem to be too cowardly and too effeminate for that; but

they transfer this task to the non-possessors. If they had a sense of honor, they would not do so, to be sure; if they possessed courage, they would not even confide this task to others.

Now they have succeeded in arranging it so shrewdly that they use one part to keep the other down without incurring any risk themselves. But this very militarism, with its all-devouring mouth, will prove to be one of the means by which capitalism will ruin itself. Indeed, it continually demands new and ever-increasing sacrifices which involve it in a fatal circle. In order to oppose Socialism militarism is hailed; and, in its turn, militarism causes discontent, which throws many people into the arms of Socialism. So the means of opposing Socialism becomes a nursery of new Socialists. In the long run, militarism must lead to State bankruptcy; for it is insatiable in its demands, and if you give it one finger it seizes the hand, arm, everything. Its demands are boundless, for it requires everything or nothing.

So it is a double-edged weapon which may be turned at the decisive moment against him who uses it. The iron discipline, the strong organization, must keep all together, and if once the soldiers are arrayed in files, they must listen to the orders of their superiors upon pain of death. But who can prevent them from firing in the air over the people's heads? It will also be necessary to take care that they do not enter the ranks, and he who is able to cause the greatest confusion possible will prevent the soldiers from forming an army. It should be borne in mind that nothing is so much hated among the working classes as being soldiers, and this dislike will prove a great ally. Development of the mind will be the best means, as Frederick of Prussia justly said: "If my soldiers think, none of them will remain in the ranks." So he teaches us that knowledge is the greatest enemy of militarism. Of course, thinking men will not suffer themselves to be used as tools in the hands of others. By means of knowledge the best trenches are dug to undermine the whole stronghold of militarism. It is true what Tolstoy says: "How is it possible with a view to their personal safety that men even suffer that heavy, cruel and murderous power which represents every organized government relying on the army? The most bloodthirsty gang of highwaymen is not so much to be feared. The captain of a gang of robbers is, indeed, limited by the fact that the members of his gang at least enjoy some liberty, and are able to protest against committing deeds which are against their consciences. On the other hand, the men forming part of an organized government are not limited by any obstacle—owing to the support of the army. There is no crime which the men belonging to the government or to the army are not ready to commit at the

command of him whom chance has placed at their head."

Militarism is a cancer gnawing at the welfare of the nations, and yet it is kept in existence for the sake of the money-bag; which wields and rules and spends all, while the people, good enough to do the work from which everything is born, are permitted to see others enjoy—being destitute of all that ennobles and civilizes life and makes it agreeable. And all this for the sake of great Capital, which absorbs everything, and which uses kings and emperors, ministers and statesmen, like puppets to do what the really powerful and mighty of our time (the misers or bankers and financiers) require. Everything is submitted to them; and so they are the monarchs and rulers of the world who, with millions of invisible threads, hold the fate of millions of people in their hands.

We have examined the means of power which enable a handful of men to rule over everything and all, the spiritual means as well as the violent ones, and although there remains much to be said, we think we have explained sufficiently how they have succeeded. An artful net of tyranny has been made in which every little tyrant has a small dominion of his own, ruling over it on condition that he obeys a greater one, who in his turn finds room for his tyranny, until we arrive at the top of the pyramid where capital has its throne. All this is artfully constructed. All these things are like the links of a chain. And if you ask, by what means this edifice is kept together, we mention with Tolstoy the following four means:

1. *Intimidation*, so that people fear every change, which is represented to them as a bugbear.

2. *Bribery*, so that the people are sucked out to fatten some few, who assist one another and use the artless workers for their sport.

3. *Hypnotism*, by which the masses are drugged, for which everything must serve, religion as well as patriotism, the school as well as the Church, the material means of brutalization—tobacco and alcohol—as well as the amusements in theatres and public performances, the spiritual prostitution of the press and of science as well as that of the body.

4. *The power of the army*, which closes the circle of violence.

What are the means to deliver us from all this?

By opposing tyranny, by loosening every authority, each in his own manner, and wherever he is able to do so. If someone should say that such protests are of no avail if they are not practiced on a large scale, we should answer: "How will you succeed in doing it on a large scale if you

not begin on a small scale?" We believe that every refusal of military service, that every opposition to the great and small tyrants, helps to undermine the whole edifice of authority. Don't forget that the example of the brave who venture to do this work will be contagious; for such protests are scarcely spoken of when they are imitated here and there everywhere. What else would be the reason that such a deed is kept secret as much as possible?

No doubt much influence, a mysterious but strong influence, is exercised by the men and women who have strength enough, even with great sacrifices on their part, to break the bonds in which they were kept. Let us never forget this truth: A people is what it deserves to be. If a people is in bondage, it is because it deserves no better fate, because it consists of slaves. Not the tyrant makes the slaves; but a servile people makes it easy and possible for the tyrant to reach his aim. How could it be possible to rule as a tyrant only for one week over a people who are really and truly free? It would not support tyranny for one day. But the people begin to make tyrants, and, if these act as such, the people utter complaints of their own work and are cowardly enough to yield to circumstances.

Does not Multatuli justly say, in his "Essay on Millions":

"Tyrants; to be sure, they exist; but who render their existence possible? Their surroundings, the people. All the tyrants mentioned in history could not have existed if the people, the surroundings in which these monsters lived, had not enabled them to play their tyrant's part from age to age. They, the people, the surroundings—the chaff, as they are called—crouched, fawned, dissembled, applauded every arbitrary deed, every despotic action of the tyrants—where an ox grazes there must be grass, and the people have always been willing to be the grass which the two-legged oxen—beasts of prey—nibbled and trod. A people, therefore, deserves the fate it has. No tyrants, no bloodsuckers could exist if the people would not suffer them, would have nothing to do with them. The people have always remained the same. When Nero set Rome on fire, the people shouted. It was the people who cried: "Crucify Jesus; set Barabas free!" Leaders, preachers of new ideas have ever been abused and thrown at with filth by the Schmoels and Judases among the people."

Before all other things it is necessary to become aware of our condition. First, we must feel the bondage in which we are kept; for no means are sought to get out of it before that is the case. That is the reason why we have, in the first place, to revolutionize the head, so that the people understand it will not be so difficult for the ninety-eight to get rid of the two who cling to the others in order to suck up the best vital fluids and who cause the tree to pine.

Hypocrisy is a great obstacle in the way, and it puts on such an attractive mask to draw the masses on the wrong track. "So much is done for the people,"—that is the common saying, which becomes a pretext to lull oneself asleep. But without taking into consideration that all this is philanthropy—and this always demoralizes the giver as

well as the receiver, being nothing but wholesale stealing to give back in retail, and afterwards being praised as a benefactor of the human race—as soon as we begin to analyse it, it is rather insignificant, while the greater part give from their abundance without denying themselves anything.

Tolstoy saw through the game, and therefore wrote: "Temperance is made much of, but in such a way that it cannot diminish drunkenness; education is made much of, but in such a way that, far from annihilating ignorance, it is increased; liberty and the constitution are made much of, but in such a way that despotism is not prevented; the fate of the working classes, but in such a way that they are not protected against slavery; Christianity, but only the official Christian faith which supports the governments instead of overthrowing them."

That is the reason why we also preach a crusade against hypocrisy—which has been called a homage to virtue, but which makes it difficult to discover the enemy in the right place. Hypocrisy has wound itself about humanity, like the climbing plant about the oak, to draw the best sap in its embrace and to thrive at its cost.

As soon as the feeling of self-respect awakes and grows, we will no longer suffer everything; we shall begin to be men in our own circle, men who distinguish themselves by thinking for themselves. We make ourselves free, and involuntarily we shall rouse others by our deeds to endeavor with us to abolish some more tyrants.

To rule means to exercise violence, to do what he on whom the violence is practiced does not like, and what he who uses the violence would surely not suffer himself.

To submit means to bear, to suffer that which you do not like.

Let us therefore shout: "Down with Tyranny!" It is better not to live than to throw oneself away, and be nothing in order that other people may be all. Repudiate all the tyrants of today, high and low.—F. Domela Nieuwenhuis, in *Freedom*, London.

Peter Kropotkin.

The Chicago Chronicle of May 5 publishes a symposium of opinions regarding the possible effect of his visit upon the movement for social progress in Chicago. The discussion occupies nearly a page. The writers are not Anarchists, except one—Lucy E. Parsons. The rest are people of "social standing" in the community,—social settlement leaders, "advanced" preachers, and members of the aristocratic Twentieth Century Club, before which Kropotkin spoke.

All but one agree that his influence has been for good. They seem to have been very much disappointed in him; "he is so very mild and peaceable." They expected an Anarchist something after the newspaper stamp—beer, bombs, boisterous sensational speech, and whiskers. Of these the latter is all they found, hence their befuddlement.

After reading these articles one would get the impression that Anarchy is a beautiful ideal for the intellectual contemplation of educated people; an exquisitely ennobling dream, replete as a poetical conception, but impracticable as a rule of life; and once it

reaches those who might attempt its realization, it becomes a serious menace, not only to the community as a whole, but to the individuals themselves.

One writer, after saying Kropotkin is a man of remarkable education, and that his ideas are in keeping with it, gives a clear and lucid expression to the bourgeois objection to Anarchism when she wrote:

What I object to is the casting abroad of these ideas, so that they can become a disturbing element in the lives of mercy knows how many poor mortals. These ideas can be nothing but distressing to the poor man, for whom there is no possible alternative from poverty. With Prince Kropotkin they are always ideals, and keep in their proper place as such. But with the poor man, if he were at all earnest in his consideration of them, they would come to mean something which was his by right, something which had been stolen from him. And however true this may be, it won't do for him to dwell upon that one phase of the question.

The italics are mine. I want to lay especial stress upon these words, coming from the pen of a parasite. I wish I could burn that whole paragraph into the mind of every fellow slave on earth. Read, ye brethren of the ox, ye maimed and crippled, ye haggard and wizened, ye countless human bees who grovel in factory, field, and mine to gather the honey that others enjoy. Yours is the doom of perpetual poverty; yours, the curse of perpetual pain. Yours is the hammer, the plow, and the pick, to wield, but not receive the gain. Dwell not upon these facts, lest your misery be increased. How considerate your masters are! What deep-seated devotion, what an exalted brotherly feeling, must have inspired such kindly suggestions!

It will never do to dwell upon the fact that we are being robbed, "however true this may be." We are liable to get offended at the robbers, and oust them from our palaces, our factories, and our lands, did we dwell very long upon the fact that of the billions of wealth controlled by J. P. Morgan, not a dollar is his by right of creation, but that every cent of it was produced by the brain and brawn of labor. The number of "dwellers" upon this truth is increasing rapidly, and soon Mr. Morgan, et al, will be looked upon as great robbers and rapacious exploiters of their fellow men.

That is the danger confronting the ruling parasites, and causing them to tremble in their palaces. They know only too well what the result will be, once these "impracticable theories" of Peter Kropotkin, and others of his kind, get possession of the laboring poor. They reflect with horror upon the French Revolution; then increase their body guards, their military and armies. They see the great tidal wave of evolution approaching, and begin building their breakers of sand. How futile are their efforts! Have they never seen a feather in a whirlwind? But let them go on. Let them dam the river of evolution, and so sure as they do the thunderous forces of revolution will raze them to the earth. Their only hope for peace lies in their submitting gracefully to the inexorable phenomena of continual change. All force begets a greater force to overthrow it. It is this truth upon which evolution is based;

and were it not for this no progress would be possible. One generation would build a wall so high that the next could not surmount it. Every generation has attempted to do this, and all have miserably failed. Yet each succeeding generation tries the same old game, taking no heed of the fate of its predecessors.

What a vain set our teachers are! Each parcel of them imagine they are the perfect ones; that the acme of progress has been reached with them, and that all attempts at advancement is "impracticable theory."

Take the advice of Kropotkin and other great scientists, ye foolish ones. Do not prevent these "theories" reaching the poor man, for they will reach him anyhow. Help him practicalize them, and share the results with him; for really you are poorer than he. If you will not help him, do not oppose him, or there will be blows. Then the weight of your billions will not save you from his wrath.

JAY FOX.

— o — "Modern Socialism."

1. Are there any real arguments against "modern scientific Socialism"?
2. Why do Anarchists always evade this question, and attack "State Socialism" only?
3. Why is it that Kropotkin and Tolstoy are always denouncing State Socialism, but never attempt to advance any rational argument against "modern scientific Socialism"?

G. E. LIND.

1. No; "modern scientific Socialism" is Anarchist Communism, which principles and ideals are irrefutable.

2. There is no evasion, as there is no other but State Socialism to attack. But if Mr. Lind and others repudiate government in every form, why do they not join the Anarchist movement?

3. Neither Kropotkin nor Tolstoy, nor anyone else, have ever heard of a Socialist party which does not advocate majority rule, the most tyrannical government conceivable. The very fact that all Socialist parties engage in political action, and thus compromise even with existing governments, stamps them as State Socialists. In short, the Socialism advocated today by the Socialist press is more "ancient" than the one propagated thirty years ago.

A. I.

— o — Propaganda in Pittsburg.

Comrade Emma Goldman was in Pittsburg, Pa., from April 26 to May 5. She delivered four lectures here, and one in Cecil, Pa., on the following subjects:

"Modern Phases of Anarchism."

"Anarchism and Trades Unionism."

"The Causes of Vice."

"Cooperation a Factor in the Industrial Struggle."

To reproduce these lectures, which would be desirable, is beyond my ability. But I think it would be good policy to have them published, as they would be of great value to the Anarchist propaganda.

The meetings were all well attended; and there were new faces which I did not see before on occasions of this kind. Quite a good deal of literature was sold, which goes to show that these people were desirous of investigating deeper into the philosophy of Anarchism.

That we had such success in Pittsburg with Comrade Goldman, is more due to the trouble she had in Philadelphia, than to the activity of the local comrades.

Comrade Goldman's lectures are better in every way since I heard her last. She does not arouse the hatred of one individual against the other, on account of their different position in society; not at all; she appeals more to the heart and brain of the individual. She claims that to hammer away at the economic conditions of society did not prove to be a success. We have in the past seen individuals join the radical movements, expecting to better their economic conditions, and failing in doing so, soon drop out; others again meeting with success, found it unnecessary to continue the fight, and relapsed into the old ruts. But do not misunderstand her; she recognizes the economic struggle as a fact; but her theory is that we must appeal more to the internal than to the external being; that all the talk of economic independence alone will not free the human race, as long as the members of the race do not know the meaning of liberty, which they strive to gain through economic independence.

Hoping to see Comrade Goldman soon in our midst again, I remain with the best greetings to all the comrades,

ALF. SCHNEIDER.

Pittsburg, 1904 Forbes St.

— o — Here and There.

In Spain the government feeds the starving sufferers with powder and lead. Thus government protects the weak and needy.

Russian prisoners at Saghalien revolted at flogging, which was inflicted upon them irrespective of age or sex. Forty-six were killed and fifty-nine wounded. In Tiflis workmen and others displayed the red flag and fought the police for a quarter of an hour.

In France the Socialist politicians have again treacherously revoked the miners' strike at Montceau. In Saint-Etienne the strikers resolved that, in case of the demands of the 10,000 Montceau strikers would not be conceded even through the intervention of the government, a general strike of 190,000 miners should be declared. But the "representatives of the people," in their anxiety not to embarrass the Millerand-Waldeck ministry, voted against this measure at the congress in Lens. What does it matter to these politicians whether 10,000 strikers, who had already bravely combatted the coal barons for ninety days, have to go back to work on the old conditions, if only the reputation of their representatives is saved!

"The strike of the dockers and shippers at Marseilles has become one of the dominant subjects of discussion in the French press," says the *Literary Digest*. The French government fears a general strike, for, according to the *Temps*, "the Marseilles strikers are not simply strikers. They are revolutionists. They are not seeking to improve their relations to the employers, their material or moral condition in society. What they desire is to do away with employers, to abolish society as at present constituted,

and to start the social revolution." The same paper also asserts that the strikers are guided by the Socialists, who incite "them to hold out for a new heaven and a new earth, to be achieved by the confiscation of private property." But the fact that the strikers have more confidence in a general strike than in the ballot-box does not confirm this last statement.

The Italian king has founded a new order to be known as the "Knights of Labor." "It is to be conferred upon those who distinguished themselves in 'the study of labor questions or the amelioration of the conditions of the laboring classes,'" says the *Workers' Call*. "As many of the people whom this description would fit are either in prison, or have served prison sentence for their efforts in the cause of labor, it is difficult to see how the king can with consistency bestow this 'honor' upon them." The "honor" will be bestowed upon those, of course, who have been faithful and submissive slaves, and loyal to the throne.

Even for the pessimist good news is in store. According to reports, "a large increase in attendance has been noted during the past few years at the German universities. Five years ago there were somewhat less than 28,000 students in the various universities of the empire. Now there are 34,363. Berlin alone has 6,773. "Students in medicine and theology have decreased," and this is the encouraging feature of the report.

In Suffolk, Va., two young women, Carrie Palmer and Lavina White, were publicly whipped by the chief of police. They each received twenty stripes, and quivered from the pain, while some of the "prominent" puritanical citizens complacently watched the proceedings. All hail the progress of civilization!

Two weeks ago the Illinois legislators—including the governor—were threatened with arrest if they did not leave the lunch room and attend to the people's affairs. Secretary Rose, who ordered the legislators arrested, doesn't seem to realize that the exhilaration of our statesmen is a much more harmless occupation than meddling with the affairs of the people.

The People, of New York, the organ of the Social Democratic party, has changed its name to *The Worker*, owing to legal controversies with the Socialist Labor party.

The *Boston Traveler* invites discussion on the subject of "The Competitive and Non-Competitive Systems," requesting the correspondents to hold their letters down to a space not exceeding a quarter of a column, and "to be crisp and to the point." All the comrades of literary ability, here is your chance!

Isador Ladoff deplors the fact that Socialistic literature pays so little attention to the problem of securing to the workers a day of recreation of their own choice, as the May Day, for instance. Mr. Ladoff knows very well, however, that the Socialists have done their utmost to make May Day a farce, fearing that the celebration of the first of May may provoke riots, which of course is not in line with the policy of political action.

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A. ISAAC.....PUBLISHER

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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.

Fortunes are acquired always either by violence—the most common way—or by some huge villainy, or by chronic swindling, as in the case of trade. The better a man is the more sure he is of losing his wealth, and the worse a man the more sure he is of retaining and increasing his fortune. The laws which claim to protect property are laws protecting only property acquired by theft, which is in the hands of the wealthy; they not only do not protect the workman, who has not property, but they directly contribute to the exploitation of that labor. —Tolstoy.

Notes.

Der Zeitgeist (Spirit of the Age) is the name of a new German illustrated monthly. Its contents are of a revolutionary and enlightening character, and deserves the support of our German readers. The price is \$1 per year; single copies, 10 cents. Address: *Der Zeitgeist*, 69 Gold St., New York, N. Y.

Comrade Emma Goldman has arrived in Chicago, and will speak before the Scandinavian Painters' Union, 406 Milwaukee Ave., May 21, at 8 p. m. Further announcements will be made next week.

Note and Comment.

"Anarchism as a theory or a movement has ceased to live," says a Socialist writer, after he has written five long columns to refute Anarchism. Why waste so much effort in combating something that is dead?

While the emperor is on a pleasure trip, at the expense of the toilers, making bombastic speeches about the prosperity and "expansion"—properly imperialism—of this glorious country, people are dying from hunger and exposure, as the police records of this city can testify.

"We ain't living in Russia, I'll tell you. The president of the United States is simply the servant of the people," argued a man on the street corner the other day. "It's peculiar, though," remarked a bystander, "that the servant enjoys a pleasure trip in a special train, while many of the masters cannot even afford to pay for a decent meal."

The new chief of police does not believe in robbing the people on a small scale. He

promises that he will rid the city of petty thieves and "gambling dens," in order that the big gambling dens, known as Stock Exchanges, Board of Trade, etc., may have no competition in fleecing the people.

Detroit, Mich., May 10.—Twelve citizens and five policemen were injured to-night in a melee between 300 policemen and 10,000 persons.—*Chicago American*.

As the reader will see, the news of this outrage does not come from Russia or Spain, nor was the speaker a "red-eyed" Anarchist "inciting to riot." A "law-abiding" Single Tax orator was driven from the public square, a fire hose turned on his audience, and a volley of revolver shots was finally fired to disperse the crowd. Some cranks may observe that there is practically no difference between the Russian Cossack and the American police, but the "sovereign American citizen" will doggedly assert that we are living in a free country anyhow.

Even our "high" institutions of learning have their despots and censors. The students of a New York university publish a periodical in which questions of public interest are discussed. Two weeks ago the president of the institution confiscated and destroyed one whole issue, because unfavorable comment had been made on religion, which was liable to displace the financial "benefactors" of the university. Were not the students themselves imbeciles, they would have promptly protested against such bigotry and servility.

A reader of FREE SOCIETY takes exception to the utterances recently made in a lecture by Comrade Emma Goldman in Boston. Among other things he says:

She made the statement that some individuals possess inborn qualities which they develop in spite of unfavorable conditions. If this be true, the inequality of wealth in the present society is justifiable. If it be true that men are born unequal, there could no freedom or equality be established on this globe.

If man cannot rise above his environment, how will he ever change his conditions. Did not men like Bakunin, Kropotkin, Tolstoy, and many others, develop noble and humane qualities in spite of their environment? Have they not shown, by leaving a life of ease and luxury, wealth and titles, that they were capable of changing their environment? Has not any man, who actively resists tyranny and oppression, developed qualities which the multitude that surrounds him does not possess? It is true that conditions change the conduct of men; but it is also true that these conditions must be changed by men,—by men who rise above their environment. Men who resist tyranny and oppression, who live their ideal in one way or another, are the pioneers of progress and freedom.

As to the inequality of wealth, there is a vast difference between economic and individual or mental equality. If men were all born equal individually, society would be an exceedingly monotonous affair. But individual inequality does not exclude economic equality. When men will understand that production is too complicated to be measured, so that each member cannot receive a "just equivalent," and that it will be comparatively easy to supply the needs of soci-

ety, once monopoly—government—is abolished, they will soon find that the best thing to do is to abolish remuneration and commercialism altogether, and establish a condition in which each member will do his share according to ability, and consume according to his desires. This is the ideal of Anarchist Communism, which does not, however, require mental equality. That would be absurd and ridiculous. Tastes, desires, and talents vary, and the needs of individuals differ accordingly.

A few days after the above comment had been written, the same reader refuses the paper because it was said in the "Letter-Box" of FREE SOCIETY that "the great mass of the people come to the table after the meal has been prepared," by which social progress is meant. Why, my dear friend, is it the "great mass" that advocate freedom and suffer persecution? Alas, no; it is the intellectual, unprejudiced philosopher, the intellectual workingman, who paves the road to freedom. The Church—"the great mass"—would not even today hesitate to burn heretics on the stake, if the intelligent minority was not against such brutal fanaticism. But the "great mass" is always more or less indifferent. Had the Filipinos risen en masse against the imposition of America, the pirates would soon have taken their way home.

Poultney Bigelow, the well-known American historian and traveler, declares that the United States is heading toward revolution; and the fact that his utterances are reported in the daily press without comment, is sufficient proof that he has touched a sore spot. He says:

Commercialism runs riot in the United States. The Yankees are coining their ideas and energy into money and the trust builders are doing the rest. These money kings must necessarily exercise a blighting influence on the morals of public servants. They create all manner of temptations and breed all manner of jobbery.

In Washington I found a cynical contempt for the Constitution. Corruption stalks through the government departments. It disgraces the halls of Congress. Congress itself is little more than a brokerage shop for the sale of authority to fleece the people. The legislators, department officials and petty public servants of all kinds neglect no opportunity of turning their official prerogatives to profit.

I learned many specific instances of flagrant jobbery, especially in connection with the Philippine war. Thousands of officials, who owe it stealings ranging from very small to very large amounts, do not want the struggle to come to an end. They would much prefer to see it indefinitely prolonged.

Of course, I should not think of reflecting on such men as Secretary Hay and Judge Taft; but if Hay were the Archangel Gabriel and Taft St. Peter returned to earth, they could not stop the complex and far-reaching system of thievery that prevails in the public service.

President Hadley of Yale, I see, denies that he said a continuance of the present tendencies would land an emperor in Washington within twenty-five years. I do not see why he should desire to deny such a statement. We would better have an emperor—some one to take a firm stand against the rising tide of official immorality—than have rulers who have no interest in the government beyond the next election. I would rather live under Emperor William of Germany than under the vicious tyranny of railway, oil and steel kings.

America needs a thorough arousing of the public conscience. It needs, to deliver it from the slavery of capitalism, such men and women as delivered it from the slavery of human beings. In other words, it needs an epidemic of cranks—cranks like William Lloyd Garrison—cranks such as England had in Richard Cobden and John Bright.

That Emperor McKinley, or rather Mark Hanna, cannot be antagonized with impunity, is shown to the State of Delaware. Says the *Boston Post*:

The effort of the administration to punish the people of Delaware for refusing to make Mr. J. Edward Addicks a United States Senator is beginning to attract attention. The department of agriculture has shut down upon the free distribution of seeds in that State. The postoffice department has stopped the plans for free delivery in the country districts. The president has withheld one of the fat federal appointments forming part of the Delaware patronage. The Republicans of that State are shown that they are out of favor, and that they may expect to remain so until they send Addicks and another of the same sort to vote for the schemes of Hanna and McKinley in the United States Senate.

A Perplexed Socialist.

When an Anarchist attacks the sacred doctrines of Socialism, i. e., exposes its fallacies, no great amount of surprise is betrayed by the Socialist. But let one of their own kin take part in what the Church critics call "the higher criticism," and a terrible spasm of indignation betakes the whole circle of hew-to-the-old-line, the-older-the-better, "scientific class-conscious" brethren.

The particular doctrine in question is the one laid down in the Bible, Marx's "Capital," which proclaimed that the middle class is a constantly decreasing quantity. Tcherkesoff has proved this proposition to be utterly false, as will be seen in his forthcoming book, "Pages of Socialist History." The latest opponent of this age-worn tenet is F. G. R. Gordon, who has written some good articles showing its fallacy. Tcherkesoff is an Anarchist, and Gordon is a good Socialist, or was until he began upsetting fundamental doctrinal lies.

Mr. Simons, editor of the *Socialist Review*, is so wroth by Gordon's utterances that he writes the *Challenge* recommending that he be "taken across the knee and given a sound spanking." A goodly part of orthodox Socialistic propaganda, is this thing of spanking men into line with party tactics. The party's "policy" must not be questioned; whatever it says you must repeat, or you are an enemy of Socialism,—an Anarchist, mayhap, in disguise, and no doubt lucky enough to be drawing a good, fat salary from the capitalists for your efforts to break up the Socialist party, whose votes the rulers fear so much. For to dissent from the time-honored doctrine is a mark of great wickedness and can only be accounted for in one way—that of being a hireling of the enemy.

In general this kind of slush is used instead of argument. It is much cheaper and requires a very much smaller expenditure of brain energy than the making out of a logical case, proving a critics' mistake. This is especially true since the logic is usually on the other side.

In the case under review, Simons has been considerate enough of his opponent to let him off on the mere charge of "ridiculous ignorance of Socialist doctrine." However true the charge may be as regards "Socialist doctrine," it is plainly evident that he does know something about Socialism, which is

quite another thing, or Simons would not be in such dire straits to put up a defense of Marx's mistakes.

If an ordinary, everyday, man-about-the-town-pump were to tell you that million-dollar-a-year Schwab, of the steel trust, (and they are all steel trusts) was a workingman and earned his wages like the laborer at the rolling mill, you would pity him for his ignorance of economic facts, and give him a little primer on Socialism, if you happened to have such a thing in your pocket, with the friendly advice that he go home and study it up thoroughly before committing himself again on the subject. Now, if a Socialist editor should make such a wise observation in dead earnest, what would you think? No, he is not a fool; on the contrary, he is a very bright young man. But when a fellow is driven to the wall, what can he do? Isn't Schwab's million called salary (wages), and is not his calling "manager" (worker); and thusly, he, who so many of us thought a bloated capitalist, is a fellow laborer and should belong to our union.

Bravo, Comrade Simons! It would be long before horny-handed, calloused-brained, ten-hour-a-day fellows like us could have made such a fine classification. None but an out and out "scientific" Socialist, of long practice in the scientific method, could possibly have made such an immensely valuable discovery. This illumination, so the wise ones say, will have a wonderful influence for good upon the propaganda, and the admirers of this western sage are sagely predicting a wonderful future for him. Indeed, it is already being broadly hinted that he will be given the nomination for alderman of the first ward, the voters of which have never yet failed to recognize real merit, and recognizing it, have never refused it the reward of their suffrage.

And now, while Comrade Simons is resting on his laurels, we would make bold to inquire about Morgan, Rockefeller, Sage, and the rest of the big-named brethren down east. Are they not workers, too? Don't they "manage," and are they not rightfully entitled to their wages; and should they not join the Knights of Labor? And in passing we might be permitted meekly to ask, who are the real full-blooded capitalists, anyhow? Chicago, 425 Carroll Ave. JAY FOX.

Vaccination.

It matters but little to me that our esteemed Comrade James classes anti-vaccination as a part of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance, or hints that the doctors are wiser than the rest of us.

I am opposed to vaccination. I am convinced that it does not, nor cannot prevent smallpox, and I know that it often causes "very bad arms," and injures the health of the subject for life.

It would not be so bad if it were not compulsory. Many persons now dread it, and would not have their children vaccinated

were it not that they *must*, or think they must, in order to send them to school.

I was talking to a friend a few days ago, and she said that she always put down on the blanks furnished by the school directors that her children attending school were vaccinated, but they were not, and would not be.

We have a boy going to school. He is not vaccinated. His teacher told him he must be. We paid no attention. Finally she sent a slip with the ruling by the "board," that all children attending school must have been vaccinated. I made a formal protest to the Board of Education, stating I feared the effect it might have on the boy's health. The "board" evidently agreed with me that vaccination was dangerous to health, for the boy still attends school unvaccinated.

Of course they are too cowardly to repeal their fool ordinance compelling vaccination, for the "Board of Health" and the prominent croakers would kick, but they allow every one to escape who will lie to them or kick. That is much better than a rigid enforcement of a fool ruling.

It is to be hoped that all who think at all will get it through their wool that putting putrid puss into healthy arms is a poor way of promoting health or preventing disease, and oppose compulsory vaccination in every way possible, and at the same time do what they can to dissuade simple-minded acceptors of M. D.'s assertions, from running the risk of injuring the health of their children by having them vaccinated.

Nothing that opposes a well tried error can be accused of contributing to the Movement in Favor of Ignorance, and the anti-vaccination movement is simply a movement in opposition to a well tried and long ago proven fallacy. I make this assertion without bringing forth proof, as all the accessory proof has been published in FREE SOCIETY.

HENRY ADDIS.

When men enter seriously into politics they become unscrupulous; deceitful and cunning, because to win, they must pander to the prejudices and superstitions of the masses, and carefully avoid distributing the special privileges of the classes; and assume the profoundest sincerity in the advocacy of measures and laws which in their hearts they know to be the veriest rot. J. F.

The South African war has cost the British 14,978 soldiers up to the present time. This includes only the deaths that have taken place at the seat of the war. Besides this, 318 more men have died after having been invalided home, and 2,493 have had their health hopelessly ruined. The sufferings of the Boers have not been told in figures, but their country has been wantonly ruined. This is war, and war is civilization!

"Our fathers are praying for pauper pay,
Our mothers with Death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night."

History of the French Revolution.

VI

The 4th of May arrived—a day destined, after ninety-seven years, to become still greater in liberty's annals. Versailles was crowded, from gutters to steeple-tops, with dense throngs out of Paris and the surrounding country. Two days earlier, the king had received the delegates, and, with characteristic judgment, tried to check democracy by showing the people's representatives marked indignities. Amidst a shouting multitude, all now went to church, in a procession headed by troops. The commons led the way. The clergy followed the nobles. But Gallicanism placed the State—"l'Etat c'est moi"—above the Church. The court walked last. Louis was simply dressed; but wore one inestimable jewel. Between the chant of priests, military music filled the air. The overhanging concourse ran their eyes lightly over waving plumes, purple robes, blazing gold and gems, but brought them back to rest on the Third Estate in simple black. Before that luminous column, this cloudy pillar moved amidst a storm of claps and vivas which shook the city. Behind it, silence was broken only by an occasional cheer for Orleans. In church, the Estates occupied the nave. The king and queen, surrounded by courtiers, sat on thrones beneath a velvet canopy sprinkled with *fleurs de lis*. The music was rendered by a magnificent choir without instruments. The bishop of Nancy preached. In lurid colors he painted the misery and oppression of France. His peroration was a glowing eulogy on the reforming king. The true reformers easily forgave this bit of fustian; and neither majesty nor the place prevented applause from following. Next day, the first business session was held in the immense *Salle des Menus*, whose galleries and aisles could easily hold 4,000 spectators. Here, again, the people's representatives encountered insult. They waited for hours crowded in a corridor at a back door, while the higher orders made their pompous entry in front. When, at last, the men in black were admitted, they occupied the obscure rear seats, facing, as suppliants, king, court, clergy, and nobles, who descended, in this, their proper order, from the front door, near which their majesties sat enthroned. The galleries were thronged with spectators. The hunters had found their glittering game, and the hounds were waiting to be loosed.

After reading a perfunctory address, the king sat down and put on his plumed hat. The clergy and nobles, exercising a privilege, did likewise. But now behold the people's view of back doors and subfusc! In an instant there is motion among the Third Estate, a rising wave of black slouch hats; and presently every plebeian brow is guarded like its betters. "Hats off! hats off!" some noblemen so far forgot themselves as to cry aloud. But not a hat moves, till the "citizen king" gives an example, after which all sit in barefaced equality. There had been a little discussion about a reply to the king's speech. In antediluvian times, when the States used to meet, the Third addressed the sovereign on bended knees. This Third Estate has been instructed to bear no indignity. It will not reply in that posture—has learned that etiquette must be observed—

very good; then no reply at all! Necker's speech, which followed the king's, was a disappointment. Nothing was clear about it except that the citizen king wanted money much more than reform.

There is little doubt each order was originally a separate chamber. The nobles had consoled themselves, therefore, since their defeat at the polls, by reflecting that after all nothing could be done without a majority in their house. On May 6, they and the clergy organized separately. Had the commons done likewise, all were lost. They resolve, accordingly, that no quorum of the legislature is present, elect a chairman *pro tem*, and pass the day in masterly inactivity, dictated probably by Mirabeau, who had given so much attention to English and American affairs.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Yet a little while, and these motionless representatives of the masses must bring the noblesse and clergy to themselves. For something had to be done. Nothing could be done without three orders. The Third would not begin, so what else can the others do? They began by trying to draw the commons into some compromising measure. The archbishop of Aix came with a message from his brother prelates. It set forth the hourly increase of their people's sufferings, and entreated the Third Estate to agree on a conference for relief. The dilemma was embarrassing. If the Third Estate refused, they seemed to disregard their constituents. If they consented, they recognized another chamber. There was among the deputies a man of thirty-one, from Arras, where he had been a member of the criminal court, but had resigned because he disapproved of capital punishment. He appeared a dawdling dandy; though his means were very limited. I happen to know it was a love affair which accidentally brought him into the way of being elected; also that the immediate cause of nomination was his practical address to a club which had muddled itself over human rights, the social contract, the natural state, and other metaphysical flim-flam, of the same, then fashionable, sort. He was small, angular; with a little head, protuberant over the temples; deeply set blue eyes; a straight, small nose, very wide at the nostrils; large mouth, but thin lips; chin narrow and pointed. His complexion was sallow. His features were strongly marked. He now rose, after a few moments' silence, and said with emphasis: "Go, tell your colleagues that we are waiting for them here. We wait for them to aid us in relieving the sorrows of the people. Tell them no longer to retard our work. Tell them our resolution is not to be shaken by a stratagem like this. If they feel for the poor, let them, as imitators of their Master, renounce that luxury which consumes the funds of indigence, dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend them, sell their gorgeous equipages, and with these superfluities relieve the perishing."* "That man will go far," said Mirabeau. "He means every word he says." His name was Maximilian Robespierre.

Daily the galleries were now crowded with spectators, ready, as in the Long Parliament

* Although the substance is everywhere the same, quite various renderings of this pretty speech are given by different writers.

days of England, to overawe an unpopular party. Thus passed a month of "open famine." On May 27, the commons sent to urge attendance of the other orders, and some fruitless conferences followed. On June 10, Sieyes, perhaps the only clergyman who had yet cast his lot with the commons, proposed send absentees a last-summons—if it were neglected, declare a quorum, and proceed. The word was softened to "invitation"; but the work went on. Credentials were examined on the three days beginning Friday 12th (Thursday having been a religious fete.) During this operation, nineteen priests joined the Third Estate. It was reported many more soon would. The king's protection was implored by his parliament, which promised anything necessary to head off this democratic movement. For his own safe-keeping, he was taken to Marli. June 16 found the reenforced Third Estate struggling with the problem what to call themselves, since they were clearly not the States General. They adjourned to think it over. Malouet, a deputy who moved the "previous question," was assaulted from a gallery. He alleged that half would have voted with him. On the 17th, there was an increased attendance from Paris, which had done much thinking during the past month of idleness and suffering—with 200,000 people there living on very precarious charity. The court had suppressed a journal of the States General which Mirabeau began publishing; and had established a rigorous censorship. Written papers were thrown into the breach. They were read at cafés, street corners, but, above all, the Palais Royal gardens, which were sacred from police intrusion. It was understood the One Chamber would take the name of National Assembly. While a vote was pending, the president, the astronomer Bailly, received a summons to attend King Louis. Well understanding they would be forbidden to act, the house postponed reception of the royal message. The nobles sent in a communication. It was disregarded. The vote was taken. Four hundred and one are for declaring the legislature organized, ninety against. The latter hesitate only on a question of expediency. When the oath of fidelity was proposed, "to resist tyrants and tyranny, and never separate until they had secured a free constitution," every hand was uplifted; and at the words, "We swear," a roar of acclamation bursts from the galleries. The streets take it up. "Vive le roi! Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!" and over the hills, from mouth to mouth, that shout rolls into Paris. "It is impossible," says the Tory Alison "to refuse a tribute of admiration to these intrepid men, who, transported by a zeal for liberty and the love of their country, ventured to take a step fraught with so many dangers, and which to all appearance might have brought many to the scaffold."

From Marli, the court sent such propositions as it could think of to Versailles. One was that the nobles and clergy together, should form an Upper House. *The nobles refused*. They besought the king to put down open rebellion. He consented; and the phenomenal stupidity of those means employed strongly indicates that they were his original invention. On Saturday, June 20, at 6 a. m., placards about Versailles an-

nounced that the Salle des Menus would be closed "for repairs." At 8 the National Assembly stood before the door in heavy rain and wind which carried watery sheets before. The soldiers on guard remarked that any attempt to force an entrance would be met with bayonets. The members resorted to a tennis court, where they renewed their oath, in the ears of an immense crowd which had followed to the entrance, despite foul weather. Necker, meanwhile, was proposing schemes of accommodation. Louis had almost consented to one, when the queen sent for him, and talked him over in half an hour. On Monday, the deputies were informed that the Comte d'Artois had engaged the tennis court. Troops, headed by their aristocratic officers, were parading the streets. At convenient windows, the fops and giglots of the court stood enjoying the plebeian Assembly's perplexity. Just at this crisis, an invitation came from the church of St. Louis, where the seceding clergy, 140 in number, were attending mass. Reinforced by this large body of priests, the Assembly, on Tuesday morning, found the Salle des Menus open. The king and queen were coming to meet them, though it was another stormy day. As their majesties passed, the populace cheered for Orleans; and Marie Antoinette almost fainted. She had no capacity for bearing the hate she had been at so much pains to excite. The recent death of her eldest son had much broken her; and her hair was turning grey. The king entered without Necker, as everyone observed. This minister had resigned in despair; but the fact was not yet known. A secretary read his majesty's address. It declared there must be three chambers, forbade the deputies to receive instructions from their constituents, excluded spectators, and proclaimed feudal privileges inviolable. Only nobles should have offices in the army. There should be no ecclesiastical reforms without approbation of the hierarchy. The king promised equality of taxation, if the clergy and nobles would consent. He promised to adopt any financial changes compatible with the royal dignity. He invited the States to propose measures for abolishing *lettres de cachet* which should not interfere with his power of repressing sedition; also to "seek means" for reconciling liberty of the press with respect due religion, etc., etc. Finally, in case of disobedience, he threatened to dissolve the legislature. The speech concluded as follows: "I command you, gentlemen, immediately to disperse, and tomorrow repair to the chambers appropriate to your order." Having performed this operation, which Alison calls providing "for rational liberty," Louis departed, followed by many nobles and bishops. The commons remained seated. The crisis had come. The Marquis de Brézé advanced, and in a timid falsetto demanded, "Did you hear the king's orders?" "Yes, sir!" roared Mirabeau, "and you, who have neither seat nor voice in this house, are not the person to remind us. Go, tell those who sent you that we are here by will of the people; and nothing shall drive us hence but the bayonet." The marquis glanced at the chair. Bailly said the Assembly had previously resolved to sit after hearing the king, and could not adjourn without further consideration. "Am I to give the king that answer?" asked Brézé. "Yes,"

replied the fearless president. At this moment, Marie Antoinette was holding a levee, and presenting her son to the exultant nobles. The king had plucked up courage, and put those plebeians in their place at last! Suddenly, loud shouts were heard outside. It was the populace saluting Necker. Louis, alarmed, sent for him, and persuaded him to resume office. This announcement was hailed with fresh shouts. De Brézé entered, with the commons' defiant reply. "Well! let them alone," said Louis. Next day, half the remaining clergy and some nobles joined the Assembly. Notwithstanding Louis' prohibition, there were thousands of spectators. On Friday, after an exciting debate among the nobles, whom no one cared to visit, Orleans, Lafayette, and forty-five others, went into the National Assembly. The king's "bluff" had failed so completely that he now wrote to the remaining nobles and clergy, requesting them to fall in; which, after some demurr, they did. Mirabeau eloquently contrasted this bloodless revolution of France with the terrible struggles required in England and America.

But there was something ominous about that smiling promptitude with which Louis had given way. From every quarter, troops were marching to Versailles, slowly, as usual in those days when armies "neither flew nor traveled post"; yet it was soon said there were 50,000 near at hand. Loaded cannon were planted outside the legislative hall, with muzzles towards it. Paris was full of soldiers—among them 3,600 native Frenchmen, a select corps. The nobles tried to demoralize the Assembly by such measures as proposing an aristocrat for president—as coming in a body and sitting all together apart from their colleagues. Meanwhile, the people, more sagacious, were enticing away the soldiers. Women asked them, "Will you fire on your friends to keep their oppressors and yours in power?" The common soldiers' exclusion from promotion now bore fruit. They soon began to answer, "No." This resolve spread through France, gaining strength like fame in the fables, or nerve-force in physiology. Dragoons en route from a distance, told their officers that, if bidden to shoot, they would shoot them. The multitude gave every proof of fiery zeal. One deputy had protested against the tennis court oaths. He was mobbed on coming out. Those ninety who voted against immediate organization were, even before this, persuaded by anonymous letters. Between the tennis court scene and the king's message, an interval of only three days, Louis' secretary, the keeper of the seals, the Abbé Maury, and D'Espréménil, now a courtier, had all been assaulted. Such was Versailles! Imagine, then, Paris. Every cafe is a little parliament, where patriots harangue, with tables and chairs for rostra; while citizens shout, stamp, and yell, as they do in the gallery at Versailles. One orator proposed to burn the house of D'Espréménil, his furniture, his wife, his children, and himself. Carried with cheers. As yet, such revolutions are harmless thunder. But a person who protested was birched and ducked.* In the first week of July, an abbé who spoke ill of Necker, was flogged. A woman who insulted this statesman's bust was stripped and beaten, by zealots of her own sex. When a hussar appears, the crowd cry "Punch!" and throw stones. A police spy was tortured to death. Placards are set up demanding the pillory for Maury. A child

* So (without reference) Taine. Camille Desmoulins tells a most amusing story to the effect that a speaker put the crowd in good humor and got the resolution rescinded by assuring them that the house belonged to the architect, the furniture to the upholsterer, the woman to the public, and the children probably to some of those who had just voted for burning them.

of four was carried about, reciting the following lesson—"Verdict of the French people: Pelignac exiled one hundred leagues from Paris; Condé the same; Conti the same; Artois the same; the queen—I dare not write it." The French guards daily fraternize with the people at the Palais Royal, where many have mistresses. On the 23d of June, their unpopular commanders confined two regiments to barracks. Four days later they broke out, having formed their parliament, and sworn not to fire on the people. On the 30th eleven were imprisoned at the Abbaye for this mutiny. An editor read a letter from them at the seditious Café Foy. Six thousand people went to the Abbaye, stormed it easily, feasted the prisoners at the Palais Royal, and gave them a guard. The veterans at the Hotel des Invalides (the Soldiers' Home) were ordered to disable their guns lest a mob should take them. They managed to spend six hours in taking the cocks off twenty muskets. In face of all this, the imbecile government neither strikes nor yields, but continues to squib and red-rag the slow-waking beast with many heads. Every one seems to have believed a *coup d'état* was meditated; but the pamphleteers urged the multitude to avoid furnishing excuses for it. Foremost among them, was a hideous, dwarfish, red-haired paralytic, of Swiss origin—Jean Paul Marat. The Assembly simultaneously exhorted all people to abstain from violence and solicited the mutineers' pardon, which was granted upon their voluntary surrender. On July 10th,* the Assembly, at Mirabeau's suggestion, suspended their constitution-making to request the troops might be withdrawn. The petition was drawn by Dumont, Bentham's disciple. The king replied that the troops were needed to prevent those petty outbreaks which, in fact, they provoked. He reminded the Assembly of the encroachments on its own privileges by street Solons and gallery Gracchi; and proposed that it remove to Noyon or Soissons, where it must be safe from both the mob and (?) the army. When this was considered, the conservatives present dared not say they were overawed by the mob. To revive this absurdity of Mallouet's was reserved, during a century, for M. Taine. "We did not," said Mirabeau, "ask permission to run away. We asked to have the troops removed." This was on Saturday, July 11. That same evening, Necker was dismissed, and ordered to leave France. About the time of the petition, a pamphlet, circulated in Paris, announced that after three days Louis would disperse the Assembly and take vengeance. No injustice is done his feeble character by supposing he only meant intimidation. But the cowardly and murderous instinct of government has been too often displayed, here and elsewhere, in first driving the people to riot and then slaughtering them, for any doubt what his advisers intended.

The sun of July 12 rose upon that Christian festival which has taken his name. It was to witness a new Resurrection! For ages, the Deity, incarnate in mechanics and mendicants, having no form or comeliness, a scorn to Dives, a sniffing to aristocratic noses, an eyesore to royal avenues, a suppliant to the rich man's dog, cursed by false priests, betrayed by selfish friends, deserted by cowards, seized by ruffian mercenaries, has toiled, begged, suffered, been crucified, dead, and buried! Before evening, he will rise; and King Louis' guards, King Charles' fortress, the inviolable Law, even Death's irreversible decree, shall be as those green withes which bound the limbs of Samson! The judgment, too, is near! "Inasmuch as ye did it—did it not—to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* Louis XVI, in his amazing diary, says the 9th. But it is full of chronological errors.

314

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The FREE SOCIETY SUSTAINING CLUB meets every Wednesday evening at 515 Carroll Ave.

May 22, Comrade Emma Goldman will speak on "Evolution in the Idea of Anarchism."

Take the Lake Street Elevated, Ashland Avenue Station, or any surface line crossing Ashland Ave. or Paulina street, which is one block east of Ashland Ave.

For WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

May 30, on Decoration Day, a grand picnic will take place on Comrade Jacob Meyer's farm, Lock 3, Pa. Railroad trains leave the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Station, South Side Pittsburg district, at 7:50 a. m., and 12:40 p. m., city time. From Union Station at 6, 8:25, 10:30 a. m., and 1 o'clock p. m. From Union Station take train to Waltonahela River per boat to Lock No. 3.

All liberty-loving people are cordially invited.

THE COMMITTEE.

Thoreau.

He interrogated every custom; and wished to settle all his practice on an ideal foundation. He was protestant a *Pontance*, and few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist used neither trap nor gun.—Emerson.

The Letter-Box.

M. C., *Antioch, Cal.*—You are mistaken. Tolstoy is not "always preaching religion." His latest book, "The Slavery of Our Times," is entirely free from religion, and thoroughly Anarchistic. He gives Single Taxers and Socialists some hard nuts to crack.

B. F. B., *Denver, Colo.*—We note in your article that "consistency" J. Allen Evans has very consistently married legally. Otherwise the article is too personal for publication.

M. C., *New York.*—Short and pointed articles are always welcome, if written legibly. They should always be written in ink and on one side of the sheet only.

M. C., *Joliet, Ill.*—Right you are; our "paper is not a medical journal, and the pro and anti-vaccinationists should select a professional periodical for their discussions." Besides, all of them are laymen and bring forth library proof, or mere assertions, instead of laboratory evidence.

RECEIPTS.

Hart, Westrup, Singer, Schneider, each \$1. Jones, 90c. Lindall, Marbley, Tyler, Lallis, Anderson, Dickey Severino, each 50c. Taylor, 25c.

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