

# 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.

VOL. VII. NO. 17.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 315.

## Force and Freedom.

Armed to overthrow, impatient to enchain,  
Making the year all winter, how shall ye  
Persuade the destined bondman he is free  
Or with a signal build the summer again?  
O, ye can hold the rivulets of the plain  
A little while from nuptials with the sea.  
But the fierce mountain-stream of Liberty  
Not edicts and not hosts may long restrain.  
For this is of the heights and of the deeps,  
Born of the heights and in the deeps conceived.  
This, 'mid the lofty places of the mind  
Gushing pellucid, vehemently upheaved,  
Heart's tears and heart's blood hallow, as it sweeps  
Invincibly on, co-during with mankind.

William Watson, in *Freedom*.

## The Principles of Social Freedom.

It may seem to be a strange proposition to make, that there is no such thing yet existent in the world as self-government, in its political aspects. . . . If self-government be the rule, every self must be its subject. If a person govern not only himself but others, that is despotic government, and it matters not if that control be over one or over a thousand individuals, or over a nation; in each case it would be the same principle of power exerted outside of self and over others, and this is despotism, whether it is exercised by one person over his subjects, or by twenty persons over a nation, or by one-half the people of a nation over the other half thereof.

. . . The moment one person encroaches upon another person's rights, he or she ceases to be a free man or woman and becomes a despot. To all such persons we assert: that it is freedom and not despotism that we advocate and demand.

. . . All inharmony and disorder arise from the attempts of individuals to interfere with the rights of other individuals.

. . . The apology for what I claim to be an invasion of the rights of the individual, is found in the law to enforce contracts. While the enforcement of contracts in which pecuniary considerations is involved, is a matter distinct and different from that of the enforcement of contracts involving the happiness of individuals, even in them the government has no legitimate right to interfere. The logical deduction of the right of two people to make a contract without consulting the government, or any third party, is the right of either or both of the parties to withdraw without consulting any third party, either in reference to its enforcement or as to damages.

. . . Law cannot change what nature has already determined. Neither will love obey if law command. Law cannot compel two to love. It has nothing to do either with love or with its absence. [Law may put a property piling around persons, and thus, by hindering or preventing any description of association it may have something to do with the absence of love.—V. D.] Love is superior to all law, and so also is hate, indif-

erence, disgust, and all other human sentiments which are evoked in the relations of the sexes. It logically follows, if love has anything to do with marriage that law has nothing to do with it. And on the contrary, if law has anything to do with marriage, that love has nothing to do with it. . . . If individuals have the constitutional right to pursue happiness in their own way, all compelling laws of marriage and divorce are despotic, being remnants of the barbaric ages in which they were originated.

. . . To love is a right higher than constitutions or laws. It is a right which constitutions and laws can neither give nor take, and with which they have nothing whatever to do, since in its very nature it is forever independent of both constitutions and laws, and exists—comes and goes—in spite of them.

. . . Compulsion, whether of the law or of a false public opinion, is detestable. . . . I do not care where it is that sexual commerce results from the dominant power of one sex over the other, compelling him or her to submission against the instincts of love, and where hate or disgust is present, there is prostitution, and all the law that a thousand State assemblies may pass cannot make it otherwise.

. . . I claim that freedom means to be free, let the mob claim to the contrary as strenuously as it may; and I claim that love means an exhibition of the affections, let the mob claim what it may. And, therefore, in compounding these words into Free-Love, I claim that united they mean, and should be used to convey their united definitions, the mob to the contrary notwithstanding.

. . . My friends, you see this thing we call freedom is a large word, implying a deal more than people have ever yet been able to recognize. It reaches out its all-embracing arms, and while encircling our good friends and neighbors, does not neglect to also include their less worthy brothers and sisters, every one of whom is just as much entitled to the use of his freedom as is either one of us.

. . . In freedom alone is there safety and happiness, and when people learn this great fact, they will have just begun to know how to live.

. . . I know very well that much of the material upon which the work must begin is very bad and far gone in decay. But I would have everybody perfectly free to do either right or wrong, according to the highest standard, and if there are those so unfortunate as not to know how to do that which can alone bring happiness, I would treat them as we treat those who are intellectually without culture—who are ignorant and illiterate.

. . . Because a person chooses to perform an act that we think a bad one, we have no right to put the brand of excommunication upon him.

. . . The sin of all time has been the exercise of assumed powers. This is the essence of tyranny. Liberty is a great lesson to learn. It is a great step to vindicate our own freedom. It is more, far more to learn to leave others free, and free to do just what we perhaps may deem wholly wrong.

. . . Talk of freedom, of equality, of justice! I tell you there is scarcely a thought put in practice that is worthy to be the offspring of those noble words. The veriest systems of despotism still reign in all matters pertaining to social life. Caste stands as boldly out in this country as it does in political life in the kingdoms of Europe.—Victoria C. Woodhull, 1871.

The principle of freedom is one principle, and not a collection of many different and unrelated principles; that there is not at bottom one principle of freedom of conscience as in Protestantism, and another principle of freedom from slavery as in abolition, another of freedom of locomotion, as in our dispensing America with the passport system of Europe; another of the freedom of the press as in Great Britain and America, and still another of social freedom at large; but that freedom is one and indivisible; and that slavery is so also; that freedom and bondage or restriction is the alternative and the issue, alike in every case; and that if freedom is good in one case it is good in all.—Paulina Wright Davis.

## Perverting Institutions.

The class in sociology of the State University at Columbia, Mo., have been investigating criminology; and in company with their professor, recently visited the penitentiary at Jefferson City, in order to find object lessons among their outcast brothers, the convicts. The line of investigation adopted by these philosophers of the superficial, prove that they are not real students of nature, but mere quacks who allow established institutions and customs to blind them to the real causes that underlie men's evil deeds, and confining themselves exclusively to the unfortunate victims of society, with small thought of the circumstances surrounding their lives. They heartlessly and thoughtlessly brand them as natural perverts. As well might they assert that a crooked oak tree was a natural pervert, yet who would believe the assertion? The deformity was not innate in the tree when first it sprouted from the tiny acorn. Causes outside arrested a beautiful and natural development; and so in place of a tall, straight tree is a gnarled and twisted one, which we know is the product of a bad environment. The theory of natural depravity was born of ignorance, and is tenderly nursed by a class who profit by it.

Depraved and perverted human beings are

numerous, and if students in criminology would find the worst specimens, let them search among the privileged or ruling classes. Here will be found men and women with scarce a redeeming virtue,—so terribly does the influence of power and authority interfere with the development of those kindly impulses innate in every human being. Under these environments men grow absolutely heartless; the best part of them has been stifled in order that they may conform to their position. They are the scourge of their kind, yet clothed in purple and fine linen; they receive the plaudits of ignorance and hypocrisy; and in spite of their inhumanity to man, are never sought out by those in search of object lessons in criminology; and if they were it would be equally as absurd to conclude that they are natural perverts.

As it is in the case of the man who sins outside of the protection of the law, like the crooked oak, the governed criminal is robbed of natural opportunity. Take away the restrictions that crush him, if you would have a grand development, true to the germ that gave him life. As for the governing class, their perversion is due to the power they have received at the hands of ignorance; a power to rob and murder men in the sacred name of the law.

Instead of students wasting time over the obsolete idea that a certain portion of mankind are naturally damned, they might with more profit to humanity, cultivate an intelligence that would lead men to recognize that the source of all their miseries and crimes is an implicit reliance on some power outside of the individual, and that *that* power, whether it be God or the law, or both, manifests itself only through and by the authority and judgment of men who are inevitably corrupted by the exercise of the office they fulfil. Especially is this true of the priest and the judge. Both stand between the culprit and the respective authority they represent, and both pass sentence in accordance with the law of the masters they serve. On the altar of priest and judge they sacrifice their manhood and that warm human sympathy, which is nature's stamp of nobility, even on the brow of a savage.

Some years ago at Macon, Mo., a judge sentenced an old man to one year in the penitentiary, on a charge of grand larceny, said larceny being the stealing of two bushels of corn. With tears running down his face, the old man protested that it was his first and only theft, and one of dire necessity. The judge said he was sorry, but that he gave him the least sentence the law would permit. Without a doubt the judge's sleep was sound and sweet that night, for it was the law which had robbed a poverty-stricken old man of 365 days of liberty and toil, for the "crime" of confiscating 80 cent's worth of grain to satisfy his need. A similar case was that of a St. Joseph, Mo., judge who, some two years ago, sentenced a young man to five years in the penitentiary for stealing two loaves of bread and a jar of honey. Without doubt the line of reasoning adopted by this judge was that of Cotten Mather, of witch hanging fame. One satisfied God, the other law, by human sacrifice. Of course these incidents are trivial, compared to the infamy of some. I only cite them as everyday occurrences which seldom arouse com-

ment, and which go to prove the *perverting tendency* of the institutions we are educated to believe in as our only safeguard.

As for those gentlemen, called by the good God, to look after his sheep on earth, the less said of them the better. It is needless to add that they are always on hand to set the stamp of *their* master's approval on any bloodthirsty deed sanctioned by law. Caplinger Mills, Mo. KATE AUSTIN.

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### "Lower Your Guns and Be Ready to Shoot!"

This was the order given by the officers commanding the troops of militia against the street railway strikers of Albany. The soldiers are clearing the mobs of the streets with their bayonets. Blood is being shed profusely, and the foolish rioters, armed with nothing but their bare fists, are having their bones broken and their lives crushed out of them.

The strikers are holding their own against the non union men, Pinkertons, sheriffs, and all the police of the city; but of course cannot resist an armed force of militia. And so the cars, packed with soldiers and sharpshooters, are today being run in the streets of Albany. Strict orders are given to shoot, and shoot to kill, at every one who will dare to interfere with the trolley cars. All the saloons in the neighborhood of the barns were raided and closed by the soldiers. The women alone shouted defiance to the guards. From the upper windows of the neighboring houses, they shrieked "Murderers! Cowards!" some flaunting red flags.

Today this order was issued to the troops: "Keep your belts on, never take your eyes off your cartridges!"

The militia commander is given power to summon every soldier in the State. The first regiment to be called out was the 23d of Brooklyn, whose rank and file is composed of the sons of Brooklyn's "best" families, meaning of course the richest. These fellows had to be called from the theaters and other fashionable amusement places where the dear boys spend all their lives, for the 23d is the same as the 7th regiment of New York, representing the plutocracy and aristocracy of our metropolis.

The reason why these particular regiments are picked out to quell labor riots is obvious. The regiments composed of the working people cannot be so safely depended upon. This 23d has done good service on strike duty on previous "important" occasions, as at Buffalo during the switchmen's strike in '92, when 7,000 men were called out into service, and again in '95, at Brooklyn, during the street car men's strike in that city.

Shortly after 9 o'clock today, 2,000 militia men were mobilized and sent to prearranged points along the trolley road. The soldiers took up positions about twenty feet apart, marching with rifles ready. Great crowds collected and jeered at them.

Many people engaged in a desperate fight with the troopers through the streets of the city. They attacked the 3d corps, and the non-union men they were escorting, with reckless fatalism. One of the majors killed a strike leader by running his sword through the man's neck.

Several soldiers left the ranks at the armory, throwing their guns on the floor and

saying that they would not fight their own brothers. *They were all arrested.*

One non union man who takes out the first car tells why he does it. "Hard up?" he asks. "Well, yes. I suppose you might know that. It is being hard up that makes a man risk his life. You know, we are not here for the fun of the thing. We expected trouble, we knew it was coming, but we had no idea that within ten minutes after our arrival in Albany we should be stoned, even with cavalry all around us! Of course we take our lives in our own hands now, but we are here to do what we are paid for."

One of the members of the 2d regiment ordered to strike duty is himself one of the motormen. He was putting on his uniform in the armory, when he was handed his discharge. He has served fifteen years in the National Guard. He said he could not very well go out and stick a bayonet into one of his fellow workmen, yet he was a soldier and had to go.

"Father" McCaffrey, Catholic priest, is working very hard giving spiritual consolation to the soldiers injured by the strikers. "Your camp is my parish," said he, to which the colonel replied:

"The Church is the safeguard of our State institutions, and you shall have all the passes you want in getting through our lines."

And the poor fools, the striking workmen of this imbecile's parish, seem to be less afraid of the bayonet than of the priest's holy word; and when an angry murmur arises, and the heaving line of strikers surges against the bayonet breastwork, threatening to overwhelm it, the priest would quiet the tumult with his "holy gospel."

M. A. COHN.

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### Who Is the Greater Criminal?

An instance of social misery as cruel as any student of sociology can remember, occurred in Brunner, Austria. A mother killed her own child, because she did not have the heart to see it starve in her arms. She had not been able to procure food for it for several days. An unhappy woman of the people she was, and she had suffered terribly. A few days ago she was arrested. She did not attempt to deny her awful deed, but followed the policeman to the court house as quietly and unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. There, in a calm and composed manner, she related her sad life's history.

Franciska Kwasny is the name of the unfortunate woman. She is thirty years of age, and was married in Goding. Her husband was a day laborer. In her pregnancy, as she could not work as hard and as steadily as she used, he ill-treated her in the most brutal way, and when finally she could not work at all, he left her. With no home, no means of support, no one to rely upon, she was left to fight her way out of her difficulties alone. She obtained admission into the Brunner State Confinement Institute, where on the 7th of February she gave birth to a girl. On the 19th of February she left the Institute with her young child—but where to go? No spot on the wide earth to which she had a right to go, and no way of gaining a living was hers. So, there she stood on the street.



The child in her arms, wrapped in but one single rag, whimpered from cold and hunger. Planless and aimless she wandered the streets of the city, until just at nightfall she found herself near Königsfeld. The whole day through neither mother or child had tasted food. A storm began to rage furiously, her limbs were growing stiff from cold and weariness. She pressed her child closer to her breast, as though in that way she might better protect herself and it; finally she sat down under a bridge that led to Rothen Mühle in Königsfeld, and there they spent the night.

The next day she took up the aimless wandering again, and at night she again found shelter under the bridge. Another day of wandering, and then in despair, she stretched out her hands and begged for a few pennies; but no one paid any attention to her, and finally, when someone did fling her a few pennies, they were not sufficient to procure food for herself and some hot milk for her babe; for to her grief, she could not furnish it its natural nutriment. She could not attend to her child in any way for fear of exposing it to the freezing winter air. But in this miserable condition they lived through four terrible days.

The woman became a prey to utter despair; she was scarcely conscious in her keen suffering. A dreadful thought had been creeping into her bewildered mind for several hours, and despair prevailed. She saw the child in her arms benumbed and almost dead. In her frenzy over its suffering, she suddenly dashed the child's head against the brick wall of the bridge. It was dead in an instant.

She buried the little emaciated body in the snow, and without it she staggered on alone. The next day, the little corpse was found by a day laborer. It was talked about at the police station, and one officer remembered having seen, about three days before, a woman with a red shawl on her head, carrying a child in her arms. Two days later he saw the woman without the child, and had told his comrades about it. The next evening a policeman met a woman with a red shawl over her head, and he arrested her. He had the right woman.

Franciska Kwasny did not deny anything—she told him that she had killed her child, and quietly followed him to the station. She will be delivered over to the criminal court for trial for her "crime."

But the crime of society, which is through and through bad and rotten, what of that? When shall it meet its trial? To force a poor woman out into the cold with an infant only twelve days old, without asking where she would go or what she could do with her child—this is society's crime, and not her only one. This instance is so sad and inhuman that no word of criticism is sharp enough for it. The desperate mother was but a benefactress to her starved babe. The curse belongs to society whose order leads to such consequences.—*Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung*.

#### Washington Notes.

Washington, the land of colonies and cranks, is also the breeding ground of oppression, quite on a par with the effete east. Among the innumerable wrongs to which

the toilers are subjected, there is one that deserves special mention. Exposure through the press seems to be our most effective weapon; they should therefore be thoroughly ventilated. While writing on these minor matters, it must be remembered that they are the offspring of the parent evil—government,—and while that exists, they must and will continue to flourish. I refer to the employment agencies, or job trusts, which they really are. They ply their nefarious traffic in almost every city at the present time; but it appears to me that development along this line has gone on more rapidly here in Seattle than in other cities. They are more scientific and up-to-date, so to speak. If they were really honest in what they pretend to do, the results would not be so bad. But like everything of a commercial nature, trickery and intrigue are the means of their very existence. When work is slack and idle men are numerous, as in the winter and spring months here on the coast, then the agents reap a rich harvest. An agreement is made between the agencies and the employers, and a fee is exacted for every job. This the legalized freebooters divide between them. As no assurance is given the purchaser as to how long he will be retained, he is usually turned off after a few days on some pretext, to make room for a fresh victim. He then may make his way back to town as best he can—sometimes a couple of hundred miles or more—footsore, hungry, and disheartened. It may be that the fools get their just deserts; but allowance must be made for their mental make-up, and the circumstances in which they are placed. If punishment were a preventative of crime, the burning at the stake of these hardened schemers would scarcely be commensurate to the punishment they inflict on many ignorant and defenseless workingmen.

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The last train load of home seekers has arrived. The newspapers describe them as very worthy and desirable folk. Why, great Jehova, how comes it that they are homeless? I was under the impression that all the fit and worthy people were comfortably situated, and did not need to go on a three thousand mile bum to seek a home. Methinks that they must have a feeling of nostalgia creeping over them to be called intruders by the old timers hereabout. I have had my ears cocked to hear "pauper labor of the eastern States." But of course it would never do to put our country in the same category with others.

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The party Socialists carry on a street propaganda here with a strenuousness that would excite the envy of Theodore Roosevelt himself. Both factions are equally eloquent in their denunciation of capitalism. At one of these immense gatherings recently I witnessed the rare and ludicrous spectacle of two speakers addressing the same crowd at the same time, almost within striking distance of each other. To the credit of the S. D. P. speaker be it said, he was first on the stump, and the

intrusion was on the part of the fighting S. L. P. These well-meaning agitators lay much stress on the great danger of disfranchisement. What an awful thing it would be if we were deprived of the right to vote, as it is the only way we have of registering our protest! Yes. When children are deprived of their playthings it makes them cry; but as they mature they abandon them for more serious matters. It is a well remembered fact that during the days of chattel slavery, the slave who showed the greatest indifference to flogging got the least of it, because the master knew that such a slave was thinking, and that a flogging could accomplish nothing where the mind rose superior to any physical punishment. So it is today. The amount of intelligence necessary to accomplish by voting that which we consider right, will be accomplished with less friction when we refuse to do what the "masters, lords and rulers" wish us to do.

Seattle, Wash.

T. SHEEDY.

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#### Literature.

*Business Without Money.* By William Henry Van Ornum. The Cooperative Press, 370 Dearborn St., Chicago. Price 50 cents.

A treatise on the money question. The avowed purpose of the author is to "reduce the dependence of business men upon money, and finally to cease its use altogether, thus preventing financial panics, abolishing interest and debts, and placing business on a permanent basis of prosperity." Observe that "business" is to be "prosperous"—the worker comes in only on the tail end, as usual. To accomplish this task, the plan is to use a system of "credits," or a check representing credit for "value or service received," by various firms, instead of money.

One of the characteristics of the book is the author's utter and open contempt for the law. He recognizes its impotence for good, and does not depend upon the law to introduce his system, but rather upon its merits. This is a refreshing departure from the usual line of "reformers." However, he does attempt to improve the system of modern business, which only the present system of society, based upon law, calls for. And he does not despise the use of established laws as a "rider" when he thinks something to be gained by them, or to try to evade them otherwise.

He claims that his plan will break up the "money power." The money power, according to the author, is a well organized body of men, mainly bankers, with almost unlimited power, and in practical possession of the legislative and executive departments of the government. Nor is it confined to this country. He maintains that this "money power" deliberately brought upon this country the panic of 1893 to effect the demonitization of silver; and that it would not hesitate to bring on a civil war to keep its power. It appears from this that the complete transformation of society would not cost more effort than to simply introduce this panacea.

It is regrettable that so much thoughtful energy was not turned to better account than to repair a useless portion of our decaying system of society.

A. I. JR.

# 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.

But you may ask: How can we get a majority in order to bring about this necessary, this salutary revolution? We have not to wait for any such majority; if we had, then indeed we might despair of the realization of our desires. What we need is a sufficient and efficient minority, a minority sufficient in numbers and more particularly in energy and resolution. All the great changes of the past have been the result of the action of resolute minorities; the majority comes in afterwards to set the seal of its approval on the changes wrought by earnest men.—Henry Glasse.

## Notes.

Saturday, May 25, 8 p. m., Comrade Emma Goldman will speak before the Blacksmith Helper's Union, 105 Wells St., on "Trades Unionism from an Anarchist Standpoint."

Sunday, May 26, 3 p. m., she will speak before the Anthropological Society, Masonic Temple, Oriental Hall, floor 17, on "Modern Phases of Anarchism."

On Decoration Day, May 30, 3 p. m., the comrades and sympathizers of this city are cordially invited to gather at the Waldheim cemetery, where the monument of our martyred comrades will be decorated with a wreath which Comrade Peter Kropotkin dedicated before he left this city. Let us demonstrate on this occasion that our voices shall be heard, and that the ideal of our comrades was not strangled with their lives. "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today," were the last words of August Spies; and the time has come in which even his murderers realize the truth of his prophetic words. All over the world the down-trodden raise their voices for freedom,—for the ideal that brought our comrades to the gallows. Let us show by our presence on this occasion that Anarchism, freedom, and the progress of mankind, is still our battle-cry. Comrade Emma Goldman will be the speaker of the occasion.

## Note and Comment.

Almost immediately after Gompers, Mitchell, Morgan and a "Father" had come to the conclusion that the interests of capital and labor were identical, 3,000 trained murderers were called out to establish "friendly

relations" between employer and employee in Albany, N. Y. But the fact that the dead and broken bones are to be found exclusively among the strikers and their sympathizers, will perhaps teach the workers that their interests are not altogether identical with those of the employers.

The encouraging feature of the strike was the general sympathy manifested by the public, and even of the police, in favor of the strikers. The soldiers and their officers were boycotted all over the city, and they could not get the necessary provisions. The cabmen firmly refused to drive the officers in their cabs, and the barbers would not even allow them to enter their shops. The militia men are nevertheless very proud of their "heroism." How glorious is this Christian civilization of ours! How glorious "our noble banner, the flag of liberty,"—the liberty of coercing, robbing and massacring the "freest people on the globe."

But there is more trouble in store, and the "heroes" will perhaps not rest very long on their laurels. Many thousands of machinists are on strike for shorter hours and higher wages; and the following news-item comes from the metropolis of New York: "Nine non union men did some work; 80 union bricklayers went on strike; 7,000 masons were locked out; 14,000 assistants to the masons are idle today; 50,000 will be out of work if the trouble lasts a week." "This is very characteristic of all the strikes of late," writes a comrade. "The sympathy is no more endemic, but epidemic. In the near future, I think, the sympathetic strikers will increase to such an extent that neither the militia nor all the regular troops of the world will be strong enough to subdue them."

A Kentucky judge issued an injunction against the Miners' Union, which prevents the strikers not only from talking to non union men during the strike, but also prohibits the collection of money and the distribution of food for the purpose of aiding the strikers. What next?

Organized labor of San Francisco extends a welcome to President McKinley that is no less sincere than that offered by the "distinguished citizens" of the community.—*Coast Seamen's Journal*.

Whether the above is a piece of hypocrisy, knavery, or ignorance, is hard to tell. The editor would, however, have done organized labor a great service by pointing out the reasons labor has for extending a "sincere welcome" to the chief of the parasites who fleece and oppress labor.

"I am convinced now, as I have been for nearly a year, that the only way to secure a union and put an end to the miserable factional fights, is by the entire abolition of national executive boards, red-tape constitutions, and rag-doll charters," says a Socialist writer. There is hope for redemption even among Socialists, when such sentiments are published in their press.

Agitate for the meeting to be held on Decoration Day at Waldheim cemetery.

## Laws are Futile.

What trustful, innocent faith so many of our friends have in the efficacy of "passing laws"! It is come to be a common saying, especially among women who have come out from the old seclusion and narrowness of the old conventional life a little, whenever a wrong is mentioned, "There ought to be a law passed—" The passing of a law is the universal panacea for all the evils with which society is afflicted. It is absolutely impossible for some to comprehend that in society itself is the cause for the evils so deplored, and that the abolition of the institutions and laws of society would be to abolish the evils themselves.

Our club women—bless their innocent, earnest endeavors which they think so radical as to be quite daring!—are getting quite sharp in scenting out social wrongs, but their everlasting remedy is to "pass more laws"! They have found out that criminals are sometimes born, and sometimes made by bad conditions. Now they want to pass a law to establish a board which shall examine all applicants for marriage rites, and decide whether they are fit subjects for marital unions. This will effectually prevent bad children from being born. They forget that Nature does not ask whether a ceremony has been pronounced or not. They would pass laws to compel rich people to give to the poor until there shall be no more poor in the country. It does not occur to them that there already exists laws on every conceivable subject, and that the mere abolition of them would more quickly bring about the reforms wanted than the passing of more. A statute law seldom changes a bad condition unless to still further complicate matters. "Men are presumptuous in trying to make laws. Laws should be discovered, not made."

L. M. H.

## Ignorance and Power.

Mr. James, in his attempted reply to my "Movements in Favor of Power," says I did not attempt to prove that slavery existed in England under Charles I. That is not the question. I do not have to prove anything, as the burden of proof is on James to show that the Roman Catholic hierarchy uses us, the physical culturists, the hygienists, etc., to increase her power. That's what I want to know. In "Science vs. Rome," he intimated that the Catholic Church was responsible for the ignorance in the world. I deny it. It is responsible for much, but not all. Before the Roman Catholic Church was born ignorance and power existed.

Again, useless assertions, Mr. James, about misstatements in history being made, prove nothing; and even should I quote history concerning slavery and vivisection, that learned gentleman would probably dismiss it (my authority) with a wave of his hand, the same as he did my quotations from the *Abolitionist*; but such conduct is not argument.

Ignorance is not the only basis of power. This appears to be so, but it is a fallacy and only a half-truth at best. The whole truth reads thus: *The ignorance of the many and the knowledge of the few are the basic prin-*



principles of power. For if all were equally ignorant none would have power any more than if all had equal knowledge.

James does not seem to understand the burden of my contention, although I thought I had made it sufficiently plain. It is this: No matter what a man theoretically believes, whether he be a Hindoo or Hottentot, a Republican, Democrat, or Prohibitionist, etc., a Protestant, Roman Catholic, Theosophist or Materialist, etc., when he gets power he uses whatever influence he can to keep himself on the backs of the people and becomes a tyrant to that end—and a Materialist is no more exempt than a Roman Catholic, nor a Spiritualist than either.

Mr. James says he knows nothing about the authority I quote, then attempts to belittle it by stating that it is, in the main, absurd. Ye gods! What reasoning! I don't know, therefore I don't believe and what I don't believe is absurd. My attitude, however, is that I *know* certain things, because I have experimented, and the result of such experiments is knowledge.

Mr. James does not seem to know what physical culture is. He had better read up on it then, as there is a large and growing body of literature on that subject.

Now, I know something of *materia medica*; and after having been pretty nearly killed by the doctors through drug-dosing, I took up physical culture, hygiene and a number of other fads (so-called) that Mr. James seems to think so bad—and through a practical knowledge of such I have become cured of my ailments. I have recommended similar treatment to others whom drug-dosers did not or could not cure, and they have all been benefited thereby.

I do not call medicine or surgery materialistic, Mr. James, by way of deprecation, because I well know that everything in a world of matter must be built of the physical; but to differentiate from what is now known as mental science or mind cure, and which is now used by many of our doctors of the new thought, who do not believe in the old foggisms of the past.

Again, if Anarchists have nothing to say against the "medical torture system" as well as our "governmental torture system," they might as well go out of business, for they have no reason or excuse for their existence. Look at China's vast torture system, and remember the hideous tortures of the Socialists and Anarchists at the Montjuich fortress in Spain. Remember the Spanish Inquisition and the historical tortures of olden times. As far as superstition goes, (having studied a little into the history of superstitions,) I find that the medical superstition has cursed the world much more than either the theological or legal one; and the Church was the first great monopolist or trust of all the knowledge she could corner.

James' logic amounts to this:

Morris' knowledge being positively asserted and antagonistic to my spirit of doubt is dogmatic; and therefore he is a quack. Mathematics being a positive science is therefore dogmatic, hence quackery.

I believe there is a concerted movement in favor of ignorance, because I think I discovered such a thing some twenty-three years ago. Therefore because I believe, it is so!

Ignorance is the only basis of all power, but knowledge has nothing whatever to do with it. If power is born of ignorance alone, and a stream being unable to rise above its source, "like producing like," power, in Mr. James' eyes, must be Ignorance deified. Then if ignorance is the only basis of all power those most ignorant must be the most powerful and occupying the greatest positions of power; whereas the very opposite is true.

Morris uses the term materialistic science in deprecation, therefore he is not a Materialist, but a Spiritualist, and lost in the vagaries of the occult. Mental cures solely, and without the use of physically sensuous material things such as drugs, do not exist. Hence mental science is a fad and should not be considered as worthy of differentiation from materialistic science, for in drug-dosing we will mayhap find out how much a person can suffer and still live; and in surgical operations we can learn something of the anatomy of the human body. O wondrous knowledge!

Anarchism has nothing to do in antagonism to human butchery, whether done under the guise of tortures of suppression in Church or State, or for the good of medical science in various forms of experiment. But what has Anarchism to live for, if not in antagonism to diabolical cruelty in every form of invasive injustice?

Los Angeles, Cal. JOHN A. MORRIS.

#### Report from Cleveland.

Sunday, May 5, Emma Goldman spoke twice before the Liberty Association at Cleveland, Ohio, to good audiences. Her lectures were able and well received. An attempt was made by one Howard Dennis to prevent our Emma from speaking, but in this he signally failed. Detectives were present at each meeting, and Miss Goldman paid her respects to them in particular.

Mr. Dennis criticised Miss Goldman, and claimed that she had insulted the Grand Army soldiers, whereupon an old soldier, who happened to be a member of Memorial Post in whose hall our meetings are being held, took the floor and claimed that Miss Goldman had not insulted the Grand Army as an organization nor him as a soldier, for the simple reason that she had told but the truth, and that that could insult no one.

He claimed that the world needed more such women as Miss Goldman. He said that he felt insulted, not by the remarks of Miss Goldman, but by the silly remarks of Mr. Dennis, whom he in no wise had authorized to speak for him.

Mr. Dennis is a great stickler for free speech for himself, but in this case did all he could to suppress it for a woman. Dennis is great on the "flag," "constitution," "law and order," "army and police," those splendid fruits of governments. Mr. Dennis also professes to be a Christian, and dabbles in politics for revenue only. In this city he has become the laughing stock of the general public.

Miss Goldman's able lectures made a good impression, and she will always be sure of a cordial reception here.

W. C. B.

#### Here and There.

Even priests begin to appreciate good things. "Father" Amado, of Guadalajara, Mexico, "a well-known priest and treasurer of various religious societies," eloped with a "society girl," and by "accident" took \$100,000 along.

In Russia the government is successfully imitating the United States in establishing "friendly relations" between capital and labor. The cotton mill workers in the vicinity of St. Petersburg went on strike—and some of them were shot down.

In Spain many strikers were bayoneted and shot, while others were deported to African islands.

In England even the jings are becoming alarmed at the rapid increase of the war debt and the enormous increase of taxation. But the government "argues" the question by suppressing free speech and the imprisonment of outspoken editors for publishing "defamatory libel."

March 30 one of the most active Italian comrades, Demetrio Franzini, died in a Paris hospital. He was an old revolutionist and a fearless agitator. In his youth he fought with Garibaldi, and later he joined the International. As a renowned revolutionist and intimate friend of Malatesta, the police of Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland, England, and even of Egypt, would give him no rest; but he fearlessly defied exile and prison, privation and persecution, and remained an enthusiastic propagandist to the last.

Luccheni, wearied with the monotony of his mere existence, has, it is said, lately shown signs of revolt. Consequently he is being disciplined by replacement in his subterranean cell where there is no day light, where the sight of a human face or sound is denied him, and where his bread and water diet reaches him through a revolving shutter. Such is the meaning of Humanity in Switzerland, whose government (never confound a people with a government) has, by the way, been instrumental in introducing more political police of late throughout Europe than even those in whose countries Anarchists abound.—*Freedom*.

The strike in Albany, N. Y. is now declared off. A compromise between the company and the union has taken place, and the strikers claim victory. Their union is recognized, the wages raised 20 per cent, and non union men will be discharged. But the wealth producers are burdened with an extra expense of about \$35,000.

In Austria the rulers are trying their best to provoke discontent, riots, and revenge. Not only is the press muzzled and free speech suppressed, but the cries of the suffering and starving toilers are silenced with bayonets and bullets, prison and exile. A student was sent to prison for ten years, because he had committed the terrible crime of advocating Anarchism in the university, and possessing Anarchistic books and pamphlets. A little girl, 13 years old, was sent for three years to prison for "stealing" a loaf of bread.

### History of the French Revolution. VII

Very early on the morning of July 12, the troops' unexpected activity excited wonder and inquiry. On Montmartre's imposing heights, which rise 345 feet over the right, or north, side of the city, redoubts, whence it might be bombarded, had been thrown up. At the Sevres bridge, a battery blocked the road to Versailles. At the Champs Elysees, near that old royal residence, the Tuileries (on the Seine's right bank in the middle of the capital) Swiss guards were stationed with four cannon. The Place Louis Quinze,\* hard by, was full of soldiers. De Broglie's staff were galloping about. Placards warned the people to stay at home. But the Palais Royal garden, almost directly behind the Tuileries, was soon crowded. At ten, an unknown person announced Necker's dismissal. Quickly are inferences drawn at times like these! "That explains it! Tomorrow, Monday, July 13, the Assembly is to be suppressed, as we were told!" Camille Desmoulins, one of the radical pamphleteers, sprang upon a table. He held a pistol in each hand, declaring he would neither be silenced nor taken alive. "To arms! to arms!" he cried. "This dismissal is but the precursor of another St. Bartholomew! This night the Swiss and German troops will march to our destruction. We have but one resource. It is to defend ourselves!" The cry "To arms!" was echoed by a thousand throats. The people demanded a rallying sign. Desmoulins distributed some pieces of green ribbon; but they were insufficient. He plucked a leaf from a tree, and stuck it on his hat. Prodigal Nature, in a few minutes, furnished the whole populace with badges, while her own green wealth seemed undiminished. Some one ran to a museum of wax figures, whence were sent back busts of Necker and Orleans. These images, decked with crape, were paraded towards the Place Louis Quinze. From this military center, a body of German infantry advanced. But their hearts were not in the work; and a volley of stones put them to flight. Some dragoons then charged, causing confusion. A French soldier, who disdained to run, was killed. This news soon reached his comrades, still detained in barrack, under a guard of Germans. They broke out, and drove all the foreigners to the Tuileries. Here the dragoons rallied; repulsed the populace, which, as usual, ran away, scattering the news all over Paris; and killed one man. The French soldiers, however, formed line of battle to resist. From the Champs de Mars, just across the Seine, a large body of Swiss and Germans came up. But they reversed their arms, and refused to fire on their comrades. All Paris was now in the streets. The green leaf quickly made the mob an army. From every steeple rang forth notes of defiance and alarm—"ding-dong—it is a revolution!" Every gunsmith's was quickly sacked. The barriers were soon on fire—the last was illuminated after dark. No more oetroi! Free goods poured in and were stored for quieter times. An intercepted letter from De Broglie to Condé, calling for 50,000 more troops, was printed and circulated through the

\* Afterwards called "De la Revolution," and now "De la Concorde."

metropolis. Among elements of Parisian society on that fearful day, appeared, as may be supposed, the inevitable bourgeois, trembling for his money-bags. Night was coming, upon confusion, uproar, sleeplessness, brandy, arming! A hundred thousand men, mostly hungry, hold the city. Will they keep their hands from picking and stealing? The bourgeois, elector, and, as he supposes, master of the National Assembly, has influence enough to get a letter sent Versailles. He describes the horrors of Paris, and requests a national guard to preserve order. Meanwhile, his question about pillage answers itself. On Monday morning the Lazarite convent was sacked. Wine and bread were distributed among the hungry. Wheat, hoarded by a sainted beggar's children, goes to market. Arms, powder, wine, and bread, have always been held by Monseigneur to be contraband of war. So that is all right. But woe betide the wretch who helps himself to money, jewels, altar plate; the Achan who defiles this Voltairean Israel with filthy lucre! Some did so. There were ropes across the street, to which oil lamps were then suspended, as electric lights are now. Starving furies hanged the thieves. There was no more stealing.

Incompetence at Versailles received the news with exultation. The nobles had got their insurrection at last! Now for grape shot, bayonets, gibbets! The princesses, the delicate beauties, the withered prudes, the harlots, feasted, in the Orangery, the Nassau officers whom they expected soon to march with their hirelings on Paris. But the Assembly was permitted to meet on Monday morning, as usual. Instead of replying to the bourgeois at Paris, it sent Louis another request that the troops might be removed. His majesty has found a reactionary ministry by this time. They reply that he will make no change in his measures, and the Assembly can serve no good purpose by interference. It was currently reported that a parliament of nobles would be called, all representatives of the Third Estate tried for treason, those deserters from above who encouraged them imprisoned for life, the most active executed. The Assembly must proceed with death literally staring them in the face out of those loaded cannon. This is what they say. *First*. That M. Necker carries with him the nation's regrets. *Secondly*. That it is the king's duty to remove his foreign troops immediately. Now, caution! Wilful Marie, the king's wife, and wrong-headed Charles, his brother, are well known to be the real government. Well, then! *Thirdly*. That the king's advisers, of whatever rank, are responsible for present disorders. *Fourthly*—our king, with neither money nor credit, having talked of payments in his own paper,—*Resolved*, that to make the nation bankrupt is infamous. This done, the Assembly declare their session *permanent*. No adjournment to eat or sleep. No more will they return to find doors shut in their faces. Nor will they be arrested separately at their lodgings, and packed off to the Bastille. If they die, they will die together, in sight of all the world. But those bragging cannon will never open fire on a few hundred unarmed civilians in the king's house. It must be the bayonet, as Mirabeau said. Then, tear up the benches; and die hard! When

night set in, however, nothing had happened. The weary members dozed upon their benches. Tuesday's sun rose on a session already nigh twenty-four hours old. Courtiers lounged into the galleries, and gorgonized the unwashed, red-eyed, hungry plebeians with their aristocratic stare. The Assembly plucked up such spirits as was possible, and buckled to constitution-making. It is ten o'clock. The courtiers have lounged out again. There is a murmur in the air, as of many wagons passing, or a distant thunder storm. Listen! There can be no mistake. It is the firing of artillery at Paris. The massacre has begun! Over that awful moment history has drawn a veil, as Agamemnon is represented hiding from his daughter's sacrifice that face whose emotions no human skill could reproduce. The uproar continues! By heaven, they are resisting! That is not the noise of an *emeute*, but a battle! The courtiers do not return. Hope grows brighter. Evening comes again. Thirty-six hours this "Spartan band" has sat, Lafayette relieving the aged Bailly in his chair. The sweet breath of the meadows, the voluptuous warmth of the summer afternoon, the peaceful tinkle of bells, as cows and sheep come home, combine with those occult forces not yet traced by philosophy to arouse confidence again. An absent member enters—the Viscomte de Noailles, a noble whose parliamentary privileges have scarcely, after a thousand interruptions, enabled him to get away from Paris. The news he brings is tremendous, but not decisive. The Hotel des Invalides has been robbed of arms. The Bastille is besieged. The troops in the Champs de Mars have not yet stirred, but are expected every moment to attempt relieving that fortress. A fearful conflict was impending when he left Paris. But this must have been two hours ago. And nothing has been heard since. Apparently, then, they did not move. To the agony of suspense, these fiercer emotions, joy, grief, rage and terror, give relief. It was proposed to rush into the king's presence, and upbraid him. A deputation was at last sent to implore, once more, removal of the troops. The delegates did not return. Had they been consigned to dungeons? The candles were lit again. At last, two deputies from the electors of Paris were announced. They entered, after another intolerable delay. Before we hear their news, let us see what else was going on at Versailles.

Intelligence of an attack on the Bastille had early reached that Orangery where German troops were waiting, apparently to let their *casus belli* mature. The Bastille? oh, well; the Bastille can take care of itself for a month or more. M. Foulon, second war minister, that hideous old harpy reputed to have said thirty years before that if the people were hungry they could eat grass, was planning the attack on Paris with his son-in-law, Berthier, a hardened rake of fifty. Seven columns were to enter the city from different quarters simultaneously. This became known in the Assembly. It was also rumored that the Salle des Menus was mined and would be blown up. As the summer sun set, the exalting queen came into the Orangery to take leave of her soldiers. Wine was given them, and gold distributed. They sang, shouted, clashed their weapons, and



swore eternal fidelity to the sovereigns. A cloud of dust was seen coming up the road from Paris. It was De Broglie's cavalry in flight. They brought that same news to the Orangery which the deputies soon after announced in the Salle des Menus. As for his majesty, he kept a diary from which the following are choice extracts. "Thursday, 9th [July, 1789]. Deputation from the States. Friday, 10th. Nothing. Answer to deputation from the States. Saturday, 10th [sic]. Nothing. Departure of M. Necker. Sunday, 12th. Nothing. Departure of M. Montmorin, St. Priest, and Luzerne. Sunday, [sic] 13th. Nothing; took medicine." The operation must have been sedative and energetic if this modern Honorius did not hear the cannonade next day. Yet when he retired, according to his custom at 11 p.m., he summed up the events of sixteen hours in his often repeated word "Nothing."

During Monday, the raging mob, which found itself in possession of Paris, had no plan. But good instincts guided it to secure arms and destroy strongholds of tyranny. The royal arsenal was sacked. Those curiosities contained in it were protected from injury—at the Lazarites, vandals of one kidney with the fellows who were hanged had destroyed the library, pictures, and laboratory. The debtors at La Force were liberated. The felons at Chatelet, who attempted to break out also, were driven back with pike and bayonet to their cells. A very few houses of obnoxious people were wrecked—the aroused populace was mainly after higher game. At the Hotel de Ville the most intelligent insurgents joined with the bourgeois, and politicians who saw how the bourgeois might be used, in demanding a National Guard. The Hotel de Ville, it should be understood, is in the very center of Paris, opposite the island on which Notre Dame stands—Montmartre far behind, the Bastille far to east, the Champ de Mars to west across the river. The mayor, Flesselles, was acting as the king wished, "but secretly for fear of the people." He consented, ostensibly, divided Paris, with much pomp and delay, into 66 districts, each to elect 200 special constables—a time-killing device. A blue and red cockade was adopted as a badge.\* A committee was appointed to watch over city's safety. Meanwhile, the 100,000 men with green leaves in their hats were doing something. A boat containing gunpowder was seized on the Seine. This treasure, invaluable but ticklish among so many maniacs, was safely conveyed to the Hotel de Ville. Brave and resolute Abbé Lefebvre takes it in charge—buys and pitches into an inexplosive gutter the pipe of a drunken patriot, who must needs sit smoking on an open barrel. Guns, however, are lacking. Flesselles says he has ordered a supply from the factory at Chalesville. Soon, some boxes arrive thence. His worship ordered them placed in a magazine till he should have time to distribute. The people, decidedly averse to illdness, considered that they had time now, and would economize his, which must be valuable. Lo, the boxes are found to contain rubbish! Flesselles, in a fright, directs to certain monasteries. But the friars allow these to be

searched; and no arms are found. The electors ordered pikes to be made. Energy, dangerously dammed up, overflows in that direction. For thirty-six hours every smithy rang with anvil and hammer. By that time, immediate need for arms was over. No sleep again, in Paris this night, save that, at Montmartre and Champs de Mars, the soldiers dreamed, after watching this Saturnalia all day, and waiting for incompetence, at Versailles, to wake. By 9 a.m., a report had got about that there were guns at the Hotel des Invalides (left of the Seine, quite near the Swiss and German encampment in the Champ de Mars). Thirty thousand men, with such arms as they could get, assembled there. The governor, Sombreuil, had procured cannon. But he hesitated for one moment to fire—having failed in getting, from incompetence, any reply to his communications. That moment proved decisive. The populace bounded over the low wall. The Swiss and Germans, foreign mercenaries though they were, stood mutinously sullen in the Champ de Mars. The muskets were distributed, the cannon drawn off in triumph. Away, eastward, over the river again, rolled the multitude, roaring "To the Bastille!" De Launay, the governor of this fortress, had prepared by putting his eighty French soldiers, whom he could not trust, at the top, with several cart loads of paving stones, cannon balls, and old iron, for throwing on assailants. Below, thirty Swiss were to do the fighting. All the cannon were run through their portholes. Twelve, loaded with grape, guarded the entrance. This was through a sort of vestibule (the outer court), separated by an external drawbridge from the Rue St. Antoine. De Launay gave an interview to M. Thuriot (sent by the committee with a summons), and promised not to fire first. As Thuriot emerged, other "deputations" rushed into the outer court. De Launay, it is commonly said, began firing on them. Writers of his own proclivities sometimes say he only raised the outer drawbridge; when firing immediately opened from street and housetops. Two old soldiers, Tournay and Bonnemere by name, cut the chains of the outer drawbridge and lowered it. The cannon could have annihilated St. Antoine in half an hour. But, lo, the gunners would not discharge them. Only a very few Swiss were found willing to fire on the people. However, in seven hours, 825 persons fell.\* Among nominal defenders, a stray shot found one. This mob, though fired on, does not run away. The Berserker rage has possessed these *sansculottes*. They will get in if they dig with hands and teeth! The French troops soon arrived, and opened artillery fire. But against that mountain of stone, cannon are almost as useless as muskets. Thus the fight raged till 5 p.m.—a hundred thousand furious civilians flattening bullets, discussing wild plans to burn—batter with a catapult, etc.—trying to scale with ladders, yelling; cannon go; those iron spheres they hurl rebound amidst shattered stone and mortar-dust; while, within, a few coolest, bloodiest spirits among those Swiss

hiredlings pick men off. Amidst these scenes, there were great open spaces, gaps in an eddying tide, where fashionable people stood at ease, watching the attack. A woman found inside the ditch was said to be De Launay's daughter, and would have been burnt but for the interference of some leaders. Those French at the top of the building, mast-headed amidst this hurricane, for unreliable, perceiving that no undesired relief would come immediately, waved napkins and towels in token of willingness to surrender. This drove to despair De Launay, who, instead of seeing the expected succor, found his mutineers more numerous than those on whom he could rely. He threatened to blow up the Bastille, and bury a hundred thousand people under the ruins. Two subalterns crossed bayonets before him, and prevented accomplishment of this horrible design. He begged a barrel of gunpowder to render his own dispatch sensational. They were in no humor to be his scapegoats, and refused. While Phœbus was still high, the gates were thrown open. The human sea poured in. One man was cut down before the leaders could interfere. Barracks, guard rooms, parlors, luxurious chambers, magazines, casements, galleries, corridor, stairway, cells, cages, subterranean dungeons, newly excavated anomalies along sewer ditches, antique oubliettes, were overflowed alike with ragged conquerors exulting in the violated sanctity of horror. Barbarians in Cesar's stronghold, rats in the bishop's castle, again! As before, they would save the victims and punish the perpetrators of crime. They were too late for the holy task: the questionable remained open. Only seven prisoners are found—one a gentleman "in" for the murder of a peasant. But even among these, one had been incarcerated forty years—another since he was a boy of ten. Judge how that old man who went in young, that man who went in a child, looked upon this new world from the arms of their wild-eyed, howling, powder blackened, sweat begrimed, blood stained liberators! De Launay and his garrison had one chance for their lives. This furious multitude, who would tear them limb from limb and eat their hearts, consists of Apes improved sufficiently to wear inexpressibles, though these be defective, as royalist witlingism has remarked. Naturally, they are far from thinking otherwise than that Law, Order, Precedent, our ancestors' wisdom, are holy things. But Law, Order, Precedent, etc., say that persons charged with crime must be tried—unless, of course, it were inconveniencing sacred characters like Du Barry, when a *lettre de cachet* will serve every purpose. Therefore, let those who compassionate brave De Launay appeal to the Ape in this multitude, and verily he shall be saved. It is done, so far successfully that De Launay and his garrison start with a strong escort for the Hotel de Ville.

F. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

— o —  
If a (China) man who defends his own country against foreigners is a traitor and should be punished by death, what is the proper name and punishment to apply to men who go seven thousand miles from home to shoot innocent and liberty-loving people?—*Industrial Democracy*.

\* At Lafayette's suggestion, white (the royal emblem) was soon afterwards added, in compliment to the king. Such was the origin of the tricolor.

\* Dusaulx, Deposition of the *invalides* 447. Marmontel "Memoirs" IV 320, makes, and Taine reproduces, the unspeakable statement that the assailants did not number more than about 800! Perhaps Marmontel meant in the outer court.

## 315

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

## AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

The following named persons will receive and receipt for subscriptions to FREE SOCIETY.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—H. Bauer, 73 Spring-garden Ave.  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—M. Kisluck, 1108 Baltic Ave.  
B. Morwitz, 2018 Baltic Ave.  
BALTIMORE—M. Kahn, 1139 Granby St.  
BOSTON—Brigham's Restaurant, 642 Washington St.  
K. A. Snellenberg, 54 Haskins St., Roxbury.  
BUFFALO—Hattie Lang, 408 Riley St.  
CHICAGO—H. Havel, 515 Carroll Ave.  
C. Pfuetzner, 469 Wabash Ave.  
CLEVELAND—E. Schilling, 4 Elwell St.  
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NEW YORK—M. Maisel, 170 Henry St.  
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SAN FRANCISCO—S. Danilewicz, 615 Turk St.  
R. Rieger, 322 Larkin St.  
ST. LOUIS—C. Norman, 1351 S. 13th St.

## FINANCIAL REPORT

Of the Kropotkin Meeting and Entertainment in Boston.  
Meeting, March 10.

## Receipts:

Admissions at hall.....\$47.00  
Tickets sold in advance..... 15.40  
Sale of 7 copies of Morib. Soc..... 1.75

Total.....\$64.15

## Expenditures:

Hall rent.....\$15.00  
Printing..... 2.50  
Newspaper advertising... 1.65 19.15

Balance.....\$45.00

Farewell Social, March 23.

## Receipts:

Admission at hall.....\$18.75  
Hat checks..... 3.35  
Tickets sold in advance..... 38.50

Total.....\$60.60

## Expenditures:

Hall rent.....\$9.00  
Janitor..... 50  
Printing..... 1.60  
Refreshments, etc..... 10.42 21.52

Balance.....\$39.08

## Recapitulation.

Proceeds of meeting.....\$45.00  
Proceeds of social..... 39.08  
Proceeds of a raffle..... 19.25

Grand Total.....\$103.33

The proceeds of the meeting and social are held in trust by K. A. Snellenberg, and from the raffle by Mikol.

K. A. SNELLENBERG.  
D. MIKOL.

## 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 Pittsburgh 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 Walton Station and cross the Monongahela River per boat to Lock No. 3.

## The Letter-Box.

B. F. H., Corvallis, Ore.—One dollar received and forwarded to Mrs. Spies.

A. J., San Francisco.—We presume your article on "Manila Whisky Shops and Government Assignment Houses" did not appear in *The Star*? The famous actor was too near the editor's office. Greetings.

W. S. A., Palmer, Mass.—We have looked at Captain Schuak's book on "Anarchy and Anarchism," but life is too short to read such idiotic effusions.

C. Q., Worcester, Mass.—Your subscription expires with No. 352. Address changed.

C. Z., Los Angeles.—The article will appear as soon as space permits.

## RECEIPTS.

Wright, \$1.50. Austin, \$1.25. Mishkin, Raker, Dodson, Lyndall, Wechsler, Miller, Edelson, Razab, Weiser, Weiss, Dahl, Scheibel, Johnson, each \$1. Neper, Toffoli, Burtoli, Sabel, Marbley, Frenzel, Silberman, Slomansky, Banowitz, Dubin, Goodman, Landow, Sedletzki, Ziemer, Arnold, Rosenblum, each 50c. Jacobson, Brust, each 25c.

DONATIONS.—From the proceeds of Kropotkin's meetings, Boston, Mass., \$10. Social Science Club, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.90.

## DIRECTORY.

The following are names and addresses of comrades engaged in business.

## CHICAGO.

J. Burness, 977 W. Lake St. Boot and shoe store; repairing neatly done.

A. Edelstadt, 366 State St. Shoe store and repairing.

H. Havel, 515 Carroll Ave. News and book-agent.

C. Pfuetzner, 469 Wabash Ave. Shoe-making and repairing.

Dr. Oscar H. Rice, 1556 Milwaukee Ave. Dentist.

## NEW YORK.

O. B. Epstein, 163rd St. & Forest Ave. Druggist.

M. Maisel, 170 Henry St. News-agent.

## DIVERS.

Professor Bertha Grouseth, Lawrence, Kans., teacher of hypnotism and hypnotic healing; write for terms. a3-34

R. Rieger, 322 Larkin St., San Francisco, Cal. News-agent.

## MEETINGS.

BOSTON—Boston Group meets every Friday evening at 1125 Washington St., cor. Dover. Hall on second floor.

CLEVELAND, Ohio—Liberty Association meets every Sunday 3 o'clock p. m., at 170 Superior St., in Memorial Hall. It is a free platform and takes in the entire field of scientific and sociological questions. Admission free. The public is cordially invited.

NEW YORK—The Social Science Club meets every Thursday 8 p. m., 250 W. 23th Street.

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