

# 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. 21.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 319.

## To Make Man Free.

To Make men free has been the dream  
Of every noble soul on earth—  
To bring a better time to birth;  
To see the future's hills agleam  
With the first holy light  
Of a new era bright,  
From which the human night  
Of ages speeds away,  
Its sable folds withdrawn  
Before the golden dawn,  
Where earth goes rolling on  
Into the grander day.  
To make men free from court and throne,  
Free from the moneychanger's greed,  
Free from hypocrisy and creed,  
Free from the dreaded lash of need,  
And free to reap where they have sown;  
Free from earth's scourge the conqueror,  
Free from the murderous lust of war;  
Free from the robber's cry of more,  
And free to have their own;  
Free voluntarily to share  
Their blessing for the common good;  
Free to each other's burdens bear  
In brotherhood and helpfulness;  
Free in security to live  
And seek the blessing of content;  
Free in the freedom love and dream:  
The freedom of enlightenment!  
To make men free! It is with me  
The dearest purpose of my heart,  
That I may know and do my part  
To speed the cause of Liberty;  
My energy and life to be  
Made consecrate to the one theme,  
The single purpose and the dream,  
In every land to make men free—  
To make men free.

—Lowell.

## How to get rid of the Tramp.

During the past fortnight there has been considerable agitation in the newspapers, particularly in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, as to what is to be done with the Tramp. The respectable classes of the Commonwealth are represented as being very much put upon by this wandering menace to its peace and well-being, and concerted action is called for that the tramps may be effectually and finally removed from the state of Pennsylvania.

The *Inquirer's* program is very summary:—Chase him out; let the rest of the States take care of themselves. Other papers, less raw, suggest that "chasing out" is hardly a solution of the difficulty, and advise that the Tramp be collared and put to work and kept at work continually.

To effect either of these programs, a conference of the public-spirited is suggested as the first step. At present writing they have gotten no further, but the logic is easy to develop. The conference should appoint a committee to go up to Harrisburg (bills paid by the community) and see that stringent anti-tramp legislation is enacted; the police will thereafter be authorized to catch any person walking upon the public highway without proper shoes and clothing and no particular place to go, run the same person

into the station-house, there to be questioned by the sergeant, who will turn him over to the magistrate, who will, if the *Inquirer's* program goes, députe officers to take the latest batch so gathered in, to the side-track where the Tramp's Special Car is waiting to deport them to the nearest borders, and—Pennsylvania has done her duty! How simple—in more senses than one!

Respectable citizens of Pennsylvania, who have homes and clothes and something to eat, what do you suppose the respectable citizens of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio are going to do with your unwelcome present? Will there not be an exchange of courtesies? will they not pass anti-tramp laws too, and make you a present of what they don't want in like manner? And when all the States have followed your laudable example, what then? Will Canada again become the refuge of the great republic's outcasts? Will struggling little Mexico be expected to receive the rags and tatters of her mighty neighbor? Or will you, in your zeal for a higher humanity, put the tramps on a fleet of scows, tow them out, and cut them afloat in the ocean?

Will you, perhaps, try the time-worn penal colony scheme, which England and Russia after centuries of experience have been forced to abandon, and exhibit to the peoples of your newly conquered islands the first benefits of civilization in the shape of a transport crowded with men, for whom no room was found in all your great, rich country?

"No," says the *Times*, "let us not deport; let us put the tramps to work and keep them at work."

Do you not know, respectable people, how hard it is for the most willing and skilled mechanic to get work more than half his time, take the year through and through? and how much harder for an unskilled laborer? Do you not know that every day brings its new invention, throwing nine out of every ten men out of employment, or, which comes to the same thing, increasing the productivity of the worker ten-fold, a hundred-fold, and more, so that goods multiply while buyers diminish? What becomes of all these people? Where shall they go? What shall they do? Do you not realize that while your policeman is catching one tramp, your society is making ten fresh ones?

Where, then, will you put your tramp to work? Will you perhaps enlist him in an Army of Scabs and keep him on hand for the purpose of breaking strikes? How convenient for the capitalists! With three thousand tramps on hand in the city it would be unnecessary to deal with obstreperous workingmen. Imagine, with a standing army at their disposal, how they might to-day make an arsenal of every available house in

the vicinity of the machine shops, and with the help of the tramps, in a few hours give the strikers themselves the choice of tramping or scabbing.

How else can you make the tramp work? Put him in the penitentiary? What will he do there? Compete with those outside, and so make more unemployed, more tramps, to be in turn imprisoned? Or will you set them at the fruitless task of "chopping sand" that they may be "made to work", and yet produce nothing,—in order to stimulate the love of labor? For there is no useful thing that convicts can make that will not injure by so much the "free" labor market outside.

"Let them produce everything for their own consumption then, and no more." Brilliant if practicable. But must we all become tramps and go to prison to learn that lesson? Is it necessary to degrade a man with a ban, outlaw him, hunt him, sentence him, set a mark upon him, and watch him like a caged beast, before we learn that the only way to get rid of the Tramp is to let free the means of self-employment so that we may all produce for use,—not for profit? Day by day, the number of persons having it in their power to allow others to use the earth, to use the machinery of production, diminishes. No one can work without their leave; and when we work we must accept their terms. These are the persons, good people, whom you must deal with if you would be rid of the Tramp. Take away the privileges of these men, abolish the governmental force which protects them in their robbery of all of us, give the laborer his freedom to use the gifts of nature, let us all work and none overwork, and the Tramp will disappear with the system that made him. You will need no policeman to catch him, no magistrate to try him, no constable to deport him, no prisonwarden to watch him (all of which cost you a good deal more than the Tramp, even now). You will have order in society because you will have room, freedom to work, and work under decent conditions.

But if you try to keep on patching up this tramp-producing social system; if you continue to believe in repression, punishment, privilege, officialism, and the army and navy to back it up, why then—There is an old story somewhere of a god who offended the powers of evil so that for punishment they set his food on the far side of two massive stone wheels and fastened him on the other, so that when hunger conquered the fear of pain he was forced to strain his body forward and fill his mouth while the great revolving stones crushed his body; and the bones thus ground reformed, and the god became a huge serpent who forever undermines the throne of the oppressor.

Like the god gaining his food as the stones crush his body, is the worker of to-day; and perhaps the degraded, despised Tramp is the

boneless body soon to change form, and—what then, O Powers of Evil?

Tramps!—What memories the word recalls!

I climb up two flights of stairs, past an open floor filled with bales of woolen rags, then stop, for the stairway ends and I was directed to the fourth floor. Undecided where to go I walk around the bales piled high in front of me and pause before several women seated on the floor their backs against the wall and laps filled with old woolen rags from which they cut away the cotton seams, then drop them into a basket beside each one.

In answer to my inquiry I am directed to follow the wooden partition to its end and the stairs are on the right.

I reach the fourth floor of the warehouse, —a long narrow room about which are seated some thirty women in the same position as those below; here the forewoman, whom I saw the day before, leads me to the dressing room instructing me to take off all my clothing, and don only a wrapper; then leading me to one of the workers, bids her to take charge of me. The woman, who I learn afterwards is called "deaf Martha," makes room for me and settles my baskets.

She is not pretty; she is middle-aged, fat, deaf, and troubled with rheumatism; but being a widow with five small children is compelled to work. And very gracefully she lays her own work aside to instruct me how to manage my shears, telling me that they pay two cents a pound for heavy goods and two and a half for merinos.

The women are discussing a reduction of a half cent per pound that has just gone into effect, and a tall woman who, having filled her basket is in the act of dumping it into a large bag near her feet, says: "If it keeps on we won't be able to make a living even at this dirty job."

"There's the poorhouse, Mag!" ventured a little old lady in the corner near the window.

"Ay! there's the river too, and deep and wide it is!" answers Mag, raising her head and gazing through the window on the water below.

And Martha informs me in an undertone that "Mag's mother died in the poorhouse and she hates it like hell. She ran away when she was seven and has been a tramp kid ever since. All the tramp women know her."

I look at the woman again as she takes her seat: she is tall, large-boned, and coarse. There is strength lurking about the large nose and a bitterness in the mouth, slightly drooping at the corners, that disappears as she looks up, smiling as she catches my eyes fixed upon her.

"Well young'un," she calls out good naturedly, "what are you doin' here? This is no place for children. Only old women, tramp women, and married women who dare not show themselves anywhere else, work here!" And as the others were looking at me, I bent over my work.

Presently however, for my curiosity was awakened, I asked of Martha:

"Are there many tramp women?"

"Um!"—she answered; then relieving her mouth of a hand full of pins she added:

"Quite a few, if you stay here you'll see plenty; they comes here because they can get work by the day and get paid when they turns in their checks. There aint many women likes to work here; its only women as other places won't have, so they can't always get enough hands. You see it's so hot and dirty."

Hot and dirty it was, for through the skylight lighting the long room, the summer sun heat beat down on the workers and mixed with dust and woolen lint that floated about, while through the open window came the heavy air laden with the smell of decaying vegetables.

About twenty places like this employed from thirty to fifty women each, but it no longer pays to have the goods seamed, and in all the city there are perhaps twenty women working thus. "What has become of the rest?"

Are they poorhouse charges? Tramps in search of employment? or, the only other outlet for them, Prostitutes?

Gather them up, too, good people; gather them up, with the vagrant children, and drive them out with the others!

And when you have herded them together, the ugly brutal man and the unlovely woman of the workers—when you have driven them over the last stile—when you have gathered the dead and fallen and piled them high in front of you, if then you chance to raise your eyes and find one questioning you,—one to whose service you have dedicated temples and magnificent churches, one whom the Pharisees declared an outlaw and tramp, and crucified even as would you, the man who eighteen centuries ago, ragged and hungry, hunted and jeered, rode into Jerusalem on the back of a stolen ass, and if he asks the meaning of this, tell him: "O Christ, we are loving our neighbor; as you bid us do."—The Social Science Club, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### Comments.

I read Isador Ladoff's "Tilts at the Windmill of State Socialism." I am happy to agree with him that the bourgeois doctrine of *laissez faire* tends logically, and has tended practically, to Anarchism. I have no doubt many Anarchists learned their primer in the school of Turgot, Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo. I can answer positively for one who did. I also agree with him—always did, and on that account was once solemnly anathematized by his Holiness, the successor of St. Pierre J. Proudhon, Pope Tucker—that Marx was essentially an Anarchist. I could give stronger reasons for thinking so than Ladoff's quotation. Marx originally favored international trades' unions (as is well known) which were to turn the tools of production not into the property of the State but into their own property, necessarily dissolving all States by fusing the trades of each. This was a programme sufficiently Anarchistic to please any one. Bakunin adhered to it, introducing, however, the new and formidable element of individual action. Then occurred the split. The Marx Social Democracy was absorbing what remained of Lassalle's former organization; and the political bait was too tempting for Marx to resist. But surely it is an assertion too absurd for refutation, although very common,

that Bakunin Anarchism, the Anarchism of the Intransigent, the Commune, and the Haymarket, of Parsons, Luccheni, Bresci, Vaillant, or Kropotkin (if Ladoff ever read his biography) consists in doing nothing. It appears Ladoff was not satisfied with such a worn-out piece of gammon, for he has added one brilliantly original. He says that Anarchism tends to become the official philosophy of the bourgeoisie! In absence of any facts to support this assertion, I need do nothing but deny it,—which I do emphatically. I assert that the bourgeoisie fear and hate Anarchism;—that they let drop the doctrine of *laissez faire* because they perceived that it does lead logically and was leading practically to Anarchism, just about when that same truth dawned on a proletariat unencumbered with that notorious foe to reason, worldly goods;—that their official philosophy since then has tended to become simply opportunism, in which any amount of State Socialism needed to stay the Anarchistic trend of events is gladly welcome.

That the concubitus of the State Socialistic lamb and bourgeois lion has been thus effected by getting the lamb inside the lion, is an open secret to all except State Socialists. For explanation of that juvenile and ovine innocence which conceals their position from themselves, we need look no further than this article of Ladoff's. He quotes that in our age it is almost certain a majority of a Democratic community will abstain from making laws restricting for a considerable length of time personal freedom! He should read the Encyclopædia Britannica article on Government, and observe how the increase of Democracy, for a very considerable length of time, has advanced *pari passu* with new restraints upon every phase of personal freedom; so that, at the present moment, in the most Democratic states, it is hardly possible for any one to do anything from morning till night but break some fool law or another. This, however, might not convince him, for his simplicity is child-like. The individual, he quotes again, is to be "free not in the metaphysical sense (?), as the Anarchists dream, i. e. free from all duties to society" but in the eminently physical intelligible sense of having eliminated "all laws creating exclusive rights," while "subordinated" properly to "the greatest possible welfare of all." Very likely, Mr. Ladoff will see no exclusive rights in protective tariffs, anti-immigration acts, licenses, charters. It is quite possible he may find Comstock laws, usury laws, compulsory vaccination laws, food inspection laws, Sunday laws, conducive to the greatest possible welfare of all, and much needed to keep us out of the fool's paradise, where all is free, including lunch and love. Since, however, nobody knows what is for his own greatest possible good, let alone that of all, or at what point "rights" become "exclusive," I would give more for my own maxim "The dispositions to yield obedience and to exact it vary directly as each other, and inversely as intelligence."

I have, however, no intention of running any tilt at the wind (?) mill of State Socialism. State Socialists are about the middle of the labor column, the Trades' Unions being the irregular skirmish line. The

Anarchists are the reserve—the veterans who have been through all that. I only advise Mr. Ladoff not to worry about their idleness. They come up when they are wanted—they did in Belgium. Neither should he waste valuable time in regretting their propensity to drop bombs at the wrong place and time. They know when and where to “drop” them! Above all, ~~they know that the most powerful bombs~~ are those which contain the dynamite of ideas. They are familiar with the Malthusian theory, and therefore know that man cannot be free till woman is. They understand that metaphysical speculations about the greatest good of all and the equality of rights lead into circles, and that flattering the church leads to Rome. Where he is, they have been. He needs to buy his experience, and acquire the positive method of sociological reasoning as they did.

I take the liberty to assure S. D. that I no more “regret” Tolstoy's religious bias than I hesitate to “acknowledge” my own. It must be as much as twenty-five years ago, I published my views on “The Five Points of Liberalism”; which remain unchanged, and amount to this. The first of these points is Conscience. It was an unusually keen sense of a supreme rule and absolute sovereign for each man in his own heart, which preserved from extinction and absorption the small nation of the Jews. It was this that made them, a people naturally very wordly, sceptical, practical, more positive believers in immortality than the Greek, for whom an hereafter was matter of tradition. It was this that taught them, on one side to pronounce the spirits of sun and planet, love and war, mere imaginary beings; on the other to believe in an “Eternal Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.” It is this also explains the large proportion of Anarchists among modern Hebrews, a class whose habits and associations tend strongly towards sympathy with the money-power. It was this, emancipated by Jesus and his disciples from Pharisaical ritualism, which “changed men, accustomed to be turned over like sheep from tyrant to tyrant, into devoted partisans and obstinate rebels.” Thus, as Conscience is the first point of Liberalism, Liberty is the second. Their order cannot be safely tampered with. Liberty, in the modern sense, never existed among any peoples but the Jews and those which have been Christian, because they only had learned what the Hebrew meant who wrote “Ye shall hear a voice behind you, saying: This is the way: walk ye in it.” Whatever approach to liberty the pagan slaveowners of ancient Europe had, they lost. I believe therefore that any doctrine, such as Egoism, which teaches men to sneer at Conscience is equally hostile to Liberty. The third point of Liberalism is Science. The inductive method is so very hostile to all those impostures by which men are enslaved, that only an intense love of Liberty, founded on devotion to Conscience, can prevent their blighting its promise, as they did in China, ancient Europe, Arabia, —everywhere, in short, except among Jews and Christians. The fourth “point” is Progress; of which the idea is inspired by the

habit of using induction; the fifth is Reform, which springs from the conflict between Conscience, Liberty, Science, on one side, and the institutions on the other.

Is the religious bias here avowed and justified, in harmony with priestcraft? They are totally opposed. In Jewish history, the prophet, who represents Conscience, is always the enemy of the priest, who represents routine; and so it is everywhere else. The priest has his revenge, to be sure, by making a new routine out of the prophet's utterances; but only till the rise of a new prophet—a Luther, a Socinus, a Tolstoy.

What Comrade Kropotkin means by the Black Invasion, is what I mean by the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. As Reform springs from Progress, Progress from Science, and Science from Conscience, through Liberty; so the priest, the enemy of them all, hates Science next to Liberty and Conscience. I have been very happy to evolve, in Socrates' fashion, from their own mouths, the sympathy which unites all enemies of science. There's no great harm in Catholicism now! No, of course not. Not half as much harm as in vivisection—for the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. Scratch any crusader against knowledge, sneerer at education, anti-vaccinator, anti-vivisection, and you'll find—a Jesuit! On account of Kropotkin's high scientific standing, I have sometimes wished he would say a word on this. But besides its being too much to ask; besides authority's not being science; he doubtless knows that, in some respects it would be useless. One who “does not believe” in vaccination, does not believe in hypnotism, does not believe in statistics, does believe only what his own priest (quack) has told him; would not be persuaded though he heard from Kropotkin. C. L. JAMES.

#### — o — Labor And The Beast.

In a momentary fit of “divine inspiration” and while heavily charged with theological rubbish and other inflammable matter, the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of America succeeded in locating another “sign of the beast” spoken of by St. John the Prophet.

Their creed and superstitious traditions, and other church paraphernalia were quickly changed, and after taking on a fresh supply of spontaneous combustion and frenzy, they immediately began to let fly their shafts of hot air, in the form of resolutions and “holy” denunciations. This time the labor organizations were anathemized, for flirting with their pet hobby, and attempting to steal the copy-righted trade mark of a monopolized beast.

Now, if the Presbyterian Synod had said that the laboring men were compelled to bear the burdens of the beast; instead of making the assertion that the sign of a labor union was the mark of a beast, they would have hit the nail.

And I beheld another beast, coming up out of the earth. . . . And he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon. . . . And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads. . . . And that no man might buy or sell, saith he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

When the faithful old Prophet John was approaching the end of a long life of persecution and affliction, he stood, as it were, between two great epochs of the world's history, and with a keen enquiring gaze penetrated the dim and constantly fading ages of the past, and followed the trail of that hideous monster of slavery, covetousness, extortion, oppression, greed, and war, down to his own time and age; then as he pierced the unborn ages of a distant future with the eye of a prophet, he saw the beast itself, rear its heads of blasphemy above the great sea of defrauded humanity, in the form of beastly and tyrannical empires, founded not on the principles of Moses and Christ, as we are taught, but on crafty creeds, and theological superstition, militaryism, and monopoly, and luxury, and casts for the few. And as he looked, he beheld great cities like unto London, Paris, and New York, with giant factories and mills in operation, and countless thousands of overworked and oppressed men, women and children, forced to receive the name and number of their beastly taskmaster, in their right hand in the form of a pass check, with their number on it, by which they are recognized as his serfs and slaves, and by which their time is kept on the books of the greedy monster; and it sometimes happens that they have answered to their number so long that they almost forget they ever had a name. And as the old prophet looked with sorrow upon this abominable scene of human merchandise, he beheld beautiful palaces inhabited by the kings of commerce and their families, and upon their heads and around their necks on their hands and around their arms he saw the marks and signs of the same old beast in the forms of diamonds sparkling in their hair and ears and all manner of precious gems around their neck and arms and on their fingers, not forced upon them, but purchased as a luxury with money stained with the sweat and blood of the defrauded wage slaves. And yet there are preachers who claim to be the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who have got the gall to tell us that organized labor is a part of that diabolical monster of greed, the modern trust octopus. What infernal blasphemy!

GEO. W. TORRANCE.

#### — o — “Labor and Capital are One”

“Times are hard,” said the Picked Chicken. “Why,” said the Rat, “This is an era of prosperity; see how I have feathered my nest.”

“But,” said the Picked Chicken, “you have got my feathers.”

“You must not think,” said the Rat, “that because I get more comfort you get poorer.”

“But,” said the Chicken, “you produce no feathers, and I keep none—”

“If you would use your teeth—” interrupted the Rat.

“I—” said the Picked Chicken.

“You could lay by as much as I do,” concluded the Rat.

“If—” said the Picked Chicken.

“Without consumers like me,” said the Rat, “there would be no demand for the feathers which you produce.”—*Life*.



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Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Asso.

A. ISAAC.....PUBLISHER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered at Chicago as second class matter, Apr. 5, '01.

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.

What economists call over-production is but a production that is above the purchasing power of the worker, who is reduced to poverty by Capital and State. Now, this sort of over-production remains fatally characteristic of the present capitalist production, because—Proudhon has already shown it—workers cannot buy with their salaries what they have produced, and at the same time copiously nourish the swarms of idlers who live upon their work—Peter Kropotkin.

## Notes.

Saturday, June 22, 8 p. m., Comrade Emma Goldman will speak in German before the Brewers' and Malsters' Union, 122 West Lake Street, on "Trades Unionism from an Anarchist Standpoint."

Tuesday, Jun 25, 8 p. m., she will lecture before the Lucifer Circle on "Failure of So-called Free Unions," at 500 Fulton St., one block from Ashland Ave. Students of the sex question are invited to take part in the discussion which is to follow the lecture.

July 2, 9 p. m., she speaks (in German) before the German Painters' Union, in an open meeting, at Lauterbach's Hall, 55 N. Clark St., on the subject "Cooperation an Important Factor in the Industrial Struggle."

## Note and Comment.

The general strike idea, as the initiated step of the impending Revolution," is still vehemently advocated by "leading Anarchist thinkers." Wat Tyler's assertion, "in last week's issue, to the contrary, notwithstanding." In fact, the general strike is now more vigorously advocated, in the Latin countries at least, than ever before.

A keen sense of grasping the situation cannot be denied the Filipinos. Del Pan Fontela, a Filipino lawyer, now travelling in this country, observes that the Filipinos had more liberty under Spanish tyranny than under American freedom.

The workers of the National Cash Register Company, at Dayton, Ohio, are striking for "greater freedom;" a demand which puzzles the daily press. "The factory buildings are light, airy, and up-to-date hygienically. The social, religious, literary and other adjuncts were proclaimed admirable. The hours of work were shorter than elsewhere. What more could be desired?" "But there was

an indefinable feeling of restraint, a sense of being 'Sunday-schooled,' and a desire for less coddling, less paternal care, and greater freedom, which speaks volumes in favor of the independent spirit of these toilers, and against the promised Elysium of State Socialism.

Not all priests are hypocrites and knaves, as we radicals are often inclined to believe. Rev. Father McGrady told his audience at Bellevue, Kentucky, some plain truth. "One workingman," he said among other things, "under our present tyrannical system, has to support nine parasites, and I am one of those parasites."

It is surprisingly surprising how conservative supposed radicals become when once they have a little authority that they could use in the interest of those they have professed an interest in. What cowards love for position and power make of us all.—Industrial Democracy.

Correct; but why not abandon the idea of authority, which corrupts all men, the Anarchists not excluded?

Modern civilization has bound us in so many ways, that the individual can do but little to check the iniquities of society, though he can do something, and more than the most of us are willing to endure the discomfort of doing. This system must be changed before any appreciable relief can come, and it can only be changed by united efforts; not, however, necessarily of the majority. A determined minority has generally changed the course of history.—Justice.

But history does not record a revolution by united efforts without individual actions having preceded the awakening of the determined minority.

## The passing Show.

The people of Albany, New York, had a nice little dose shot into them during the recent street railway strike in that city, when a company of brave militia men fired a volley into a crowd and killed a couple of prominent citizens. If the Colorado tin horns ever make a break like that, it will be in order to fertilize a county or two with carcasses and shoddy blue clothes.—Henry O. Morris, in *The Pueblo Courier*.

Don't you realize, Bro. Morris, that it is high treason to thus threaten the "brave" defenders of "law and order?" You were careful to make no such break when shot-a-man-in-the-back "Teddy" was roaming the wilds of Colorado, seeking whom he might devour. At all events, ye Mountaineers, unless ye are well behaved and don't ask your masters for any more pay, may have the opportunity to fertilize a few square miles of alfalfa with tin sojers before long.

Soldiers are a necessary arm of a civilization that is based upon exploitation. When a robber starts out to do business he must be well armed. To be sure, if his victims submit peaceably and hand over their wealth as he demands it, he will not need to use his weapons. But if they resist and refuse to be robbed, then there is sure to be a clash; and whoever has the best arms, and is the better trained in the use of them, is going to be the victor.

The monster robbers of to-day need not risk their cowardly hides. With a portion of the spoils, a glittering uniform and a "bravo" from the politicians, priests and newspapers, they can hire dupes to slaughter men, women and children at the word

of command. It is much to be regretted that such men can be found; but the number who are willing to hire themselves out as murderers is getting less, and the labor press can reduce it much more by showing the soldier up in his true light—that of a cowardly, thuggish, hired assassin.

The business of soldiering should be made much more odious than that of scabbing; and then it would only be getting its just deserts, for it is many times worse. A scab will only take your job, but a soldier will take your life, and get a medal from the government for doing it.

The chief defect in the organization of labor at present is that the individuality of the laboring man is unable to develop sufficiently. In the modern labor union no member of the organization can do more or receive more than his fellow laborers, the result being that the individuality of the laborer is frequently stunted.

Thus did a sophisticated Sunday morning spouter address a class of college students. These students are sons of the exploiters of Labor, and it was certainly in order for the "Rev." Jawsmith, to decry Trade Unions. How much these lackeys must grieve over the "stunted individuality" of the Trade Unionist. How the tears doth flow as the dollars roll into the ministerial wallet.

It's a wonder these prafers never speak of the "stunted individuality" of the capitalist and his reduction to a nonentity when he joins the trust union? No, Mr. Parson is eloquently silent about the evil effects of trust unions upon the individuality of its members. If is the worker of whom he is most solicitous. The ignorant babbler! If he is as well versed in heaven by love "lore" as he is in the effect of trade unionism, he is well worth all his salary.

The truth is, the Trade Union enables the worker to at least give a measure of expression to his individuality. Men of worth will rise anywhere and the Trade Union is an aid rather than an hinderance. The more economic security a man has, the freer will be his individuality.

The one thing I admire most about trade unionism is its power of assistance to the development of individuality. But preachers are not paid to tell the truth, even if they knew it.

All ye who question the Anarchists contention that political Socialism is receding toward monarchy come hither and read what King Victor Emmanuel of Italy has to say on the question. The other day in speaking with one of the conservative deputies, he said

"I do not understand," said His Majesty, "the sorrow which you Conservatives have for the extreme left. I have read the speeches of the members of that party; I have studied their political and social programs, and I have arrived at the conclusion that if those men were entrusted with the government they would do good work for the country."

"It is true that their program contains an anti-monarchical plank, but that does not prevent me from appreciating the value of their economic and social policy. If the Socialists oppose the monarchy, it is because the monarchical parties regard the Socialists as, ipso facto, enemies of modern society."

"I am certain that at the bottom the Socialists do not bother themselves much about the form of government, whether it be monarchical or republican. They would easily reconcile themselves to a monarchical form if the constitutional parties would take them by

the hand and work together for a social and economical reform."

What has been at work upon the torturer of Comrade Bresci that he should thus bespeak himself? Is it that he sees a great revolutionary party growing in power and wants to make friendship with it? Hardly. Kings are not reputed as being possessed of great wisdom, but there are none of them so foolish as to think that a powerful, class-conscious, revolutionary body of earnest, determined men could be swayed from their purpose by the mere flattery of the chief leader of their oppressors. Not at all. King Victor is no such ass. What he does see is this: he sees the drift of the socialist party toward conservatism, and is simply cheering it along by these words of praise. No unbiased mind can interpret his conversation in any other way. The tendency of the party must be clear to him and his advisers, as it is to all close students of political evolution. Victor need but look across the Alps into France there to see the great Socialist Millerand urging the passage of laws detrimental to the labor movement; laws for the compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, giving the government the power of "settling" all strikes, and laws for compulsory old age insurance; all of which must have aided him in formulating the opinion that Socialists were good fellows, and would have no difficulty in reconciling themselves to any kind of government, if they only got into power.

Greeting, Comrade Victor! The secretary will next read a communication from the head of the glorious house of Hohenzollern.

JAY FOX.

#### Buying and Selling.

To Editor Woman's World.— "How can marriage of wealthy American girls to titled foreigners be made unpopular and prevented?" I can think of but one way: Show to the girls, and to the general public, the retrogressive, anti-social nature of buying a husband or a wife. Neither nationality nor price should cut any figure in the case. Cause the custom-ridden people to realize the folly of continuing from the dead past the marriage institution. Question: Who profits by it? See what your priest, your preacher, your justice of the peace, or county clerk will tell you. Ask further: How did the institution originate? If a natural one, why does one nation practice polygamy, another monogamy and an uncivilized tribe polyandry? Push aside for the moment the sacredness, the "holy of holies" idea, attached to the institution, and unreservedly ponder over the individual gains and losses connected with it. Do the bonds of wedlock secure comfort, happiness, love? Why does one of the persons in a monogamous marriage invariably, and very soon, acquire, peaceably, or after a bitter struggle, mastery over the other? Can there be a master without a slave? Is sex slavery preferable to chattel slavery? Is the affection of master and slave ideal love? This matter satisfactorily settled, the bugaboo, "morals," remains to be disposed of. There can be no doubt in the mind of a thorough investigator that knowledge of human

physiology, hygiene, sex attraction and repulsion, with opportunity "to choose and to refuse," will insure better health, greater happiness, consequently an improvement of public and private "morals" over those originating with priestly and legal regulations. Marriage is always a buying and selling. Set the brains of the "wealthy American girls" to work on this problem, and see if the temptation of "position" guaranteed by marriage to "titled foreigners" will hoodwink them. — Viroqua Daniels.

#### The Extravagance of the Poor.

A bandit used to rob the peasantry, so that when they began to starve, they appealed to him for charity.

Said the bandit: "I will give you nothing; you are poor because you are thriftless; if you were industrious and honest," said he (as he lifted a sheep), "the country would be richer, and I could make more. You waste your goods, so that there is nothing to steal, and then we all suffer hard times. My Associated Charities inform me that you waste the bones of your meat."

"But, sir," replied the peasants, "you yourself throw away the legs, and eat nothing but the tenderloins."

"I can afford it," said the bandit, "because I do not have to work for my living; you lower classes would better pray to heaven for prosperity, instead of troubling me with your preposterous discontent." — Bolton Hall.

#### Here and There.

In Spain the Anarchists are again indiscriminately persecuted and imprisoned. After the general strike in Barcelona, a great number of Anarchists have been imprisoned, although they had in no way been connected with the strike, and are likely to be deported to an African presidio, which they only recently had left, or tortured at the notorious Montjuich prison. *Revista Blanca* has issued an appeal to all liberty-loving mankind and the liberal press, asking for moral support in its protest against such outrageous prosecution of men, who have committed no other crime than that of advocating an ideal society. Our Spanish contemporary expects that honest and liberty-loving people all over the world will issue manifestoes, hold meetings, and otherwise protest and arouse sympathy for the victims of the Spanish Inquisition. The comrades of Europe have taken steps to collect money for the benefit of the unfortunate Anarchists and their families.

But judging from reports, all the persecutions will not down the rise of the toilers. On the first of May many of the wageslaves defied both government and the employers, and celebrated the workers' day of rest. In Milan 20,000 took part in the procession, while in Geneva the number reached 30,000.

An international convention of miners is being held at present in England, and the general strike idea discussed at length.

"The German Federation of Revolutionary Workingmen, composed of German Anarchists and revolutionary Socialists, has held a meeting for the first time at Bietigheim," says *Freedom* (London). Among other

things it was decided to create new connections, collect money for agitation and assistance, to aid prisoners, etc.; "that in every trade a comrade should try to enter into relations with the workers with a view of creating local Trade Unions." In short, a federation all over Germany is to be created, purporting to strengthen the propaganda, and to improve their economical condition as much as circumstances will permit. "But the principle of the federation in everything will be, 'Freedom for the individual and a united combination in the struggle against capitalism'."

In France the idea of a general strike is gaining ground among the workers. The Socialists lament over the fact that they have lost control of the workers' movement. Gustave Lefrancais, an ardent Socialist, died recently, leaving a rather annoying will to his contemporaries: "I die," said he, professing the most profound contempt for all political parties, even if Socialist, having always considered these parties nothing more than groups of foolish simpletons ruled by men of shameless ambition, without scruples or a sense of decency."

Refreshing news comes from Holland. The Anarchists had announced a meeting in Utrecht, to discuss the general strike proposition, and four thousand toilers—coming from all parts of the country—attended the meeting. And this is the country where, according to the Social Democratic press, "Anarchism is dead."

In South America the activity of the Anarchists is admirable and worthy of imitation. About two dozen Anarchist periodicals appear regularly in Brazil and Argentine, and many pamphlets are issued weekly. In Buenos Aires they have established four schools, in which instruction is given free of charge, even in music and higher mathematics.

Not being able to come to a satisfactory settlement with their employers, the journeymen plumbers of Binghamton, N. Y., have opened a cooperative shop. All the union plumbers of the town are in the enterprise, which has been running nearly a month.

It the June number of the *International Socialist Review* appears a report of the revolutionary movement in Russia, signed "The Russian Committee." The Russians of this country must read this report with a grain of salt, when they are told that Prince Kropotkin, governor general of Kharkoff, who "was killed by a shot from a revolver," was the "father of the famous Peter Kropotkin." A "Russian Committee" that makes a cousin of Peter Kropotkin his father, is certainly not a reliable source.

A dispatch from Russia announces that the riots at the Gvozdlmano works have been renewed, but were suppressed by a strong military force. The works have been closed.

Eugene Rispoli is the name of the fourth Italian spy that was unmasked by our Italian comrades. This time in Barre, Vermont.

When a striker shoots a soldier the press calls it murder; but when soldiers shoot defenseless strikers it is called duty.—*Farm and Factory*.

## History of the French Revolution.

## XI

At this crisis, arises a member with a hobby—Dr. Guillotine, who had proposed adjournment to the Tennis Court when the Assembly were locked out of the Salle des Menus. "I have invented," he said, "a machine with which I can clip off your head in the twinkling of an eye without your feeling it." A roar of laughter answered this enthusiastic speech—the first among many laughs associated with the doctor's great invention, and joined in by dozens who were predestined to experience its efficacy. Investigation and approval followed. In March, 1792, the ghastly novelty first delighted a populace of "tigers and apes." It was called, as elsewhere, for its like had been seen in other countries, the Maiden, and the Widow:—also (from one Dr. Louis, who fully materialized it) the *Louissette*. But Guillotine was soon vindicated by unanimous adoption of his name. His principal improvement was simplicity. Five routine motions did all—"in the twinkling of an eye" as he said. Two assistants strapped the victim, with one pull, to a board—turned him over backwards—shoved him into position. The executioner raised the axe meanwhile, with one hand, at a pulley; with the other, a catch to keep back the chin. Nothing more, but let them drop. The axe-and-pulley frame was painted red to hide the blood. For the first time, the headsman became a popular character. He had a worthy history. His name was Samson. The first of his trade who bore it was a gentleman, who appalled society by marrying the executioner's daughter. This plebeianized aristocrat became noble again, while other nobility was going down. Samson, having business enough in the metropolis for some years, was revered as *Monsieur de Paris*. His successor, less oppressively patronized, is now *Monsieur de France*.

The money problem remaining urgent, it was resolved to make a particular class of cormorants disgorge. On motion of Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, (October 10) all Church property was declared disposable by the government, (November 2). So far the Assembly's work had been altogether destructive—and therefore unmixedly good. No one objected but those interested in abuses. The nobles, just before the parliaments disappeared, had begun trying to use these antiquated bodies for their selfish ends. The aristocratic bishops (but not the useful curés) resented the "confiscation" of Church property. The alms-giving archbishop of Paris, took his charitable and noble heels across the Imperial frontier. He was joined in flight by 60,000 emigrants, mostly of the Third Estate, and comprising among them some 300 deputies frightened out of propriety by discovering that the mob knew what to do when they did not. But all this would have wrought no real harm. The constructive acts of the Assembly were what furnished reaction with excuses of some validity; and made it actually dangerous again. The old provinces were cut up into 83 Departments, each about 54 miles square. These were subdivided into "districts" and *communes*. This democratic measure shows all the folly of doctrinaires. It was highly unpopular in such conservative strongholds

of anti-tyranny as the Celtic Land, which retained some of their old free institutions and were proud of their local traditions. By substituting the despotism of "the Nation" for the despotism of Versailles, the Assembly thus prepared itself the terrible counter revolution of Vendée.

As the famine and revolution had together made land unsaleable, an issue of 1,200,000,000 francs in paper money, receivable for confiscated property when this should come into market, was authorized, and took effect next year. Some such measure may have been required to relieve the pressure; but any good financier could have told the Assembly that this one would work mischief. The security, indeed, appeared to be good; and for about two years the *assignats* were floated at 90 per cent of their face. Unless, however, the issue were limited, it was no less certain so convenient a means of paying debts would be abused by a revolutionary government than by another. In due time the issue increased to 45,578,000,000 francs, while the privilege of exchanging for land at a fixed value, having enriched a ravenous horde of speculators,\* was destroyed by auction sales. Meanwhile, such desperate measures as a maximum of prices (1793), produced hoarding of grain and cessation of manufactures. Besides betraying fear that the currency could not last. Wretched execution made the *assignats* so easily imitated that the country was flooded with spurious notes, despite their grim mottoes—"La loi punit de mort le contrefacteur—La Nation recompense le denunciateur." In March, 1796, the genuine, then worth only one-third-hundredth of their face, were redeemed at one-thirtieth in *mandats* (orders for land) which, being similarly abused, fell to a seven-teenth, and expired as taxes or purchase-money next year. The best which can be said for such business is that the Revolution bought means to live, of its bourgeois enemies, at a rate which might have been very much reduced if it had possessed an economist.

Having taken away the ordinary support of religion, the Assembly tried its hand at ecclesiastical restoration. Each Department was made a bishopric. The bishop was to be chosen by the electors of the department, the curé by those of his district (December 1789). The bishop elect was forbidden to receive confirmation from Rome. A bishop must not exact from his curés any oath but that they profess "the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion." To those whom he disapproves, he can only refuse canonical installation. Even this must be done in writing, and with consent of his council. A civil tribunal eventually decides whether the priest shall exercise his functions. All this is incorporated into the Constitution. An oath to the Constitution is exacted from every priest (June, 1790). Clergymen who refuse

\* The Church lands came into market during the summer of 1790—in large lots, to exclude the rabble. Only twelve per cent of the price was paid down—Mirabeau was one of the great purchasers (see his letter to Beaumarchais, September 17th). The buyers stripped the land of everything saleable; and either failed to complete the purchase, or resold in small lots. From the original confiscation sprang the new bourgeois aristocracy of France—from the second sale at advanced rates, her peasant proprietors. See Watson, "Story of France" (1900).

to swear without a reservation about spiritual matters are soon deposed. A hundred and thirty four bishops and coadjutors did refuse. Probably a majority of curés did likewise, and were either deposed or allowed, by connivance, to swear with the reservation. In diocese the of Besancon, only 380 priests out of 1400 swore, and eighty soon retracted. In Doubs, all but four refused. In Lozère there were 240 non-jurors to ten "constitutionals." Nowhere is the learned ignorance of these deductive politicians who governed France more conspicuous than in such attempts to reconstitute a conservative, sensitive, highly organized body, which grew up not by fiat of government but in spite of it. The confiscation, likely to be initiated by Spain and other countries, alienated the Church of Rome, though hardly that of France. Then the Assembly called to the chair a Protestant whose father, still living, had hidden from persecution like a wolf in his den—surely a very unnecessary and injudicious display of sentiment, in a country where the priests had proved generally, though timidly, patriotic; and where the masses (as soon appeared), were, despite Voltaire's popularity, still, at least moderately sound Catholics. Now, finally, every priest is required to swear that he will support a church, which though called Catholic and Roman, is Presbyterian and schismatical; this too under the grave penalty of suspension,—with others if he dare officiate. It was all the more foolish because totally unproductive of any practical benefit. As Macaulay says about England on a similar occasion, if a priest conspires against the government, he can be put to death, if he preaches against it, he is answerable for libel; if he violates the new statutes of *præmunire*, he can be ousted; and all this without having sworn to anything. Why then require him to swear, except for the purpose of forcing a quarrel with a patriotic priesthood, and even the religious feeling of a patient nation? The bishops excommunicated the Constitutional priests. The people would have nothing to do with them. Communicants demanded the sacraments from the non-jurors, who found themselves in a painful dilemma—to be mobbed if they would not officiate, and prosecuted if they would! Many despotic and other governments had practised more cruel persecution; but for unreasonable disregard of public sentiment this popularly elected legislature surely bears the palm. The people endured it, because like the English people under Elizabeth, they had something else to take up their zeal. They were thoroughly determined to have no more of the old regime; and could not afford to quarrel with those who were erecting, however little to their own taste, the bulwark of a Constitution against it. To see that the bulwark, being paper, would prove flimsy is more than could be expected of them. They appear on the whole to have approved another piece of anti-clericism. The religious orders, except a few deemed useful, were suppressed—always a harsh measure, though it may sometimes prove beneficial, and executed after the usual blundering fashion. In Franche Comté the Capuchins were starving. They were not allowed to sell their stores, though these had been secularized. At Portalier, the Bernardine nuns were



left dependent on a hungry people's charity. At Besancon, the municipality ordered the nuns to assume secular habits; though a statute provided that any one might dress as he pleased; and though few had the means of obeying. At the same place were secularized three churches out of eight, with all their appurtenances. If we had them, the statistics elsewhere, would, it is thought, be very similar.\*

That no folly might be wanting, the Assembly offended the masses simultaneously with the classes. The franchise was limited to tax payers, whose direct imposts were worth three days' wages, and to soldiers in the National Guard. Domestic servants were all excluded. Only freeholders who paid a *marc d'or*. (about \$10.00) were eligible to office. Among the 30,000 inhabitants of Saint Antoine, those who took the Bastille and brought the king to Paris, scarce 200 were "active" citizens (voters). It speaks volumes for the people's patience that this did not cause insurrection; though it did much grumbling.

Thus, amidst famine, treachery, incompetence, blundering, countless pressing unsettled issues, but enjoying almost complete Anarchy, France struggled on towards her bourgeois millennium, from October 1789 till midsummer 1791, without another explosion,—on the whole exuding milk and honey. It is among common faults of historical writing to omit these great quiet periods during which things mature, giving only the few days of "storm and stress." Who that reads about Alexander's "mad sweep" through Asia remembers that it took eleven years, of which two were spent in tranquillizing and improving such a country as Bactria, alone? The few hours of Arbela appear the whole, in a perspective which ignores the foundation of nineteen Alexandrias. If another, and more terrible revolution were in process of incubation, we must look for the breeding place elsewhere than in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, or even in the Constituent Assembly, unqualified for its self-assumed task as this august body was.

The terse designation "architect of ruin," belongs to no other character in the French Revolution so justly as to Marie Antoinette. For the imbecile king, though often obstinate about details, did, in most matters of importance, what she told him; and his measures brought on the second upheaval of 1792. From the removal to Paris until then, hell-fire was brewing in the Tuileries as constantly as milk and honey were flowing wherever her fatal influence was not felt.

The Assembly's first act on removing into Paris, was to ask the king how much money he wanted. He said \$5,000,000 a year. This modest allowance was voted without division, besides all revenues from the royal parks, forests, and buildings. The queen received an additional \$800,000 annually. His majesty spent \$2,000,000 a year on the emigrants who were fomenting foreign and civil war. This came out in the Assembly, April 1790. Froment, the organizer of the

clerical reaction, asserts that in January of that year he persuaded the emigrant princes (half of them infidels) to take up the cause of the Church, as the only way of uniting nobles, clergy, bourgeois, and superstitious proletaires, against the Revolution. I hardly believe he saw so far or had so much influence at this early date. What he claims for himself was the work of a greater thinker and rhetorician, Edmund Burke; whose *Reflections* were not published till a full year later. There were anti-Protestant riots at Nismes, Marseilles, Montpellier, Valence, and Mantauban. At Nismes, where Froment himself was the leader, several hundred lives were lost—much more than the Revolution had yet taken, altogether. But this agitator was easily squelched—clergymen aiding in the good work. The outbreak was directly encouraged by Marie Antoinette and the Comte d'Artois. The Federation of Jalès (August 1790—Feb. 1791) a Catholic club which expired in giving birth to this abortion, was to have a terrible resurrection as the White Terror of Avignon, Lyons, and Vendée. In these conspiracies Louis was deeply implicated, for among his few personal traits of zeal, none was conspicuous than orthodoxy. During one and the same month (December 1790) he sanctioned the new constitution of the Church, but wrote to the sovereigns of Prussia, Spain, Sweden, Austria, and Russia, urging a coalition against his own country. His wife was as yet scarcely ready for this, because she feared that the foreign conquerors would set him aside. His chief counsellor this time was his sister, Madame Elizabeth, whose simple religious nature the new fanaticism had entirely absorbed, so Marie Antoinette, for once, has been blamed to some extent unjustly. But it was not her character to be idle when mischief was afloat. Though chary about advising foreign invasion till after it had actually begun, she constantly corresponded in cipher with the foreign powers.\* On Christmas Day 1789, the Marquis de Favras, who wanted to charge on the women at Versailles, was arrested. On Feb. 18th the court of the Chatelet convicted him of a conspiracy to abduct the king and murder Lafayette, Bailly, and Necker. He was hanged with every circumstance of ignominy, denying his guilt, but saying very little. So far as we can make out from data purposely mutilated, the abduction (flight) of the king was all along Marie Antoinette's idea. Louis himself shrank from it a good deal, because the small cunning of a feeble nature taught him that some one else would probably step into the vacant throne. Orleans was named for this purpose by a party which eventually, in 1830, set up his son. But his irresolution disgusted Mirabeau, who turned instead to Provence (Louis XVIII). The prince gave him 1,000,000 francs,† and authorized Favras, who was most likely ignorant of the ulterior design, to raise a loan. This last fact was proved on the trial. Mirabeau and Provence, both suspected, denied everything, and loyalty to Louis XVI, as the scapegoat imagined, stopped his mouth. Louis XVIII destroyed the papers in the case. But a letter of his is extant which shows that he knew about all those designs attributed to Favras.‡ The court, according to a familiar method of governments, adopted hypocrisy as often as it was foiled in violence. A few days before Favras suffered, the king paid a voluntary visit to the Assembly and made a speech which thrilled all France with enthusiasm.

The flood of milk and honey, as I have called it, ran fastest during five months ensuing, and reached its height on the first

anniversary of the Bastille. But scarcely was Favras cold before Count d'Isidral presented to Mme. Campan credentials from sundry nobles authorizing him to get the king clear of Paris. The guards were won over. Madame Campan's father in law broke the news to Louis, who was playing whist with the queen, Elizabeth, and (significant) Provence. All urged his majesty to fly. The response they got out of him with some difficulty, amounted to an old maxim of kingcraft—such things should be done, not proposed. D'Isidral remembered Favras, and went off in a huff. But the queen, very much disappointed, prophetically told her biographer that Louis must come to it before long. Next month the royal family removed to St. Cloud, where they were practically under no restraint. While they supposed they could do this at pleasure, Louis' flight, to which he had personally objected, was no longer talked about. A new intrigue, the most mysterious of all, was set on foot instead. Mirabeau had hitherto been regarded by the court as a deadly enemy. The queen called him "the Monster." Her eye, good for personal traits, though blind to general tendencies, had discerned his weak point. She said he should have all the money he wanted, but no place. In November 1789 his ambition was defeated by a resolution for which the royalists voted, that no deputy should be a minister. It was not, however, until March that the court is known to have given him even money. He then received a pension of 6000 frs., 1,000,000 in notes, and payment of his debts, to steer Louis between the Scylla of radicalism and the Charybdis of Provence or Orleans. The immediate result was that he gained for the Crown the initiative in war and peace. On July 3rd, he had his celebrated private interview with Marie Antoinette. Let us waste no romance upon it. In public, the Monster henceforth spoke with admiration of the queen, and the queen avoided saying any more harm of the Monster. But nothing is clearer than that each was merely trying to use the other. To Madame Campan she boasted of him as a creature who made her sick; but whom she had caught and tamed. On the other hand, Mirabeau had obtained from her assurance that he should be prime minister in fact, though not in name. But he perfectly knew what her promises were worth, and was at pains to make her feel what he could do. The court played him and Lafayette against each other—Louis writing to D'Artois that Lafayette was a "villain", etc., "in whom no confidence could be placed", which is substantially what Marie wrote about Mirabeau. Lafayette had chosen to lay on Orleans the blame of the women's insurrection.\* At his suggestion, the duke was ordered to leave Paris; and when he threatened to return without leave, Lafayette touched his vulnerable place by informing him that he must fight a duel if he did. Now, however, Mirabeau procured his recall (July 9th). He had an interview with Louis, and both agreed to bury the hatchet. Next Sunday, at the royal levée, Orleans was mobbed by noble blackguards, and actually spat upon while descending the stairs—neither king nor queen choosing to be visible! The court bullies next formed a scheme for suppressing radicalism which we might really believe was stolen from Captain Bobadil. It was to kill off the popular leaders in duels! Mirabeau, receiving innumerable challenges, adopted a stereotyped form of reply, to effect that he had put Monsieur—on his list; but it was long; and first come must be first served! C. L. JAMES.

\* Taine. The nuns were often in as bad a quandary as the non-juring priests. Those who assisted to renounce their vows were imprisoned and ill treated by others; those who did not were mobbed—in many cases, whipped by vile women. Ib., Carlyle, Watson.

\* Campan, gives full details.

† Dumont; Talleyrand ap. Greville.

‡ Walston, Story of France.

\* It is, we may hope, by this time an absolute absurdity to lay these great spontaneous upheavals upon individuals. But there are reasons for believing that Orleans had agents in the crowd, and expected Louis to be killed. In a letter discovered after his death, he forbids his banker to pay certain persons because "the marmot still lives."

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

### For Western Pennsylvania.

As the weather was unfavorable at our picnic on May 30, the comrades have decided to hold another picnic on July 4, at Comrade Meyers' farm, Lock No. 3, Pa. Articles made by comrades in the Western penitentiary will be raffled, each one who arrives till 3 p. m. will receive a chance free of charge.

All liberty-loving friends who do not care to enjoy the bum-bum-firecracker patriotism in the city, are cordially invited.

Trains leave the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Station, South Side Pittsburg, 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.

W. L. City.—The picnic, which is to take place July 4, will be announced in next week's issue.

Wm. Campbell, City.—Your excellent article cannot be published unless you call at our office. We are anxious to make your acquaintance.

J. B., Hytop, Ala.—Why not cut the leaves instead of "turning them so much

about"? So far we cannot afford to have the work done.

Received for Mrs. Spies: N. Jensen, \$1. By Natascha Notkin, Philadelphia, \$6.80.

A scientific body to which had been confided the government of society would soon end by devoting itself no longer to science at all, but to quite another affair; and that affair, as in the case of all established powers, would be its own eternal perpetuation by rendering the society confided to its care ever more stupid and consequently more in need of its government and direction.—Bakunin

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Pertosa, Swanson, Jensen, Kornblatt, Small, Jorgenson, Brolin, each \$1. Lietis 75c. Belmar, Tobis, Veck, Barnes, each 50c. Thompson, Rice, each 25c.

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