

# FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

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

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 320.

## No. Monkeys Ain't Built That Way.

I.  
How do monkeys do?  
Do they choose a few  
Shrewd apes to govern the rest?  
To rob the tribe,  
And plunder and bribe,  
Till the "fightest" survive as best?  
Do the monkeys build  
A city, with guild  
Of toilers who never shrink;  
While a few apes chat,  
And laugh and grow fat,  
And "boss" while the others work?  
CHORUS:  
No, monkeys ain't built that way—  
They're lacking in the features  
And ways of human creatures.  
No, monkeys ain't built that way;  
They've got no plan, like glorious man.  
No, monkeys ain't built that way.

II.  
Are there monkey classes,  
The few and the masses,  
The hirelings and Mark Hannas?  
Do child-monkeys cry,  
While their mothers sigh,  
When a "clique" has cornered bananas?  
'Mong the monkey preachers  
Are there gospel teachers  
Whose mission's a matter of trade?  
Do the lobbyists hang  
Around, in a gang,  
Where Monkeydom's laws are made?  
No, monkeys ain't built that way—  
Their undeveloped natures  
Can't handle legislatures.  
No, monkeys ain't built that way;  
They've got no plan, like glorious man,  
No, monkeys ain't built that way.

III.  
Do they hire the trees  
From the chimpanzees  
Who first discovered the State?  
And when they repair  
To the groves for air  
Are "tickets" called for at the gate?  
Are the springs controlled  
By a "syndicate" bold,  
Of monkeys who've "filed a claim"?  
Are the waters which gleam  
In the crystal stream  
Held under a corporate name?  
No, monkeys ain't built that way—  
They've made no great advances  
In speculative chances.  
No, monkeys ain't built that way;  
They've got no plan, like glorious man,  
No, monkeys ain't built that way.

IV.  
Do a few shrewd scamps  
Foam in corporate camps,  
And "corner," by shady devices,  
All the cocoanut—  
And hoard 'em in huts  
Till the cocoanut market rises?  
Is there food in store,  
On some cavern floor,  
As a guard 'gainst famine's risk—  
While a chimpanzee  
Molds fast to the key  
And charges toll at a desk?  
No, monkeys ain't built that way—  
For bunking they've no art, or  
Else they'd get a charter.  
No, monkeys ain't built that way;

They've got no plan, like glorious man,  
No, monkeys ain't built that way.

V.  
Do the monkeys pay  
Ground rent today,  
To an ape, whose great-grandfather,  
Long, long ago found  
While "nosing around,"  
The valley where monkeys gather?  
Do the brave "Ringtales,"  
From the forest vales,  
With flag and battle array,  
March away to kill  
The "Bobs" on the hill—  
Till Fr-r-reedom has won the day?  
No, monkeys ain't built that way—  
They're not a mighty nation,  
With Christian civilization.  
No, monkeys ain't built that way;  
They've got no plan, like glorious man  
No, monkeys ain't built that way.  
—Lucius Goss, in *The Nonconformist*.

## The Curse of Government.

With unexpected celerity the Chinese government has agreed to the extortionate indemnity demanded by the allies. So anxious is it to get rid of rival authority and once more wield the sceptre of power, that it makes no scruple at swallowing the onerous terms imposed upon the Celestial empire. In truth why should it, for it is not the ruling class that will pay the piper, but its victims, the tax-ridden millions.

So it is everywhere. The worst enemies of the people are not the invading foreigners, but their own rulers. The most disgraceful outrages in China have not been perpetrated by the Boxers, but by the Christian governments, and the monstrous indemnity, which will in future be bled from the poor heathen Chinese, is to pay the cost of those European expedition of rapine and depredation whose horrors cast in the shade the cruelties of the Boxers, and for fiendishness exceed anything in the history of civilized nations. Yet all this was possible only as the consequence of a rotten government in China, which existed solely to suck the blood of the people it pretended to protect. But the faults of the Manchus are only a little more glaring than those of other rulers. With a light heart they enter upon schemes of plunder and conquest, knowing full well that they will not be called upon to risk their own necks nor their wealth, the lives of the robbed and ruled patriotic people only need be sacrificed, and future generations can be trusted to foot the bills.

A great invention was a National Debt. The State can cheerfully go to war on the slightest pretext, because it is not expected to pay as it goes. It is so much easier to borrow the money and perpetuate itself by swelling the interest-receiving class. Therefore, war, by increasing the national debt and the burdens of the people, creates a bulwark against revolution. It adds to the stability of the government.

But look at the other side. More than 3,500 Americans have perished in the Philippines in order to carry out an after-thought of the emperor at Washington by subduing a race who innocently imagined they might set up their own brand of political authority. Though this little colonial experiment has trebled the army, multiplied the navy, and almost doubled the taxes, your average citizen is not dissatisfied. What does he care for the rights of Filipinos? The earth is for the strong. And so the government is backed by the majority in carrying out the doctrine that might is right.

The right to govern by majority rule is not freedom. What a pother the Cubans have made over their independence. For a fetish they have bravely shed their best blood, and at last have been betrayed by a republic they incautiously mistook for their protector. How long will it take them to find out that it is not the pattern of the flag they live under that makes them free? It is not being ruled from Madrid, nor from Washington, that is the primary evil, but political power in the hands of men, even if of their own blood and speech,—the State itself—that enslaves them. The manner in which they are fleeced, a little more or a little less, is not all-important. Though the Yankees have already shown themselves adepts in the art of simultaneously governing and plundering, yet it is safe to predict that, if the patriots get a free hand in running the show, the Cubans will learn to their sorrow that their own elected rulers can lay upon them burdens and grant privileges to the exploiting capitalists with an unscrupulous facility not surpassed by the detested foreigner. This, however, is no excuse for the broken pledges and grabbing designs of the McKinley syndicate.

The dubious success of the British arms in South Africa is won at an enormous cost in life and treasure, which the masses of England must inevitably pay. So far there have perished over 17,000 British soldiers, and about eight hundred millions of dollars have been sunk in a war which will forever remain a disgrace to the conquerors. Nor is it the less depressing to know that the vast majority of the English people have lent their sympathy and support to the government throughout the unequal conflict.

It should be remembered that these wars of aggression are instigated not by the people themselves but by their governments. The belief in political authority and the readiness with which the most unjust acts of their rulers are endorsed by the unthinking multitude, present the most fundamentally vicious form of superstition that still enslaves the mind of man. Without the State war would ere this have become obsolete. But while men continue to subordinate themselves to coercive authority, their rulers will find grounds for quarrels in which

the people will unquestioningly slay one another, deeming this the highest patriotism.

When we assert that government is the embodiment of brute force, we condemn by implication the majority who tolerate it. Government is not an accident, but the natural outcome of human weakness and aggressiveness. It cannot therefore at a single stroke be abolished. The personnel may, as we see at times, be overturned, the form at rarer intervals be changed, but the thing itself, the State as a compelling, invasive, domineering power, remains. Only when men have learnt to accord complete equal freedom to their fellows, to resent invasion of their own rights, and to commit no invasion upon others,—then only will government fall. To advocate a forcible attack upon it would be criminal folly. For its strongest point is the organization and command of brute force. But let us go on undermining it by disseminating the ideas and principles whose ultimate triumph means the negation of the State, the downfall of every form of political authority.

WAT TYLER.

#### Legal Presumption.

An idea of the things we are expected to know may be obtained from a few items gleaned from an article recently published in the *St. Louis Republic*, under the heading of "Laws We are Supposed to Know."

"It is never an excuse," declares the writer, "to plead ignorance of the law; for the magistrate who does not know the law, judges who give opposite views of the law, and courts that cannot agree on what the law is, will tell you that you do know the law, because the law says that you do."

Under this legal presumption we are expected to know all the enactments of fifty-six congresses, of our annual State legislature, as well as fifty other States and territories, if we happen to be in them, including the volumes of our boards of aldermen and health department regulations. You can go into the law library, and looking at the tens of thousands of volumes, and say "I know all this," and prove it by the authorities themselves.

According to the tally clerks of the House of Representatives, the Fifty-Sixth Congress passed 2,204 "bills and resolutions." If we multiply this number by fifty-six, and add to it the laws emanating from the State and municipal bodies of our land, we may gain some idea of the vast stream called law that is ever flowing from the cesspools of ignorance and tyranny. This we may realize, though reason tells us it is beyond our capacity to know the laws. But even as the theologian holds the poor heathen accountable to a god he has no conception of, likewise are we expected to abide by things we have no knowledge of; and worse still, if we spent our whole life investigating the laws now on the statutes, we would be unable to interpret them exactly as our fellow students. The law is as susceptible to various interpretations, and as contradictory, as are the scriptures. Therefore the professionals who stand as mediators between the people and the law,

are sure of a luxurious living. They themselves are the fathers—or the godfathers—of every new law that is born.

This is the halcyon age of the class which represents human authority. The bar has succeeded the pulpit, but the difference is in name only; and as religion fed the pulpit, those who occupied it were ever seeking to add to the number of God's laws, in the form of new definitions of the scriptures. It is the same with the lawyer: the more laws, the greater will be his harvest, and he ever seeks to open new markets wherein he may sell his brains to the highest bidder. How well he succeeds one will learn by a little thoughtful observation.

The number of idiotic, tyrannical and invasive measures that are brought up before legislative bodies, and only too often drafted into laws, is simply appalling. The convention held recently at Montgomery, Ala., for the purpose of making some amendments to the State constitution, discussed a number of resolutions brought forward by a Mr. Burns, where it was proposed to disfranchise criminals of every class—the ruling class *excepted* of course. Also, the disfranchisement of all descendants of parents of different races, and bastards. It was further stated that a part of the resolutions were accepted, and that part is sufficient to open a new market for the lawyer. Before the Missouri legislature last winter a bill was pushed for all it was worth by a learned ex-judge, said bill to prohibit the guilty party in a divorce case from remarrying for five years, and the innocent party one year. This bill failed to pass, for a wonder, while another, from the rural districts, to prohibit ducks and chickens from running at large was passed. The idiocy of the last makes the failure of the former bill to pass seem almost a miracle.

The State of Minnesota has given birth to a late law that calls for comment. Husbands who desert their wives can be arrested for felony, and given a sentence varying from one to three years, as best suits the idea of the presiding judge. There are a large number of runaway husbands who will now fatten the lawyer, and be a bill of expense to the people, while the wife will continue to support herself, or failing, go to the county house; and the only people benefitted by this protective (?) measure will be those who administer the law.

How long will people tolerate legal enactments that breed and feed parasites?

The end of it all is not in sight, but the *beginning of the end* is in him or her who has a supreme contempt for the law. May their tribe increase! KATE AUSTIN.

#### Where Living is Hard.

The little peddler of shoestrings was notable for several characteristics. She was a bright-eyed child and pretty, but that does not serve to identify children even in the Bowery, where the type of the juvenile merchants is comparatively common. It was her clothes which gave her the greatest distinction. Her dress had once been ambi-

tious, for remnants of close clipped ruffles peeped out of the seams; but the day of its respectability was long past. She was a very, very ragged little girl, and little girls so ragged are uncommon, even in lower New York. Five or six great rents in the dress defied darning, or would have defied it had any attempt been made to gather together the gaping wounds. The dirt of the street was incrustated over the original brown of the cloth and made a combination which would have been as attractive to the artist and alarming to the sanitarian. Under the skirt of this garment appeared two long, thin legs, incased in stockings many sizes too large for them. These terminated in a pair of boots unsuitable in size and otherwise, for they were evidently the cast-off property of an able-bodied boy, many years her senior. The little girl did not seem troubled by feminine vanity. The serious business of life demanded her attention, and necessity urged her forward, regardless of slipping feet, to dispose of ware before night.

"Shoestrings, sir?" The face she turned was bright enough, the skin a clear olive and the hair a rich brown; but it was nothing short of startling for all that. Mature enough for 20, yet, like a hunted animal, it suggested tragedy. An inquiry as to her age accompanied the purchase of shoestrings.

"Ten years old, sir," came the answer.

"And you go to school, of course?" This to make her talk awhile longer, before starting off again on her rounds.

"No, sir. I used to go till two months ago, but the teacher says my dress is too ragged."

The child seemed frightened by the question, and mindful of the foreigner's fear of truant officers and the Gerry Society it occurred to the seeker after information to lead the child into a restaurant where he was known, and his reliability could be vouched for. This done by the genial proprietor, who seemed to know the child well, the questioning was resumed.

"You have a father and mother, haven't you?"

"My father's dead. He died two months ago." Food, the familiar room, the kindly face of her friend the proprietor and the evident sympathy of the questioner began to loosen the child's tongue. She volunteered a few details. "I came home from peddling one day and he was lying on the bed, and when I spoke to him he couldn't answer. So they took him to the hospital—and he died. And they never told us when he was buried. I never knew," she insisted, "when they buried my father." A sense of wrong seemed to fill her soul, but she made an effort to be just. "My mother, she was sick. They must have thought it would frighten her. She was sick a long time, my mother."

The scared blue eyes were bright with intelligence, and the mouth curved into smiles readily enough when once the dread of an "agent" in disguise was removed, and she became convinced that her listener was friendly and sympathetic. She felt her wrongs, but she did not whine about them. Having to leave school struck her as the worst of the suffering, for she had all an immigrant's ambition to rise in the world by means of education. "If I don't go to school I'll forget all I know, and I was in



the second primary, too," she explained. One wondered at the teacher who had chosen to send the child away rather than take the small trouble of asking among her friends for a decent dress; but there was no doubt that the child's present condition was a little too much for even the democratic atmosphere of a public school. "I ain't got no other dress, and how could I help it?" she not unnaturally complained. As to baths, they cost 10 cents; and 10 cents meant more than a day's food.

"I buy my shoestrings for 10 cents," she volunteered, "and I sell them for 12. I sell almost all in one afternoon; but sometimes I take some home. I used to peddle on the Bowery, but they don't buy no shoestrings there. Not one I used to sell. A lady that lives in our house she gave me these boots. No, sir, they don't hurt me, 'cept the nails. Oh, there's lots of nails in them. The gentleman that keeps this place bought me shoes one day, but my sister she went to the Weisenhaus [meaning an orphan asylum], so I gave her the shoes. I was in the Weisenhaus once. They gives you lots to eat. I wish I could go back."

A visit to a shoe store revealed the fact that the child's stockings in their better days had apparently been part of some man's bicycle equipment, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*. There were five or six inches to spare, rolled up in the heel of the shoe. By the time she was fitted out she was almost laughing, and perfectly garrulous. The promise of a dress in which to go back to school filled her cup of bliss, and she did not resent any number of questions regarding family affairs. There were six children in the family, all under 13, and a new baby. The two boys were in some home; the child herself seemed the support of the family. That morning they had breakfasted on "two cents bread and a penny milk." They would have more bread at night. A charitable society paid the rent. The kindness received had been their salvation; but from various remarks of the child, it had hardly been of the sort which warmed the hearts of both giver and receiver. They were just "cases." Perhaps if the good women of the organization felt too keenly the sorrows they see they would be nervous wrecks in a month; but the whole business chilled the heart.

"I liked the ladies that live in our house best," said the child, with engaging frankness. "But they're poor themselves, so what can you do? One lady in our house, she cooked for us when my mother was sick. She was kind. The ladies from uptown, they gave my mother a baby to nurse, 'cause its mother was dead. But my mother, she couldn't do it, so she gave it back. They gave her \$2 for doing it, and she kept the baby for four days, so she gave back \$1 when she gave them the baby. Since then they ain't come any more." A vision of the charity worker calmly giving to a starving woman two babies to care for rose before the listener. It appeared to be charity "behaving itself unseemly," as the apostle declared it did not.

"You know," went on the little maid, in a hushed voice, "my father died of hunger, I think." Her eyes gleamed brightly as she raised them to the face above her. "I think he died of hunger," she repeated. "And he

was only 40. He got sick working in a sweatshop."

There seemed to be nothing lacking to complete the tragedy. The horrors of civilization seemed concentrated. The listener could bear no more, and making an appointment for another day, sent the child away. The golden-brown hair shone in the sun as he watched her making her way with dangling shoestrings through the crowd. "When she grows up and that brain develops," he thought, "the picture of her father lying speechless on the bed, dying of hunger, will grow more and more vivid in her mind. What then?" As if to offer an answer a push-cart man brought his wares within range. He was selling books, and the cart was dotted with "Moribund Society and Anarchy."—Chicago *Daily News*, June 19, 1901.

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#### Anarchism in Its Broadest Sense

Again and again we write and speak about Anarchism, yet our fullest and best explanation has ever lacked in some essential point, because the theory of Anarchism does not admit of any limit to the development of its ideals; and therefore they can only grow and expand gradually, with the growth and expansion of our knowledge. The Anarchist ideals of today are no longer based upon the sentimental conception of suffering on the one side, as compared to the joys and pleasures on the other. The real string which responds to the touch of reason is agnosticism, and the sound thereby produced is Anarchism.

"I do not know," is the product of a reasoning man. I cannot compel anybody to believe what I say. Belief is unnecessary. Science furnishes knowledge, not belief. I know or I do not know, is the watchword of science; not I believe or I do not believe.

Can I be a theist or an atheist?

This question is transcendental,—beyond the pale of our experience,—and cannot be answered. To say that I am a theist and believe in a god as the first cause, is no more transcendental and metaphysical than to say I believe in matter as the first cause of all existing phenomena. Reason tells us we cannot accept any first cause, although we cannot imagine our existence without a first cause.

If we were to accept either the theist or the atheist view of a first cause, there would still remain the question, "What was the cause of the first cause?" For if we are to accept something without a cause, then what becomes of the well established law of causation?

In Athens there was an altar devoted to the worship of the "unknown God." The mention of it by St. Paul caused Prof. Huxley to invent the term "agnosticism," to express his state of mind about the causes of phenomena beyond certain limits. And this is the basis of Anarchism: not the positive or negative belief in creation, but the humble knowledge of not knowing. The agnostic method of thinking is only a method and not a creed. It involves the careful weighing of all existing social relations.

Not being able to accept the theistic hypothesis, I am consequently unable to grant the divine sanction of governments. Yet, if I were to accept God, I still could not ac-

cept government in his name. For a God,—the imagination of the indisputable,—cannot be understood by our limited minds. And, if we did understand him, he could not be infinite, simply because we are not ourselves infinite.

How can I obey a law made by man for the subjection of millions, when I know he cannot formulate anything infinite? How can I accept a law, when I know that the lawmaker is the first lawbreaker in changing given laws? How can I accept it when I know it is not universal, and that to obey it in one country would be to disobey it in another—when I know that to obey all the laws is to become a lawful outlaw? If I were to accept the law as sanctioned by God, it would be admitting that he had become the author of a world mess of contradiction. Am I not as well able to make a law for the guidance of McKinley as he is to make one to guide millions according to his birdsbrain understanding of life?

How can I be persuaded that the division of the earth into States, and rulership of these States by governments, are the right things, since I cannot accept a governor? And, since I cannot accept the division of the earth on a large scale, how can I logically accept its division on a small scale? How can I approve of the fencing in of any portion of the earth's surface, and must I not laugh when I see a sign, "Lots for Sale," when in reality a "lot" cannot be? The capitalist laughs at hell and heaven, and we laugh at all three.

A railroad locomotive engine is held by a company, yet how many toilers has it taken to build it? How can I believe that it is a property righteously held, and by God's sanction, when I know that the engineer may blow it to fragments at any moment, God's sanction and all, by screwing down the safety-valve and increasing the steam pressure? I should do this first of all.

We workingmen use more fire-crackers on the fourth of July than would make the gnostics lose their gnosticism, government-alism, and all the other "isms" which are opposed to Anarchism. Anarchism itself is working the destruction of the destructive thoughts, which are prevalent among us today.

We know we cannot make laws to govern others, nor do we know anything about the "wherefrom" or "whereto" of our lives. We know, on the other hand, that nobody can give us laws to govern us—nor can anyone give us a satisfactory explanation of our existence. And when some one tries to compel us to believe in and to live in accord with certain given hypothesis or statement which cannot be proved, then the compeller must not be surprised if he, like the propeller of a ship, happens to be broken by the revolting waves; positively proving to him that his idea of what is best may to the minds of others be the very worst.

We are Anarchists because we cannot govern; because we know it is impossible to formulate a government on a basis that will correspond with everybody's ideals. We recognize our ignorance even of not knowing what other people's ideals are. Science is ever ready to admit its own ignorance. But the men who govern and believe in government, upon what basis do they stand? Certainly not on science, and really they are stupid even to recognize science.

OSKAR SKACH.

# 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.

Within the memory of men the trade of governing has always been monopolized by the most ignorant and the most rascally individuals of mankind.—Thos. Paine.

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## For Chicago.

The comrades will hold a basket picnic on July 4, at a point in the woods immediately north of Waldheim cemetery. Here is an opportunity to get away from the fire-crackers without the boredom of being with a conservative picnic crowd. Comrades will get out to the grounds at 10 a. m.

Bring lunch, and be prepared to stay all day.

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## Notes.

July 2, 9 p. m., Comrade Emma Goldman speaks (in German) before the German Painters' Union, at Lauterbach's Hall, 55 North Clark St., on the subject "Cooperation an Important Factor in the Industrial Struggle." Everybody welcome.

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The *Labor Record*, formerly published at Joplin, Mo., appears now at 1707 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Send for sample copies.

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## Note and Comment.

"Politics is the most corrupt thing I have ever been mixed up in, and I am out of it forever," says Harry L. Abbott, who recently resigned his place in the council of McKeesport, Pa. It is needless to add that we agree with Mr. Abbott.

\* \* \*

The Socialist press continues to inform its readers that "Anarchism is dead," or "forced to the background in all civilized countries," and then makes great efforts to prove that the Anarchists are "fools," "fanatics," "lunatics," etc. Once more, "comrades," why not give the dead a rest?

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The *Record-Herald* of this city laments over the fact that the American millionaires travel and spend enormous sums of money in Europe. "The paper may console itself—the people lose nothing by it," says an exchange. "Whether the drones squander their ill-gotten millions in Europe or this country is immaterial to the working bees. The proper thing is to do away with the keeping of drones. Then it will be impossible for a few thousands of rich loafers to enjoy the splendor of all zones, while millions are skinned in poisonous and bone-crushing fac-

ories, in order that pocketing of 'surplus value' be continued."

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That organized labor at last as taken a rational step in the right direction, that is to withdraw its members from the militia, has enraged the mouthpieces of organized exploitation, and "serious consequence" are predicted, because "labor unions have placed themselves squarely in opposition to law and order." It is of course not in the least astonishing that these drones anxiously try to uphold their parasitical existence by shooting down the workers, but for them to expect that the producers should continually assist them in their carnage is beyond comprehension.

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"Mine disasters" are now almost everyday occurrences, and are looked upon as a matter of course, although in most cases the "disaster" is due solely to capitalist greed and negligence. Human flesh is cheap, and as the mine-owners are irresponsible, the bone-crushing process goes on with impunity. Says the *Workingman*:

An explosion in the mine, due to the neglect of officials in charge, who were hurrying to pile up the profit, and could spare no time to render safe a mine which was notoriously dangerous, is called "the cause of the disaster." . . . A half dozen men were at work all day cleaning up the debris, so the fans could do their work, but, in spite of the knowledge that the mine was filled with gas, and a terrific explosion liable to occur at any moment, three hundred and fifty men were sent down to work in that vast tomb without a word of warning.

We may grieve over the loss of life of eighteen miners that were thus murdered at Port Royal, Pa., and deplore the fact that people are forced to endanger their lives in order to support their families, yet the remedy must come from the workers themselves, by operating the mines for their own benefit.

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Our Anarchist contemporary, *FREE SOCIETY*, seems hard put to it for something to say against the Social Democratic movement. As usual, it takes refuge in lies. In order to avoid contradiction, it tries a long-distance lie, saying that the Social Democrats in the Austrian parliament opposed the miners' eight-hour proposition. The editor of *FREE SOCIETY* knows perfectly well, if he knows anything of what is going on in Austria, that it was the Social Democratic members who introduced this bill, and that they supported it to the last against the capitalist parties.

This incident bears out our contention that, while there are undoubtedly a number of honest men among the Anarchists, the Anarchist movement, here as in Europe, is being used by the capitalist class as a weapon against Socialism and Trade Unionism.—*The Worker*.

"As usual," the lying is done by the editor of *The Worker*, as *FREE SOCIETY* has not said "that the Social Democrats in the Austrian parliament opposed the miners' eight-hour proposition." The Socialist politicians are too cute not to throw out baits in order to "catch votes," as we are well aware. What we did say was this:

In Bohemia 10,000 miners have achieved the eight-hour workday, and others are soon to follow. The Social Democrats, who opposed the agitation for shorter hours as not in line with "scientific" Socialism, have lost many adherents among the miners.

No reference was made to Socialist members in parliament. It was in the miners' conventions and mass meetings, that were held by the Bohemian miners, as during the miners' strike in France, where the Socialists opposed strikes in general and the eight-hour proposition in particular, point-

ing out on every occasion that if the workers would do their "duty" at election time "strikes would be a matter of the past." And, unfortunately, we do not need to "try a long-distance lie" to look for such attitude of the Socialists. We find it in their press in this country, and it is only a week ago when we heard a Social Democrat in an open-air meeting ridiculing "the futile efforts of Trade Unionists."

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## Am I an Anarchist?

My conception of the Socialist State is not a government at all, in the accepted meaning of the word, but only such necessary arrangements as shall be necessary to operate with the most economy and least friction the tools of production. A government which means judges and jails, police and restrictions, is the very curse I most ardently wish to destroy; and should the social revolution institute any imitation of such things, I will with all my power advocate another revolution.

I perfectly agree with you that Socialists have no business in the legislatures of capitalist society, and I am inclined to look for no help whatever from the ballot, save as an educational factor in bringing about the revolution.

My conception of what I term "scientific Socialism" is derived from Marx's conception of materialistic evolution, which places Socialism as the next scientific evolution of the race. Perhaps it is wrong to speak of an untried event as scientific.

In what way do Anarchists propose to systematically operate the tools of production after the proletariat has seized them? I cannot see how the ignorant masses of mankind can be depended upon to intelligently use these tools without any direction or guidance, and this direction and guidance, lovingly and humanely offered, is the only "government"—which I admit, is a paradox—that I in anyway countenance, and which direction and guidance I conceive would rapidly become unnecessary and obsolete as the race becomes elevated to its new and righteous surroundings. Thus it appears to me that Anarchy would follow as a natural consequence to the socializing of the tools of production. Perhaps you might enlighten both myself and others by answering me in the columns of *FREE SOCIETY*. Maybe I am an Anarchist now in every sense and don't realize it.

HARRY M. TICHENOR.

## COMMENT.

With the above conception of Socialism we have little quarrel to make. A society without "judges and jails, police and restrictions," is our ideal. But we take issue with the methods proposed to accomplish the revolution, and which naturally must render the Socialists, effort a failure.

As Friend Tichenor does not look for help from the ballot, it is needless to argue about the absurdity of a "revolutionary government," from which the average Socialist expects the desired change, and we can confine ourselves to the question whether or not the ballot is "an educational factor," and the dangers political methods necessarily involve.

It was Liebknecht, one of the leading So-



cial Democrats of Germany, who opposed the participation in legislative bodies, correctly contending that such attitude not only meant compromise and the corruption of principles, but that with the energy and money wasted in political campaigns every hut in Germany could be supplied with Socialist literature. He was defeated, and what followed is well known. The propaganda of Socialist principles was almost ignored, in order not to alienate the sympathies of the prejudiced workers, and a reckless strife for votes to conquer political power ensued; and the ballot has not only not been an "educational factor" in the Socialist movement, but its very deadlock. Ferdinand Lassalle predicted a complete revolution for Germany as soon as the Socialists would number 500,000 men. Bebel and Engels predicted the breakdown of the present system for the year 1898. Today they boast of over two million voters, and what have they achieved? The old system is still very much alive. In short, nothing else could be expected from such "educational factors," which left the mass of voters in ignorance as to the real issue; and this has ever been the inevitable consequence of all political parties. Nowhere in history, whether ancient or modern, do we find that even the programs drawn up by so-called revolutionary parties have ever been carried out, because the government—the cause of all strife and misery—was always left intact, only changing its form and name. And Eduard Bernstein, one of the authors of the "History of Socialism," now openly declares that the working classes must give up all dreams of a social revolution, but must obtain political power now. Theoretically Bernstein's frankness is yet denounced, but practically the Socialists have long since followed the course Bernstein lines out, i. e. as far as the ambition for political power is concerned.

And how vague the "class-consciousness" of the host of Socialist voters in Germany is in general, I have experienced myself. You may ask the Socialist workers all over Germany what they expect from Socialism, and the general reply is, "Well, wages will be higher, and necessities of life cheaper." I found also those that were informed, but they were few and far between. And this lack of comprehension is the direct result of politics, by ignoring the main issue, or as Bebel puts it: "Quite instinctively, without renouncing Socialist principles, we are led to insist mainly on practical and palpable advantages."

As regards the operation of the tools of production, "after the proletariat has seized them," there certainly will be arrangements made in an Anarchist society; and people who are intelligent enough to seize the tools can safely be trusted to operate them to the greatest advantage of those concerned. But if we cannot "depend upon the ignorant masses to intelligently use these tools without any direction or guidance," how much more absurd is the idea that "the ignorant masses" will be capable of electing intelligent leaders, who are supposed to administer

not only production but also to direct the revolution?

#### Honesty and Politics

Once in a while an honest man will stumble into politics. Such a man is more than honest, he is simple, and simplicity is not only a mark of honesty but also, in very many cases, the veil that covers intellectual and moral greatness. The honest man who enters politics does so with one of these two thoughts uppermost in his mind—and herein lies his simplicity. Either he does not believe all that has been said about politicians, thinking it incredible that men who assume to serve the public could be other than the public-spirited and public-loving individuals his utopian dreams had pictured, at least men who were making an effort in that direction, and that by going among them he could help them along by serving his constituents as he believes they ought to be served; or, he sees the corruption within the ring, and, as Hercules of old cleansed the stables of Augeas of their thirty years accumulation of filth in a single day, by turning the floods of Alphens through them, so the good man thinks he can cleanse and purify the putrid stables of politics by flooding them with his honest thoughts. Simple man? He forgets that, great as was the strength of Hercules, and big as was his task, the task he undertakes is vastly greater; he forgets that the accumulation in the political cesspool have taken more than thirty years to grow, and that it will take more than the strength of a Hercules to remove them, and, not having profited by the experience of other men, he quickly learns the valuable lesson from his own as soon as he is elected. Then comes disappointment, and finally a revolution.

Harry L. Abbott thought he could serve the people by entering the McKeesport, Pa., city council. His illusion was soon dispelled. He found that to get support of the other members for his legislation he would have to swap "courtesies" with the hoodlums, whereupon he gave up in despair, resigned his seat; and now this is what he has to say about politics: "Politics is the most corrupt thing I have ever been mixed up in, and I am out of it forever, and have separated myself from it, and my conscience is satisfied. Others may not agree with me, but I know that no Christian can sit in the McKeesport council and save his soul." To all of which I give a cheerful and a loud Amen.

Let us hope that others will profit by Abbott's experience, and not, like him, wait until they have been elected to some office before they will shake the scales from their eyes.

JAY FOX.

#### Here and There.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers from England have cabled to the effect that they are ready to assist the machinists of this country in their effort to improve their condition.

It is far more manly to die fighting in the street against despotism, as the Russian students do just now, than to be buried alive in the mines or slaughtered on the railways for a few pennies.—*The People*.

The senatorial committee of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, recommends to submerge the whole rubbish of the militia in the ocean. The world is moving.

According to newspaper reports, the Anarchists of New York caught the fifth spy at a picnic, and have written an energetic protest to the Italian consul.

In Paris a nun, armed with a hatchet, killed a priest during a sermon. She claims to have been seduced by the man of the gospel.

In Germany the praiseworthy fact has been revealed through the courts that a British syndicate has bribed some influential dailies, for the purpose of publishing reports and comments favorable to England regarding the South African war. Thus is "public opinion" manufactured.

Some weeks ago we published a sad but true story of a poor woman, Francisca Kwasny of Brunner, Austria, who killed her little baby because she had not the heart to see it starve and freeze, as she was compelled to walk the streets in the cold winter nights. Her fate had created great sympathy all over the country, and public opinion clamored for her acquittal; and although the prosecuting attorney insisted upon punishment according to law, the verdict of the more humane jury was "not guilty."

In Bohemia the "Independent Socialists," (mostly miners), display an admirable activity. May Day was celebrated by great mass-meetings, the attendance being beyond all expectations. In Drux Comrade Neuman, editor of *Novy Kult*, spoke before 3,000 persons on the "Principles and Tactics of Anarchists," and in Brux the editor of *Matice Svobody*, Comrade Jean Opletal, lectured to an audience of 2,000. Large meetings were also held in Bohosudow, Grab, Nyran, etc., in all of which it was resolved not to appeal to the government for mercy and reform, but to continue the present tactics of enforcing and maintaining the eight-hour day through their own strength. And while the independent miners declared themselves in favor of independent and federative action and tactics, in the meetings of the Social Democratic miners resolutions were passed, appealing to the government to inaugurate the proposed reforms. (The editor of *The Worker*, New York, will please take notice.)

"*The Strassburg Geese, and other Allegories*," is the title of number eleven of the *Light-Bearer Library*. Price 5 cents. Address: *Lucifer*, 500 Fulton St., Chicago.

First Chinaman: "Let's see! The Christians have a text about turning the other when struck on one cheek." Second Chinaman: "I don't doubt it. Anything to increase the indemnity!"—*Puck*.

As to those who seek to profit by existing institutions, ostensibly for the purpose of aiding the propaganda of new ideas, they are ambitious knaves who flatter the future in order to enjoy the present in peace.—Jean Grave.

## History of the French Revolution.

## XII

Immediately after Louis's visit, the Assembly promulgated a new constitutional oath, which everyone hastened to swear with the usual gushing ceremonies. About November preceding, very picturesque festivals of national regeneration had begun in the provinces; since which time they steadily increased in size and frequency. Altars were erected; the offerings lit, by a priest, with the sun's rays gathered through a glass; maidens in white robes and garlands formed a circle; prayers, chants, and appropriate addresses closed the ceremony. The fourteenth of July, it was resolved, should witness a grand combination of national fete and oath, at the Champ de Mars, where foreign mercenaries refused to fight for the Bastille. A few Americans and other strangers, headed by Paul Jones, of *Bonhomme Richard* and *Serapis* fame, came to request a share in the rite. That same day, almost before they were satisfied, came Jean Baptiste, or, as he called himself, Anarcharis, Clootz, Prussian baron, and apostle of Humanity without God, followed by a real Spaniard, Chaldean, Syrian, and Arab,—professors of languages at the king's library—besides a motley host of persons, probably French, but representing all nations. They were made welcome. Fired with Clootz's enthusiasm, a duke rises to propose *abolition of nobility*; a marquis (Lafayette) applauds; and away go titles into the dreadful past! On the 7th of July, some fifteen thousand laborers were set at work making the Champ de Mars into an amphitheater. It soon appeared that they would not accomplish their task in time; and then was shown again what enthusiasm inspired by Anarchy can do. Three hundred thousand people turned out. A rendezvous was established in every section (ward). The multitude, comprising children, monks, nuns, poissardes, merchants, lawyers, students, and fine ladies, moved in bands, with military precision, under self-appointed leaders, to triumphal peal of trumpets. They attacked the earth with as much zeal as if it had been the Bastille, whose fall they were celebrating. As to the Bastille itself, its cursed stones had already become a bridge, "to be trodden under the people's feet forever." Its site was turned into a dancing hall. Though the weather was horrible, four hundred thousand people attended the fete. Twenty thousand delegates from the provinces assembled at the Place de la Bastille, and marched to the Champ de Mars with an escort of royal troops, sailors, and National Guards, through garlanded streets, and over a pontoon bridge. Under an awning decorated with golden *fleur de lis*, the king and queen sat on gorgeous thrones. When Louis had taken the oath, Marie Antoinette arose, and holding up the little dauphin said, "See, my son! he joins as well as myself in the same pledge." This awful perjury was answered with shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive le Dauphin!" The festival was prolonged a week. Paris was illuminated. Carriages were excluded from the "Elysian Fields," that all might have full benefit of these beautiful gardens. Pyramids of fire wanted amidst the foliage. There was no drunkenness, no disorder. All classes

mingled in a jubilee of love. At this auspicious moment, Mirabeau urged the king to leave St. Cloud, issue a charter from Fontainebleau, dissolve the Assembly, and defy the radicals. He was quite consistent so far. Immediately after Louis was brought to Paris, this had been substantially what Mirabeau proposed, through the same mediator, La Marck. The king, or rather the queen, refused now for substantially the reason as before. If the *coup d'etat* proved successful, Mirabeau would rule; and, in her heart, she hated him as much as she did Lafayette. She soon received a lesson. One of her bravos wounded Lameth in a duel. A mob sacked his house. Mirabeau took their part. In vain the royalists howled. He "let them rave"; and that was all they could do. There were no more duels. He had always wished for a coalition with Lafayette; but this dull precisian would none of it; and his honesty became a serious obstacle to Mirabeau, whom everyone had learned to distrust. The humbled queen was brought to use her influence; but it was not much—perhaps she did not mean it should be. From thenceforth, the two would-be dictators were constantly disputing some place or other, till in January, 1791, Mirabeau, despite Lafayette, became president of the Assembly. Necker, intractable as Lafayette, was even more signally overcome by the Provencal giant. They had long been at variance about suffrage and the finances (Necker wanting to establish a National Bank); but in August, 1790, events still to be related rendered the ministry odious; Mirabeau, though he had taken their side this time, made a scapegoat of Necker, who had prevented his being a minister, and the latter fled from France into obscurity. Lafayette, after his last defeat by Mirabeau, continued to quarrel with both parties, as industriously as his rival, but less judiciously. In February, 1791, there was a riot against repairing the old fortress prison of Vincennes. Lafayette, supported by some popular leaders, such as Santerre, suppressed it without bloodshed. Meanwhile, a number of royalist gentlemen assembled at the Tuileries (whither the king had returned), under pretence that he needed their protection. Their intrusion, and their vamping language, provoked the National Guards to seize some of them, when it proved that they had daggers. At this crisis, Lafayette returned from Vincennes in a bad humor, and encouraged his soldiers to kick the whole lot down stairs. The practice of carrying concealed weapons followed that of dueling into oblivion; but this was another matter ever after treasured up against Lafayette by the king.

So far as the arena of ordinary politics was in dispute, Mirabeau had triumphed. But there remained for him to overpower, both those centers whose opposite attractions had so often pulled down the shell of ordinary politics—the Court and the People. The long contest between Bouillé, with his noble officers, on one side, and his "reliable" troops on the other, came to a crisis in August, 1790, when the soldiers seized the military chest, on the strength of rumors that it was being sent across the frontier. In the fray which ensued, at Nancy, 2,000 soldiers were slain. This was one of the Assembly's

conservative days. "Order" must be maintained, discipline enforced, the "progress of Anarchy" checked; and the rest of that. Louis, Lafayette, Necker, Mirabeau, the vast majority of deputies, were all, for a short time, on one side. To discuss the rights and wrongs of the brawl would require more space than its results merit here. Enough to say that Lafayette appears to have acted rather more like a hasty and incompetent pretender than usual: and—what is much greater consequence—the sound instinct of the mob saw something at once which it took many years for others to see. The fundamental cause of trouble was that the army had long been as rotten and past saving as any part of the old regime. To dismiss the reactionary chiefs; to make every soldier eligible for every office; to condition promotion upon merit; to enforce honesty and acceptance of the new system; were measures simply inevitable—what had been done was simply prolonging the agony—unless, indeed, the old regime were to be restored. Loustallot died of grief. Marat proposed hanging those 800 deputies who voted with Mirabeau—the latter highest. The tumult arose which politically killed Necker. Lafayette never had the people's love again. Mirabeau alone still commanded their respect, by rising somewhat higher than they could see. But he appeared bent on alienating them. In November, St. Etienne, the notable Protestant chairman, proposed that the National Guard should consist of "active citizens" only—a measure actually carried next April. Mirabeau supported it. He was assailed in the Jacobin club, and totally failed to procure a favorable verdict from that body, which no revolutionist could now treat lightly. In February, 1791, the king's aunts left France. Mirabeau advised Louis against letting them go; but, when they insisted, deprecated all attempts to stop them; said it was absurd to debate whether two old ladies should hear mass in Paris or Rome; and manfully defended the right of emigration. Reasonable as this clearly was, the radicals thought it a point of general policy to oppose him; so there were violent scenes both in the Assembly and the Club. In the former, Mirabeau's audacity triumphed. In the Club he had at best but "a Cadmean victory"; and he never went there again.

Mirabeau has received all the praise he deserves from two widely opposite points of view. With immense parliamentary, oratorical, and diplomatic power, he had really but little originality. Among all the great revolutionary measures—the oath, the organization, the confiscation, the new representative system, the abolition of privileges—every one was proposed by a Mounier, a Talleyrand, a Sieyes, or someone still less important—none by Mirabeau. Dramatically, personally, he impresses us as a far stronger man than Sieyes, or Mounier, or Talleyrand—a consistent positive man among pedantic trimmers; a true man, whose very knaveries were honest, among hypocrites and charlatans. But then the French Revolution was not the work of great men. It was the work of a great nation; whose history one might believe Carlyle has written for the express purpose of reducing his own hero worship to absurdity.



Successful as Mirabeau was in practical politics, he effected nothing permanent except when his views fell in with the people's. To effect something permanent without the people was, however, the task he died attempting. And here his very want of originality makes him dear to all apostles of "moderation," half measures, constitutions, "order." As Carlyle longs to say that Mirabeau might have proved the archangel who could guide this tempest; they wish to think he might have averted "Anarchy." But all discern a grave obstacle to saying anything. Mirabeau could perhaps have found a way of pacifying the people. Nothing less sedative than death would have satisfied Marie Antoinette. So Mirabeau's eulogists take refuge in saying that we cannot tell what Mirabeau might have done if he had lived. Of course we cannot. But this remains on record, that Mirabeau knew the king meditated flight, and said if this design took shape he would declare for a republic. Now it is just possible that the king's or the queen's low cunning was too much for Mirabeau, as it has been for historians. I incline to think Louis told the truth when he disclaimed intending to fly from France; for there is evidence that he too knew that would be abdication. He intended flying to some such place as Metz, where the whole force of reaction would gather round him. If he had done this, it is difficult to think otherwise than that Mirabeau must have either perished or surrendered to "Anarchy," the only agency except reaction which had any definite purpose of its own.

While he was trying to mix oil and water, the people were finding plans and leaders which suited them. The first fruit of the Revolution was journalism. The year 1789 had witnessed the birth of the great *Moniteur*; *Les Actes des Apotres* and *L'Ami du Roi* (royalist); *Les Revolutions de Paris* (radical); the *Chronique de Paris* (what was afterwards called Girondist). It deserves special mention because one of its editors was Condorcet, the only Frenchman who at that time really was what we call now an Anarchist. His life was worthy of his opinions. He was eminent among the *philosophes*, a contributor to the *Encyclopædia*, and a mathematician no less practical than deep. But his fame rests chiefly on his posthumous "Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind." Camille Desmoulins continued to publish his *Revolutions of France*. Fréron's *Orator of the People* was extremely radical and constantly attacked the reaction. Its fame, however, suffers eclipse by Marat's journal, which, after appearing under various other names, became in September *L'Ami du Peuple*, and so continued. No other man represented so faithfully the queer combination of panic and courage which characterized the masses at this time. He persistently repeated that the income tax, devised by Necker, would yield \$100,000,000, which were to be used in equipping an army to enslave the people; that Lafayette, Bailly, and the new municipality of Paris, besides being in the plot, were stealing at a great rate. So far as we can judge, all these statements were quite false; but—that morbid suspicion which inspired them pointed in the right direction. Lafayette, Bailly, and Necker, were the head of the constitutional monarchists,

who with such a king and queen to act for, were the element truly dangerous to liberty. In October, 1789, Marat was prosecuted and compelled to fly. In December he was arrested, but not punished; in January re-arrested on the old warrant. Danton defended him. The courts decided the arrest to be legal; but meanwhile Marat got away again; and his enemies were reduced to the eminently constitutional method of wrecking his office. Far below Marat in the scale of what they call respectability, came Hébert, with his paper, *Le Pere Duchesne*, named in ridicule of another which it soon killed. The vehicle of all low wit, personality, profaneness, and indecency, it attained great popularity without any real influence; and was bought by thousands but prized by none. By true zealots of radicalism, like Robespierre, it was more detested than by royalists—in fact the latter probably did not read it. Robespierre did, and considered it unmixedly mischievous to the common cause. The latest writer on this subject justly remarks, what should be emphasized, that the other side was just as bad. "Marat was not more ferocious than Rivarol or Royon; and Hébert not more obscene than Souleau and Pettier." These scribblers blackguarded every revolutionist, from Talleyrand down to Theroigne, just as the libelers on the other side did every conservative from Marie Antoinette to the three-day tax payer. We are so well used to this sort of thing now, that there is no excuse for making a few pencil pushers shoulder the horrors of Ninety Three. Not only were these incubated in the Tuileries; but it is my firm persuasion that the sanguinary papers, on both sides, were safety valves. They blew off in harmless gas much passion which otherwise would have been left to swell the quantum of bloody deeds. There were, of course, plenty of other new-born papers, and a few old ones; but they are less important to our subject. Besides the *Moniteur*, only one lives—the *Journal des Debats*.

The organs of practical revolution were the political clubs. The original Breton admitted such men as Barnave; and communicated its plans to a committee of ten, among whom each undertook to direct ten leaders in the municipal government of Paris, the National Guard, or the public meetings. Following the king to Paris, it took possession of an abandoned Jacobin monastery, which gave it a new name. Similar organizations, in immense numbers, were formed all over the country. At first the Jacobins were not very ultra. When those schisms occasioned by the ambiguous conduct of Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Bailly began, the mother society was weakened by secession in both directions. The extreme radicals, under lead of Camille Desmoulins, formed a new club the Cordeliers; the Constitutionalists another called the Feuillantists. Both names were taken from disused religious houses where the societies met. In Paris, the Cordeliers, for a time, were almost as influential as the Jacobins. The Feuillantists attempted to capture the affiliated clubs. But victory remained with the original Jacobins. When a second revolution became clearly necessary, the daughter societies rallied to their support; the Cordeliers were reabsorbed; and the Feuillantists vanished in obscurity. It is interesting to note

who were the men who thus understood just how far to go. Robespierre is the most conspicuous during this critical period. Danton and Pétion rose into prominence more gradually. Marat, like Desmoulins, was considered too radical. Yet neither had seriously named a republic. That was first talked about in earnest after the king's actual flight, by a tiny society which seems to have consisted of Brissot, Condorcet, Duchalet, Bonneville, and Thomas Paine.

During 1790 Mirabeau's iron frame began yielding to the strain of labor and debauchery. Frequent attacks of rheumatism and colic gave warnings to which he paid no attention. The suspicion that he was poisoned, though confirmed, after the fashion of legends, by several anecdotes, appears to me quite gratuitous. In December, March, and at other times he expressed consciousness that he was near his end. The day of his fatal illness is stated with extravagant variation which show the access to have been gradual. But he died April 2, 1791, peacefully after great sufferings. All party bickerings were forgotten in the fall of what had been so great. Paris went into mourning. The theatres were closed. Private festivities were postponed. All places of business observed a Sabbath. The Assembly, the Club, and the National Guards, attended in a body, Lafayette, on foot, leading the military. A hundred thousand people were in line. The body was laid in the Church of St. Genevieve, converted about this time into the Pantheon, with the inscription "Aux Grands Hommes: La Patrie Reconnaissante." At the end of the ceremony, twenty thousand muskets fired a salute which shattered every pane of glass.

The death of Mirabeau unsettled whatever plans the court had founded upon his influence. A feeble attempt to substitute his secretary, the minister Montmorin, with whom Mirabeau had been friendly, the Lamettes, Dupont, and Barnave, resulted only in showing that leadership had passed to Robespierre, Danton, Pétion and Marat. Yet the infatuated Marie Antoinette was glad.\* It was much rather Louis who, for reasons we can understand by this time, had leaned on Mirabeau than herself. Now the king must adopt her scheme of flight; which external occurrences had made more promising than before. At Avignon, an old papal foe, there were frightful riots and bloodshed, till the Assembly stepped in and cancelled the pope's nominal sovereignty. His holiness denounces all adherents of the Revolution. Paris replied by burning the pope in effigy. During July, 1790, Belgium, then subject to Austria, was beginning to imitate France. England, Prussia, and Holland, countries profoundly interested in the liberties of Belgium, such as they were, gave them up. Louis allowed the emperor to send troops over French territory. This mad act of a king who professed to accept the Revolution was the true immediate cause of trouble at Nancy. In the same memorable month, Pitt, before the British parliament, endorsed Burke's book on the Revolution, henceforth the Bible of that formidable coalition which was forming against France.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

\* Madame de Tourzel (the dauphin's governess).

ERRATUM.—Last week, p. 6, col. 3, line 18 from top, read "imitated" for "initiated."

## 320

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## For Western Pennsylvania.

As the weather was unfavorable at our last 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.

B. M., New York City.—That "man has conscience and feeling" is indisputable, but that he has "a soul which discriminates between right and wrong" is not a demonstrated fact. We do not know that there is anything else which dominates our feelings (conscience) but the brain. The fact that the basis of the present society is entirely wrong is evidence enough that the majority of

"souls" cannot discriminate between right and wrong. Only by the increase of knowledge, of which the brain is the only monitor, do men perceive the wrongs prevalent in society.

N. M., Montreal, Canada.—The book has been mailed, and we hope you will enjoy the reading. If progressive people had always expediently considered the strength and power of their orthodox enemies, there would have been no advancement made; for the orthodox are always in the majority. Take your own case. You have been arrested and convicted by a bigotted jury for publishing "indecent" literature. Will you now, after you have experienced the power of bigotry, cease to propagate your ideas? If so, some one else will have to defy Comstockism, and thus clear the road for progress, upon which posterity will walk.

J. P. M., Columbus, O.—Your "Notes" have the true ring, yet they are written a little too hasty and careless to be published. But be not discouraged, for the next communication we may gladly print.

C. H. W., Ouray, Colo.—Your article will appear as soon as space will permit.

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