

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

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

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WHOLE NO. 322. 32/

For Freedom.

Nature rejects the monarch, not the man,
The subject, not the citizen: for kings
And subjects, mutual foes, forever play
A losing game into each others' hands,
Whose stakes are vice and misery.

The man
Of virtuous soul commands not nor obeys.
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes what'er it touches; and obedience
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and, of the human frame,
A mechanical automaton.

—Shelley.

— O —

The Soul of Man Under Socialism.

The chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly, the fact that Socialism would relieve us from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. In fact, scarcely anyone at all escapes.

Now and then, in the course of the century, a great man of science like Darwin; a great poet, like Keats; a fine critical spirit, like M. Renan; a supreme artist, like Flaubert, has been able to isolate himself, to keep himself out of reach of the clamorous claims of others, to stand "under the shelter of the wall," as Plato puts it, and so to realize the perfection of what was in him, to his own incomparable gain, and to the incomparable and lasting gain of the whole world. These, however, are exceptions.

The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism—are forced, indeed, so to spoil them. They find themselves surrounded by hideous poverty, by hideous ugliness, by hideous starvation. It is inevitable that they should be strongly moved by all this. The emotions of man are stirred more quickly than man's intelligence; . . . it is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought. Accordingly, with admirable though misdirected intentions, they very seriously and very sentimentally set themselves to the task of remedying the evils that they see. But their remedies do not cure the disease: they merely prolong it. Indeed, their remedies are part of the disease.

They try to solve the problem of poverty, for instance, by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor.

But this is not a solution: it is an aggravation of the difficulty. *The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible.* And the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realized by those who suffer from it, and understood by those

who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things in England, the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good; and at last we have had the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and know the life—educated men who live in the East-End—coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of charity, benevolence, and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right. Charity creates a multitude of sins.

There is also this to be said. It is immoral to use private property in order to alleviate the horrible evils that result from the institution of private property. It is both immoral and unfair. . . .

Socialism, Communism, or whatever one chooses to call it, by converting private property into public wealth, and substituting cooperation for competition, will restore society to its proper condition of a thoroughly healthy organism, and insure the material well-being of each member of the community. It will, in fact, give life its proper basis and its proper environment. But for the full development of life to its highest mode of perfection, something more is needed. What is needed is Individualism. If the Socialism is authoritarian; if there are governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have industrial tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first. At present, in consequence of the existence of private property, a great many people are enabled to develop a certain very limited amount of Individualism. They are either under no necessity to work for their living, or are enabled to choose the sphere of activity that is really congenial to them and gives them pleasure. These are the poets, the philosophers, the men of science, the men of culture—in a word, the real men, the men who have realized themselves, and in whom all humanity gains a partial realization. Upon the other hand, there are a great many people who, having no private property of their own, and being always on the brink of sheer starvation, are compelled to do the work of beasts of burden, to do work that is quite uncongenial to them, and to which they are forced by the peremptory, unreasonable, degrading tyranny of want. These are the poor, and amongst them there is no grace of manner or charm of speech, or civilization, or culture, or refinement in pleasures or joy of life. From their collective force humanity gains much in material prosperity. But it is only the material result that it gains, and the man who is poor is in himself absolutely of no importance. He is merely the infinitesimal atom of a force that, so far from regarding him, crushes him: indeed, prefers him

crushed, as in that case he is far more obedient.

Of course, it might be said that the Individualism generated under conditions of private property is not always, or even as a rule, of a fine or wonderful type, and that the poor, if they have not culture and charm, have still many virtues. Both these statements would be quite true. The possession of private property is very often extremely demoralizing, and that is, of course, one of the reasons why Socialism wants to get rid of the institution. In fact, property is really a nuisance. Some years ago people went about the country saying that property has duties. They said it so often and so tediously that at last the Church has begun to say it. One hears it now from every pulpit. It is perfectly true. Property not merely has duties, but has so many duties that its possession to any large extent is a bore. It involves endless claims upon one, endless attention to business, endless bother. If property had simply pleasures, we could stand it; but its duties make it unbearable. In the interest of the rich we must get rid of it. The virtues of the poor may be readily admitted, and are much to be regretted. We are often told that the poor are grateful for charity. Some of them are, no doubt, *but the best among the poor are never grateful.* They are ungrateful, discontented, disobedient, and rebellious. They are quite right to be so. Charity they feel to be a ridiculously inadequate mode of partial restitution, or a sentimental dole, usually accompanied by some impertinent attempt on the part of the sentimentalist to tyrannize over their private lives. Why should they be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? They should be seated at the board, and are beginning to know it. As for being discontented, a man who would not be discontented with such surroundings and such a low mode of life would be a perfect brute. Disobedience, in the eyes of anyone who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion. Sometimes the poor are praised for being thrifty. But to recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. For a town or country laborer to practise thrift would be absolutely immoral. Man should not be ready to show that he can live like a badly-fed animal. He should decline to live like that, and should either steal or go on the rates, which is considered by many to be a form of stealing. As for begging, it is safer to beg than to take, but it is finer to take than to beg. No; a poor man who is ungrateful, unthrifty, discontented and rebellious is probably a real personality, and has much in him. He is at any rate a healthy protest. As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but

one cannot possibly admire them. They have made private terms with the enemy, and sold their birthright for very bad potage. They must also be extraordinarily stupid. I can quite understand a man accepting laws that protect private property, and admit of its accumulation, as long as he himself is able under those conditions to realize some form of beautiful and intellectual life. But it is almost incredible to me how a man whose life is marred and made hideous by such laws can possibly acquiesce in their continuance.

However, the explanation is not really difficult to find. It is simply this. Misery and poverty are so absolutely degrading, and exercise such a paralyzing effect over the nature of men, that no class is ever really conscious of its own suffering. They have to be told of it by other people, and they often entirely disbelieve them. What is said by great employers of labor against agitators is unquestionably true. Agitators are a set of interfering, meddling people, who come down to some perfectly contented class of the community and sow the seed of discontent among them. That is the reason why agitators are absolutely necessary. Without them, in our incomplete state, there would be no advance toward civilization. Slavery was put down in America, not in consequence of any action on the part of the slaves, or even any express desire on their part that they should be free. It was put down entirely through the grossly illegal conduct of certain agitators in Boston and elsewhere, who were not slaves themselves, nor owners of slaves, nor had anything to do with the question really. It was, undoubtedly, the Abolitionists who set the torch alight, who began the whole thing. And it is curious to note that from the slaves themselves they received, not merely a very little assistance, but hardly any sympathy even; and when, at the close of the war, the slaves found themselves free—found themselves, indeed, so absolutely free that they were free to starve—many of them bitterly regretted the new state of things. To the thinker, the most tragic fact in the whole of the French Revolution is not that Marie Antoinette was killed for being a queen, but that the starved peasant of the Vendée voluntarily went out to die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

It is clear, then, that no authoritarian Socialism will do. For while, under the present system, a very large number of people can lead lives of a certain amount of freedom and expression and happiness, under an industrial barrack system, or a system of economic tyranny, nobody would be able to have any such freedom at all. It is to be regretted that a portion of our community should be practically in slavery, but to propose to solve the problem by enslaving the entire community is childish. Every man must be left quite free to choose his own work. No form of compulsion must be exercised over him. If there is, his work will not be good for him, will not be good in itself, and will not be good for others. And by work I simply mean activity of any kind.

I hardly think that any Socialist, nowadays, would seriously propose that an inspector should call every morning at each

house to see that each citizen rose up and did manual labor for eight hours. Humanity has got beyond that stage, and reserves such a form of life for the people whom, in a very arbitrary manner, it chooses to call criminals. But I confess that many of the Socialistic views that I have come across, seem to me to be tainted with ideas of authority, if not of actual compulsion. Of course, authority and compulsion are out of the question. All association must be quite voluntary. *It is only in voluntary associations that man is fine.*

But it may be asked how Individualism, which is now more or less dependent on the existence of private property for its development, will benefit by the abolition of such private property. The answer is very simple. It is true that, under existing conditions, a few men who have had private means of their own, such as Byron, Shelley, Browning, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire and others, have been able to realize their personality more or less completely. Not one of these men ever did a single day's work for hire. They were relieved from poverty. They had an immense advantage. The question is whether it would be for the good of Individualism that such an advantage should be taken away. Let us suppose that it is taken away. What happens then to Individualism? How will it benefit?

It will benefit in this way. Under the new conditions Individualism will be far freer, far finer, and far more intensified than it is now. I am not talking of the great imaginatively-realized Individualism of such poets as I have mentioned, but of the great actual Individualism latent and potential in mankind generally. For the recognition of private property has really harmed Individualism, and obscured it, by confusing a man with what he possesses. It has led Individualism entirely astray. It has made gain, not growth, its aim. So that man thought that the important thing was to have, and did not know that the important thing is to be. *The true perfection of man lies, not in what man has, but in what man is.* Private property has crushed true Individualism, and set up an Individualism that is false. It has debarred one part of the community from being individual by starving them. It has debarred the other part of the community from being individual by putting them on the wrong road, and encumbering them. . . .

With the abolition of private property, then, we shall have true, beautiful, healthy Individualism. Nobody will waste his life in accumulating things and symbols of things. One will live. To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist—that is all. . . .

It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything; and whatever one takes from it, it will still have—so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them

to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet, while it will not meddle with others it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child. . . .

Individualism, then, is what through Socialism we are to attain to. As a natural result the State must give up all idea of government. It must give it up because, as a wise man once said many centuries before Christ, there is such a thing as leaving mankind alone; there is no such thing as governing mankind. *All modes of government are failures.* Despotism is unjust to everybody, including the despot, who was probably made for better things. Oligarchies are unjust to the many, and ochlocracies unjust to the few. High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. It has been found out. I must say that it was high time, for all authority is quite degrading. It degrades those who exercise it, and degrades those over whom it is exercised. When it is violently, grossly and cruelly used, it produces a good effect, by creating, or at any rate bringing out, the spirit of revolt and individualism that is to kill it. When it is used with a certain amount of kindness, and accompanied by prizes and rewards, it is dreadfully demoralizing. People, in that case, are less conscious of the horrible pressure that is being put upon them, and so go through their lives with a coarse comfort, like petted animals, without ever realizing that they are thinking other people's thoughts, living by other people's standards, wearing practically what one may call other people's second-hand clothes, and never being themselves for a single moment. "He who would be free," says a fine thinker, "must not conform." And authority, by bribing people to conform, produces a very gross kind of overfed barbarism among us.

With authority, punishment will pass away. This will be a great gain—a gain, in fact, of incalculable value. As one reads history—not in the expurgated editions written for schoolboys and passmen, but in the original authorities of each time—one is absolutely sickened, not by the crimes that the wicked committed, but by the punishments that the good have inflicted; *and a community is infinitely more brutalized by the habitual punishment, than it is by the occasional occurrence of crime.* It obviously follows that the more punishment is inflicted the more crime is produced, and most modern legislation has clearly recognized this, and has made it its task to diminish punishment as far as it thinks it can. Wherever it has really diminished it, the results have been extremely good. The less punishment, the less crime. When there is no punishment at all, crime will either cease to exist, or, if it occurs, will be treated by physicians as a very distressing form of dementia, to be cured by care and kindness. For what are called criminals nowadays are not criminals at all. Starvation, and not sin, is the parent of modern crime. That, indeed, is the reason why our criminals are, as a class, so absolutely uninteresting from any psychological point of view. They are not marvelous

Macbeths and terrible Vautrins. They are merely what ordinary, respectable, commonplace people would be if they had not got enough to eat. When private property is abolished, there will be no necessity for crime, no demand for it; it will cease to exist. Of course, all crimes are not against property . . . But though a crime may not be against property, it may spring from the misery and rage and depression produced by our wrong system of property-holding, and so, when that system is abolished, will disappear. When each member of the community has sufficient for his wants, and is not interfered with by his neighbor, it will not be an object of any interest to him to interfere with anyone else. Jealousy, which is an extraordinary source of crime in modern life, is an emotion closely bound up with our conception of property, and under Socialism and Individualism will die out. It is remarkable that in Communistic tribes jealousy is entirely unknown.

And as I have mentioned the word labor, I cannot help saying that a great deal of nonsense is being written and talked nowadays about the dignity of manual labor. There is nothing necessarily dignified about manual labor at all, and most of it is absolutely degrading. It is mentally and morally injurious to man to do anything in which he does not find pleasure, and many forms of labor are quite pleasureless activities, and should be regarded as such. To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral or physical dignity seems to me to be impossible. To sweep it with joy would be appalling. Man is made for something better than disturbing dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine.

And I have no doubt that it will be so. Up to the present, man has been, to a certain extent, the slave of machinery, and there is something tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine to do his work he began to starve. This, however, is, of course, the result of our property system and our system of competition. One man owns a machine which does the work of five hundred men. Five hundred men are, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and having no work to do, become hungry and take to thieving. The one man secures the produce of the machine and keeps it, and has five hundred times as much as he should have, and probably, which is of much more importance, a great deal more than he really wants. Were that machine the property of all, every one would benefit by it. It would be an immense advantage to the community. All unintellectual labor; all monotonous, dull labor; all labor that deals with dreadful things, and involves unpleasant conditions, must be done by machinery. Machinery must work for us in the coal mines, and do all sanitary services, and be the stoker of steamers, and clean the streets, and run messages on wet days, and do anything that is tedious or distressing. At present machinery competes against man. Under proper conditions machinery will serve man. There is no doubt at all that this is the future of machinery; and just as trees grow while the country gentleman is asleep, so while humanity will be amusing

itself, or enjoying cultivated leisure—which, and not labor, is the aim of man—or making beautiful things, or reading beautiful things, or simply contemplating the world with admiration and delight, machinery will be doing all the necessary and unpleasant work. The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends. And when scientific men are no longer called upon to go down to a depressing East-End and distribute bad cocoa and worse blankets to starving people, they will have delightful leisure in which to devise wonderful and marvelous things for their own joy and the joy of everyone else. There will be great storage of force for every city, and for every house if required, and this force man will convert into heat, light, or motion, according to his needs. Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sails. Progress is the realization of Utopias.—Oscar Wilde, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Odds and Ends.

The jury in the Morrison murder trial at Eldorado, Kansas, are married men, with the exception of two. This fact is cited as adding strength to the prosecution. Had the jury been made up of single men, it is charged that their sympathy would be more readily called forth, in Morrison's behalf. Query: Does marriage tend to harden men's hearts? If so, count it as one more argument against the divine institution.

Dr. J. B. Wilson has resigned from the presidency of the American Secular Union, and publicly apologized for the eloquent and stirring appeal he made last spring for liberals to come forward and support the American Secular Union. His last request to his fellow liberals is to "turn the rascals out, and put good honest men at the head of the organization." If this advice is followed, history will undoubtedly repeat itself in the American Secular Union, and in the course of time there will be a new set of rascals to turn out. Those who rely on authoritarian methods in propagating ideas, as well as controlling society, seem never to learn anything by experience. Some few months ago, when Dr. Wilson severely criticised the liberals of the country for not giving more financial support to their union, he intimated that freethinkers could learn much by "studying Church methods." They probably have, but not in the manner suggested by Dr. Wilson. Freethinkers are supposed to be independent thinkers, and as such they are incapable of building up a strong organization, which means the subjection of the mind to a supreme head; and this method strictly adhered to, whether in the name of god, the American Secular Union, or a polit-

ical party, means *always* the propagation and support of a set of parasites, who instead of working for principles, care only for the profits of the privileged position they fill. We may well study such methods, and it is hoped, add to the strength of liberty's cause by refusing to follow them.

In San Francisco the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has been getting in some delectable work. Charles Carter, a photographer by profession, almost penniless and in poor health, with a sick wife, was arrested and thrown into prison, because his little daughter, anxious to help keep the wolf from the door, had been selling papers on the street. Under the watchful care of kind-hearted people, who knew the family's circumstances, the little girl had built up quite a trade, when along came the man who had been delegated by a charitable (?) society to mind other people's business, who decided this was a case that called for humane interference, so complaint was sent in and poor sick Carter dragged off to spend the night in a damp cell, on the false charge of allowing a minor to beg. A society that is capable of sending a helpless sick man to jail on a lying charge ought to be blasted out of existence. The little Carter girl was helping her parents, who were on the brink of want, her work was in the open air, healthful and pleasant. In the city of San Francisco are hundreds of children who work under most abominable circumstances; they drudge in kitchens for fifty or seventy cents a week, and in various ways, only known to the children of the very poor, they help eke out an existence. If the charitable societies for the prevention of cruelty to children really represent humane principles, they would seek out the children who work under taskmasters, and let those alone who were pursuing an independent calling like the Carter child. But the fact is the "societies" represent nothing but wind and hypocrisy. Intelligent people know that under this system the children of the working class are put to work at an early age. They must not only be self-sustaining, but help to sustain the family. Capitalistic industry devours the children as well as the parents, and Christian fanaticism's only remedy is charity for a class that would be self-supporting, if not denied opportunity, and that charity often wielded by a burly policeman, who drags the unfortunate victim of our social system to prison. Charity, justice, and Christianity, are a holy trinity these days.

KATE AUSTIN.

Our contemporary *Le Libertaine*, which, owing to financial difficulties, suspended publication some months ago, is again making its weekly appearance. Our comrades of Paris, France, have now two periodicals, *Les Temps Nouveaux* and *Le Libertaine*.

The Associated Press is certainly misinformed when it reports that the views of Edward Bernstein are about to produce a split in the ranks of the Social Democrats in Germany. The controversies still going on in the Socialist press are nothing but sham-fights, because practically Bernstein's views—opportunism—have long ago been adopted.

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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.

A man in civilized life is supposed to obey the laws. But he never knows the laws—at least he never knows more than a few of them. Laws are made much faster than people can read them—to say nothing of committing them to memory. A man seldom is aware that he has disobeyed the law till he finds that he has incurred a penalty. And yet every man is supposed to know the law! What a farce and what a fraud! Lawyers and judges are excused for not knowing the law, but the common people never! Isn't that strange?—J. Wilson.

Notes.

Those desiring copies of this number for distribution can have them sent to their address by dropping us a postal.

The article on "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," by Oscar Wilde, from which we have made copious extracts in this issue, meets with our full approval. The attention of authoritarian Socialists is especially called to this excellent article.

Note and Comment.

The labor unions of Colorado and Arizona have certainly not gained much prestige by entering the political arena for redress, for their failure has been signal and complete.

Aside from the utter futility and corruption of political action, it increases the feeling of individual irresponsibility, and involves, as J. Blair Smith puts it, "the loss of self-reliance; the partial deprivation of reason; the blunting of the moral sense; lack of individuality and initiative; apathy and indifference."

Another Socialist "science" passes into oblivion. "History does not support the faith of the Socialists of the old school that capitalism is bound to work out, mechanically, so to speak, its own destruction, and then to be replaced by Socialism," declares Isador Ladoff, in the *Social Democratic Herald*. Thus it appears that "science" becomes "faith" when opportunism, which is now barefacedly advocated by the Social Democrats, is to be justified.

Jules Guesde, one of the leading French Marxian Socialists, protests against opportunism, but his voice will die away in a desert. Among other things he says:

Comrades, the day when the Socialist party, the day when the organized proletariat would understand and practice the class struggle under the form of sharing political power with the capitalist class, that day there would be no more Socialism; that day there would no longer exist a proletariat capable of emancipation; that day the workingmen would have become again what they were twenty-two years ago, when they responded either to the call of the opportunist bourgeoisie against the monarchic bourgeoisie, or to the call of the radical bourgeoisie against the opportunist bourgeoisie, they would then be merely a class, a party of domesticated followers, without reason for their existence, and without a future.

The Philadelphia *Press* thinks that American government "will be such a blessing as the Filipinos have never experienced, and will unquestionably soon bring peace, contentment, and prosperity to the people of the Philippine Islands." If by Filipinos the editor means the Sultan sultan, who has been enabled to increase the number of his wives by the "American government," and a few others who have been bribed by fat sinecures, we agree with him. These parasites are quite contented everywhere. But if he means the Filipinos in general, then we would like to inquire why the "American government" has not been able to give us such "blessings" at home, where business failures, strikes, and discontent are the order of the day?

The Boston *Traveler* deplores the fact that "our servants in Washington" cannot be moved, "in the name of God and humanity," to protest against "such fiendish barbarism as the English are perpetrating in South Africa upon women and little children." Indeed here is a chance for protest from "our servants," and while they are about the job they might as well protest against equally as outrageous crimes at home—against the burning of Negroes, stockading workmen, shooting down strikers, starving men, women, and children. But it is ridiculous to appeal for sympathy to personages whose "humanity" does not extend beyond the exploitation of labor, the sale of whiskey, and other "surplus" products.

The News, of Dallas, Texas, points out that the sanctimonious Supreme Court of the United States, which the average American worships as an unimpeachable institution, has reversed itself in these cases:

1. It has decided (Dartmouth college case) that a State charter is a contract which the State may not break, and later that a State may break it.
2. It has decided that Congress has exclusive authority to regulate commerce on all our navigable waters, and later that it has not. Later yet, it has reversed that reversal and reaffirmed its first decision.
3. It has decided that stock certificates may not be issued under a State law, and later that they may.
4. It has decided that any State may prohibit the importation of alcoholic liquors, and later that no State may do so.
5. It has decided that Congress has no power to make paper money legal tender for debts incurred before its issue, and later that it has unlimited power to make paper legal tender in peace or war.
6. It has twice decided that any income tax is constitutional, and once—the last time—that it is not.

At this time of the year America is having its annual fit of insanity. The millionaire manager and the ragged penniless wretch just out of prison or the bull-pen, vie with the small boy in their mad desire to effect the greatest racket. Year after year the

same scenes are enacted, becoming each time more meaningless and inane as the spirit of liberty, which stirred the hearts of the men of '76, is drowned in clamor and noise.

A Question.

The Anarchists do not believe in reform, why, then, do they belong to labor unions? Is not Trades Unionism a reform movement? S. S. Rich.

COMMENT.

Trades Unionism has so far unfortunately only waged war with capital to shorten hours and increase wages; but because organized labor confines itself strictly to the economic field, the Anarchists can consistently join it, to improve our own economic condition whenever possible, without deviation from the propaganda of our ultimate aim. And the more the Anarchists endeavor to permeate the ranks of organized labor with their ideas, the sooner will it be a forcible factor in the struggle between the exploiters and the exploited.

It is true, so far organized labor has gained comparatively very little economically; but morally it has achieved a tremendous power, which the Anarchists should foster and nourish. The feeling of international solidarity has grown immensely; the idea of a general strike becomes more and more popular; the idea that the wage system is slavery, also dawns upon the intellect of many prominent Trades Unionists; and if we can keep organized labor aloof from political methods, there will be no disappointment for us, even if we have participated in a movement, which in its infancy had only reforms in view.

Rural Homes.

Rural homes present a wider variety in style of living than almost any other class of industrial abodes. Farmers of the east do not live as do the western agriculturalists, nor as they did twenty-five years ago. Prairie farms differ from all others, and the "shoe-string ranch" of the mountain regions is like nothing else under the sun. Forty years ago, the farmer of Ohio lived in log houses, sometimes hewn and "double," but more often they were one-roomed with a garret above and a board addition built on behind. Today, the farm owners live in large, substantial, handsome structures and are called "well-to-do." But the fine farm house has not taken the place of every humble home of logs. Several of the "old homesteads" have probably fallen into the hands of one owner, probably the inhabitant of the fine dwelling, and the homes surrounding it are board shanties, or simple little frames where the tenant farmers and their families live, and in some instances, where the single farm hands board and sleep.

No doubt, the rich farmer who lives in the handsome house was once poor; he and his wife commenced life in a two-room log cabin, worked hard and saved every penny that could be spared from actual living expenses to meet their payments. But this is no indication that every poor farmer who begun with little ought to have done the same. And even possible though it might have been to begin poor and succeed during the last

forty years, it does not argue that every man can do it now. The days of small farmers with simple tools and with only the gratuitous help of his neighbors has gone by. The tenant farmer cannot now do what his landlord employer has done; the newcomer with no more than the rich farmer had forty years ago could no more get a foothold here than he could spring into paradise.

True, there are some deserted farms in the east; but new possessors could no easier work them without money than could the old ones, who were no doubt forced to give up the struggle. Farther west, the conditions are more equalized. And yet in every State the small farmer will tell you that it is a desperate struggle he is making. Farming pays when thousand acre pieces are tilled with all the modern machinery in use! But this kind of farming excludes homes. The "hands" who do the work probably live in long, low board buildings where the bunks are only shelves one above another, and their food is served by men cooks on a long slab serving for a table, without a thought of covers and napkins.

Still there are many common working farmers' homes, owned by the farmers themselves as well as a mortgage will allow, throughout the west. They dot the prairies, they nestle under clump of trees in the timber States, they peep out from little canons or are perched up in some nook in the mountains where a strip of level land permits some tillage—little frame structures, or cots of upright boards, stone, brick, or abode, of two, three, or four rooms. How many of them, alas! are isolated, dreary looking, ugly, unhomelike places! Inside, there will only be such furniture as is actually necessary to sustain life. The traditional "front room" will contain a table with a cotton table cover, a rocking chair, a lounge, an old book or two and one or two chromos; if there is anything else it is something put in to get it out of the way—a pile of boxes or perhaps bags of wheat. In far too many of these country homes there is no attempt at ornament and beauty; even where flowers almost grow of themselves, they are ragged-looking, and wild or absent altogether.

There is plenty of wise criticism and good advice anent these unlovely homes, and enough who will say that there is "no need of any home being ugly, bare and dreary." It is true that a little love of the beautiful, a little artistic taste, a little extra energy and a little leisure, are sufficient to turn a plain wooden house into a bower of beauty, and pictures and books are cheap enough that no one with ambition need be entirely without them. But—ah! that little extra energy, and leisure and artistic taste! Where are they to come from? The men do their chores by twilight morning and evening, and work all day in the burning sun. The women cook for work hands, three solid meals and more or less luncheon every day; wash, iron, scrub, take care of the milk and the chickens, make garden for vegetables, look after the small children, sew, patch, knit, darn. Every child big enough to walk has his duties. At night, every one is too weary to do more than crawl away to bed. The monotony and tediousness of such a

life soon kills the little love of the beautiful, the ambition to nourish the mental, the few ideals that may have in the first place existed in their fresh, young natures.

Isolated drudgery is worse for humanity than anything else in the world. As labor in its true sense will sometime be our greatest delight and blessing, so is toil under present conditions the greatest curse. Cooperation, full returns, voluntarism will make all really productive exertion a joy; the misery of long drudgery, for a pittance, compulsion, isolation, working alone, have made labor so wretched a thing that the present generation can scarcely understand that labor could possibly be a delight, a health-giver, a blessing. L. M. H.

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Representative Government.

Representative government is a system which was elaborated by the middle class to make head against royalty and, at the same time, to maintain and augment their domination of the workers. It is the characteristic form of middle class rule. But even its most ardent admirers have never seriously contended that a parliament or municipal body does actually represent a nation or a city; the more intelligent are aware that this is impossible. By upholding parliamentary rule the middle class have been simply seeking to oppose a dam betwixt themselves and royalty, or betwixt themselves and the territorial aristocracy, without giving liberty to the people. It is moreover plain that, as the people become conscious of their interests, and as the variety of those interests increases, the system becomes unworkable. And this is why the democrats of all countries are seeking for different palliatives or correctives and cannot find them. They are trying the Referendum, and discovering that it is worthless; they prate of proportional representation, of the representation of minorities, and other parliamentary utopias. In a word, they are striving to discover the undiscoverable; that is to say a method of delegation which shall represent the myriad varied interests of the nation; but they are being forced to recognize that they are upon a false track, and confidence in government by delegation is passing away.—Peter Kropotkin.

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Here and There.

The miners of Globe, Ariz., followed the advice of their Socialist friends, and elected their own pledged man to the legislature to work for the height-hour law. Disappointment was the result, for "their own" man failed even to vote for the measure. True, the miners kicked this "honorable" gentleman out of town with fence rails and hobnail boots, but this heroism has not in the least altered their condition.

According to the *Union Labor News*, "the Colorado State Federation of Labor, after much hard work and the expenditure of considerable money, succeeded in electing a number of union men to the legislature. With this force it managed to pass the employ-

ers' liability bill. It was known in advance that the governor would sign the bill. Laboring men everywhere were jubilant. But within a few hours after the final vote on the measure, the roll call mysteriously disappeared. There is, therefore, no way of proving by the records that the measure was adopted. It is generally believed that a certain company employing a large number of men, hired a professional thief to abstract the roll call." But, "after all," the editor concludes, "the thief who stole the roll call and so killed the Colorado employer's liability law, only saved the Supreme Court the trouble."

In West Virginia three union miners were killed and twenty wounded by non-union men last week. Although the aggressors were the non-union men, the court issued injunctions against the strikers which, owing to their abominable character, even the sheriff refused to execute. They have armed themselves, and trouble is feared. At Rochester, N. Y., about 1,000 strikers clashed with the police, and twenty laborers and eleven policemen were injured. Such events clearly demonstrate that in this country evolution is "peace and harmony combined."

The "boys in blue," who are still busy in "civilizing" the natives of the Philippine and Guam islands, are a fine lot indeed. Not only do they indulge in wholesale robberies of government money, provision and clothes, but even steal the last barrel of whiskey from the naval hospital, as the governor of Guam, Seaton Schroeder, states in his official report.

The tunnel workers in Switzerland have brought consternation into the camp of their employers. Four thousand of them are on strike, demanding a six-hour workday.

The June number of the *International Socialist Review* contains some interesting reading matter; but one article, "Socialism in Denmark" by Gustav Bang, is somewhat antiquated. Nearly three years ago the same essay appeared in the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* in Germany, and it is safe to suppose that the situation in Denmark has changed since.

The Privy Council of Norway has recently enacted that "no Norwegian woman shall in future, on the occasion of her marriage, be compelled to vow obedience to her husband." It is said that the main reason why the council decided to eliminate the objectionable clause was because it felt convinced that it was a dead letter!—Ex.

At the recent Anarchist congress in Belgium, the French speaking comrades agreed to publish a journal—*Le Bulletin*. Address Georges Thonar, 30 Chausse Saint Pierre, Bruxelles, Belgium.

The radical university of France seems to have learned a lesson from the different university scandals in the United States. M. Hevré, professor of history at the Sens University, was discharged for publishing an anti-military essay.

The machinations of the thieves in Congress are sanctioned by the voting cattle.

History of the French Revolution.

XIII

Here, as wherever there was brooding mischief, Marie Antoinette's finger may be seen. Burke knew her; and her personal misfortunes are the constant burden of his Jeremiad. The effects of this publication upon all subsequent history are, however, far too important to permit dismissing it lightly. The reasoning, indeed, is worse than contemptible, for it starts with utterly false premises. The author of "Natural Society" and champion of American independence, assumes that the French Revolution is a hateful triumph of Anarchy and infidelity. But when he wrote, Louis might, at his own choice, be much more of a king than George III, whom Burke resisted so manfully, had ever managed to become: the French Church had not been destroyed—only reformed, with far less violence than the English; the nobles had either voluntarily sacrificed their odious privileges or proved well worthy of the fate so many found. If it be said Burke foresaw the future—I will reserve that. Burke sometimes writes for the class of English gentry, sometimes to them. In the former case he betrays what they have in common with all exploiters—a bad conscience, fearing to give up the worst of their neighbor's sins lest awakened public sentiment should require from themselves some other title than prescription. But in laboring to combine all elements of reaction, he shows no common skill. The Revolution was hailed with delight by the English Evangelicals, on whom the George Gordon riots had recently brought a stigma. Burke identifies sympathy for the Revolution with Dissent; and thus engages the English establishment on the side of the Roman hierarchy. Unitarians, Deists, *hoc genus omne*, were for the Revolution. Burke, most illogically, but also sagaciously, makes the Revolution saddle the burden of infidelity, as well as Evangelicism! Thus he gains hearers among the "people called Methodists," and Presbyterians, who inwardly regret the godly days of Cromwell. It was a real triumph of genius to get the English rectors, country gentlemen, and half the sectarian preachers, into line with a despotic throne and popish Church! To the foreign priests and nobles, Burke could give no feelings. But he gave them ideas and words—two commodities of which they were abundantly in lack. Nay, he added to their material force something else besides England. The philosophic and reforming kings of that period—the Fredericks and Josephs—might have thought twice about flying, Quixote-like, at so novel and formidable a giant as revolutionary France. They might have reasoned that a weak popular assembly was in many ways more convenient for themselves than a graded aristocracy, rich, proud, powerful, and punctilious. It was Burke who convinced them that they had no choice—that if regenerated Europe still allowed kings to exist, they must be servants playing at masters, not masters playing at servants. Thus, his success was prodigious. Thirty thousand copies of his pamphlet were quickly sold. Without it there would probably have been no coalition—certainly the coalition must have been without England; that is, must have failed completely. We have already remarked that

those social conditions which inspire men's deepest apprehensions are, *for that very reason*, exactly those which there is least reason to fear. A cross-examining philosopher, like Socrates, would soon compel prophets of Chaos to prove, against themselves, that Chaos, being abhorrent to general human nature, can never come of giving human nature free swing, but only of uniting personal power to personal idiosyncrasy. Yet this is also true, that, as Bacon remarked, the intensity of any action is increased by vicinity to its opposite. The Revolution, before 1791, was not even republican. But with the conservatism of Europe united against it, it rapidly became so. The execution of Louis, the leveling of social distinctions, the abolition of religious establishment, were thus added to the list of prophecies which work their own fulfilment.

On May 6, 1791, Burke publicly renounced friendship with Fox, and went over to the Tory ranks, followed by a large section of the Whigs. On the 20th, a conference of the European powers was held at Mantua. Leopold, the new emperor of Austria, agreed to assemble 35,000 men in Flanders. The German States were to send 15,000 into Alsace. As many more were engaged in Switzerland, to march on Lyons. Sardina promised invasion of Dauphiny; Spain to send 20,000 soldiers over the Pyrenees. Prussia and Hanover (under George III) cooperated heartily. Naples and Parma joined the greater folks in a protest against French reforms, which involved extreme doctrines of divine right. Pitt was drifting the same way unwillingly; and so, for reasons already explained, was Marie Antoinette. But both did resolve on trusting the coalition.

On the 18th of April, the royal family now proposed going back to St. Cloud. Lafayette sanctioned this move; and they supposed him omnipotent. Public suspicion had, however, been awakened by the facts that in Mirabeau the king had just lost his only adviser who was still generally trusted; that his aunts, having got out of the country, took care not to return; and that he made substantially the same excuse for leaving his regular residence as they. He could not, it seems, receive the sacraments from "constitutional" priests; yet it would not "look well" to have non-jurors at the Tuileries! With characteristic judgment, all Paris was allowed to know of his intentions, the date, and the scarcely ostensible motive. Lafayette appears as infatuated as anyone else. He took no precautions to protect the king from insult. It does not, indeed, seem impossible they were all playing double—Louis trying to feel the public pulse, the queen to create a riot which would scare him into actual flight, and Lafayette to have others take the responsibility of detaining both in Paris. If this were so, all had their wishes. On the fatal morning a mob assembled at the Tuileries, and stopped the royal coach. Bailly was sent for, and remonstrated in vain. Lafayette appeared with some National Guards; but they took the side of the people. He went to the Hotel de Ville, and demanded authority to proclaim martial law. Danton was there to oppose the proposition; and another battalion of National Guards were ready to fight. The municipality decided against Lafayette. The king

gave up, and next day complained to the Assembly. The Assembly expressed sympathy with his majesty; Lafayette, resigned command; the Guards apologized, and begged him to resume office—which he did. The king remained in Paris! Escape from thence, on the direct road, was next planned for the royal prisoners by Bouillé. But they would not let him have his way about details. He wished that they should separate, and ride in common carriages. The queen, knowing how little her husband could be relied on, insisted that all should go together. A huge vehicle called a Berline was sent, not indeed to the Tuileries, but the city gates. The queen made so many preparations that two of her maids gave warnings; and the watch was accordingly doubled. Bouillé advised Louis to take as "courier" a competent person, whom he had selected. The king chose instead to have three blundering Body Guards look out for such important matters as securing the horse-relays. Against Bouillé's advice, he also insisted on having small cavalry parties stationed in towns he had to pass. By all these means was aroused again that Asmodeus of suspicion, who watched over Liberty so savagely and well. To get rid of a suspected attendant, the flight was moreover put off a day. This assisted to create belief in further postponement, after these troops who were to escort Louis had given people an idea that something was going on. During the night of June 20, the count of Provence, directed by a sensible escort, arose, left the Tuileries, took a post chaise, and reached Brussels without difficulty. The adventures of Louis and his family about the same hour, are related in a very conflicting manner by authorities none of them the best; and as such particulars are of no consequence to history, it is enough all found the Berline. Madame de Tourzel traveled as Baroness de Korff, a Russian, who had obtained the necessary passports. The queen was her maid, the king (called Durand) her valet; Madame Elizabeth governess to her children, (the dauphin, dressed as a girl, and his sister). A Body Guard accompanied them as another flunkey; a second rode on the box, beside the coachman, Count Axtel de Fersen, who had steered the queen out of Paris; the third went ahead to have horses ready. At Bondy, only seven and a half miles from Paris, Louis insisted on dropping his best companion Fersen.* From hence, to attract more attention, the Berline was followed by a small carriage, containing two of the queen's ladies. At Montmirail, it was detained an hour by breaking of a trace. At Pont Sommeville, the first station beyond Chalons, it should have found soldiers but did not. As Bouillé predicted, they had proved enough to excite alarm but not to give protection. The people had driven them away; and they had sent word to their comrades elsewhere that Louis was not coming. At Sainte Menchould, which the fugitives reached about sunset,

* He was always the queen's friend, and has been represented as her lover; but he would not join in the follies of her set. He had served in the American war. After Marie Antoinette sank into a culprit under the death watch, he attempted to save her by bribing an officer; but her own blunders, as usual, frustrated his plans. He represented his country (Sweden, though the origin of his family was Scotch) at Campo Formio. Fate overtook him finally, in a riot at Stockholm.

there were however some dragoons, surrounded by an angry mob. Here the king and queen were recognized by one Drouet, himself formerly a dragoon, who had seen them at Versailles. Probably to avoid an encounter with the cavalry, he rode ahead seeking a better place at which to interfere. The Berline was allowed to go on; but the people, already suspicious, detained the soldiers with wine and compliments, won them over, and arrested their captain, D'Andoins, who had declined joining Louis on the really plausible ground that it would do more harm than good. The alarm bells were now ringing from village to village. Count Damas, in command of the dragoons at Clermont, said, like D'Andoins, that he could only compromise the king by seeming to know him. At Varennes, the officer entrusted made a final mistake by ordering fresh horses to wait on the further side of a bridge, though the last stage ended on that nearer Paris.* He neither sent word to the king, who, he had been told, would not arrive, nor thought to warn Bouillé's son, who came to see if all went well, that the horses might be expected where they were not to be found. The post boys would not go beyond their stage. For half an hour the coach was delayed—half an hour late at night, with the dread alarm bell sounding from the neighbor villages. This was decisive. But by bribes and threats, the Body Guards at last got the coach to move again. It entered a yawning chasm—a gloomy arch surmounted by an antique tower, across the bridge, which spans the little river Aire. Here a cart had just been overturned in the way—for Louis' money procured such fast driving that Drouet was barely able to reach Varennes before him, arouse a late party at a tavern, and send for the mayor. The church bell now began to ring. The sleeping hussars roused themselves and came out, only to meet National Guards who attacked them with wine and quickly won them over. Their commander, a green youth, rode off to tell Bouillé, whose son, in despair, soon did the same. The king's interview with Drouet and the mayor, is, of course, contradictorily reported. But, according to the most probable version, the mayor, Sausse by name, politely escorted his suspicious visitors into his shop (he was a grocer). They sat down forlornly upon barrels. Sausse coaxed them upstairs, and sent for a local nobleman named D'Estey, who recognized the king at once. By this time building and streets were full of peasants armed with pitchforks and other rustic weapons. No longer attempting disguise, both Louis and the queen addressed them with much dignity, and made a considerable impression. But while some wept, others cursed and threatened to shoot him on the spot. All agreed they must take time. That this fat awkward man, dressed like a servant, should be the king, and that faded agitated woman the queen, was strange enough. But that the king should be going over to the enemy, only thirty miles away, excited fury which nothing could restrain except assurances of his detention. During the small hours, the Duke de Choiseul arrived

from Pont Sommeville with his party of forty German dragoons, and Damas who had joined en route. They ran the gauntlet of some obsolete cannon; entered Varennes, picked up a few more loyal soldiers, under Goguelat, the person who had blundered the relay; and sought Sausse's grocery. De Choiseul and Goguelat, sword in hand, forced their way up the narrow crooked stairs and urged the king to let them cut him out. As when D'Inislad made a similar proposal, Louis would not formally consent. The debate lasted an hour. By that time the patriots had assembled in such force that Drouet and Sausse could be firm. Goguelat, intent on repairing his error at any cost, tried to bring up the carriage again, and was shot by a National Guard. The queen almost went on her knees to Madame Sausse, who made the sensible reply, "I must think of my husband as you are thinking of yours!" The dauphin lay asleep on Sausse's bed. His sister, in great terror, was clinging to her aunt, who sat by Mme. de Tourzel on a bench. The king was eating bread and cheese, and drinking wine which he pronounced good! At daylight, he was brought to plead with the multitude from a window of the little room. They looked at his sorry figure with compassion; and some cried "Vive le roi!" But they were unanimous in demanding that he should return to Paris. At five, about sixty dragoons arrived from Stenay, where their commander Deslon had been warned of the situation. It is said even Marie Antoinette shrank from the risk of attempting to carry out her children now. Louis pinned his hopes on Bouillé. This energetic general, notified by his son, about half past four, of what had happened, did actually, though with great difficulty, collect 3,000 German horse—for not a Frenchman would have moved. But he reached Varennes too late, and at once fled over the frontier. The king's escape was known at Paris about 7 a. m. on the 21st. The Tuileries was instantly invaded by a mob, who stole nothing, but showed their contempt for royalty by peddling, smoking, and rumaging. Somebody put one of the queen's caps on a maiden of St. Antoine. She threw it down, saying, "It would stain my forehead." Soon there were more alarming demonstrations. Santerre led forth 2,000 men, armed with pikes and wearing a new device—the red cap of liberty. As usual, Lafayette's conduct was ambiguous. He perhaps thought the king's flight opened his own way to prime ministry under a less unmanageable sovereign. He openly dared to insinuate such sensible reflections as that Louis could do more harm in France than anywhere else. But he soon found it would cost his life to be suspected of connivance. At eight he took upon himself to order the king's arrest wherever found. At nine the Assembly met. It assumed regency. It ordered the detention of all would-be emigrants. It set about vigorous preparations for war. Lafayette's aide De Renouf, whom the royal family rather liked, was able to reach Varennes at 7 a. m. on the 22d. With tears in his eyes, he presented the Assembly's order. When the queen reproached him, he said, most likely with truth, that he had hoped not to overtake her. Louis threw the document on the bed, and made the pro-

phetic observation, "There is no longer a king in France." The queen snatched the paper away, crying, "It shall not defile my children." "Madame," said Renouf gently, "would you have others witness these passions?" The royal family, doubtless with his connivance, delayed as much as possible; but the local authorities, expecting Bouillé's arrival, insisted on their starting, about eight.

Meanwhile, the news of their flight, called up all France, as the first shot fired against Fort Sumter, did America. Truly or falsely, all believed, and in spite of Louis' excuses continued to believe, that he went to head a foreign invasion. From every Department poured in vehement expressions of loyalty to the nation and abhorrence of the king. The municipality of Villepoux wrote, "We are all prepared to be torn in ribbons rather than let the integrity of the Constitution be violated." "Our fields," said the citizens of Allier and Nivernais, "are covered with harvests and men. Men and harvests are at the service of their country." "We are but few," cried the people of a little Norman town. "We have but two hundred men capable of bearing arms; but they are young, strong, and courageous. They are all ready to rush upon any foe who shall invade the soil of France." Bordeaux offered 4,200 troops at once. Women sent their jewels to the treasury. The king had left an appeal to the people, and a private note to M. de la Porte. This gentleman brought it to the Assembly still sealed. It was returned to him. The Assembly condescended to answer the king's complaints, over whose shocking weakness it is charity to draw a veil; denounced his perjury without diplomatic phrases; dropped, in acknowledgment of public sentiment, the pretense that he had been abducted; hurled defiance at his foreign allies; and called on the people, not (which would been unnecessary) to rise, but to keep cool and avoid excesses. The outburst of feeling was not confined to France. The English radical historian Catherine Macaulay is said to have died of the shock on learning that he had fled to direct the coalition against his country. At the news of his arrest, about 10 a. m. on the 22d, the Assembly appointed three commissioners to receive and protect him. But the popular passion did not subside. Marat called loudly for a dictatorship and execution of the trimmers. Robespierre, Danton, Pétion, and Camille Desmoulins, expressed themselves very similarly. The membership of the Jacobin Club and its affiliated societies increased rapidly to 200,000.

The royal captives spent three days on the road they lately traversed in one. They presented a picture of misery. The queen's hair had become snow white during those few terrible hours at Varennes. As there was great danger of violence, their stage-horses walked amidst thousands of infantry, in a cloud of suffocating dust. At Sainte Menchould, 15,000 people greeted them with hisses. On the road to Chalons, an aristocrat who attempted to salute the king was shot. Chalons itself was a royalist town, and received his majesty with ceremony; but at Epernay he was insulted again. Not far from this place, the Berline was boarded by the commissioners Barnave and Pétion, who henceforth exercised authority. Lafayette arranged to have the cortege enter Paris from the west, where the wide streets could be lined with troops. C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* His idea apparently was that if suspicion should arise while they were changing horses (the most likely time) it were best the bridge should have been already crossed.

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The Letter-Box.

J. A. M., Los Angeles.—We think we have given fair space to both sides of the vaccination question, and consider it closed for the present.

M. C., Seattle, Wash.—It may be true that we are violating the laws of the State of Illinois by advocating the abolition of all government, for all we know; but if that's the case, then the greater reasons for abolishing them.

M. M., Seattle, Wash.—No; since the Socialist Labor Party man was induced

to go out "on the wild goose chase," to use your own expression, or in other words, to "capture the government," he ceased to be a Revolutionist; and there are many, very many criticisms "from the standpoint of an honest, well informed proletarian." In your own ranks, Liebknecht and Marx were the first, if I am not mistaken, who criticized the party's attitude. The first for participating in the Reichstag farce, and the latter for the compromising platform that was drawn up in Gotha, 1869. But the warnings were not heeded, and the "revolution" is still being made in the Reichstag, while the two and a half million voters are patiently waiting for the day that shall bring salvation.

F. M., City.—We considered it beneath our dignity to argue against *The Worker's* insinuation that the capitalists are utilizing the Anarchist movement against the Socialists and organized labor. The editor wrote that sentence blushing, I am sure.

F. T., City.—We are certainly in favor of the Press Writer's Union. The more the daily press is bombarded with radical thought, the better; but why the Press Writer's Union should be endorsed by FREE SOCIETY is a mystery to us. We think the less noise the members make about their aim, the greater will be the chances to have their letters published.

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