

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, JULY 28, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 324.

Marsh - Bloom.

TO GAETANO BRESCI.

Requiem, requiem, requiem,
Blood-red blossom of poison stem
Broken for Man,
Swamp-sunk leafage and dungeon bloom,
Seeded bearer of royal doom,
What now is the ban?
What to thee is the island grave?
With desert wind and desolate wave
Will they silence Death?
Can they weight thee now with the heaviest stone?
Can they lay ought on thee with "Be alone,"
That hast conquered breath?
Lo, "it is finished"—a man for a king!
Mark you well, who have done this thing,
The flower has roots;
Bitter and rank grow the things of the sea;
Ye shall know what sap ran thick in the tree
When ye pluck its fruits.
Requiem, requiem, requiem,
Sleep on, sleep on, accursed of them
Who work our pain;
A wild Marsh-blossom shall blow again
From a buried root in the slime of men,
On the day of the Great Red Rain.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Philadelphia, July, 1901.

An Era of Transition.

III

THE ECONOMICS OF EXPANSION.

We have seen how the increase of capital beyond the demands of domestic industry prompts the desire for territorial acquisition as a step toward commercial expansion. This might be further illustrated by a brief survey of recent history. The sudden ebullition of jingo sentiment, which landed the administration at first with reluctance, into a policy of aggressive imperialism, coincided in point of time with a significant revolution in the economic conditions of this country. Hitherto we had absorbed not only all the capital that our steadily growing wealth could furnish, but also as much more as the capitalists of other nations would invest in American enterprises. But with amazing rapidity a change came over the whole aspect of our international commercial relations. From being a borrowing people we loomed up as a lending nation. First there was the movement which brought home American securities held in Europe. We would no longer pay interest to foreigners, but would satisfy the more pressing needs of native investors. Then the tables were turned when Europe became a borrower on a large scale in the United States.

Nor was this all the transformation that had set in. Stimulated by the influx of gold from the Klondike and elsewhere, American industry entered on a new career. Prosperity for the speculator and capitalist arrived by leaps and bounds. Free silver is dead, but it is the abundance of gold and not a Republican government that has killed it. The fertile plains of the great West had always done their part toward feeding the

world, but now the American manufacturer began to flood the markets over sea with his machine-made productions. The value of our exports shot up like a rocket into billions and greatly exceeded imports, an event unprecedented in our commercial annals. Other nations began to recognize Uncle Sam as their most dangerous rival, a trading competitor, with all the odds in his favor. Hence the growing enmity of Europe toward the great republic.

At the beginning of the war with Spain McKinley and his advisers had not yet caught on to the nature of the changes under way. They were imbued with the time-honored American idea that to rule any people against their will or seize their territory would be "nothing short of criminal aggression," a policy no liberty-loving American could fail to abhor. But the nimble politician soon awoke to the discovery that it was no longer the undeveloped, insular, protection-needing United States of the past, of which he was president, but a new commercial nation, crying for opportunities to expand, seeking markets for her products and outlets for her surplus capital. Thus it came to pass that we entered the empire business and mean to stay.

As for protection, we have outgrown the need of it; the other fellow now demands it to save him from the under-selling Yankee. So Bill McKinley of "McKinley bill" notoriety discards his old fancy, and is busy converting his party to his plan of commercial treaties, a step toward free trade. Over half a century ago England for similar reasons became the free trade pioneer. Her position as the world domineering, manufacturing and commercial nation rendered such a course at that time advantageous. America's turn at industrial supremacy has come, and it is fitting that the protagonist of protection here should, like Peel in England, become the leader in a reverse movement.

What I wish to exhibit by this excursion into political history is that our colonial experiments are a necessary part of the economic transition that has already taken place. The growth of wealth, the abundance of capital, the decline of interest, lead naturally to an aggressive foreign policy. Capitalism has entered on its next phase.

The Chinese difficulty is another outcome of expanding capitalism. To quote from an article by the present writer printed last year: "For several years past American and European capitalists have been steadily at work in China laying the foundations for the new industrial policy. According to Charles Denby, Jr., late secretary of the Chinese legation, there were a year ago five cotton mills, equipped with the latest English machinery, in operation at Shanghai. The rate of wages ranged from five to seventeen cents a day, the hours of work from twelve to fourteen. Children of tender years, besides

women nursing their babes, were employed. Investors seeking large profits have here nothing to fear from meddlesome labor legislation. Foreign syndicates have secured numerous government concessions for building railroads in order, among the rest, to develop the rich mineral regions of Shansi and Honan. Here lie vast coal fields side by side with great deposits of iron ore. Labor is everywhere cheap and abundant. Truly a tempting field for enterprising capitalists dissatisfied with the moderate profits to be obtained in industrial pursuits at home. It seems so much easier to exploit the weak heathen Chinese than it is to sbuceze the well-organized, intelligent American. But the Boxer uprising has shown that even the despised Celestial will not submit to be fleeced according to Western methods without resistance. When the allied armies have 'restored order' once more the process of industrial development or exploitation will be resumed."

Beneath the whole fabric of world civilization, as we have pictured it, lies the economic system which compels the mass of the people to toil for a precarious living, and supports a non-producing class, whose sole function is to consume the fruits of other folks' labor. While creating wealth in abundance, though far from as much as the present industrial facilities could produce, the worker is unable to buy with his wages anything like an equivalent of the results of his toil. If he takes say his week's pay and sets out to supply his wants, he cannot purchase commodities that embody six days of average labor. Yet his wages represent to him a week's work. That is what he paid for them. Between the man as producer and as consumer there is a leak somewhere. The system is inequitable. There is no exchange of equivalents. What is the consequence? A tendency to gluts, periodic industrial depressions, enforced idleness, wide-spread suffering among the workless poor.

The capitalist and commercial classes do not desire such a state of things. They would avoid it if they knew how. But as the possessing class they control the surplus product, the wealth that piles up through the channels called rent, interest, and profit. The masses are so conditioned economically that they can never consume the output. Yet to maintain the system in running order, the surplus must be disposed of, and that, too, at a profit, if the proprietary class are to retain supremacy. By this line of reasoning it becomes plain enough why foreign markets are indispensable. Modern industrialism can no more maintain healthy life without an outlet for its ever swelling surplus commodities than a fish can thrive in dry sand.

Now the class that controls industry and owns wealth is also, as has been previously pointed out, the same for which the machin-

ery of government is maintained. Above all else in importance to the possessing class is the police organization, in which term is included the military and other defensive arms. Never in the world's history was this organization so efficient for its primary purpose. Never was it more thoroughly a mere instrument of capitalism.

It will now be needless for me to explain to the alert reader of these articles why I have taken him, as it were, into world politics, discussed imperialism and expansion, and then brought him back to the study of the economics of wagedom. If he would comprehend the true inwardness of the system we live under, in the various aspects that appeal to the student of labor problems, he will not relax his attentive interest in what is to follow.

WAT TYLER.

Lena Grote vs. the State.

Who in the world is Lena Grote? Has any reader of the *American* ever seen her name in "Burke's Peerage," or in McAlister's "Four Hundred," or even in that quasi-aristocratic tome, the Chicago "Blue Book"? I suspect not.

Unfortunately, Lena Grote is made, not of fine porcelain clay, but of the commonest of common earth, and that is why she is not honored with a "mention" in the list of the elect. But who is Lena Grote? She is the thirteen-year-old daughter of a poor widow out at Matteson, Ill.

Lena is ignorant, illiterate, sallow-faced, simple-minded—a poor little human runt whose prospects for securing a niche in Helen Gould's Temple of Fame are indistinguishably small.

Nevertheless, Lena is a human being, and as such she has certain rights as imprescriptible and eternal as those belonging to the most exalted of the earth.

A few days ago Lena Grote and her little brother were walking through an open field, near their suburban home, when they discovered a hen's nest with some eggs in it. The number of eggs that were in the nest has not been determined, but at any rate the children took them out of the nest and carried them home.

It was a great crime, of course, and something had to be done about it. Something was done. The woman who "owned" the eggs complained to the "authorities," and in the name of the "State" and by way of vindicating the *majesty* of the law of the land, the authorities sent two great big policemen after little Lena Grote. The policemen laid the heavy hand of the State upon the wee bit of a thing and brought her, trembling with fear, to the county jail, where she must remain until such time as she shall be called on to give an account of herself before the august tribunal of justice!

Now, the question may very appropriately be raised: When Lena Grote becomes a woman, what opinion will she have of the "State"? When she becomes a mother and gets to the point where she must give advice to her children, what will she tell them as to their duties to the "State"? For that matter, what sort of opinion have a great many people of the "State," with its organized injustice, with its cold-blooded persecution of the weak at the expense of the

strong, with its bold front for the poor and its cowardly truckling to the rich!

Little Lena Grote, for appropriating to herself a half dozen eggs that she finds in an open field, is arrested and put behind the bars of the county jail, while the rich and the powerful are allowed to rob and plunder to their hearts' content; and so far from bringing them up to answer for their crimes, the State protects them in their scoundrelism and robbery; actually makes laws to assist them in their villany, and profits with them in their ill-gotten gains!

Am I dreaming? Am I the victim of some horrible nightmare? I wish I was, but I am not. I am telling the truth—the terrible truth, as it exists under every government of the world today.

From the earliest beginning of the State down to the moment in which I am writing this indictment, it has been true, as Shakespeare put it three hundred years ago:

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless break;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

The law? How perfectly true it is that it is a net through which the big flies break, and in which only the little ones are caught!

If Lena Grote had been a *millionaire's* daughter, and in crossing that field had found and appropriated those eggs, she would not have been arrested and incarcerated in the county jail. The law would have ducked its head to the millionaire, and the thing which was a *crime* in the case of the poor widow's child, would have been merely a "thoughtless trespass" in that of the rich man's daughter.

The majesty of the law and the dignity of the State—if it is a majesty that amounts to anything at all, if it is a dignity that is to command any man's respect—must rest upon true *democracy* and upon real *justice*.

It must show no favors; it must stoop to no unrighteousness; it must hold the scales even and right, and weigh out to all alike that which is right.

Above all else the State, if it would receive the hearty, whole homage of the people, must be consistent. To arrest a poor, little girl for taking a half dozen eggs from a nest in an open field, and to allow loan sharks and tax-dodgers and professional politicians and stock gamblers and a host of other robbers to go free is to perpetrate upon us a piece of inconsistency that is well calculated to make us lose all interest in and respect for the "powers that be."—Rev. Thos. B. Gregory in the *Chicago American*.

Alexander Berkmann.

Alexander Berkmann, who has been in the penitentiary for a number of years for an attempt to take the life of H. C. Frick, tried to end his life Thursday night by hanging himself in his cell. According to statements made to the *Leader* today, Berkmann is demented, and has almost lost the sight of both eyes. He is now in the hospital in a strait-jacket, awaiting the action of the prison board as to the disposition of his case.

The story of the attempt of Berkmann to take his life and the report that he has lost his reason was told to the *Leader* this morn-

ing by John Johnson, who was released from the institution today.

He was met by a *Leader* man shortly after being released, and told of how the guards about 12 o'clock Thursday night passed Berkmann's cell, and saw him hanging from the top of the cell from a strip of his blanket torn so as to take the place of a rope. The guards hastened to cut the man from his hanging position, and he was almost dead when taken to the hospital.

The released prisoner alleges that from all appearances and actions Berkmann has lost his reason. Said he:

"He will not utter a word. When I saw him in the hospital yesterday morning, he was sitting up in bed in the strait-jacket, silent and submissive, and his eyes had a vacant stare. I know that since he has been confined in the dark cell he has lost almost complete use of his eyes, and has been complaining much. His only enjoyment before he was placed in the darkened cell was to read, but even this little enjoyment was taken away from him after the tunnel episode. His one continuous appeal to the guards and to the warden was, 'Won't you put me to some work about the place to relieve my mind for a little while? I can't stand this much longer.' Day after day he made this appeal, but was denied even that privilege. And what treatment he received at the hands of the deputies, as told in the *Leader* time and again, is not the least bit exaggerated. I believe that he has become demented, and this accounts for his attempting to take his life. I have often talked to the men, and he has been a model prisoner. He never had anything to do with the digging of that tunnel, and was perfectly innocent.

"I remember an incident which I was a witness to a week before the digging of the tunnel was exposed. I was at work in the yard of the prison when the owner of the Sterling street house where the tunnel was dug in the cellar visited the warden, and told him that he was suspicious of the actions of his tenants, and that he had seen piles of dirt in the cellar. The man was told by the warden to hush and not to say a word of what he had seen. A week previous to this Berkmann was taken from his cell and employed to do errands by the warden about the prison. This was for the purpose of letting him have his freedom about the place, and then to connect him with the digging of that tunnel. I am positive of that from what I have seen and heard.

"After the tunnel episode Berkmann was immediately placed in the darkened cell. Here the sufferings he endured, I think made him loose his mind. A few weeks ago Mr. Ferguson, chief engineer of the prison, visited the cell house, and noticed that both windows were tightly closed in Berkmann's cell. The engineer wanted to know who had closed the windows against Dr. Bennett's order, as the cell was so warm and close that it had a visible effect on Berkmann.

"Berkmann has been acting peculiar for some time. At times he was talkative and other times he was sullen and downcast. The keepers have had a close watch on him since the day he was placed in the dark room.

"When he was taken to the hospital it

was decided to place him in a strait-jacket, and allow him to remain in the hospital until the return of the warden, who is away on his vacation in Somerset county."

A meeting of the prison board was called yesterday to consider the case of Berkman. What was done there is not known.—Pittsburg Leader, July 20, 1901.

The Laborers and the Man with White Hands.

A DIALOGUE.

LABORER.

What have you to look for among us? What do you want? You do not belong to us. . . . Get out of here!

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

I belong to you, dear brothers.

LABORER.

What do you say? What an idea! Just look at my hands.—Do you not see how dirty they are? They smell like tar and manure—but your hands are nice and white, and like what do they smell?

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS
(giving him his hands).

Just smell.

LABORER

(smelling).

What is this? They seem to smell like iron

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

Indeed, like iron. Fully six years they bore the weight of chains.

LABORER.

What for?

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

Because I had your well-being at heart, because I wished to free you, you poor simple people, because I rose against your oppressors and rebelled. Now, that is why I was put in chains.

LABORER.

Locked up? But who had you to revolt?

TWO YEARS AFTER.

FIRST LABORER.

Say, Peter! Do you still remember when two years ago a whitehanded vagabond spoke with you?

SECOND LABORER.

I remember. . . . What about him?

FIRST LABORER.

Today he will be hanged, you know; such a mandate has been issued.

SECOND LABORER.

Did he rebel again?

FIRST LABORER.

Yes, surely, he has revolted.

SECOND LABORER.

Hm . . . you know something, Brother Dmitry? Had we not better get the rope with which he is to be hanged? It is said something of that kind will bring a great stroke of luck.

FIRST LABORER.

You are right, let us make the attempt, Brother Peter.—Ivan Turgeneff. Translated from the German for FREE SOCIETY.

China should be excused for being just a trifle skeptical about the promise that "salvation is free."—Atlanta Journal.

An Anarchist Foote-Note.

I notice that the FREE SOCIETY, a Chicago organ of Anarchism, reprints from this department the article on Emma Goldman, which appeared here some time ago. This might be considered a flattering distinction were it not that the editor of FREE SOCIETY appends a foote-note questioning the present writer's knowledge of Anarchism; in fact, to make a clean breast of it, the editor says the writer doesn't know anything about Anarchism. I am afraid the editor is—or was—right; but how he found it out I do not know, as I made no attempt to discuss Anarchism; I merely made a plea for the right of Anarchists to discuss their views publicly, because freedom of speech is both a right and a social safeguard.

However, I was so much struck by the truth of the Chicago editor's allegation that I determined to know something about Anarchists if not about Anarchism. I have learned some interesting things. That is, I think I have learned, as I have consulted authorities usually reliable. What I have learned has confirmed my opinion of the active "king-killers," but it has also relieved my mind of a certain vague compassion for them which was excited by misapprehension. I supposed that the king-killers belonged to the class of poor devils who had been driven to desperation by hopeless poverty. It seems that I erred. As a rule the fellows who kill kings and queens are prosperous varlets who obtain their money by terrorizing their well-to-do and wealthy countrymen. For example, Bresci, who assassinated Humbert, obtained several thousand dollars by threatening Italian bankers and others. In other words, the "noble friends of liberty" are criminals in the first instance; they are, as I have said on former occasions, half knave, half fool, and the bloody deeds they do as alleged "champions of the oppressed" have no more exalted motive than "an insane vanity and a craze for notoriety, fostered by that disposition to intrigue and to conspiracy that seems to be inborn."

Instead of coming from the south of Italy, where the condition of misery is abject, the king-killers come from the north of Italy, where prosperity is general. The assassins of President Carnot, Premier Canovas and the Empress Augusta [?? The compositor?] were all from the northern provinces, and earned good wages. "Bresci's father, a North Italian, like the others left several thousand dollars, besides some land, to his children when he died." It is evident, therefore, that it is not oppression which inspires the king-killers, but, as shown by their conduct, a colossal vanity which is ministered to by the notoriety achieved. The people who really are poverty-stricken do not conspire and do not kill, and cannot contribute funds to hire bravos to do their killing. The king-killers get their money by crime, are inspired by vanity, and are just crack-brained enough to be unable to see that a murderer is not a hero.

On the whole, while I cannot pretend to have enlarged my stock of information concerning Anarchism, I have succeeded in learning a little about the "martyrs to the cause." In all fairness, however, I must add that the recognized leaders of the Anarchistic movement, both in this country and in Europe, repudiate the king-killers, and declare that these misguided victims of abnormal vanity do not represent real Anarchism.—Topique, in *Pennsylvania Grav*, Williamsport, Pa.

COMMENT.

It appears that the writer of the above not only understands nothing of Anarchism, but that he also knows very little about Anarchists,—while a goodly proportion of what he knows "ain't so."

The chief point in the above centers in the motives which actuated those Anarchists who have become assassins. It is certainly not to be regretted that the writer has relieved himself of "a certain vague compassion for them which was excited by misapprehension," for men and women of the character of the slayers of rulers are far beyond the need of it. It is not personal motives of revenge or despair which have actuated them, but a highly developed social instinct which revolted at the brutal outrages perpetrated by these rulers, who live in opulence upon the poverty of the masses.

It is only necessary to refer briefly to the events preceding each of the these assassinations in order to prove the correctness of this view.

Not to mention Sophie Perovskaya and her comrades, we have the cases of Santo, Angiolillo, Luccheni, and Bresci, as well as others who were not successful. But let us confine our attention to these.

Before Carnot was assassinated, the persecution of Anarchists in France had reached a very high point. Thousands of homes were entered and searched without warrant, hundreds of arrests made, and papers seized and suppressed.

The horrors of the Inquisition revived at the instigation of Canovas in the Montjuich fortress; these facts have not yet passed out of the memory of a horrified world. Angiolillo needs no other justification.

Luccheni was the type of the poor in Italy. Destitute all his life; compelled to witness and take part as a soldier in the outrageous massacres at Milan in 1898; what wonder that he struck blindly at the symbol of organized authority? When have the rulers ever respected the lives of women and children? Luccheni had his schooling from the rulers at Milan, where women and children were ruthlessly shot down. Let there then be no surprise if they are paid back in kind.

The case of Bresci is also the direct outcome of the massacres at Milan. It was Humbert who ordered the soldiers to Milan, and was ready to send more in case of need. When the blood of these innocent women and children cried to heaven for vengeance, the wonder is not that it came, but that it came tardily. It is not true that Bresci obtained money by terrorizing bankers—or anyone else.

The avengers of the people have shown themselves a brave and noble band, gentle and sympathetic, and in most cases educated and intelligent.

And lastly, it is not true that "the recognized leaders (!) of the Anarchistic movement" have repudiated the deeds of the "king-killers." The teachers of Anarchism have explained the intentions and motives of their acts, and sometimes most heartily endorsed, but never repudiated them.

A. I. JR.

The nations of Europe spend for military and naval purposes \$750,000,000. They keep under arms continually 3,000,000 men, with six times as many in readiness for emergencies. It is estimated that each community loses at least \$200 a year for each man who is kept under arms and is therefore unproductive. This loss, for all Europe, would amount to \$6,000,000,000, which, added to the \$750,000,000 paid out for military and naval purposes, would make a grand total of \$1,350,000,000.—Newark Courier.

Miss Jane Adams, of "Hull House," Chicago, says "as society is now constituted, saloons are the only general meeting place of the workingmen of our large cities. I grant that they meet upon a low plane, yet there are many men who drink their beer, and never get drunk. They discuss politics, and all matters of common interest. Sweep away the saloons and give nothing in their place, and the men will become as narrow as the women, and they are indeed fearfully narrow."—San Francisco Star.

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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.

Nature created neither servants nor masters. I wish neither to impose nor to lend obedience to laws. . . . Since the conception of property involves the right of use and abuse, a man cannot be the property of a sovereign, nor a child the property of its father, nor a wife the property of her husband.—Diderot.

Notes.

We would call the attention of those of our readers whose subscription are falling due to the fact that while during the hot summer months people read less, and therefore the publisher's receipts run behind, expenses are undiminished; and that their prompt renewal at this time would be appreciated. Remittances may be made either direct to this office or to any of our agents, whose names and addresses appear on the eighth page. While we have always been willing to send the paper to those unable to pay promptly, we cannot continue to keep readers on our list who fail to renew on account of indifference and neglect. All whose subscriptions have run one year behind will be taken from our list, unless we hear from them within a short time.

The Society of Anthropology meets in Hall 220, Athenaeum Bldg., 26 Van Buren St., at 3.30 p. m. sharp, Sunday, July 28. Subject of address by Jay Fox, "Labor's Discontent and the Steel Worker's Strike."

Note and Comment.

This week we give a report on Alexander Berkman, taken from the *Pittsburg Leader*, a capitalist daily, and therefore little likely to be prejudiced in Berkman's favor. The tale of mistreatment and abuse recited there is characteristic of what our comrade has endured since he first entered the prison. The mere statement of the case is sufficient protest against his inhuman treatment, as nothing more could be added to the hard facts. Had our comrade desired nothing more than personal gain in his attempt on Frick's life, his sentence would have expired long ere this in the first place, and his pardon would have been an easy matter; but the State rewards all those who attempt to awaken in men the desire for a better future not founded upon privilege and inequality with barbaric severity. Tyranny dies hard, but all things have an end, even the patience of the people!

In noting the gradual changes taking

place in social movements of various kinds, it is gratifying to see that Trades Unionism is now eventually outgrowing its narrow limits. The ideal of high wages and short hours, where the worker is regarded as a producer to be moderately exploited, is becoming entirely inadequate. This is seen by the fact that a great many Trade Unions are beginning to take part in productive activity. The combined unions of several cities own their own temples, where their meetings take place. This move to get rid of the exploiting boss should be encouraged to the largest possible extent. There are many trades where a small capital is sufficient for the workers to engage in production in their own line. As long as the producers engage in enterprises as workers, and strive to better their conditions as such, by practising a greater fraternity and solidarity among themselves, the most beneficial results can be achieved; but any attempt on their part to become exploiting capitalists in their own way would immediately annul the improvement in their condition as a whole.

In another column there appears an indictment of the State by the Rev. Thos. B. Gregory, taken from the *Chicago American*. The colossal injustice perpetrated continually in the name of the State leads even the most conservative writers to recognize it, and to suggest reforms for the State to carry out. We as Anarchists are often accused of being utopian dreamers and idealists who live only in the imaginative future. But when such suggestions as that the State should show no favors, stoop to no unrighteousness, and hold even the scales of justice are put to the light of history and experience, how much more grounds we have to hurl back to our accusers the charge of utopia! The history of organized authority is one of brutality and unrighteousness. The ideal of the State as a protecting and adjusting factor in society has always remained utopian. The State has been tried in many phases, with the uniform result of abused power and corruption. To expect any other result from a perverted institution is to ignore the most palpable facts. Man does not need any arbitrary institutions to maintain that harmony in his relations with men which is inherent in his nature.

ABE ISAAC JR.

Is Society an Organism?

It appears to me that Jay Fox in his comments upon the statement of Gustav Edward Lind that "society is an organism," falls into misconception and false analogy. The word organism is not solely a physiological term, but may be correctly used with reference to any entity that is organized—that has organs or instruments of use. Organization is defined as the act or process of forming organs or instruments of action, and it follows that that which is organized is an organism.

Mr. Fox institutes a comparison between the human body and society, but the genuine analogy which exists between the two eludes him. (1) Of the human body he says:

"It is the inability of one organ to live without the others and the absolute dependency of all the others upon the one, that makes the bodily structure an organism and gives the word 'organism' its meaning." Of society he says there is no such interdependence, and continues:

"For illustration let us take a small or large society in which all the trades or professions are represented.

This we will call a "social organism." Now, suppose the 'organ' that supplies the hats for this society were to die, could it not be quickly replaced by another one, and would not the society go on living as though nothing had happened? But, let the organ of, say, digestion in the bodily organism be destroyed, and what happens?"

It is an easy matter to show that Mr. Fox is in complete error in asserting that it is the degree of interdependence of the organs that constitutes the organism. In the first place, a finger, a hand, an arm, a toe, a foot, a leg, a nose and an ear are organs no less than the stomach or any of what are called the vital organs, but any of these first-named organs may be amputated without destroying the human organism. (2) Even the stomach, it is said, has been removed in rare instances, and the patient has lived, the work of digestion being done by the upper intestines. In the second place, many animals are without vital organs, and yet are complete organisms. For example, the fresh water Hydra is simply a hollow sack with tentacles around the mouth of the sack. The tentacles may be cut off, and the sack itself may be cut crossways or lengthwise, but the severed portions will calmly proceed to transform themselves into new and complete Hydras, requiring only a short time to finish the operation. Plants are still lower organisms, and their organs are leaves, sepals, petals, stamens, pistils, etc., any of which may be removed without causing the death of the plant.

From these brief illustrations it is obvious that degree of dependence upon the organs shows nothing more than that the organism is high or low in the scale of evolution; but the mere existence of organs, or instruments of use, constitutes an organism.

Society is merely another name for an aggregation of human beings, and in proportion as any given society is organized, it is a higher or lower organism. When each individual tries to provide for his own needs—by his individual efforts produce his own food, clothing and shelter—there is little or no organization, and the individual must spend his days in drudgery with no hope of securing more than the commonest necessities, and those of poor quality and insufficient quantity. When there is a division of labor, and each does that to which he is best adapted by natural ability and environment, then society becomes organized, and in proportion as the organization is efficient does the comfort of all increase.

The Socialist ideal is the highest attainable social organization. (3) Already this organization has proceeded so far in America, for example, that if the whole organism went to smash, and every "organ" except himself were destroyed, Mr. Fox, who imagines he would suffer no inconvenience "excepting the sorrow of losing a few friends," would find that he must immediately set to work building a hut for himself, raising his own vegetable food, catching his game, and making his garments as best he could. Travel would be slow and tedious, and a thousand conveniences which exist today solely through the operation of the imperfect social organism would vanish, and never reappear so long as Mr. Fox and his friends refused to partake of the benefits of cooperation, which is the foundation principle of the perfect social organism. (4)

I have no word against liberty. It is a jewel of priceless value. It is the one fitting ornament for the rich garment of fraternity. Liberty is as necessary to cooperation as cooperation is to liberty. Read Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism."

Wellesly Hills, Mass.

ALEX E. WIGHT

COMMENT.

1. I would have been grateful to my critic had he given the "genuine analogy." But I fear it "eludes him" also; for there is no genuine analogy. That is the whole trouble with our Socialist friends; they think then is; and my object was to show that there is not. The "social organism" is merely a figure of speech. Webster says an organism is "a body composed of different organs or parts performing special functions that are mutually dependent and essential to life." But I have no time to quibble about the meaning of words; what concerns me is the effect false analogy has upon the movement in favor of social and economic emancipation. You may call a herd of sheep or a bale of hay an organism if you choose; that

will not make them so, nor help you understand the individual sheep or straws that compose the herd or bale. On the contrary, as you view and consider the herd as a whole the individuals dwindle into insignificant nonentities, and are lost in the glare of the large body. This is why, in the struggle between the individual and society, I am with the individual.

2. I did not say that the loss of an organ produced death in the human organism, therefore this paragraph has no application. What I did say was that the loss of an organ produced either death or serious injury.

3. What is meant by "the highest attainable social organization"? Read the last paragraph again, it furnishes the key. The greater the division of labor, the greatest possible increase in the productivity of labor, the more automatic the laborer becomes, and the more closely compact the organization through which he works—this is the "Socialistic ideal" according to Wight.

Then it is stomach troubles you have, Comrade Wight. You want a full dinner pail, and you want to fill it with the least possible expenditure of labor, and the organization that will serve this end most efficiently is your ideal. Such an ideal is worthy of the fellow with the long snout, but humanity is aiming higher.

4. Here Wight reveals his profound ignorance of Anarchism, and most of the Socialists are just as ignorant of what we want as is Mr. Wight. But this ignorance in no wise deters them from "discussing" and "criticizing" Anarchism.

You err, Mr. Wight, when you think we refuse to partake of the benefits of cooperation. We want cooperation, but we want every man to decide when, where, and with whom and for what purpose he will cooperate. No government or administrative machine can secure a condition wherein he may enjoy that liberty; only in the absence of such a machine can he breathe the free air and partake of the blessings of real cooperation—voluntary cooperation. Voluntary cooperationists repudiate your machine cooperation. Socialists and others may name liberty as a priceless jewel, but unless they create the conditions essential to its realization Liberty will ever remain where she is today—prostrate and bleeding beneath the wheels of the governmental carriage. We Anarchists want to drive the State carriage with all its "valued" contents into the sea of oblivion, there to remain and never to be fished out under any pretense or under any other name, no matter how alluring or high-sounding it may be.

When government is gone liberty will have a chance, and under her glorious reign man may cooperate or not as it pleases him. If Wight and his friends want to cooperate on the parliamentary plan, all well and good. Liberty will see to it that they are not molested by Fox and his friends, who may want to cooperate according to another idea. The Single Taxers will have a chance to try their scheme; as will the ideal Christians and all the other idealists who may be there with schemes.

Only Anarchism will give every man a chance to try his ideal life. Socialism wants to convince everybody to its ideal;

and those it cannot persuade it will force.

The Socialist majority will appropriate the means of production and distribution, and "Fox and his friends" must "come in" or get off the earth. "Fox and his friends" maintain that this is not fair; that the means of production and distribution are, in equity, the inheritance of all, and that the majority has no more right to appropriate them, than a giant has to snatch a crust from a hungry child. "Fox and his friends" maintain further, that latter-day Socialism is a hybrid—a compromise between the old and new ideal, with not very much of the new left in; and that Anarchism—the principle of non-invasion—is the only means through which the various phases of the new ideal that are now agitating the minds of advanced thinkers may be given a chance to prove their fitness or unfitness. And this is why we are Anarchists.

JAY FOX.

Pacific Coast News.

There is a boom in Trades Unionism here as in San Francisco, and plenty of trouble, too. The laundry workers are waging a hot strike. They are arranging to construct a large cooperative laundry. Most of the needed capital, \$25,000, has been subscribed.

The cooperative planing mill in San Francisco is a success. Just as you foresaw, the lumber merchants of San Francisco refused to furnish them material; but as the mill management had the cash to pay down, for the unions poured their money into the concern, they sent agents into the lumber districts of Northern California and Oregon, and got what they wanted. When the local lumber dealers discovered this, they changed front and sought the trade of the cooperative mill, because it was a cash trade.

In the building trades here, the bosses have proposed to the Building Trades Council to enter with them into an agreement that neither side disturb existing wage rates or shop rules for one year. The subject is still pending.

Labor on the Pacific Coast from British Columbia to Southern California is in revolt. It is strike, strike, in every line of work. In some places even farm workers are rebelling. The most revolutionary strike is on Frazer River, B. C.

COX LYNCH.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 14, 1901.

Here and There.

According to the Associated Press, a mob of 500 men and boys attacked the city jail at Denver, Colo., in an effort to secure Charles Mullien's freedom, but were repulsed by the police, who used their clubs freely upon the heads of the leaders. Fred Hoffman and Albert Gunter were arrested as the leaders of the mob. Mullien was arrested twice for preaching Anarchist doctrines on the streets, and the second time the crowd that had been listening to him attempted to storm the jail.

The mayor of Evanston, Ill., fights ideas by calling out the police and fire departments, the former being insufficient to drive a number of Dowicites from a public square. It may be suggested that it is a low order of intelligence which needs resort to force to suppress dogmas—even fanatical dogmas.

The employees of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Co. at Scranton, Pa., are on a strike. The railroad has obtained an injunction preventing the strikers from interfering in any manner with the operation of the company's shops, or with any persons in the company's employ.

The steel worker's strike seems just beginning, and neither side shows a disposition to give in. The steel magnates object chiefly to recognizing their men as an organized body, while the workers insist stubbornly on this point. The philanthropic murderer Carnegie has shown his true colors again. He refuses absolutely to raise the wages of the men employed in the Carnegie plants.

The machinist's strike is still on in San Francisco. The workers show a willingness to arbitrate all points except the question of hours, insisting upon the nine-hour day. To this the labor skinnners on the coast refuse to consent.

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors has gratefully accepted the Carnegie blood-money. To the credit of labor be it said that the Labor Council energetically protested against the action of the city officials. The mayor argued that Carnegie's money was legally, and therefore legitimately earned. When was there a time when law and marauding did not go together?

The police of Barcelona, Spain, in their inability to suppress and prevent the recent disturbances there, have revenged themselves by arresting a number of Anarchists. The German comrades are taking up a collection for the families of the prisoners. Contributions may be sent to the manager of the *Freiheit*, W. Klink, Pragstrasse, in Feuerbach-Stuttgart, or Heinrich Grossman, Dresdenerstr. 125, III., Berlin, S. O., Germany.

In Lemberg, Austria, a bread riot occurred last week, in which more than one hundred persons were wounded, including several policemen. The disturbances were precipitated by the brutality of the police. Many persons were arrested.

Peasants in Verra, Italy, were recently on a strike. They were assembled on a road for the purpose of discussion, when the royal troops were called for by the landlord. Upon their arrival the peasants fled, but the officer in charge ordered fire, four peasants being killed and fifty-five wounded. The affair has aroused general indignation in Italy.

The press reports that in Italy a new political party is being formed, and a congress has been called to meet at Rome in October, to be composed of "modern" Anarchists and Socialists. The program of the party is declared to be the securing a majority in parliament, and thus by legislation solve social and political problems. "Anarchists" in parliament! Verily, if the report can be credited, there is something new under the sun.

The comrades of Zurich have issued an appeal for financial and literary aid for the purpose of publishing a monthly German Anarchist review. The scope of its discussions is to embrace Anarchism in all its phases, Communism, Individualism, etc. Eduard Riedlin is to be editor, to whom all communications should be sent at Zähringerstr. 13, IV, Zurich I, Switzerland.

History of the French Revolution.

XVI

Louis had supplied his late ministers' places with obscure Feuillantists. One of them demanded that Pétion should protect the king. The municipal council at first refused to sanction the demonstration. Pétion was personally solicited by Santerre, and agreed to allow it on condition that the National Guard should take part in the parade. On the very morning appointed, he was talked over by other members of the local government, and forbade the Guard to participate. Later on the same day, he directed their commander to assume control of the spectacle. The effect of these contradictory orders was that the commandant, Raimonvilliers, would do nothing; and the Guard marched as part of the populace. Two great streams of people, from St. Antoine and Marceau, met at the east end of the Rue de Rivoli, descended the Rue St. Honoré, and drew up in the Place Vendôme before the Assembly Hall (at the north side of the Tuileries). At that very moment the Assembly was debating whether to treat them as insurgents or give them a hearing. Santerre sent in a letter requesting permission to show that they meant no harm. He and a few others were admitted. Their petition was read. It was very much to the point. Measures for national defense must be taken. If the executive would not execute the law, he must be deposed. The president made a non-committal reply; and the debate was renewed,—Feuillantists opposing, Girondins advocating admission of the people; who were thus kept two hours in the broiling sun. At last they were let in, and spent two hours more filing through, with Santerre and St. Huruge as marshals. They carried tables on which the Declaration of Rights was displayed. Around these, men and boys danced to a favorite tune of Marie Antoinette's, singing their new psalm *Cu ira*. Pikes and olive branches indicated that they were equally ready for war or peace. A pair of ragged breeches hung on a pole, inscribed "The Unbreeched (*sans culottes*) are Coming." One fellow carried a calf's heart, impaled, with a label stating that it was an aristocrat's. He was turned out. At four, the mob were in the Tuileries gardens. They marched before the long facade, which was lined with National Guards. Some called for the king to appear; some roared, "Down with the veto!" some said, "the king means well, but is deceived." When the garden was crammed full, some people went north toward the Palais Royal, a larger body westward along the quay, and another east through certain wickets into the Place du Carrousel, between the Tuileries and the Louvre. This brought them right opposite the main entrance. They demanded to see the king. The Guards at first refused admittance. Their own comrades from the faubourg St. Marceau brought up cannon and threatened to fire. A royalist gentleman, seeing the house surrounded, proposed to let in a few leaders with their petition. This, however, operated only to break the jam. The crowd poured in. They actually dragged a cannon up the marble cataract before them. Whenever they found a door locked, carved oak and walnut yielded to Jacques Coupe Tete's weapon. Thus they marched, right through the palace, home. The queen, alarmed,

started, from a window whence she had been looking out upon this human sea, to join her husband. He was in an inner apartment with Madame Elizabeth and some National Guards. Thus she ran straight among the mob. Her friends drew her into an alcove and set a table before her. Some guards stood ready to defend her if necessary. Unable to move, she stood petrified with horror, while hollow cheeks, bleared eyes, red noses, and unshorn chins, filed past. Among emblems borne before her was a gibbet with a dirty doll bearing her name, and a pair of ox-horns suggestively ~~legended~~. But people whose passions take such forms are not immediately dangerous; nor had they expected to meet her, and find her human too. The majority went by in gaping silence. Santerre stood at the queen's side, and commanded all to behave respectfully. Someone gave her a red cap, which she put on her son. Santerre took it off, saying, "The child will stifle." The king's door, having been attacked, was opened by the same officer who let in the crowd. Legendre tried to make Louis understand the necessity of yielding. He replied firmly: "I will do all the Constitution requires. This is not the time or place to ask me." He put the red cap on his head, and was applauded. As he appeared to suffer from the heat, someone gave him a beaker of wine, which he drank to the toast of "the Nation," amidst fresh applause. All this while a delegation from the Assembly were vainly trying to get in. Pétion at last succeeded in doing so. The king received him with marked disdain; but Pétion urged the people to hasten their departure; and they obeyed. Such, denuded of legends, was the celebrated "Day of the Black Breeches." I confess inability to see that it was a day of crime. It witnessed a last attempt; well meant, but ungraceful, and unlucky, to force acceptance of the inevitable on the obstinate queen and the deadlocked Assembly. Most unlucky; because our species consists of improved monkeys, on whose dread of the unusual and idolatry of the unreal, such a scene (since it was a fiasco) could operate only to cause reaction. It made a sanguinary battle necessary to effect what ought to have been done without one.*

On the 21st of June a vast concourse filled the streets and visited the Tuileries, for the purpose of applauding Louis and denouncing those who had insulted him. Nearly all the departmental governments sent in messages of sympathy for the king and condemnation for the mob. Lafayette hastened to Paris, and "demanded" that the "leading rioters" should be punished. Guadet bade him mind his military duty instead of dictating to his government; and a furious debate ensued. But while the Feuillantists vehemently denounced the riot of June 20, as an unprecedented crime, the Girondins and Jacobins were a little afraid of appearing in sympathy with it; so Lafayette might be said to triumph. Thousands of National Guards escorted him to the Tuileries, and clamored to be led against the Jacobin Club, June 28.

* What appears to have destroyed the fair prospect of a bloodless issue is that Orleans had agents in the crowd, who shouted "Down with Louis!—Vive Philippe!" Philip was in bad odor just then, because of impudent demands which he made on the Treasury.

The department of the Seine, which had authority to suspend the mayor of Paris, began investigating Pétion's conduct. Pétion himself offered abject apologies to the Assembly and the king. He put forth a proclamation disuading from disorderly gatherings. The ministry, probably at Lafayette's suggestion, recalled to the palace the 1,500 Swiss, as many more "constitutional guards," and 2,000 National Guards who were reckoned reliable. The Girondins and Jacobins thought all was lost. Some of their leaders, Condorcet among them, prepared to fly from the country, which had apparently gone back to 1789.

If even now Louis would have rescinded one veto which almost the whole nation regarded as treasonable, he might have had under his feet all whom any but proved traitors could call his enemies. What he did was to drive everyone from him again. Pétion was insulted in the council chamber and mobbed in the courtyard of the Tuileries. Sergeant, now chief of police, for not preventing the demonstration on June 20, was decoyed into a guard room by some royalists and beaten by a grenadier, whom Louis next week made a captain! This went all over Paris at the time, for Gouverneur Morris not only relates it, but adds certain incidents which modestly caused Sergeant to suppress in his Memoirs. Lafayette on the 28th was insulted by the courtiers, and snubbed by the king and queen. There was to be next day a review of the National Guards where he would appear. Pétion, warned by Marie Antoinette (Toulougeon), countermanded it. After twice trying to reassemble those old comrades whom he might perhaps have used on the 28th, Lafayette left Paris on the 30th. The courage of the Assembly, who had been thoroughly intimidated, began to rise, and so did that of the multitude. But both knew that the peril was still fearful. Lafayette was burnt in effigy on the night of his leaving Paris. The Assembly dismissed his old staff of the National Guard, after a stormy debate and an all night session. A few resolute individuals perceived that neither measures like these nor another weaponless mob could be relied on to overcome the armed conspiracy at the Tuileries. In a conference at the house of Roland, this Girondin leader, his wife, and Barbaroux, agreed upon a plan of action. Barbaroux sent to his native city of Marseilles for six hundred soldiers "who knew how to die." No blood, he thought, need be shed. It was only necessary the Tuileries should be blockaded by an army of which at least one brigade would fight if necessary. And this proved true enough. A last blunder of Louis' caused the actual carnage of August 10. The Assembly took alarm. They knew the Marseillais were coming. They knew the Prussians, 90,000 strong, were also coming to aid the Austrians. With characteristic perfidy and stupidity, the court did not itself convey this last awful intelligence to the legislature, but attempted to terrify an heroic patriotic nation by the most thrasonical talk. It was unofficially announced that Spain was to have Navarre, Roussillon, Languedoc, and Guienne; Sardinia, Dauphiny, Provence, and the Lyonnais; Holland,—Flanders and Picardy; Austria,—Alsace, Lorraine, and Champagne; Switzerland,—Franche Comté; England,—Normandy and the colonies! In conclusion, the As-

sembly knew, doubtless, from Pétion and Santerre themselves, that Marie Antoinette had given them 720,000 francs to corrupt the Marseillais! It was her theory, which she bequeathed to her descendants, that the bourgeois, who, according to this same gospel, wanted nothing but money, were loyal. This earthquake and tempest was the work of a few ambitious nobles, like Orleans, and a few envious *sans culottes*, like Marat! Afraid about equally that the court or the mob would triumph, the tongue-valliant orators of the Gironde resolved on bombarding Louis with eloquent threats. On July 6, Pétion was suspended by the royalist department of Seine. This same day, Vergniaud, mounting, according to the picturesque custom, that tribune from which each member in his term addressed the House, reminded his auditors that Europe was marching against them in the name of their own king. "Now I read in the Constitution," he said, "if the king puts himself at the head of an army, and directs its force against the nation; or if he does not by a formal act resist any enterprise of this kind that may be executed in his name, he shall be considered as having abdicated royalty." What is a formal act of resistance? If 100,000 Austrians were marching toward Flanders, and 100,000 Prussians toward Alsace; and the king should oppose to them ten or twenty thousand men, would he have done a formal act of resistance? If the king, whose duty is to notify us of imminent hostilities, being apprised of the movements of the Prussian army, were not to communicate any information upon the subject to the National Assembly; if a camp of reserve necessary for stopping the progress of the enemy into the interior were proposed, and the king were to substitute in its stead an uncertain plan which it would take a long time to execute; if the king were to leave the command of the army to an intriguing general of whom the nation was suspicious (Lafayette, if another general, familiar with victory (Luckner), were to demand a reinforcement,* and the king were by refusal to say to him, 'I forbid thee to win,' could it be held that the king had done a formal act of resistance?" Brissot said: "Our peril exceeds all that past ages have witnessed. The country is in danger; not because we want troops, not because those troops want courage, or that our frontiers are badly fortified and our resources scanty. No, it is in danger because its force is paralyzed. And who has paralyzed it? One man—a man whom the Constitution has made its chief, and whom perfidious advisers have

made its foe. You are told to fear the kings of Austria and Prussia; I say the chief force of these kings is at the court; and it is there that we must first conquer them. They tell you to strike the recalcitrant priests throughout the kingdom; I tell you to strike at the Tuileries, and fell all the priests by one blow. You are told to prosecute all factions and intriguing conspirators; they will all disappear if you once knock loud enough at the door of the Cabinet of the Tuileries, for that Cabinet is the point to which all these threads tend, whence every scheme is plotted, and whence every impulse proceeds."

A patriotic bishop (Lamourette) now made an appeal which caused all the parties to rush into each other's arms. This extravagance was called the Lamourette kiss. (Lamourette means the lady of pleasure.) Just at that crisis, someone advised Louis to roll his hypocritical obesity into the hall. He did so, and received his share of "the Lamourette kiss." Thus an opportunity to suspend him without violence was lost. But, on the 10th, his Feuillant ministers, disgusted with the atmosphere of treachery, resigned—too late to save their own heads, which had been compromised by recalling the Swiss. Next day (July 11) the Assembly adopted the Roman ceremony of declaring the country in danger, and calling for volunteers. The great 14th was celebrated as usual; but by faint hearts and with small attendance. The king and queen made their last public appearance as such. According to custom, they managed badly. Louis was to have marched with the Assembly. He preferred to appear attended by his hated guards. The women of his family made him wear a breast plate for fear of assassination; and the queen shrieked at seeing him stumble, for she thought this had happened. He was to have burnt a pageant representing feudalism; but he left this popularity-making duty to Pétion and others. As soon as he had repeated his false oath he hurried away. During the past ten days the mob had been clamoring for Pétion's restoration, which was now granted by decree of the Assembly. The vacillating mayor was, however, hailed once more with the shout of the time, "Pétion! Pétion or death!" At the same moment, some *chaqueurs*, hired by the queen, raised a feeble "Vive le roi!" Of all melancholy farces played by the expiring royalty, this was perhaps the most absurd. The feature of the day was some 3,000 *Fédérés* (department soldiers), not crack regiments, poor, patriotic, going to Soissons to form a camp in evasion of the veto.

During this terrible month, while all Paris waited breathless for the army of slaughter from Coblenz and the army of deliverance from Marsilles, the mob tried to shake the queen's resolution in its own way. The Tuileries gardens had been closed after the 20th of June. The Assembly claimed a part of them, and marked it off with tricolors. Thus the populace got in again. The space behind the tricolors was styled Coblenz. The queen was excluded from it by hoots and yells. No one entered, it was supposed, without a ticket from the royal traitors. If an incautious patriot did so accidentally, he could escape being mobbed

only by shaking the accursed dust of Coblenz off his feet. A sentinel told the queen he would like to have her head on his bayonet. While half the guards cried "Vive le roi!" as Louis passed, the other half cried "A bas veto!" At the king's own chapel some choristers fairly shouted the suggestive line, "He hath put down the mighty from their place." The royal family went to mass no more! But though the queen was in agonies of terror; and even Louis realized his danger; neither wavered in their deadly purpose. His steadiness hardly merits a finer name than apathy, but as she said, he was not a coward—though he was a lout. Her gaze in the face of death was worthy Clytemnestra or Medea! On July 4, she wrote to Mercy that a manifesto should render the Legislative Assembly and France responsible for the king's life and his family's. She rejected a proposal of Lafayette's, made by letter, to carry them away to Compeigne on the 14th. She had the madness to say the best thing that could befall her was to be shut up in a tower some two months, by which time the Prussians and Austrians were expected. Thus the army she had collected at the Tuileries was itself paralyzed! Authority lives on divisions among men. Its essence being perfidy, its Nemesis comes in the form of inconsistent expectations.

Volunteers did not appear as fast as was expected at the dingy offices where their names were taken down; so Sergeant proposed a spectacular call to be made on Sunday, July 22. The enemy gave him effectual aid. On the 20th, Prussia formally declared war. On the 22d, all the bells in Paris were set ringing. Sixty bands of music began playing in different places. Every hour the dismal boom of a gun resounded over the city.* Flags waved from every staff; and municipal officers rode through the streets waving others, inscribed, "Our Country is in Danger." Bawling heralds read the Assembly's decree. Volunteers were received at garlanded tents in the public squares. As each put down his name, an aged officer embraced him and gave him a laurel wreath, while drums beat anew. The quota of Paris was 3,000 men. Hitherto scarce two hundred had been raised. Now there were almost instantly 5,000! Like the Fiery Cross, this tableau was carried over the country. The volunteers elected their own officers. On the roll of new generals appeared Moreau, Pichegru, Soult, Massena, Jourdan, Davoust. Within a year and a half, bulletins add, "Citizen Buona Parte (sic), commanding the artillery." Meanwhile, Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonné, and Guadet, earnestly besought the king to appoint reliable ministers and repudiate the coalition. C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* This suggested the song of the Girondins, which sounds feeble now, but may have done well until that of the Marseillais superseded it.

Par la voix du canon d'alarme,
La France appelle ses enfants.
Allons, dit le soldat, aux armes!
C'est ma mère, je la défende.

"Mourir pour la patrie (bis)

C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.
Justice should be done to Lafayette's talent for blunders. He wanted the king to rely on him, not the Assembly, and rather encouraged the veto of the camp at Paris, accordingly.

* The meaning of this was that Luckner called on Dumouriez to reinforce him. The latter, who was directly under Lafayette, from whom apparently he had no orders, refused; but wrote to the Convention for instructions, with the remark that, as far as he could make out, there was no war minister. It was all very characteristic—Lafayette and Luckner both, I incline to think, honest, but both certainly incompetent and both consequently suspected. Vergniaud, like a sharp parliamentarian, playing one against the other; Dumouriez, always trying to be a politician, and succeeding only in being a better soldier than his commanders; for he understood the needs of the military situation; and they, unless they were traitors, did not. Louis too stupid to be guilty this time, but guilty of so much that his shoulders were broad enough for all. Some say Pétion was suspended on the 3d, some were on the 1st. But most agree it was Lamourette's day, which was the 6th (*Moniteur*).

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For Brooklyn and New York.

A great picnic at W. W. Fuehrer's Wald-Hotel and Park, Jackson Ave., Newton, L. I., combined with bowling, music, dance, etc., will take place August 4, 1901.

Take North Beach Trolley from Brooklyn and get off on Jackson Ave., where the wagons of the proprietor of the park will take you to his place free of charge.

Missionaries Stumped.

The London *Globe* quote the story told by an American missionary, who, on trying to teach a Chinaman the tenets of the Christian faith, was answered thus:

"You think you know everything, yet none of you English can tell me why you all wear those useless buttons on the back of your coats." The American did not happen to be familiar with this interesting bit of antiquarian lore, and so was silenced for the time.

Doctor Johns, a missionary to the Pueblo Indians, met a similar rebuff. He had lived among them for some time, striving to make clear to them his own belief in an invisible God and Savior, and a world beyond the grave. One day the chief gravely summoned him to an audience.

"There is a grasshopper chirping on the other bank of the river. Do you hear it?"

The doctor smilingly shook his head.

"Two deer are hiding in the grass on yonder hill. Do you see them?"

"No."

"My son, down in the camp, has lighted his pipe. Can you smell the smoke of it?"

"No. My senses are not trained as yours are."

"Yet you have them. You are not half the man you ought to be. If you will not take the trouble to train the eyes and nose and ears, which have been given you to understand this world, why should I think you understand the other world, or take your word about it?"—*The Truth Seeker*.

The excesses, thefts, slaughter and rapine of the allied forces in China have forever dammed white civilization in the eyes of the native Chinese.—*Star*.

The Letter-Box.

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