

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. 325.

Revolution.

And though ye caught your noble prey
Within the hangman's sordid thrall;
And though your captive was led forth
Beneath the city's rampart wall;
And though the grass lies o'er her green
Where at the morning's early red
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—
I tell you, still she is not dead.

—Freiligrath.

An Era of Transition.

IV

FINANCIAL METHODS OF APPROPRIATION.

When the labor agitator makes the unwelcome assertion that capital is created by labor, and then proceeds to discuss the justice of expropriation, there is often more truth than rhetoric in his words. The way in which the money market is rigged to inflate the capital of industrial undertakings has been noted as a feature of the movement to resist the falling tendency of interest. We shall now consider certain methods employed to enhance the value of existing wealth and to create artificial values, upon which, however, industry is made to pay a very substantial return.

Let us illustrate the process as it usually takes place in the formation of trusts. Some years ago the American Tobacco Company was formed with a capital of \$25,000,000. The five original firms merged in this combine owned property that was appraised at \$550,000. Of the new stock \$5,000,000 was set down to cover "live assets," and the rest for good-will, trademarks, etc. Part of the stock was unloaded on a credulous public at the fancy figure of 117. Subsequently the slump came and some folks, who had greedily snatched at a Sure Thing, were bitten, an incident that is neither here nor there for our purpose. The steel trust, as well as other industrial combinations, has been financed in a similar manner. Here, for example, are the words of one who is familiar with the facts. Theodore Shaffer the other day said: "The men who syndicated the American Sheet Steel Company made \$8,000,000 profit. They combined \$13,000,000 of mills and put them on the market as worth \$50,000,000. The dividends on the \$37,000,000 are to be paid by the men from whom [the mill managers] we are seeking higher wages, and all labor is expected to pay the dividends on the stock of the billion and a half trust formed on the top of this and other smaller combinations."

It is not my purpose here to criticize the organization of industry on a large scale, nor to deny the ultimate benefit of the resulting superior efficiency and economy. Under free economic conditions the gain would inevitably be disseminated amongst the people at large. Far otherwise, however, are the actual conditions under which the trust

flourishes. Every such combination rests upon a specific privilege. It may be high tariff, or patents, or the exclusive control of natural resources or avenues of transportation. All these factors enter in the case of the steel trust, constituting a monopoly of the most formidable dimensions. Add to this the money monopoly, a purely governmental creation, upon which is reared the whole structure, and we can then have a more vivid conception of the power wielded by the king financier, whose millions united the vast aggregation.

Strikes follow almost invariably upon trust reorganization. The pinch is felt when the attempt is made to abstract, from the consumers on the one hand and the employees on the other, a profit on capital multiplied on paper for speculative purposes. Thus we have a new factor entering into strikes of this kind, namely: the effect of labor troubles upon the price of stock. Note the efforts of the steel trust underwriters to maintain the parity of its stock during the strike.

The unprecedented speculation of the past eight or nine months is said to have added billions to the national wealth. It has certainly augmented the burdens of industry. Labor will be required to create interest on a larger volume of capital, swollen mainly on paper. Yet this speculative movement brings out some significant facts. Wealth in the hands of the stock dabbler public has increased in recent years. More and more people are anxious to gain money by gambling, rather than by legitimate labor. All classes, rich and poor alike, are imbued with this spirit. Everywhere the successful speculator is the hero of the hour.

That there is a steady growth of real wealth I do not question, despite the artificial nature of stock exchange values. It is the accumulation of means on the part of the general public that has encouraged phenomenal speculation. Still, the officially tabulated figures of prosperity, showing how fast the country grows rich, are not a trustworthy measure of the genuine improvement in the condition of the people. The inflated speculative values are set down as real wealth, while in reality they are but a burden, a process for increasing the sum total of interest that labor in the end must pay.

It may here be asked, how does such a movement affect the laborer? Does not the rate of interest decline, and is not that a healthy indication for the producer? Truly, yes. But if the financiers, who have secured the laws to answer their purpose, can engineer matters so that industry is required to pay interest on a volume of capital much larger than that actually employed, measured by its primary cost, then labor is shorn of the benefit it should reap as a natural result of economic tendencies. Another con-

crete illustration will make the point clearer.

The gas companies of New York city a few years back were paying a comfortable profit on a nominal capital of more than sixty millions. At that time all the plants combined could have been duplicated for less than ten millions. This sum in fact was greater than the bona fide investment, though, under cover of law-made monopoly, the original capital had been multiplied by various stock watering schemes. Of course the gas consumers of New York paid exorbitantly for tolerating these privileged corporations. It does not follow, however, that to make such undertakings a public monopoly, run "by the people for the people," as it has become the fashion to advocate, the evil I have pointed out would therefore terminate.

When the municipality takes over a business of this kind, it usually acquires it at a valuation that has been carefully inflated by the methods above instanced, and the citizens in their capacity as tax-payers must go on perpetually paying interest on capital, which in the first place was largely water.

Modern industrial methods tend continually toward increased output at reduced cost. Whenever it is possible to eliminate competition, or by means of patent rights maintain exclusive control of any branch of industry, it then becomes easy to transfer the increment, due to labor saving devices or better organization to the proprietary class. In a state of freedom natural laws would prevent any class from retaining advantages of this nature. At present the net result is this: a bigger share of the industrial product takes the form of interest. The non-producing class is benefited, while the laboring class remains as before. I do not mean that the workers gain nothing, but that they do not secure a proportionate share of the improvement.

An analysis of present economic conditions leads to the consideration of the problem of interest, which will shortly occupy our attention. It should be noted that throughout the discussion of this subject I say nothing with respect to the justice or the morality of paying or receiving interest. Primarily it is not a question of ethics. As I apprehend the matter it is the spread of knowledge, and not the force of moral exhortation, that furthers human progress. The world is moved by ideas, not by feelings. To discuss what people ought to do is a bootless task, but the course of action which circumstances compel them to take is worthy of serious study. To rail against the "present system," and to denounce the possessing classes for being what they are, is sheer waste of time. All that can wisely be done is to perceive the nature of the causes producing certain results, and thereby learn in which direction improvement is possible.

If the laws of development hold for man's social and industrial life, the only fruitful method is to grasp the meaning of those laws, and strive for betterment in harmony with them. No amount of unintelligent enthusiasm can compensate for the lack of a true apprehension of the lines on which progress moves. No unreasoned belief can bring a change for which adequate causes are not preparing.

WAT TYLER.

Reform Marriages.

The radicals who have for years been working along the line of marriage abolition or reform, must rejoice over the rewards of their labor when they count the number of autonomistic and agnostic weddings that are lately taking place.

It is encouraging and a sign of progress to see "God" and "obey" and "till death do us part" eliminated from marriage ceremonies, but if we imagine that this even together with the abolition of the State also, in our "joinings" and Sunderings is going to make smooth the conjugal pathway we are doomed to disappointment.

The orthodox marriage vows are almost a dead letter even now. Very few women obey their husbands because they promised to, and not many are slow in invoking the aid of man when the bonds of God need sundering.

Freedom from Church and State is not the only condition necessary for our happiness. Agnostic pledges are as likely to lay the foundation for further mischief in the family as any other ceremony.

For instance, Martha Seamen and Frederic Federle, of Cincinnati, were married "under agnostic ceremonies," according to a late *Chicago American*. They pledge themselves to "bring up their children in the belief that there is no God, not to allow them to go to church or Sunday school or to kneel in prayer," and to "separate if they cannot get along without quarreling." All of which is contrary to true liberalism and justice; and is sure to make trouble if attempted or successful.

Belief in God is not a matter of heredity or bringing up. The Herminias and Dollies are not exclusively characters of fiction. We see them every day in real life. With unrestricted reading and education the children of Martha and Frederic are likely to meet with plenty of gods. The woods are full of them, orthodox gods, spiritual gods, Christian Science gods, Theosophic gods; Almighty God, Great God, Good God, The God, A God and just plain God. Suppose they find one they want to tie to or one they think they need in their business, then comes that pledge, and its fulfilment must mean parental authority and interference, or what is it worth?

For my part I consider the parent who prevents his children from attending church or Sunday school if they want to go, as unreasonable a tyrant as the one who compels them to attend if they do not want to go. Here is a chance for rebellion, disobedience, and contention galore if the parents stick to their pledge and the children have "minds of their own." However, as another pledge is that "no children shall be born except of af-

fection," because "children born of deep affection are affectionate, kind, and docile by nature," this difficulty may be overcome by the children through their kindness and docility, consenting to believe whatever their parents wish.

The promise or agreement to separate when love no longer exists is one of the strong points of social reform; but I consider the death of love alone, one of the weakest and meanest of excuses for a separation. In a conversation on this subject, I once heard a man—a broad-minded all around radical—say "no man has a right to leave his wife unless she is willing." Another agreed with him "if the wife was doing the best she knows how," and the same was true of a woman leaving her husband.

Suppose the time should come when Frederic no longer loves Martha, perhaps loves another girl, and he takes advantage of their pledge to walk off with the new love, wouldn't there be some injustice and unkindness to Martha in this, if she has always done the best she knows how, and they are both involved in the property, material interests, and the children? Would it be fair to leave her to fight it out with the children regarding belief in God and Sunday school, and perhaps other difficulties as well—poverty, toil, sickness, loneliness, etc? And wouldn't it be equally hard on Frederic if Martha is the one to tire of the bargain and demand a new deal?

* * *

The right to separate when love dies does not solve the problem, unless other circumstances can be arranged harmoniously and satisfactorily to all concerned.

If Prof. Herron's family were entirely dependent upon him for their material and social needs, he would not be justified (in my mind at least) in leaving them to be happy with another's love; and I believe he is just the kind of a man who would, to a great extent, live the life of a martyr rather than to carelessly shake off his obligations and responsibilities. He has provided for his family, and as his wife has shown herself to be a most sensible woman throughout the whole affair, all are doubtless satisfied.

He loves his children, but leaves them with the mother, as he "holds it a principle that children belong first to their mother." This is quite in line with modern mother's rights, but it would be such a rank injustice, such atrocious wrong for him to take the children from their mother, that he deserves no credit for that sentiment. Children belong first to the mother, but suppose the mother leaves the home? Would it be quite right for her to take the children from their father? If he is a kind and loving father and wishes to be with his children, he is as deeply injured and outraged as the mother would be.

LILLIE D. WHITE.

What is to be Expected?

In the May *Iconoclast* R. H. Izor has an ably written article on "Courts of Injustice." Does he think there are any "Court of Justice"? If so, where are they?

It is not to be wondered at that the courts are corrupt, or institutions of injustice. Society is not perfect, and the State is rotten to the core. Power and wealth rule all the

affairs of public life, consequently courts, like other "public functions," are what prevailing conditions make them. The police courts are coarser, less refined, perhaps, than higher courts, that deal out very much the same kind of "justice."

Society, as now constituted, deprives many of its members of the refining influences enjoyed by others, brutalizes them, drives them into lives of vice, brands them as criminal and unfit to associate with the more fortunate, and then the State sets out to force them to "be decent."

The State, like a great octopus, has many arms. One of its giant arms, provided with many feeders, is the police department, and it is in constant quest of "nourishment." The peculiar nourishment most greedily sought in money. Vice and crime provide the largest amount of the nourishment most highly esteemed, and, very naturally, its perpetuation is fostered by the police department. The keepers of dives must be protected in order that they may get the money of those whom society has outcast, and in turn provide a goodly revenue to the great octopus through the police department.

Under such circumstances what is to be expected? Can it be expected that a police court made up of men who hold power and gain wealth solely through the existence of vice and crime should try to crush or abolish them?

What could Mrs. Boyd expect as a result of her nosing around where she knew vice was ripe and respect for her, and all of her ilk, at the lowest possible ebb? Can any possible good come of a Mrs. Nation turning joint-smasher, or Mrs. Boyd turning private regulator?

Again I would ask the would-be doctors of society, to look the facts in the face, turn their eyes away from the facial blemishes of bartenders and the color washes of courtesans, and, beholding how the State denies men equal opportunities in the struggle for existence, and society has only a curse and kick for the "erring" woman, ask themselves "what's to be expected?"

HENRY ADDIS.

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Government Education and Rewards.

The largest number of prisoners ever returned from the Philippines came on the transport *Indiana*. Nearly two hundred men were kept handcuffed on the voyage. There are four murderers among the prisoners, all of whom have been sentenced to life imprisonment. With the other prisoners they will be taken to Alcatraz island today. Of the 188 prisoners, 51 have already completed their sentences in the Philippines, and the remaining 137 are to serve from one to thirty years, for various offenses. Willie Wilson is under sentence to thirty years for assault, rape and murder; Joseph P. Kershaw will serve twenty years for assault and battery and robbery.

The above extract from the "daily press" account of the arrival of the army transport *Indiana* shows the brutal features of the demon government. The governments hire able-bodied creatures, according to the opinion of government experts (?), at a low price to be taught the art of robbery and murder, including of course any other little items that intervene in carrying out the two objects of their education. Some learn their lessons so well that they are urged by the force of their education and brutal energy, to exercise their civilizing powers over the

weak Filipinos, even in the absence of one of their company who wears a \$375 uniform—and that is the only sin for which governments handcuff and imprison them.

The government would hang the men sentenced to life imprisonment, but the latter plan extracts more money from the producers of wealth, on which the supporters of governments live. Government, soldiers, and parsons—all hang together.

How much better it would be for humanity, if they—soldiers, parsons, and government officials—were all hung separately.

KINGHORN-JONES.

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Government and Evolution.

In expressing our thoughts and feelings on a subject it is generally conceded good policy to have those interested in them adequately alive, as early as possible, to our particular point of view. I will, therefore, before undertaking to criticize Comrade Tyler's "An Era of Transition," endeavor to explain quite briefly the particular point of view of my present thoughts and feelings concerning government and evolution.

In the first place I sympathize with Thomas Jefferson in the opinion that that government is best which governs least, and with Herbert Spencer in the belief that in the course of social evolution the regime of status and the system of compulsory cooperation ought gradually to be replaced by the regime of contract and the system of voluntary cooperation. In the next place I believe, in consideration of the present world-wide condition of individual rapacity and national belligerency (both to a large extent directly traceable to an almost universal and quite abnormal greed for commercial gain), that government, unjust and cruel to the pitch of being evil as it so often is, is yet quite a necessary evil; that we need a government with a well-disciplined trustworthy police force, extending over our whole society, in order that violent disputes between rapacious fellow individuals may be settled peaceably in our halls of legislature by process of ballot, and in our courts of justice by process of jurisprudence, instead of being settled as of yore by bloody random battles in the middle of the streets; and that we need a government with a well-disciplined trustworthy military force, extending over our whole social order, with its common language and physical boundaries, and its similarity of tastes and interests, in order that an aggressive campaign against us by some belligerent foreign nation may at any time be promptly and successfully repulsed. And lastly I believe that there are at present dispersed over the face of the earth governments of all sorts and descriptions. Of which I maintain that the governments in the heart of Africa and on the islands in the Pacific govern too little, that those in Germany and Russia, Turkey and China, etc., govern too much, and that our Republican-Democracy here in the United States "of the people, for the people, and by the people" (provided we labor alertly and sedulously to make it live up to the criterion of liberty, justice, and order which it can be made it to exemplify) governs, in our present epoch of cosmic evolution, to about the right amount.

Small reason have I to doubt, however, that, in the time to come with the continued spread of the spirit of fellow sympathy and community of interest, and with the continued growth of such qualities as gentleness, justice, and courage among us, in particular, and throughout the world, in general, the present need of government with organized police and military forces to secure health, safety, and peace in our midst will be most happily outgrown. Fear of crime, disease, and disorders from within the society will, it is to be hoped, in the course of time, become more and more uncalled for; and fear of invasion, oppression, and rapine from without the society will, it is to be hoped, become not less unwarranted. And when the present conditions, which seemingly render it advisable for us to uphold regularly organized police and military forces in our midst, are removed, then the remaining functions of our present coercive majority-rule form of government will, it is to be hoped, also most naturally fall away.

Eventually, indeed, in the course of social evolution it is to be hoped that a state of society will be realized in which the organizations for the defence of permanent interests, for the determination of judicial rights, for the provision of common wants, and for the wholesome protection of and assistance to the weak and suffering will be voluntarily formed, and their administrations will be, for the most part (out of true love and respect), gladly and spontaneously confirmed and followed out by all of us.

But though we advance toward such a goal boldly we should also I believe advance toward it with patience and prudence. And I can scarcely help feeling that we have as yet by no means arrived at the stage of evolution where the present Republican-Democratic form of government here in our midst can properly be shuffled off as an evil, or can deservedly be denounced as a "curse." Our sympathies are wide. Our temper is tolerant. Our inventive genius and initiative instincts are ceaselessly active. There is among us universal male suffrage (and whenever women rise and demand it generally to them the same privilege may be extended, as it already has been in several States). In all of us, indeed, from the soles of our feet to the crowns of our heads the life-blood of freedom and justice seems to be coursing impetuously. The very atmosphere of the climate in which we live seems to impart a vitality that keeps us forever on the urge, urge, and now and then is even apt to excite us (in the fields of industry, commerce, and finance, not less than in those of art, literature, and science) to such a degree as to render us almost calamitously recalcitrant against restraint. In fact, in consideration of these various conditions, and of the crude state of many of our fellow individuals' thoughts and feelings, at home, and of our fellow nation's thoughts and feelings, abroad, regarding the rights and privileges and liberties of social life, I firmly believe that a government among us is as yet quite a wise and necessary institution. I firmly believe, moreover, that instead of striving to get rid of this Republican-Democratic form of government at present in vogue among us we ought, for some time to come, rather to strive to simplify and perfect it, and, at the same time,

endeavor to mature and perfect individual character among us, in particular, and among nations, in general, as much as possible. In the interim, however, under this Republican-Democratic form of government we may assuredly obtain union (and in union there is strength), and also under it, in some degree at least, freedom, justice, health, and peace may be secured among us.

Having thus made an attempt briefly to explain the point of view of my present thoughts and feelings concerning government and evolution I await Comrade Tyler's criticism of them; and whether or not he sees fit to avoid undertaking it I trust to be able to prepare a critical review of one, or two parts of his "An Era of Transition" now being published in these columns.

WALTER LEIGHTON.

AN APPEAL.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Michael Bakunin our comrades in Bern placed a wreath upon his grave. It was found that the grave of the great pioneer is in a sorry condition. A single tree, a little evergreen, and a small stone, on which the inscription is hardly readable, are all that mark the burying place of the man whose whole life was devoted to an untiring battle against tyranny and slavery. We call upon all our comrades to hold meetings and collect means for the purpose of restoring and decorating the grave of Bakunin in a worthy manner. The comrades of Bern have chosen a committee which will undertake the work. As our Chicago comrades in Waldheim have a deserving burial place, so we wish to honor the memory of Bakunin. Honor to whom honor is due!

Address all communications to *Neues Leben*, Adalbertstr. 99, Hof 1, Berlin S., Germany, All Anarchist and revolutionary Socialist papers please copy.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavor to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses of those who have these. It resembles the pranks of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own, and malice finds all her worth in rain. It is the whipper who is whipped and the tyrant who is undone.—Emerson.

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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.

I abhor the spilling of blood, suffering, and death. I love life, and to me all life is sacred. This is the reason why I seek in the Anarchist ideal what no other form of government can give me: love, beauty, peace between men.—Octave Mirbeau.

Certain Comment.

My friend, Walter Leighton, always writes forcefully, and with intended fairness. His reply to Wat Tyler is no exception to the rule, although I consider that it fails of its purpose. As Comrade Wat Tyler will doubtless answer in full, I will confine myself to a brief comment on Mr. Leighton's position.

In the first place, I fail to see where Wat Tyler showed any "reluctance" to do away with government. He deprecated the advocacy of a "forcible attack" on it, merely because he believed that such an attack could not succeed. Whether correct or not, this view is taken by many Anarchists, including Comrade Van Ornum, in recent articles. This is not a reluctance to abolish government, but a reluctance to try to abolish it and fail, after watering the ground with the blood of our comrades. Comrade Tyler simply holds that government cannot be overthrown, until the people want to overthrow it, and that the present work is to undermine their respect for it.

It is a strange logic that leads Mr. Leighton to cite the ruthless and damnable oppression of weak peoples by those more strongly organized, as an illustration of the beneficence of government. It is these very facts which most vividly illustrate the evils of a powerfully centralized authority. If there were no such greedy and invasive agencies at work, "our unfortunate and improvident fellow-mortals" would not be "compelled by destiny" to undergo "such humiliating and expensive experiences."

The Anarchist does not overlook the law of evolution. More than any other, he recognizes it in all its fullness. He understands why human institutions rise and fall. Government, like serfdom and chattel slavery, is the externalization of human ignorance. Its history is but a trifle longer than that of chattel slavery, to which every one of Mr. Leighton's arguments applies with equal force. When people cease to think they need government, they will cease to need it; and there need be no fear that its abolition will be in any sense premature. There is more danger of its being tolerated too long. In some remote and barbarous age, government may indeed have been the lesser of

possible evils. What most concerns us, is that today it stands alone and unapproachable, a veritable Colossus of crime. Shall we worship the blood-stained bandit, because of his comparatively innocent childhood? Government is today a device for doing poorly what could be better done without it, and robbing us into the bargain. If it ever had any usefulness, that usefulness has long since departed.

To say that we must have a strong military government, to protect ourselves against other nations that have, is to propose a perpetual deadlock. It is to forget the history of the American and French Revolutions. A non-governed people would be weak in a war of conquest, but strong in a defensive contest for liberty. At best, government is the wolf, which drives off the fox, to render the sheep more surely its own prey. If I am to be robbed and bludgeoned, what difference does it make to me, whether the invader of my rights dwells in Washington or in London or Berlin? It does not lighten slavery, to know that the oppressor is of my own blood.

I deny that government is a necessary evil. It is by liberty that we can learn how to use liberty. The present system, which is by no means "approximately Anarchistic," is educating in the wrong direction. The disappearance of government will set free our faculties to unfold in every direction. Self-interest will dictate respect for each other's rights, and will speedily lead to voluntary and fraternal cooperation for all good ends. Slavery will not develop a free manhood; but freedom will.

To say that "government would long ago have been abolished," were it the evil it is described to be, is a strange argument, which takes little note of the facts of psychology. Superstitions have a marvellous vitality, especially when a powerful class is deeply interested in their retention. The existence of the Anarchist propaganda shows that not all the people are fooled; and there are thousands of years yet before the race, wherein to demonstrate that not even "part of the people" will, in this matter, be fooled "all the time."

Justice demurs to a recent statement by me to the effect that Socialism is right in instinct, but incomplete in analysis; while the Single Tax, as a panacea, is decidedly puerile. As to the first statement, the instinct of Socialism is toward fraternal and world-wide cooperation, the banding together of human beings for the common exploitation of the earth. There can hardly be a finer social ideal; but Socialism makes the mistake of appealing to authority, and seeking to invert the natural order of growth. Fixing its sole attention on economics, it jeopardizes the deeper principle of human liberty, ignores psychology, and tends to crystallization and unnatural uniformity.

As to the Single Tax, however "single," it is still a "tax." Its fundamental characteristic is its recognition of government. I am well aware that many Single Taxers believe in a wider measure of liberty; but the doctrine itself in no wise repudiates the principle of authority. It might render the growth of monopoly a little slower, and perhaps even administer a temporary check to it;

but it touches no fundamental sociological principle. Wherefore I cannot class it as "right in instinct," especially when viewed as a finality.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

Governmental Uselessness.

FREE SOCIETY invites a general discussion on the question raised by Walter Leighton, in his reply to Wat Tyler's "Curse of Government." The first obvious criticism which occurs to me is that Walter Leighton's apology for government might have been reduced into a quarter the space it occupies, and the other three quarters given to something fresher. I boil it down as follows. (1) While individuals want to "invade" each other, government is useful to keep from "invading." (2) While other societies want to "invade" "us," "we" must have a government to prevent their doing so. (3) If it had been otherwise, we should have found that out before. For a refutation of the first two platitudinous assertions, see my Course of Reading for Anarchists; published in FREE SOCIETY last fall. Mr. Leighton will find there the names of certain standard historical works, reading of which may convince him that governments do not prevent individuals from "invading" others, but encourage them to do so:—that government is worse than useless in defensive war, and good only for aggressive. As to the third assertion, it might be, and is, by illogical conservatives, directed equally against all discovery. Whether Lincoln was such "a great man and clear thinker" may be or may not. But I am quite sure he was mistaken if he meant to say that "all the people" cannot be fooled for many centuries. "All the people" believed for many centuries that "de sun do move." "All the people"—even infidels and atheists—believed in alchemy, astrology, and witchcraft, as lately as Charles the Second's reign. "All the people" is an ignoramus. It's always the one man with a really new idea who turns out to be the smart fellow.

C. L. JAMES.

The Death of a Section Hand.

Written on board the "Fresno Local" (Southern Pacific Railroad) a few minutes after witnessing the killing of a section hand.

"Section hand, name —, killed, June 25, 1901. Run over by west-bound Fresno local, at trestle one-half mile east of Banta."

That, no doubt, will be the report of the conductor. Parents, wife and children may mourn; but as far as the railroad is concerned, that report, duly filed away, will be the record of this tragedy.

But when the question, Why was he killed? is asked, the long story of labor's wrongs and sufferings is at once brought to the minds of those not made callous by the possession of vested interests. This section hand, receiving \$1.75 a day, was working on the trestle, closely watched by the foreman. The noise of the approaching train gave warning, and the section hand's trained ear told the distance. He was ready to drop his tools and seek safety. But, then, there stood the boss; and if the "hand" had stopped a few minutes before the passing of the train, a volley of oaths might have followed, and, possibly, discharge. No lazy men are wanted by the railroad company.

And this man may have had wife and children depending on him, and discharge meant suffering for them. He stayed at his work; and when he ran for shelter, it was too late. The unfeeling and unhesitating iron of the locomotive struck him in the breast, and there he lay bleeding on the dry grass.

The train stopped long enough for the tender hands of his comrades to pick him up and hide him from the sight of the horrified passengers. Pepper trees and weeping-willows sighed the death dirge over this murdered son of toil. Yes; murdered through the greed of the officials, whose only thoughts are how to get work done quickly and cheaply!

If some "hands" are killed, what does that matter? The stockholders need dividends to hoard up wealth, to be squandered by their idle and profligate progeny. And should conscience occasionally sound its disagreeable notes in the hearts of the managers and owners, a liberal donation is made to some church, or a university is endowed. In the latter learned professors then prove that if there were no wars, epidemics, railroad accidents, etc., population would quickly increase over the limit of nature's power to feed the people.

Poor section hand! While living, you are a source of income to your masters; dead, you furnish their hiring professors with theories to prove that everything that is, is right. What a comfortable world this is—for the "masters of the bread!"—E. Rosenberg, in the *Coast Seamen's Journal*.

A Criticism.

A government is not a government, if it does not control its "subjects" or "citizens." When a person or crowd of persons is controlled, the will of such person or crowd is subjugated; enslavement is the consequence. No government ever existed without a system or many systems of taxation. Thus the blood of the slaves is sucked, or they are fleeced, more or less, the greed and power of the ruling class only limiting the degree of oppression. In theory "our present form of government" is of, for, and by the whole people; but such a proposition is absurd on the face of it. One cannot be ruler of the people and at the same time be ruled by them. Whatever the pretense may be, the rich rule, the poor obey, under one form of government as well as another.

So long as the minds of individuals are inactive from lack of opportunity to use them, just that long "each member of society" cannot be "prepared to acknowledge and live up to the principle that each individual shall be sovereign of his life, associations, pursuits," etc. So long as people obey their originality and independence are as naught; they are the automatons of the masters. The plutocratic excuse for being on the ground of "struggle for existence," has been shoved to the wall by Kropotkin.

According to my understanding of Anarchism, "our own modern Republican-Democratic" government cannot properly be called an "approximately Anarchistic form." Anarchy is the absence of all privilege, monopoly, interference, and authority. To mention it as having any possible relation or connection with government, one must

stretch the meaning of definitions more than I am able to do.

VIROQUA DANIELS.

Berkmann's Case.

Subsequent investigation by the friends and comrades of Alexander Berkmann has confirmed the report of his attempted suicide.

An attorney of Pittsburg obtained an interview with Berkmann, which took place in the presence of one of the guards. In spite of the attempt to keep him from stating the facts, he persisted in telling his side of the case. Berkmann is not demented, as stated by the prisoner Johnson, but was driven to the attempt because he could not endure the solitary confinement and absolute physical and mental idleness in which he was kept. He is now feeling fairly well; and since the publicity which his case has received, the prison authorities seem somewhat frightened, and have given Comrade Berkmann light employment, acting as a messenger, carrying food to prisoners who are confined in cells, and "making himself generally useful." His sight is very poor, the left eye being especially afflicted, but he is still able to do a little reading.

The attorney has attempted to get a permit for someone to see Berkmann regularly every three months, and has so far succeeded in getting an interview for Comrade H. Gordon, which is to take place next Monday, lasting fifty minutes, with an official sitting between the two. (It may be remarked here that this is imitating Russian methods with a vengeance.) The acting warden of the penitentiary, ex-Mayor Diehl, in an interview reported by the *Pittsburg Leader*, states that Berkmann is a "fairly good prisoner," and that "his general conduct in the prison is satisfactory," but denies that he has been mistreated. This denial is painfully at variance with the facts; and the comrades propose to carry on a thorough investigation of the case.

Here and There.

The machinists of San Francisco are still firm, and are hopeful of success.

The brewery workers at New Orleans are on strike for the recognition of their union.

The steel workers' strike is declared off, and the strikers claim a victory over the trust. The union is practically recognized, which was the main point of contention.

The employes of the Sprague Electrical Works at East Orange, N. J., recently went on a strike. After the men went back to work, the company issued an order prohibiting all discussion of the strike or its settlement on pain of dismissal. Large employers at present usually prescribe the uniform of their employes. That they should also desire to model their mental capacity to their own liking is in the natural order of things.

According to the *Coast Seamen's Journal*, the protest of the San Francisco Labor Council against the acceptance of Carnegie's library donation to the city leaves the would-be philanthropist in a bad light. Even the mayor admitted the contention of the Council by stating that the Carnegie gift should be looked at in the light of restitution. The

monument dreams may be somewhat disturbed by Homestead blood.

Bartley, a former treasurer of Nebraska, who embezzled \$100,000, was sentenced to twenty-one years imprisonment. He is now pardoned, after serving four years. Bartley was wise enough to steal a large sum while he was at it, hence his pardon.

King Edward has a fine sense of humor. A committee of American ladies, of the Maine hospital ship fame, presented the king a medal for Queen Alexandra. On accepting the gift King Edward said he was glad of the "loyalty" of the American women. Now they are indignant, and protest they are not "loyal," but the king no doubt quietly enjoys their discomfiture.

The persecution of Anarchists continues unabated in Germany. The emperor is to take part in the unveiling of a statue in the vicinity of Dortmund about the middle of August, and for weeks already the police have been hounding every comrade thereabouts.

George Kennan, the author of the famous book "Siberia and the Exil System," visited Russia last week, and was expelled as an "undesirable foreigner." As Kennan's offense consist of telling the unvarnished truth, it is no wonder the autocracy considered him "undesirable."

The king of Italy is flirting with the Republicans and Socialists; and is said to have declared recently that to save the House of Savoy it may be necessary to have a Republican and a Socialist in the ministry.

The prime minister of Italy, Giolitti, states that the Socialist federation is a guarantee of a peaceful struggle between capital and labor. A few more bouquets and the appointment of a Socialist minister will be an easy matter.

Adolph Rossi has just completed an exhaustive investigation of the conditions that prevail among the Italian peasantry in the northern part of the kingdom. His descriptions of what he has seen are to Italy what George Kennan's works are to Siberia.

The "mezzadria" (profit sharing) system has produced the most deplorable results. The peasants live ten months out of twelve on polenta, bread and roots. The children subsist on half ripe berries.

For their two or three room huts they pay at least 30 lire annual taxes. They are in debt head over heels, and frequently have mortgaged their scant earnings for years ahead.

The Peasants' League is, however, rapidly becoming the best organized union in the world. A federal council is the executive body. In case of the general strike which may be declared at any moment, bicyclists will notify the various villages, and within a very few hours after the strike has been decided upon, every spade in northern Italy will have ceased to work.

All these peasant leagues are Socialistic in home politics. The Catholic leagues, which the Vatican promoted, are not making much headway. It was the intention of the ecclesiastical authorities to offset the Socialistic movement by the formation of these opposition leagues, but the peasants will have no half-hearted movement. They are prepared to fight for their cause. They have nothing to lose and all to gain. Starvation has no terrors for them, for they are starving now.—*Chicago American*.

History of the French Revolution.

XVII

On the 26th the Assembly, at Guadet's motion, addressed a last appeal. Louis was entreated not to confound symptoms with causes; nor see in clubs, mobs, and revolutionary talk, what should be attributed to acts of "the executive power." He took offense, and gave a defiant reply. To the memorial he had granted none at all. That same 26th there would have been an insurrection, but for dissuasion by Pétion and Sergeant. Next day, D'Espréménil was attacked, at the Palais Royal garden, and Sergeant saved him with difficulty. On the 28th, the duke of Brunswick, commanding the Prussians, put forth his celebrated proclamation, in which he threatened to burn every town which resisted, treat the National Guards as rebels, and totally destroy Paris if any harm befell the king. This atrocious folly electrified France, and caused a strong revulsion of feeling in England. Everyone concerned was ashamed of it, and tried to throw it on everyone else. But the body had been furnished by Louis to Mallet du Pan, and the venomous tail by Marie Antoinette to Mercy. The populace, as usual, laid the blame on the right shoulders. A verse of the Carmagnole (the street war song) asserted,

"Madame Vêto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris."

All this while, the black-browed Marseillais were coming, "tramp, tramp, tramp," along the dusty roads to Paris. They entered on the 30th amidst the plaudits of the beleaguered city which they had relieved. Their gay waistcoats (carmagnoles) at once became the fashion. A new song was in their mouths—a melodious battle-cry as shrill as a steam organ's note, trembling on the verge of discord, as though Euterpe had borrowed her sword from Calliope and improvised an air upon the jarring edge. A few days before it had thrilled the army of the Rhine. But Paris baptized it for immortality as the "Marseillaise Hymn." That same day, the coalition armies crossed the frontier in three columns. Already the white flag* had been raised and patriots massacred, both in Vendée and along the Rhone. Oh Marie, Marie! tender mother, who hesitated too long whether to choose a prison or a race amidst flying bullets for thy children, look forth and see the brood which thou hast raised!

"The children born of thee are sword, and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws."

The prince of Hohenlohe, with a corps of emigrants and Hessians, entered near Rodemack. He threatened Thionville and Metz. The Prussians, forming a line forty miles in length, ascended the Moselle on its left bank, intending to reach Paris by way of Longwy, Verdun, and Chalons. The Austrians, with another force of emigrants, marched against Lafayette, who was on the Meuse about Lille, Sedan and Metziers. The total of invaders is estimated at 133,000—a great army then. The French was ridiculously small, though it had just been reinforced by 10,000 men from Paris. Louis wanted to keep them there, but was persuaded to withhold a veto less injudicious than some of

*The flag of the old monarchy. It consisted of a white ground embroidered with golden fleurs de lis.

his others. Since the proclamation of danger, petitions for his deposition poured in from every side—so completely had the effect of June 20 been undone by his perversity. Pétion presented one on August 3, in the name of all the Parisian sections. The Assembly actually agreed to consider on the 9th. On the 5th the last levée was held at the Tuileries. Next day the departmental troops in Paris presented their demand for the king's removal. On this same 6th of August, the duke of Liancourt, assisted by Lally Tollendal, Mallonet, and other royalists, had everything planned for the flight of the royal family to Rouen, under protection of two reliable regiments. At the last moment, Marie Antoinette refused to be saved by the man who had dared to tell Louis, "Sire, it is a revolution." On the 8th, the Girondins and Jacobins proposed to arrest Lafayette, that is to remove the only bulwark of royalty. After an acrimonious debate in the Assembly, they were totally defeated. Those who voted in his favor were mobbed and threatened. But Barbaroux' bloodless revolution had failed; for the majority—446 to 280—was not easily overcome. So far was the Assembly behind not only Paris but France at large. Meanwhile, everything operated to increase the tension. There were fights between the royal troops and the national. Dysentery had broken out in Lafayette's army. It was rumored that royalist bakers were poisoning the soldiers—no doubt with connivance of the traitor general who cared less for his country than a traitor king. The patience of the populace was exhausted. On the promised 9th, forty-seven sections sent word to the Assembly that if Louis were not deposed that very day, they would march to do it at midnight. The Assembly adjourned without action, so strong was the Plain. King Mob could no longer trust his chosen servants. The water was full, and the dam blew at last.

The plan of insurrection had been arranged by Danton, Sergeant, Santerre, Westermann (an experienced officer), and Camille Desmoulins. The troops of St. Antoine, under Santerre and Westermann, were to join those of St. Marceau, headed by the Marseillais, and commanded by Danton, at the old place. Sergeant found ammunition. Knowing Pétion too well to trust him—they had been schoolfellows—he also agreed to take possession of the Hotel de Ville with 400 National Guards, displace the municipal government, and install another. On the king's side, Mandat, who commanded the National Guard that month, had taken up his quarters in the Tuileries, and planted a battery at the Pont Neuf, the far eastern bridge, to prevent the rebels from uniting. The St. Antoine column he meant to take in flank. Pétion was sent for. He said the king had a right to defend himself. But he stayed so long that Sergeant became alarmed, and got some messengers sent from the Assembly, during the small hours, just in time to prevent his being murdered in the garden! His empty carriage driving away, is observed by all our witnesses. Sergeant took him home, badly frightened, and put him under guard. He was made, about day-break, to send Mandat a summons, which the king advised him to obey. Mandat went

to the Hotel de Ville, was arrested by the new city government, and shot on the way to prison by Rossignol, a friend of Danton's, who gave instructions. (Three members of the old commune, Danton, Pétion, and Manuel, had been allowed places in the new). Santerre was appointed to fill Mandat's office; and the Tuileries thus lost its strong outpost.

At midnight, faithful to appointment, the tocsin's hollow voice had announced the work begun. The royal household, roused from sleep, made hasty preparations. The syndic of the department, Roederer by name, had become Louis' principal adviser. It was a beautiful night, but very hot. The windows were all open to admit air, and the Tuileries appeared to be illuminated for a festival. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth stood, we are told, on a very elevated balcony. Pointing to the waning moon, the queen said, "Before she fills again, the allies will be here, and we shall be rescued; or I shall be no more." She was mistaken. They did not come; but the beautiful enchantress who had loosed the fiends of war was not to perish by lawless violence, nor at all till more than thirteen moons had waned and waxed. It was two hundred and twenty-one years, almost to a day, since another queen had watched from the same palace the progress of another royal treason—the St. Bartholomew massacre. But that one managed better. "Let us descend," said Marie Antoinette. The eastern sky had become beautiful: but the sun was not up. There was a lull in the storm, occasioned probably by the installment of the new city government. Santerre, it is said, also showed cowardice, and Westermann had to force him on. The court people boasted that "it did not give down." But soon there could be no doubt it did. Taking a pistol from a grenadier, the queen, they tell, gave it to Louis saying, "Now, sire! now is your time to show yourself a king." But nature never intended him for a king. He returned the pistol to the soldier. He reviewed the guards, waddling in his huge corpulence, amidst martial music, to which they presented arms. His dress was disordered, his hair half powdered. In his otherwise meaningless face, the swollen eyes gave evidence that he had been weeping. The queen and her children followed him to the Carrousel. Her appearance, animated and majestic, excited admiration. But the king could hardly stammer a few feeble words. She returned to her salon in despair. From the Carrousel, Louis went on through the gardens and back. Those National Guards on duty at the palace, occupied them with twelve pieces of artillery. Civilians were already talking through the rails. Some soldiers cried, "Vive le Roi!" but others "Vive la Nation!" and as the king retired, gunners shook their fists at him. It was just after this that Mandat departed, never to return. His continued absence, and the appearance of a noisy crowd in the Carrousel, alarmed Roederer, who was not a military man. He relates how his fear identified each bell which rang! He requested a private interview with the king, and told him that, having no reliable troops, he must seek protection from the Assembly. When Marie Antoinette learned this, she is said to

have protested with characteristic spirit. Roederer ran back and forth between the king and the Assembly, which had met on the midnight alarm. At last he insisted that the real insurgents were actually coming; there were not five minutes to lose, etc. At this critical moment, the mob alone knew its business. The Assembly was requested to send a delegation for the king's protection. It refused. It had been repeatedly called on to depose him, and had evaded action. Even the queen, as we saw, was in two minds about using the army she had collected. The mob sent a last demand for abdication. Both king and queen hesitated a moment. Then Louis rose—to throw responsibility on the Assembly by going thither. His kind heart made him say something to Roederer about the friends he was leaving. Roederer assured him they would be safe if they surrendered. The foolish monarch forbade them to fire; but did not bid them surrender. Thus they were left to find their own way out of an ambiguous position under aristocrats who were willing they should make a desperate attempt, since the noble skins of these parlor knights might be saved by a subterranean passage to the Louvre whose existence they only knew.* The sole way to the Assembly hall was through the garden. Louis remarked while taking it that the leaves were falling early! No one else felt inclined to offer a meteorological observation. At the door of the Assembly, the royal family found a mob, which shouted: "They shall not enter! They shall deceive the nation no more! Down with the veto! Down with the Austrian woman! Abdication or death!" These threats came from an unarmed crowd; and Louis had soldiers. Some of them elbowed a passage—contrary to privilege of parliament. One carried the dauphin, and set him on a table. The royal family were put into the reporters' box. His majesty had not breakfasted. Accordingly, he went to work on a plate of peaches. Almost at the same moment a few scattering shots were heard. Then volleys of musketry and artillery announced that the attack had begun. Louis, peach-stone in hand, looked up to remark that he had forbidden firing, and then resumed his refreshment. The Assembly was dazed and terrified. Blows were heard on the door; and for some moments everyone expected a massacre. But the mob's sound instincts told it that this resort of incompetence was not its where to strike. Let us try to understand the tactical situation.

In front of the great entrance at the end of the Tuileries, where Santerre's procession had entered and where the fight took place now, a courtyard occupied by Swiss, separated the palace from the Carrousel. The Swiss Guards' barrack formed the external front of this court. Immediately after Louis' flight, their general Boissieu called them all into the Tuileries, packing it to suffocation.

* This bad conduct of the nobles may be read between the lines of any orthodox account. Mandat protested against their presence. The queen would have it. That Marie Antoinette pointed these heroes out to the Guards and said, "There are the men who will show you your duty!" either is a legend, or she addressed the Swiss. To find the National Guard, at least a large body of them, she must have gone into the garden; but she did turn back before entering it.

The mob from the Carrousel poured into the court. The Marseillais, and the National Guards from the two sections (southeast and northeast of the Pont Neuf) approached in a column, pushing through the crowd. Westermann entered the court and addressed, in German, the red-coated Swiss, of whom a large body were holding the marble staircase. Some of them came down among the people. Some, it is said, were dragged away from their posts. Then a deadly volley was fired from the staircase and the windows, killing nearly a hundred persons, among them some Swiss. (An Incredible has asserted that three Marseillais cannon fired first—into the backs of their own people?) The civilian rabble ran away—some as far as St. Antoine. The Guards charged fiercely. Routed friends and victorious foes together, drove the Marseillais back to the Rue l'Echelle, beyond the Carrousel, with loss of two cannons. These, and one or more deserted by Nationals in the garrison, the Swiss vainly tried to fire with their own flints. Meanwhile thirty guns were trained against them from the opposite side of the Seine; a few balls were launched from the Pont Royal, the Nationals in the garden mostly joined their muskets and cannon to the people's. The Tuileries were untenable; but the *sans culottes* preferred risking their lives to destroying a principal ornament of that city their royal and noble foes had vowed to annihilate. The assailants were rallied by Westermann, Danton, Desmoulius, Alexandre, and Theroigne, who fought like a Jeanne d'Arc. And lo, the *Fédérés* of Brest, among them old Swiss guards who had refused to fight for the Bastille, and had been in the galleys for the Nancy affair!—they arrived on July 26, and would not leave for Soissons, till things should be safe in Paris. After a hot fight, the Swiss were driven back to the door. The nobles almost all sneaked off through the secret passage underfoot. Then, at last, the deserted plebeians threw down their arms and cried for quarter.* It was too late. A good many indeed were taken; and if all our figures are correct as many as a third must have got away. But about seven hundred and fifty are said to have been massacred—the greater part, of course, immediately, and while trying to escape. About half these were hunted down in the Champs Elysées. Hole-and-corner butchery continued for four hours. A party of royalists disguised as National Guards had been arrested while coming to the Tuileries, and confined in a building behind. A mob led by the ferocious heroine Theroigne de Mericourt, broke into it early, and killed four; whose heads were carried on pikes. According to Sergeant, the rest escaped by a skylight. One victim was the journalist Souleau, who had called Theroigne every vile name imaginable. This is supposed to be fair usage of a courtesan, unless she has a noble for her pimp. But sometimes it proves

* Napoleon says the Swiss retreated by order of the king, and might perhaps have won had they had a general (Las Casas). But he is hardly a competent witness; for he was not with the king, but in the attack, though, according to his own coloring, rather a spectator than a combatant. From the Carroussel he may easily have failed to see the cannon, which, according to fable, bombarded the Tuileries, but somehow did not hurt it! The account given above harmonizes all parts of itself and many contemporary narratives, his statement not very well either.

unsafe. Theroigne is said to have killed Souleau with her own hand and sword. He was, no doubt, the man she sought there. An eye witness, Baron Thiebault, who fought among the National Guards, describes her appearance and action, which are interesting. She was a dark girl, about twenty, very pretty, and made more so by her excitement. She wore a black felt hat with a black plume, and a blue riding habit; and, as at Versailles, she posed upon a cannon. In the Tuileries, some despairing wretches climbed upon marble monuments. The Ionian conquerors would not injure the statuary. But they pricked the living *agonistes* down with their bayonets and slaughtered them at the base.* Few crimes except revenge for what the laws of war make capital, disgraced the popular triumph. The women of whom the Tuileries was full, all escaped death and outrage. Thieves were hanged at sight. "Do not dishonor the Nation!" was the cry which instantly stopped vulgar depredations. The queen's wardrobe was rifled by women—her portrait and the king's were destroyed. The furniture broken in the fight was thrown out of window. Madame Campan's house was burned. A Marseillais raised a sword over her head, but withdrew it, saying *Va-t-en*—"get out." The stables of the Tuileries and the barracks of the Swiss were burnt; but the origin of this fire appears to have been accidental. Some of the bodies of the Swiss were thrown in it. This seems the only foundations for Lamartine's story about burning all the dead and sweeping their ashes into the Seine.† Some 1,200 patriots had fallen. They were mostly buried at St. Madeleine. And here ends the list of Vandalisms recorded against this memorable day.

The mob having roused itself and done something, the legislature was no longer slow to recognize accomplished facts. A new petition for Louis' deposition, presented by the same person who brought that of June 20, was unanimously "granted." The Girondist cabinet was with some modification restored. Danton became minister of justice. Suffrage was extended to all Frenchmen twenty-five years of age. The National Guard had already, on Carnot's motion, reopened its ranks to poor men; and this, of course, was now legalized. The decrees which the ex-king had vetoed were all declared in force. This involved the banishment of about 4,000 non-juring priests. It was two in the morning before the Assembly adjourned, having sat twenty-six hours. Louis, to his wife's disgust, had as good an appetite as ever. About four hours after his memorable peaches, he dined royally on a chicken and good wine, while the death-groans of his last defenders were still heard, and the sentence of "suspension" war ringing in his ears. On adjournment the Assembly sent him and his family to the deserted cells of the Feuillant monks, adjoining, where they all fell into an exhausted sleep. Just five nobles were brave enough to remain with them; and Madame Campan came next morning. Each day they were brought to the reporter's box; for though the palace of Luxembourg had been declared their residence, it was clear they would not be safe there. C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* Some writers, in their hatred of "the unbreeched," try to make out that the Swiss were not killed by the Marseillais after they ceased fighting, but only by Parisians. Napoleon says he saved one, from a Marseillais about to kill him, after surrendering, by introducing himself to the Marseillais as another "southern man."

† See the account written next day by Dr. John Moore, who visited the spot, as all Paris did, for a sight of actual war.

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The Volunteer.

Maine blow up,
War declared,
Great excitement,
People scared.
Don't know who's
Scared the most;
Spanish gunboats
Off the coast.
Smart young Aleck
Hears the call,
Wants to go
Fight or fall.
Family kicks,
He insists,
Gets his back up
And enlists.
Throws up job,
Boss exclaims
"Noble fellow:
Country's claims
First of all,
Don't be slack;
Have your place
When you're back."
Off to war,
Boards the train,
"Hip, hurrah!
T'ell with Spain!"
Women weep,
Some are dumb,
Girls throw kisses,
Yum! yum! yum!
Camped among
Southern hills,
Suffers misery,
Constant drills,
Practice marches,
Eagan's beef,
Chills and fever,
No relief.
Hates the army,
Hates the cause,
Wants someone to
Kick his ass—
tere commander
In the neck;
Feels himself
Total wreck.
Goes to Cuba,
War is done,
Fighting ended,
No more fun,
Ordered home,
Fortunes turn,
Big reception,

Food to burn.
Girlee, girlee,
Full of joy,
Walking with
Soldier boy.
Mustered out,
Quit the flag,
Meets his friends,
Gets a jag.
Pays his fine
To the clerk,
Money gone,
Must get work.
No more girls'
Hearts to break,
When he meets 'em
Gets the shake.
Seeks his boss,
No disguise,
States his case,
Boss replies:
"Can't let loafers
Hang about;
Place is filled—
Get t'ell out!"
Goes away,
Drops a tear,
Can't get trusted
For a beer,
Dies at length;
By and by
Parson springs
Eulogy:
"Keep his memory
Ever dear,
Brave and noble
Volunteer!"
—Author Unknown.

The Letter-Box.

H. C. Campbell, Cal.—Subscription received and address changed. Thanks! Whether "the colony story is a myth" or not, we cannot tell. However, her intentions are good.—Long articles may not always be very entertaining, but not all writers can dispose of abstract questions in a few paragraphs. Besides, not all readers find such articles "tedious," as the demand for Oscar Wilde's article has shown. And James' French Revolution is read even by those who are not Anarchists with great interest.

W. S. A. Palmer, Mass.—If you think you can "spread more light" by using the word Socialism for Anarchism, why not write for Social Democratic papers? We do not care to spread the light by making concessions to public prejudices. Progress is not made in that way.

M. T. City.—Oscar Wilde's Socialism is also "good enough" for us; but it is too good for all Socialist parties to be recognized. He is aware that majority rule is tyranny of the worst kind, while you still believe that the expression of intelligence is to be found by counting noses. But to test your faith in majority rule, I would like to know whether you are willing to be ruled by a majority of Catholics? The fact is, you are only willing to comply with such rule as long as it expresses your own notions, which makes you a tyrant of the worst kind.

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