

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, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 331.

A Cannon Speaks.

Mine is no mighty conquest blare,
No red, revengeful fury fire;
Not mine to fright God's quiet air
With peals of unrelenting ire.

Rather I sound the death and doom
Of the old tyrannies of earth,
And destiny to the dreamless tomb
The cruel wrong of ancient birth.

And while my voice is that of war,
When its loud echoes shall cease,
For conquered and for conqueror
Shall dawn a far stronger peace!

—Clinton Scollard, in the *Junior Munsiey*.

The Tragedy at Buffalo.

For they starve the little frightened child
Till it weeps both night and day,
And they scourge the weak, and dog the fool,
And gibe the old and gray,
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,
And none a word may say.

—Oscar Wilde.

Never before in the history of governments has the sound of a pistol shot so startled, terrorized, and horrified the self-satisfied, indifferent, contented, and indolent public, as has the one fired by Leon Czolgosz when he struck down William McKinley, president of the money kings and trust magnates of this country.

Not that this modern Caesar was the first to die at the hands of a Brutus. Oh, no! Since man has trampled upon the rights of his fellowmen, rebellious spirits have been afloat in the atmosphere. Not that William McKinley was a greater man than those who throned upon the fettered form of Liberty. He did not compare either in intellect, ability, personality, or force of character with those who had to pay the penalty of their power. Nor will history be able to record his extraordinary kindness, generosity, and sympathy with those whom ignorance and greed have condemned to a life of misery, hopelessness, and despair.

Why, then, were the mighty and powerful thrown into such consternation by the deed of September 6? Why this howl of a hired press? Why such blood-thirsty and violent utterances from the clergy, whose usual business it is to preach "peace on earth and good-will to all"? Why the mad ravings of the mob, the demand for rigid laws to curtail freedom of press and speech?

For more than thirty years a small band of parasites have robbed the American people, and trampled upon the fundamental principles laid down by the forefathers of this country, guaranteeing to every man, woman, and child, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For thirty years they have been increasing their wealth and power at the expense of the vast mass of workers, thereby enlarging the army of the unemployed, the hungry, homeless, and friendless portion of humanity, tramping the country from east to west and north to

south, in a vain search for work. For many years the home has been left to the care of the little ones, while the parents are working their life and strength away for a small pittance. For thirty years the sturdy sons of America were sacrificed on the battlefield of industrial war, and the daughters outraged in corrupt factory surroundings. For long and weary years this process of undermining the nation's health, vigor, and pride, without much protest from the disinherited and oppressed, has been going on. Madened by success and victory, the money-powers of this "free land of our's" became more and more audacious in their heartless, cruel efforts to compete with rotten and decayed European tyrannies in supremacy of power.

With the minds of the young poisoned with a perverted conception of patriotism, and the fallacious notion that all are equal and that each one has the same opportunity to become a millionaire (provided he can steal the first hundred thousand dollars), it was an easy matter indeed to check the discontent of the people; one is therefore not surprised when one hears Americans say, "We can understand why the poor Russians kill their czar, or the Italians their king, for think of the conditions that prevail there; but he who lives in a republic, where each one has the opportunity to become president of the United States, [provided he has a powerful party back of him]; we are the people, and acts of violence in our country are impossible."

And now that the impossible has happened, that even America has given birth to the man who struck down the king of the republic, they have lost their heads, and are shouting vengeance upon those who for years have shown that the conditions here were beginning to be alarming, and unless a halt be called, despotism would set its heavy foot on the hitherto relatively free limbs of the people.

In vain have the mouthpieces of wealth denounced Leon Czolgosz as a foreigner; in vain they are making the world believe that he is the product of European conditions, and influenced by European ideas. This time the assassin happens to be the child of Columbia, who lulled him to sleep with

"My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty," etc.,

and who held out the hope to him that he too could become president of the country. Who can tell how many times this American child had gloried in the celebration of the 4th of July, or on Decoration Day, when he faithfully honored the nation's dead? Who knows but what he too was willing to "fight for his country and die for her liberty"; until it dawned on him that those he belonged to have no country, because they have been robbed of all that they have produced; until he saw that all the liberty and

independence of his youthful dreams are but a farce. Perhaps he also learned that it is nonsense to talk of equality between those who have all and those who have nothing, hence he rebelled.

"But his act was mad and cowardly," say the ruling class. "It was foolish and impractical," echo all petty reformers, Socialists, and even some Anarchists.

What absurdity! As if an act of this kind can be measured by its usefulness, expediency, or practicability. We might as well ask ourselves of the usefulness of a cyclone, tornado, a violent thunderstorm, or the ceaseless fall of the Niagara waters. All these forces are the natural results of natural causes, which we may not yet have been able to explain, but which are nevertheless a part of nature, just as all force is natural and part of man and beast, developed or checked, according to the pressure of conditions and man's understanding. An act of violence is therefore not only the result of conditions, but also of man's physical and mental nature, and his susceptibility to the world surrounding him.

Does not the summer fight against the winter, does it not resist, mourn, and weep oceans of tears in its eager attempt to shield its children from the icy grip of frost? And does not the winter enshroud mother earth with a white, hard cover, lest the warm spring sunshine should melt the heart of the hardened old gentleman? And does he not gather his last forces for a bitter and fierce battle for supremacy, until the burning rays of the sun disperse his rank?

Resistance against force is a fact all through nature. Man being part of nature, he, too, is swayed by the same force to defend himself against invasion. Force will continue to be a natural factor just so long as economic slavery, social superiority, inequality, exploitation, and war continue to destroy all that is good and noble in man.

That the economic and political conditions of this country have been pregnant with the embryo of greed and despotism, no one who thinks and has closely watched events can deny. It was therefore but a question of time for the first signs of labor pains to begin. And they began when McKinley, more than any other president, had betrayed the trust of the people, and became the tool of the moneyed kings. They began when he and his class had stained the memory of the men who produced the Declaration of Independence, through the blood of the massacred Filipinos. They grew more violent at the recollection of Hazelton, Virden, Idaho, and other places, where capital has waged war on labor; until on the 6th of September the child begotten, nourished and reared by violence, was born.

That violence is not the result of conditions only, but also largely depends upon man's inner nature, is best proven by the

fact that while thousands loath tyranny, but one will strike down a tyrant. What is it that drives him to commit the act, while others pass quietly by? It is because the one is of such a sensitive nature that he will feel a wrong more keenly and with greater intensity than others.

It is, therefore, not cruelty, or a thirst for blood, or any other criminal tendency, that induces such a man to strike a blow at organized power. On the contrary, it is mostly because of a strong social instinct, because of an abundance of love and an overflow of sympathy with the pain and sorrow around us, a love which seeks refuge in the embrace of mankind, a love so strong that it shrinks before no consequence, a love so broad that it can never be wrapped up in one object, as long as thousands perish, a love so all-absorbing that it can neither calculate, reason, investigate, but only dare at all costs.

It is generally believed that men prompted to put the dagger or bullet in the cowardly heart of government, were men conceited enough to think that they will thereby liberate the world from the fetters of despotism. As far as I have studied the psychology of an act of violence, I find that nothing could be further away from the thought of such a man than that if the king were dead, the mob will cease to shout "Long live the king!"

The cause for such an act lies deeper, far too deep for the shallow multitude to comprehend. It lies in the fact that the world within the individual, and the world around him, are two antagonistic forces, and therefore must clash.

Do I say that Czolgosz is made of that material? No. Neither can I say that he was not. Nor am I in a position to say whether or not he is an Anarchist; I did not know the man; no one as far as I am aware seems to have known him; but from his attitude and behavior so far, (I hope that no reader of FREE SOCIETY has believed the newspaper lies), I feel that he was a soul in pain, a soul that could find no abode in this cruel world of ours, a soul "impractical," inexpedient, lacking in caution, (according to the dictum of the wise); but daring just the same, and I cannot help but bow in reverenced silence before the power of such a soul, that has broken the narrow walls of its prison, and has taken a daring leap into the unknown.

Having shown that violence is not the result of personal influence, or one particular ideal, I deem it unnecessary to go into a lengthy theoretical discussion as to whether Anarchism contains the element of force or not. The question has been discussed time and again, and it is proven that Anarchism and violence are as far apart from each other as liberty and tyranny. I care not what the rabble says; but to those who are still capable of understanding I would say that Anarchism, being a philosophy of life, aims to establish a state of society in which man's inner make-up and the conditions around him, can blend harmoniously together, so that he will be able to utilize all the forces to enlarge and beautify the life about him. To those I would also say that I do not advocate violence; government does this, and force begets force. It is a fact which cannot be done away with through the prosecution of a few men and women,

or by more stringent laws—this only tends to increase it.

Violence will die a natural death when man will learn to understand that each unit has its place in the universe, and while being closely linked together, it must remain free to grow and expand.

Some people have hastily said that Czolgosz's act was foolish and will check the growth of progress. Those worthy people are wrong in forming hasty conclusions. What results the act of September 6 will have no one can say; one thing, however, is certain: he has wounded government in its most vital spot. As to stopping the wheel of progress, that is absurd. Ideas cannot be retarded by restraint. And as to petty police persecution, what matter?

As I write this, my thoughts wander to the death-cell at Auburn, to the young man with the girlish face, about to be put to death by the coarse, brutal hands of the law, walking up and down the narrow cell, with cold, cruel eyes following him,

"Who watch him when he tries to weep
And when he tries to pray;
Who watch him lest himself should rob
The prison of its prey."

And my heart goes out to him in deep sympathy, and to all those victims of a system of inequality, and the many who will die the forerunners of a better, nobler, grander life.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

— o — What is Anarchy?

Anarchy is a word used by rulers and the privileged classes in society to frighten the balance of the people, so that they may not know the true meaning of the term Anarchy. It is a word used to create reproach and prejudice and terror against any doctrine or teaching that exhibits the rottenness of the economic condition of a people. It is a word used by political teachers to conjure up dire calamity to the whole of society, in order to scare and intimidate electors in voting as they indicate, so they yell with one accord "Anarchist!"

At the present time this word "Anarchist" is frequently hurled at the heads of social reformers, in order to develop reproach and fear in the minds of the people against the doctrines they advocate.

The general meaning of the word Anarchy given by rulers and people in power, is a state of society filled with disorder and destruction of property and life, neither of these being secure in a state of Anarchy.

When property is being destroyed and life taken by others, then the regularly instituted authorities call this Anarchy, meaning without legal authority.

Listen! To destroy property and to destroy life is the work of legalized authority, and is not called Anarchy, but government; however, if destruction of life or property occurs in a riot, or in a strike, or by a mob of enraged men, this is termed Anarchy, and government, a term synonymous with the accepted meaning of Anarchy, is used to put a check to such destruction of life and property, by destroying life and property through legalized authority: "What fools we mortals be!"

Listen to me, Anarchy is a form or state of society, born but not yet realized, not yet formed in its totality. It is the

final form or state of society evolved through archy (government) in which archy is eliminated and Anarchy is born a free child.

Remember that Society, previous to the birth of this child, Anarchy, is distinct from government; in other words, society in all the past ages to the present, has ordained, consecrated, honored and privileged a portion of its members above the rest and has called these members kings, czars, emperors, princes, nobles, lords, presidents, senators, governors, legislators, ambassadors; and society set apart for the use of these another portion of society, naming them from generals down to soldiers, navies, militia, police, with judges, jurors, jailors, executioners, a profession termed law, and tax collectors, all this portion of society constitute the machinery of government—is government.

Remember, a society which has eliminated all this machinery, classes of people, which is now carried as a burden to society itself, is Anarchy; a society without rulers; a society without master and slave; a society without lawmakers, consequently, no privileged classes; a society without war or implements of war, consequently peace reigns between nations; a society without lawyers, consequently no courts or jails or criminals or feuds among neighbors; a society freed from all curses that have given a blight to all former peoples; finally, a people free in society—this is Anarchy.

Now, I ask, what dread or fear or condemnation or attempt to destroy can anyone have for the advent of such a state of society? There can be no fear only that given by teachers, for they constantly cry out "Great is goddess Diana" so as to continue a lease of Satanic reign.

The question naturally follows: Is such a state of society possible? It is not only possible, it is as certain to be realized as the light of day which appears after the night has passed away.

Its coming is as apparent as is the coming of the morning sun before it is seen above the horizon as it heralds its approach by infallible signs, so the coming or elimination from society of its rulers, its privileged classes and non-productive members, is heralded by the infallible sign seen in all history where a blow has been given against invasion and tyranny. Therefore all that class of people set apart and above the balance of society, either through physical force, or through false teachings which have deluded the people as to the necessity of their being ruled, they have constantly warned the ruled portion of society against all innovations, against all rebels, against all teachers who have suggested the overthrow of government, or the elimination of non-productive members of society. Therefore the rulers, the privileged classes of people, have given death to the rebels only by using the ruled people as tools to carry forward the work of death and destruction.

Observe! the privileged classes, and the rulers, have put to death myriads and myriads of people and destroyed property beyond measure to estimate, and in so doing they have performed the acts they have said and still say Anarchists do.

Out of their own mouths is their own self-condemnation! How false! How delusive! How cunning! How powerful! And how

long they have deceived the people that they might prolong their unhallowed power; as rulers and privileged peoples of the earth!

Their sentence to doom has come: the scales, though so long attached by deceptive teachings, are falling from the eyes of the ruled and enslaved and long suffering people. The people are to see, clearly and more clearly, that they have lived a delusion and a lie, and that they can live in society in peace, plenty, and happiness without rulers, without laws creating privileged classes, and without property titles existing by fact of law. It is to be seen that the existence of rulers and privileged classes in society, is the cause of the want of peace, want of plenty and want of happiness of the whole people. It is to be seen that the existence of rulers and privileged classes in society, is the cause of the enslavement of that portion of society distinct from the ruler and privileged and non-productive classes which develops all the misery and woes that afflict all people in civilized countries; finally, the existence in society of rulers and privileged classes is the cause which has given every revolution the world ever experienced up to the present day, and the elimination of the rulers and the privileged classes is the work of Anarchists.

This elimination began when the first revolt was made against restrictive influences; it began when the first effort was made by the slave to free himself from conscious oppression; this elimination began when the first blow for liberty was made; this elimination will continue till liberty is the common heritage of every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth.

It is seen, then, that they who are forced to break the chains which bind to servitude and misery are Anarchists. In so far as they are successful they are in that proportion making ready for the complete birth of the child of freedom—Anarchy.

When the ruled and unprivileged people of society see the enemy that destroys the worth of an earth life for the masses by having the means of life and its opportunities usurped by the ruled and privileged people, a swift whirlwind of power is given to the whole rotten fabric of rulership and privilegedness. A glad shout of salvation is then heard, as the Satanic power (man's selfish nature) goes down in the revolution and human power (man's nobler conduct) comes up to shed rays of "peace on earth and good-will to man" forever, as long as mortals dwell on earth.

Who is there that does not desire such a state of society called Anarchy, meaning without rulers? If there be such, all they must do is to perpetuate present institutions called Church and State, and continue the teachings given today in the higher schools of learning; continue to divide the people into political parties and cast ballots which ordain and set apart a part of society to rule the rest by making so-called laws, and you will still have rulers and the privileged classes of people who will thrive on the life-blood of the balance of society.

Who is there that desires Anarchy? Then cease voting, cease perpetuating the influences of your old and decayed State, Church, and false college teachings; cease believing

that salvation from the ills of our social life can ever come through political parties; cease believing salvation from the ills of either this life or a future one, come by prayer and obedience to a priest or teacher of religion; for it is in all these things you bring upon your own heads the evils which curse your life.

Fear not what the rulers tell you of calamities of war, of sore evils, if you stray away from obedience to them; fear not what the privileged class tell you, of distress, of famine, of want of labor, of need of capitalist to employ labor; fear not and believe not what the politician teaches you about tariff, about money, about taxes, about "good times," "about prosperity," about "honest dollars." None of these tell you the truth. They have deceived the myriads of people in all ages and climes, and they still preach falsehoods and salvation for your credence, only that they may perpetuate the reign of Satan over you; fear not, though the sky grow dark, and rumblings causing the earth to tremble come upon you unawares; these things are the harbingers of revolution and the glory of the natal day of the child of freedom—Anarchy.

—L. Emerick.

— o — "Law and Order."

The following letters are samples of what the lovers of the law are giving vent to. No such sentiments can be found in Anarchist literature. They are an appropriate contrast to our supposed, and the real sentiments of the "law and order" people. All the letters cannot be printed, as they are under the postal regulations unmailable.

Beast Goldman.—The killing of our beloved president has sounded the death-knell of you and your kind FOREVER. Ill-looking cur, born of a beast, that you are, your time is short. You and your kind are not smart enough to know that you were set free, only to meet a fate that is awaiting all red devils whenever they are found. Great armies are going to be formed as soon as some changes are made in our laws, and then let all such low, nasty creatures as you and the Isaaks watch out.

Damn you all, we will surely get you all. Go on with your thinking you are safe, you will get a surprise that will be too good for such a homely looking beast as you are. My advice to the Isaaks is to get out, for soon powder will blow up the house if they don't. I shall know no rest until you are all in jail to stay for years. Remember, I am only one of millions. No secret meetings, no, nothing any more, thank God will be allowed such beasts as you.

Thank God for it. A fighter forever of the Anarchists. If I had that vile brat called Marie Isaak here I would tear her limb to limb, b—d of two beasts that she is, growing up to such a life. But we will get her all in good time. We can wait.

Fiend Incarnate, Murderer—I'll kill you if I have to follow you to the ends of the earth. You can't disguise as I know your scars; you can't escape as I know your haunts.

AN AMERICAN.

No doubt God will accept the thanks if one of his beloved children, and the "Americans" will be proud of their countrymen who manifest such beautiful sentiments. And be it said here, this man was not trained in Anarchist meetings, but a creature of the public schools and the pulpit.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1901.

Emma Goldman, in prison, Chicago—Prepare to meet your God!

No power on earth can save your damned soul from the perdition that awaits it. May your place be found with the devil's own in the lowest pits of hell! By the side of the bier of our dead president whom you

helped to murder, five-oaths were yesterday taken to stop short the career of the damdest—that ever cursed our land and went unhung. Do not mistake yourself by hoping that our oaths will be broken—The one who fails to keep his oath when chance presents itself, must die by his own hand or by that of one of the other four. Cursed be your name for all time. Cursed be the womb that bore you, and cursed be the hand that ever attempts to aid you.

NEMESIS.

And such pitiable ignorance is going to save the country from Anarchy! The press and pulpit, senators and congressmen, with a few exceptions, have not manifested much more nobility and intelligence than the above victims of ignorance and bigotry, although their language was more refined.

— o —

Why We Considered Czolgosz a Spy.

On July 12, the day of Comrade Emma Goldman's departure, I went down town on business, with the intention to see our comrade off to Buffalo. Arriving at the depot Emma Goldman pointed to a young man, saying: "There is a young man who wants to talk to you." After a few words of introduction, he said that he had come to Chicago to learn all about the Anarchist secret societies. This immediately aroused my suspicion.

"Are you an Anarchist?" I asked.

"No," said he, "I am a Socialist, but since the Socialists split, I am disgusted with them."

"Have you ever read FREE SOCIETY?"

"I have seen here and there a copy in Cleveland."

"Have you read any of our books and pamphlets?"

"No, I have not."

"But we have no secret societies," I then said. "We have nothing to hide and don't fear the light."

By this time the train was ready to leave, and our conversation was interrupted. I invited him to come along to our house. Arriving at the porch of our home, he informed me that he had but little means and wanted to know whether the comrades would help him with money.

"I don't think so," I answered. "If you are looking for work, we will try to help you along; but if you do not intend to stay here, I don't think you can expect any help. All the Anarchists are poor and have a hard time to issue their papers and books. Yet I can find lodging for you, and you can have meals with us." The next day he did not show up, and I was told that he had left the city.

In answer to an inquiry the Cleveland comrades informed us that a young man, calling himself Nieman, had been there, and owing to his strange conduct and contradicting statements they had considered him a spy, and thus it was that we published the warning.

A. I.

— o — Notice.

It is unnecessary to warn our friends against the newspapers, for a little experience with them is sufficient to convince any one of their absolute unreliability. But to others interested a word may not be amiss. The newspapers have been so full of misrepresentations and downright lies, that we ask no one to believe anything they say, unless confirmed from reliable sources.

FREE SOCIETY.

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A. ISAAK.....PUBLISHER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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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.

New theories and issues, and their expounders, are always subject to misrepresentation and misunderstanding.

Notes.

The arrest of the comrades in Chicago has delayed the publication of FREE SOCIETY for several weeks; but from now on, with no obstacles intervening, it will again make its weekly appearance.

Comrades whose subscriptions have run behind on the paper, and who have hesitated to send remittances for fear they would not reach us, are asked to send their subscriptions promptly. Mail reaches us safely at our old address; and as soon as we can catch up with the work on hand, all business will be expeditiously attended to.

Splinters.

The police and officials of the country are at present engaged in the task of proving that they are not behind their European brethren in "dealing with Anarchists." To speak a word of criticism of McKinley or this administration means almost certain arrest. "Stamping out Anarchy" has become a fad. Several block-heads on the Chicago police department, not satisfied with the dirty work which comes to them as officials, have organized a society with the avowed purpose of inaugurating a campaign of persecution. The respectable Marquette Club is not behind the times. It has appointed a committee to "extirpate Anarchists." The idiocy of the methods proposed on all sides promises great benefit to the movement.

Comrade Ciancabilla, editor of *L'Aurora*, the Italian Anarchist paper in Spring Valley, has been arrested. The ostensible charge against him is a lottery affair; but the real reason for his arrest is that he is an Anarchist, and his utterances have displeased the rulers. Orders were given to exclude his paper from the mails if legally possible. Not being able to do this, a lottery affair of several months standing was trumped up against him.

Three comrades of Home, Wash., have also been arrested for being Anarchists. Chas. Govan, J. W. Adams, and E. Larkin were taken to Spokane, and charges of misusing the mail placed against them. Further particulars of these persecutions will be given as soon as known to us.

In Europe the reaction finds many victims among the comrades. The persecution is carried on openly and without hypocrisy. In America the police know better. They dare not carry on their persecution, and at the same time state their real reason. Trumped up charges are substituted. Charges of "conspiracy against the life of the president," "misusing the mails," etc., are used as convenient blinds. When will the rulers learn that persecution always advances the cause against which it is directed?

ABE ISAAK JR.

The Outrage at Chicago.

On September 6, on the afternoon of which President McKinley was shot at Buffalo, the Chicago police gave us another example of high-handed methods and their utter contempt for their own laws.

The inmates of the house at 515 Carroll Ave. had just come home for the night. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and we were on the point of retiring, when Capt. Colleran, chief of detectives, with a number of his men, stepped in the house. Isaak was placed under arrest as soon as he had informed Colleran who he was. Colleran then questioned Havel. When he asked him if he was an Anarchist, a shout of "We are all Anarchists" went up. We were then all placed under arrest. Those of us taken at this time were A. Isaak, Abe Isaak Jr., Hippolyte Havel, Enrico Travaglio, Clemens Pfeutzner, and Alfred Schneider.

The officers appeared greatly excited, and seemed to expect an armed resistance; but not one of us had weapons. Five or six detectives stepped into the front room where we were, and in a few moments one man was stationed in each of the nine rooms of the house. The house was surrounded on the outside. In a few moments a patrol wagon came with several policemen. The men were placed inside the wagon, and then the officers ransacked the place with the two women alone in the house. The correspondence and papers of FREE SOCIETY were seized, with such other matter as they found, private letters, photographs, etc. We were then driven to the police station. Two policemen and a detective were inside the patrol wagon, while Capt. Colleran followed close behind in a buggy. One policeman took his pistol from his back pocket, and placed it in the inside pocket of his coat. I suppose this was an extra "precaution," and shows what the police thought of us—and also that they had a good eye to their own skins.

On reaching the police station, Isaak was separated from the rest of us, and taken to Colleran's office, while we were "booked" and put in separate cells. Isaak, Travaglio, Havel and myself were "sweated," that is, examined in a manner to confuse and surprise us into admissions, the same night. Pfeutzner and Schneider were not examined at all. I asked Colleran upon what charge I was arrested, as I had a right to know.

"You will be informed later," was his reply.

Meanwhile Julie Mechanic, who also resides at the FREE SOCIETY house, came home; and while Mary Isaak and her daughter

Mary were relating what had happened, the officers came and arrested them. They were taken to the Harrison street police station. They were all "sweated" during the night.

An officer then took it upon himself to lecture young Mary Isaak upon the folly of being an Anarchist.

"If it were not for government you would not be here," he said, after painting to her a horrible picture of his conception of Anarchy. She looked up at him and smiled calmly.

The officer saw his "break." "Oh," he hastened to correct, "I don't mean in prison; but you would not exist at all."

We were not aware of the arrest of the women until the afternoon of the next day, when we were first allowed newspapers. None of our friends who called were admitted. Only Miss Jane Addams was allowed to see Isaak. But hordes of detectives and swarms of newspaper reporters and artists came to satisfy their curiosity or the sensation-hunting newspaper managers.

A regular "Anarchist hunt" was inaugurated, all active comrades being hounded or arrested by the police. A charge of conspiracy against the life of Wm. McKinley was placed against us.

American travelers have often ridiculed the Russian government for arresting indiscriminately all suspected of liberal views, and even young girls for alleged plotting against the czar's life. They might now spare some of their scorn for the Chicago police. Mary Isaak is 16 years of age. Of the others arrested, Pfeutzner, Schneider, Havel and Julie Mechanic had nothing to do with the publication of FREE SOCIETY. But they were all Anarchists; and that was enough.

The next day, on Saturday, when all were arrested, the police again ransacked the house. Two galleys of type were "pied," that is, dumped on the floor. Books were strewn upon the floor. Several trunks were broken open, and their contents turned upside down. Private letters were stolen, translated and read. On finding their contents of a purely personal nature, instead of returning them, the police had the indecency to make their character known to the press. There is nothing like a little experience to breed an absolute contempt for the police.

Among the papers seized was found a small card containing an address, 100 Newberry Ave. It was given to FREE SOCIETY for a change of address in the mailing lists. The police went there, surrounded the house, and arrested Jay Fox, Martin Raznick and Michael Roz, the latter being a visitor. The police rifled the papers in this house also. It is needless to say that our "plots" were revealed—some reports of a few meetings were found.

On Monday morning we had a "hearing." The "justice" simply recorded what the prosecutor asked, which he called his "decisions." We were remanded ten days without bail.

No warrants were shown for these arrests. Authority to search the houses was not shown either. In the case of the three last named no warrants were made until after the "hearing" in the police court.

This shows us that the police have as pro-

found a contempt for the law as the Anarchist, and at the same time are much more violent. No Anarchist would dream of ransacking a neighbor's house.

The warrants, when obtained, were sworn to without evidence, which is again illegal. A telegram from Buffalo Bull requesting the arrest of Isaak was all that the police had as an excuse for their actions.

The prosecutor presented no evidence, but wanted time to get it.

The women prisoners were allowed to bail, \$3,000 in each case. Later in the day they were dismissed at the desire of the prosecution.

The hounding of the Anarchists went on. H. Gordon was arrested in Pittsburg, presumably for the reason that a letter dated from his address was found on one of the Chicago prisoners, and that Emma Goldman had stopped at his place. John Most was arrested for publishing an article, written by Karl Heinzen fifty years ago. Later Dr. Saylin was arrested; no charges were made against him.

By this time the entire police of the country were looking for Emma Goldman.

At the time of our arrest she was in St. Louis. She immediately came to Chicago. Her arrest was but a matter of time, and she contemplated giving herself up. But in an attempt to get a "scoop" on the newspapers, she delayed awhile. Meanwhile she was arrested. She was also held over to the 19th without bail.

Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted by our attorneys. It was heard on Friday, but continued to Saturday. News of McKinley's death came, and our attorneys strongly urged us to postpone the hearing still further, as our release would have been nominal merely, the police being prepared to arrest us again immediately. The case was postponed until the 17th, and again until the 23d. When the hearing came, the prosecution had no objection to our release. They had relied on Buffalo for "evidence." Buffalo Bull had in turn relied on Chicago. We were discharged by the judge. The next day Emma Goldman was dismissed in the police court on motion of the prosecution.

Throughout the whole affair the police had not the slightest bit of evidence, nevertheless they indulged in much talk on what they are "going to" prove, and dwelt on the great "importance" of the case. Prosecutor Taylor waxed eloquently on "equal to the charge of murder," "the whole civilized world," etc.

No attempt was made by us to conceal the fact that probably Czolgosz had been in Chicago. But he was a stranger to us, and some of us cannot identify him. Schneider was not in Chicago at the time.

The newspapers made much of the case, and are to be praised chiefly for their diabolical ability to misrepresent and tell lies. There are one or two exceptions to this, where the reporters treated us with decency and fairness.

There was a good deal of talk about mob violence. There was nothing of the kind. It existed only in official minds and newspaper columns. One evening a few hoodlums gathered around the jail and howled awhile, but that was all. We were aware of this only the next morning when reading the papers

Three crack-brained men did indeed call for "ten thousand patriots to lynch the Anarchists." We learned afterwards that it was suggested to one of them that there might be several thousand Anarchists among them, and that the leaders of the mob might not fare well. The mere idea of such possibility made him take to his bed.

Were these "prominent citizens," who openly advocated murder and lawlessness, arrested and indicted? No, they are still at large advocating patriotism.

However, great precautions were taken in the county jail and the court room. After the death of McKinley we were exercised apart in a special corridor, and not allowed to mix with the other prisoners. On the day of McKinley's funeral we were not allowed out of our cells. The guards were kept on duty so long that they slept in their chairs.

The only time we were insulted was by the officers. One old fellow especially, on the morning when we were taken to the police court, an old "cop," took occasion to relieve his tongue. The prisoners are usually ignorant, but not more so than the officers, and not so coarse. When speaking of the old "cop," one of the detectives asked:

"Don't you know that every circus has a clown?"

A circus? Yes, that is about what the whole machinery of "justice" amounts to.

The calibre of the officers received several fine illustrations. When Emma Goldman was being taken to the county jail in a patrol wagon, a policeman who was holding her arm made some outrageously insulting remarks. She demanded the release of her arm, and slapped his face. The brute had the wonderful courage of a police officer, and struck her in the face, knocking out one of her teeth.

There was a great scandal in the police department, and they seized upon the excitement to hush the matter up with the Anarchist case; but they made themselves so contemptibly ridiculous, that they now prefer to face the scandal. Great are the Chicago police; and they are the butt of the whole country. ALF ISAAC JR.

By the Wayside.

The ministers of the gospel of love and forgiveness, who have made such violent utterances against the Anarchists, that would hardly find a parallel in any of the dark and barbaric ages, seem not to be very familiar with their "Masters" sermon, in which he says:

"And I tell you that whoever gets angry with his brother will be punished by the judgement, that he who says to his brother, Rocca, will be punished by the Council; and that he who says, Madman, will be punished by the gehenna fire."

Nor do they recollect Christ's words: "Vengeance is mine." Not even had these sycophants the least confidence in "God's wisdom" or governmental "justice," which they pretend to believe in. "Lynch the Anarchists," "blow them up with dynamite," were samples of their noble suggestions. Neither have they learned anything from the history of Christianity. A little study in this line may convince these hypocritical sky-pilots that the early Christians went through the same or worse ordeal than the Anarchists are passing through at present.

They were not only accused of being "enemies of society" and "good government," but also of "conspiracy," "arson," "murder," "felony," and all other imaginable crimes.

"By thy fruits shall ye be known." Well, whose fruit is it that manifests itself in assassinations, starvation, murder, prostitution, corruption and misery all over the world? All the institutions of learning, the pulpit, the press, has been and is in the hands of those who claim to adhere to teachings of the gospel or at least strongly believe in the sanctity of law and government, and look at the beautiful fruit! Rulers are trembling and all the world is in consternation. And if all this is due to the teachings of a handful of Anarchists, as is now claimed by press and pulpit, is it not a declaration of bankruptcy of the whole prevailing system of society?

The Chicago *American*, the most contemptible daily in this city, after shedding crocodile tears to a degree preposterously ridiculous, boasts of the recent increase of its circulation, and says:

But beyond doubt the obviously unfair, untruthful and malicious attacks on the *American* have reacted for its advantage, and we are much obliged to the gentlemen that gave us so much of their attention.

No doubt the "worthy" editor caught a glimpse of the truth regarding persecution, "untruthful and malicious attacks," and it is to be hoped that the editor will learn that his theory is equally applicable to Anarchism and its movement. The stronger the "stamping out" process will be inaugurated, the sooner will the "stampers" be overcome in the proceeding.

Why Blame the Oppressed?

We are not in the least surprised at this occurrence, because we Anarchists maintain that the individual which stands highest in the social scale and impersonates the political and economical oppression under which the people are suffering so horribly, is naturally most exposed to attacks by the oppressed and disinherited, who suffer under their emancipated thoughts and from an empty stomach. In his position as president, as king, as emperor, he also is most exposed to the vicissitudes of his position, he also has his labor accidents. Between the numerous victims which the brutal work in the factories, in the fields and mines kills and mutilates every minute, and the royal and presidential victims which the hatred of the rebel strikes, there is one great difference: one class is condemned to slave-labor and hardships under penalty of starvation, the other volunteers in its own odious position of oppressor, and no reason on earth forces it to accept this position, unless it is the strenuous ambition, the desire for power and honors, or the thirst for wealth.

For this reason we think that if McKinley had been simple Mr. McKinley he would certainly have escaped the assault of Czolgosz.—*L'Aurora*.

Nature created community; private property is the offspring of usurpation.—St. Ambrose.

Iniquity alone has created private property.—St. Clement.

History of the French Revolution.

XXIII

As I have mentioned Marat's impending death, the last drop in the Girondin's cup of guilt, the occasion is suitable for summing up his life and character. He is the most misrepresented man in the Revolution—though that is a bold word. Absurdity has reached its climax in dubbing him "a triumvir of Anarchy"—"the worst of the triumvirate," says Alison (Robespierre and Danton were the others!). To show the exquisite character of this nonsense, I need but remind the reader that Marat never held any office except that of deputy; that his party was in opposition till a few weeks before his death; and that, recent as was its hold on power during his time, he had already begun to censure it. In the November debates, Danton publicly professed to dislike him; and, though he had many admirers, there is no account of his having a single personal friend. The once orthodox explanation of his solitude—that his bloody deeds had alienated all but frenzied savages like himself—besides being inadequate, is given up.* The only "bloody deed" his enemies, outside the royalist ranks, could make a reproach, was signing the circular of Paris. I have read the circular; and find nothing in it to warrant the obloquy it received. It does not recommend other massacres like that of the Salpetiere or La Force. It merely states that Paris had disarmed and arrested all the conspirators, and that some of the worst have been executed; after which other cities are, in terms if possible still more general, advised to do likewise. Should I form my opinion of Marat from what he said himself and what his contemporaries said, it would be that he was a fanatic, whom that single passion to which he sacrificed fortune, reputation, health, and eventually life, had rendered the Diogenes of Jacobinism, as disagreeable to all individuals as he was zealous for what he conceived to be the common good. But though the data appear satisfactory, the conclusion is now too commonplace. In order to understand Marat, we must realize that he was principally a journalist. Taking him at that—his style was detestable; but he is not without pretensions to genius. He was not a "newspaperman"; he was what newspaper men sometimes call an organ-grinder. The French Revolution was the first great factory of political "organs." Among them none can compare with Marat's paper either in immediate or subsequent influence. He was the first to show what a man of intense personal convictions, devoted to a public cause, but the mouthpiece of no party, can do by daily publication of his own more or less fluctuating opinions. He was the legitimate precursor of Garrison, Greeley, and that entire breed in which our own country has been so prolific. He was the weather-prophet of the Revolution. He was the watch-dog of French liberty. Was he inordinately suspicious, noisy, mordent, savage? These are the virtues of a watch-dog; and the need for one was very great. Was he consistent in nothing but devotion to the Revolution? Well, a weather-prophet who

cannot tell what tomorrow requires is not a master of his art; one who predicts six months ahead is too rash; one whose barometer stands steady at either Fair or Stormy, is a charlatan. Now, if we make reasonable allowance for Marat's Palais Royal rhetoric, it is past dispute that he almost always advocated just about what the public soon came to think necessary. His sagacious anticipation of the people's wishes and the vehemence with which he exposed every false reputation, whether that of a person or a party, abundantly account for both his popularity and his isolation. To bring in anything else is as unscientific as to suppose some other angel than gravitation steers the moon. His fidelity to his self-imposed mission is the more creditable because he appeared cut out for what, in every worldly sense, are better things. This man who emerged into blazing prominence from the life of a hunted dog and sewer-rat; who was worshipped for a time by the whole nation as a saint and a martyr; and whom the entire Tailor-made world has since pronounced (vaguely) the worst representative of the Unbreeched; had been D'Artois' household physician, and then exercised a marked influence upon the philosophic thought of Paris. His first book "On Man" (1773) is directed against the materialism of Helvetius. His "Plan of Criminal Legislation" (1780) is founded on the humane principles of Beccaria. Had he lived, I see every reason to think he would have headed revolt against the Committee. He was now fifty years old. A cutaneous disease, contracted while he was hiding in the *cloaca* from those champions of "liberty through order," whose management had brought France to this, afflicted him with horrible torture.** He almost lived in a hot bath. He wrote his daily diatribes with hands swathed in damp towels. Like Robespierre and St. Just, he was gloriously poor. His lodging, in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, was adorned only by his people's admiration, and the love of a woman (not his legal wife) to whom his misery and deformity were sacred ties. At the door of his humble home, a young woman from Caen presented herself three times during the week ending Saturday, July 13,—third eve of the Bastille day. Marat was known to be very ill. The Convention had sent him condolences. He refused to see his visitors. The second time she sent in a note, professing to have important information, and concluding with the words, "It is enough to inform you that I am unhappy, in order to hope that your kind heart will not be insensible, and to have a claim on your justice." Marat, who probably thought she came to intercede for some Girondin insurgent, at last allowed her to be admitted. He was in the bath. At his visitor's request, the porter and the other woman withdrew. After a few moments Marat called loudly for help. Rushing in, they found him as good as dead from a stab with a long sheath knife which had penetrated the aorta and lung.† According to one account, the porter knocked the

assassin down with a chair; a more probable statement asserts that she had already fortified herself behind some furniture, and was arrested without violence, on its appearing that she did not mean to resist. Her beauty and calmness disarmed an angry crowd which collected almost instantly. At the trial next Wednesday, her appearance excited general admiration. She cut short the examination by stating that she killed Marat, for his "crimes," meaning "the miseries he had brought on France"; that she had no accomplices, and was a republican before the Revolution. The name of this charming fanatic was Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday. She belonged to an ancient but impoverished family. In a brief letter, most redolent of that style which characterized her party, she informed her parents of her act and fate. She also wrote

gave Marat the names of the Girondins at Caen (it is very improbable she would), which he took down, saying they would soon go to the guillotine. This sealed his doom (though she is made to say here, and elsewhere, that she left Caen on purpose to kill him). "Higher criticism," familiar with the laws by which fictions grow, recognizes in this the germ of later misrepresentation—her appeal to his compassion had to be purged of treachery by the statement that he made it occasion for an additional offense. Most historians leave it out or garble it, which destroys the point of that sufficiently inconsistent story said to be her own. Other contradictions, though palpable, are less easily explained. She stated, it is said, that she resolved on her fatal expedition because of what happened on May 31; but her passport is dated in April. On the scaffold, we are told with extravagant inconsistency, that she objected to having her feet bound, but submitted on being told it was the custom (it was not); and then lay down on her own accord though both her hands and feet were tied! She was, of course, strapped in the usual way. However, the few facts known about her—specifically the original and striking parts of her correspondence, in which there is much commonplace of doubtful genuineness—enable a student of degeneracy to classify this "ange de l'assassination" quite accurately. She belonged to the dangerous and homicidal variety of the species Crank; in which, Lombroso says, there are but few females. If any man call this a philtine view, I appeal to Shelley's poem about her. The vanity of the crank tribe is very manifest in her letters; her actions before the court and at the guillotine, her desire to be perpetuated on canvas, her boast of descent from the poet Corneille, whom she loved to quote, her yearning for fame as a tragic heroine. By her favorite term "energy," she meant willingness to die for a cause (a name?). Her limited knowledge and judgment, so characteristic of the "mattoid," are equally apparent. She not only swallowed raw all the Girondist abuse of Marat, but persuaded herself she could do some great good by killing a man whose whole power was in his appreciation of the way things were going. Such actions are useful only when they upset an already tottering idol. The uniqueness of her personality is all in the beauty and magnetism much better attested as concerns her than more successful enthusiasts, to whom romance attributes them—e.g. Jeanne D'Arc, with whom she has been compared. If Jeanne, when she shone in armor, rode "the right butter-woman's gait to market" who was there likely to tell us so? Eye-witnesses' impressions of Charlotte are specific. The unprecedented thing is that a beautiful and fascinating girl, possessed with theatrical ambition, took such a way of gratifying it. There have been many Erostratuses, among whom not a few were near enough in sympathy with large masses to leave a more or less fruitful example; but there has been only one whose aspect and bearing excited enthusiasm aside from, or even contrary to the effect of what was done.—The French Revolution's history, as my readers may have observed, by the way, needs, after a refuter of monumental lies, which I have tried to be, no other student so much as one with opportunity to verify what Carlyle calls "tomb-stone information." I take Marat's address from Carlyle—44, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine; but there are authorities who make it 20 Rue des Cordeliers. I have not succeeded in tracing either statement to the original source.

* See the article "Marat" in Encyclopedia Britannica.

† The mean insinuation that it was syphilitic, to which Carlyle makes a reference, has been abandoned. See Watson, "Story of France."

‡ The tragedy of Charlotte Corday has evidently come to be enveloped in a legendary nimbus. Her letter to Barbaroux, if it is authentic, witnesses that she

to Barbaroux, anticipating "happiness with Brutus in the Elysian fields." Her portrait was taken by her own desire. At seven, that same evening, she rode to her death, in the prison cart, wearing the red robe of a murderess. A thunder shower, which cleared before the end, made her look like a Naiad. An immense concourse filled the streets. The majority assailed her with execrations; for which she returned a serene smile—standing up on purpose to be seen. When the executioner held up her head he slapped it; for which irregularity he was sent to jail. Many witnesses declared that at the insult her pale face was seen to blush; an illusion perhaps caused by a glance from the setting sun.

A judge who held other Girondins legally responsible for Charlotte Corday's crime would disgrace himself as deeply as Gary did at the trial of Nebe. There was actually, we shall see, no such judge on the Revolutionary Tribunal! But we do not expect judicial discrimination from infuriated factions. To this foolish deed, "the Terror" must be very largely attributed. The murder of Marat excited as much indignation in Paris as that of Lincoln in Washington. All that had been said about dirty clothes, bloody editorials, Communiistic doctrines, was instantly forgotten. A patriot deputy above suspicion of dishonesty, covetousness, or lukewarmness, a man actually dying in

agony as the sole reward of his devotion to France, had been murdered by the rebels who were negotiating with Vendéans, Sardinians, and Pitt. His bust became the most popular object of adoration. His name was given half the towns and public squares. A famous painting of his martyrdom adorned the legislative hall. His body was borne to the tomb in a torchlight procession, which almost the whole city followed. A pension was bestowed on his widow. At Nantes, Strasburg, and elsewhere, his name was the word of vengeance. By their own logic, those who had prosecuted him as accessory to the September massacres, were guilty of falling back on the dagger when the guillotine refused to serve without any law ever known to man. For their denunciation of Marat quite as much caused his murder as his own talk of Septembrism. They did their best to justify this estimate. It was on the day of Charlotte Corday's death they guillotined a Jacobin magistrate at Lyons. Vergniaud, who we remember was in Paris, said of her, "She has killed us; but she has taught us how to die." Up to the last rising of the metropolis, the good natured Danton had tried accommodation with the Girondins. Vergniaud summed up the spirit in which they met him with a bit of Latin, "*Potius mori quam foedari*." A letter which Charlotte brought Duperret caused the seizure of his papers, and expulsion of 73 deputies. The Jacobinized Convention proceeded at once to execute those plans which the Girondins had hindered. In a week it adopted a new constitution started by Condorcet's draft of one which had long been hanging fire. Every man of twenty-one was made a voter. Every 60,000 people were to have a deputy. There was to be only one chamber. All decrees were to take effect immediately. But it never went into action. The Conven-

tion and the Committees continued to act as a provisional government. They arranged, however, for a grand proclamation of the organic law, on a memorable anniversary, August 10. The alarming military situation made this new Fete of Federation really important. The five foreign armies had invaded France. Custine lost Mayence July 23. He then took the place once held by Dumouriez, and lost Valenciennes on the 28th. The Prussians entered Alsace. The English declared all French ports blockaded. Eight thousand delegates from primary assemblies which had ratified the Constitution came up to Paris, a year after Louis' downfall. Danton addressed them on the needs of the hour, and proposed an oath, unanimously accepted, to conquer their enemies or die. Two weeks later Barere, as secretary of the committee on Public Safety, introduced decrees which embodied Danton's suggestions with details proposed by Carnot. The language, as Carnot says, is "Tyrtaean"—Barere's best. All the French were declared in permanent requisition for the service of their country. Able bodied males between eighteen and twenty-five must be enrolled as soldiers. Older men were to forge arms and transport supplies, women to make tents and clothes or attend hospitals, children to pick lint. By this unparalleled measure, which altered the world's methods of making war, an immense, though undisciplined army, was immediately created. The returned delegates executed the decrees. All horses available for the purpose, were taken to draw cannon or mount soldier. All weapons, even shotguns and pikes, were put into requisition. The owners generally remarked that at all events, "France and the Revolution must be saved." Carnot formed the new levies into fourteen grand army-corps. A maximum price was at length set, first on flour and meat; then on many other staples, and even on piece work. The rate was that of 1790, plus one-third of production; plus 5 per cent in wholesale stores; plus ten per cent in retail; plus cost of transportation, when any. The price of wheat everywhere was later fixed to 14 livres (\$2.80) per quintal (200 lbs.). The assignats were required to be received at par. The Exchange was closed. The business of dealing in margins and options was prohibited. It is said, but we may doubt, that the paper money actually was forced up to its face value until the fall of the Committees next year. Beyond question the penalties were so severe and the government so vigilant that evasion cannot have been easy. Those unfit for military duty were pressed to till the soil. No closing of shops or stores, or striking of work, was permitted. Seditious oratory, publications, dramas, ceased as by magic. The galleries of the legislative halls were closed for the first time. Mobs dared not assemble. The devils, once rancous, knitted in silence by the guillotine. This instrument was rapidly superseding jails—at first in great request as promoters of patriotism. The whole country was a military camp. Every great city was in a state of siege, with houses marked like soldiers' quarters, smithies incessantly making arms, hump-pickers at work on every door step, recruits assembling, volunteers drilling, spies open-

eyed and eared watching every bargain and conversation, prisoners going to jail and from jail to death.

If the world contains a State Socialist or a worshipper of Force, as such, who contemplates without dismay this photograph of his idol unveiled, an Anarchist need make no bones of his opinion, and may enjoy the rare sensation of being on one side with "other people." The general levy is the most tyrannical of inventions, and ever since has ridden Europe like a nightmare saddle. The system of requisitions is one forbidden by its nature to last—a monster drinking up the water at whose exhaustion he must perish. The inevitable effect of a maximum, if slackly enforced is to fetter trade; if rigorously enforced, to stop production. The remedy of making unwilling men work, besides involving all the misery and demoralization of slavery, does not reach the disease. Slaves are poor; slaves can earn nothing but necessities; when only necessities are sold, only necessities will be produced. The *regois maximistes*, assembled in certain councils of industry called Trusts, are beginning to find that out! It is only by reducing production, in other words by raising the value of goods, that such actions can have forced up the gold price of the common measure for home exchanges. To forbid redemption of notes by speculators was a method of proclaiming they would never be redeemed.

as conducive to lowering them as if Pitt had hired it to be done. Suppression of agitation, indeed, showed a proper subordination of means to ends. If agitation had not meant death, the Committees' tyranny must have fallen before it induced a general reaction towards the old regime—as in good time it did.

The special admirers of Danton, and others responsible for these measures, say their acts, though quite unjustifiable under ordinary circumstances, were required by the desperate situation. They were like those mutilations by which the operator may perhaps kill at once a patient who without them will certainly die in a few days. But the truth is these measures failed to cause a counter-revolution only because the French people generally preferred anything else to a counter-revolution. These measures owed all their success to this, that advocates of a different policy were less opposed to counter-revolution than the French people. These measures were so entirely what a French mob would have adopted that they brand their authors with lack of any quality more statesmanlike than the thorough-going zeal of a mob. Two of these individuals—Danton and Carnot—had, indeed, some insight into the seeds of time. The rest were merely units in a mob which comprised the people. Not one possessed a quality, except zeal, which should make the mob accept his lead. We look in vain among their doings for a trait of that gift in expedients, that capacity for detail, which constitutes executive talent. Let them have the praise of doing badly what the Girondins were too irresolute to do at all. They did it as a tyrant like Attila might have solved a similar problem. To do it without robbing a peasant, closing a debating society, or ruining a trade, to do it as Bonaparte did a greater job of the same sort—that would have been State craft.

C. L. JAMES.

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AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

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Unconditionally Released.

After arresting thirteen men and women without warrant and holding ten of them more than two weeks, denied the right of bail, the Chicago police admitted that they had no evidence against their prisoners, who were therefore unconditionally released. This is a case which should receive cool, calm consideration. If the police had evidence to justify the arrest of these men and women, why was it not forthcoming? Only a few days ago these prisoners were held up to public execration as being such desperate criminals that they could not be trusted out on bail; they were to be extradited and possibly executed for complicity in the murder of McKinley. They and their friends have been hounded by the police and maligned by the public press. And for what? Absolutely no charge was made against them when their cases came up for trial.

Thousands of dollars, probably, have been spent in the effort to obtain evidence against the FREE SOCIETY workers and Emma Goldman. The police had possession of the house of the Isaaks; everything, even to the most private possession of the prisoners was ransacked, and yet nothing to their discredit could be found. And now the question is, what redress have these people? The FREE SOCIETY workers have lost nearly three weeks' time, and their business has been seriously interfered with. Most of the others, besides losing their time,

have lost their situations; Miss Goldman, in addition to losing her time, enduring insults and physical abuse at the hands of the Chicago police, is tried, convicted and condemned in nearly every newspaper in the country, from the metropolitan daily to the cross-roads weekly. Certainly the law offers a recourse to these people. They may bring suits for damages against the city, and for libel against the publishers who slandered them. But it must be remembered that when city officials are prosecuted they defend themselves with their victims' money—the money with which they defend themselves and carry the cases from court to court is that which we pay in taxes, and even if, after a long and expensive fight, a case is won against these officials, we, the taxpayers, bear the loss. Well may the city officials, from judges and prosecuting attorneys down, exclaim, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose!"

And thus are the Anarchists treated the erroneousness of their views; thus are they taught respect for the administration of the law; thus are they given a practical illustration of the defense it provides the weak against the strong!—L. H., in *Lucifer*.

I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under European governments. Among the former, public opinion is in the place of law, and restraining morals as powerfully as laws ever did anywhere. Among the latter under pretense of government, they have divided their nations into two classes—wolves and sheep. I do not exaggerate. This is a true picture of Europe.—Thomas Jefferson.

What would Jefferson say of the present affairs in America, I wonder? The wolves have wonderfully increased since Jefferson's time; and the sheep's holidays are a thing of the past.

RECEIPTS.

Koenigsberg Price Co., 100 Marks.
Schlenker, Meyerson, Rumborg, Loukas, Hammersmark, each \$1. Other, Boyers, Volbis, Steinhorn, each 50¢. Reinhardt, Matons, each 25¢. Auburn 20¢.
DONATIONS.—Jensen, \$3. Pyburn, \$2.50. Kuebelbusch, Washburn, each \$2. Crane, Rieger, each \$1. Auburn 50¢.

MEETINGS.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Social Science Club holds open-air meetings on the premises at the North Plaza City Hall Sq. every Sunday evening, 8 p.m.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Independent Debating Club meets every Sunday 2 p.m. at 3000 Market St.—Free Discussion.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY

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