

# 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, NOVEMBER 10, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 335.

## The Red Flag.

IN MEMORY OF NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

The flag still floats,  
Through what assaults!  
A thousand shots  
Have torn its folds to shreds.  
Over defiant heads  
It flies in ruin red with blood-red spots,  
And yet the battle never halts,  
The flag still floats.  
The flag still floats!  
With what dismay  
And what disgust  
The angry enemy  
Sees it still flaunting high;  
The shroud they meant for Freedom in the dust  
Calls loud to rebel night and day,  
The flag still floats.  
The flag still floats!  
What though they hurl  
At it their targe;  
And what although they kill  
The bearers with base skill,  
New men upstart for Liberty, the large  
And tattered emblem to unfurl.  
The flag still floats.  
The flag still floats,  
Unfolded, red,  
The living hold  
It to the vast free sky  
On grave mounds fearlessly,  
Where lie the unarmed murdered in the mould,  
The brave, the unforgotten dead,—  
The flag still floats.  
The flag still floats.  
Swift to the front!  
Protect the rear!  
And form the dauntless square!  
Proudly, as though you were  
Behind the empty masks of death and fear.  
Soldiers, who bear the battle's brunt,  
The flag still floats.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

## In Remembrance.

Fourteen years ago occurred the tragical events, which, though shocking and crushing our hearts as they did, were fraught with great significance when considered in their sociologic and historical relations. They were supposed to accomplish a certain object, i. e., the utter extinguishment of Anarchy and the silencing of Anarchists forevermore. But the consequences flowing from that epoch have been entirely different and far more important than the principal actors ever dreamed. The ruling powers, having learned no lesson from the past, were certain that the thought they feared could be driven out of men's minds by taking men's lives and imprisoning men's bodies. Yet, that stupid method, old as human society itself, has never been known to accomplish its object.

The earliest teachers of the idea of universal human brotherhood were persecuted and cruelly killed, by the classes which resented the idea of fellowship with all men. Yet the thought, darkened and forgotten many times, slowly grew and spread, until today, when, though we have not yet

learned to put it into general practice, all intelligent and enlightened people never deny that there is a bond of relationship between all the members of the human race. They admit that one individual cannot live entirely independent of the rest and that every human being deserves equal opportunity, in other words, justice. The Reformation was a vivid illustration of the powerlessness of cruelty in crushing out a thought. Millions of people were tortured, persecuted, murdered, and yet the formidable "Protest" lived and flourished. Men and women in all the prominent nations of earth, have been racked, burned, imprisoned, put to death for advocating ideas of greater freedom than they had known, but ideas have never ceased to exist. "The thin, bright line" has never been entirely lost and is brighter today than ever before. From the year of the martyrdom in Chicago, the Anarchist idea—the libertarian thought has developed and become more and more a part of all the great intellectual advancement of the world. Still heedless of this endless chain of illustrations, the unthinking masses a few days ago again broke out in a howl for diabolical punishments and cruel repressions, expecting thus to crush out what is the great, the vital principle of the century. The absurdity and futility of such an undertaking is even more marked than before.

The monument at Waldheim still stands, beautiful and silent, a silence that is truly "more powerful than the voices you strangle today." Thousands will visit it on this memorable day, the 11th of November, and many thousands more will think of it, tenderly, regretfully but hopefully, in all quarters of the globe. In all the great centers of the world, the lovers of liberty will gather to commemorate the day when martyrdom in this country consecrated the cause of liberty for all mankind. A sad regret will mingle with our remembrances—perhaps discouragement and hopelessness will weigh us down and render us heavy-hearted and apathetic. But we can modify our sadness with a gleam of triumph. Our idea is developing, taking shape, growing more and more to be a part of all that is truly progressive and great in human society. It permeates almost without cognizance, the best thought of the day. Side by side with the strenuous exertion to breed patriotism, to bolster up the grandeur and importance of governments, is growing the idea that it is all a sham, a makeshift by which men desperately cling to vast accumulations of wealth and great power, an artifice, a tremendous cheat perpetrated on the credulities of man.

As we look back upon those stirring, enthusiastic days of fifteen and twenty years ago, some of us despond in view of the seeming indifference of today. So many of the old, earnest comrades have apparently

"gone back to the world," and are interested only in the ordinary occupations of getting rich and becoming popular. So few new, young radicals come into the movement with the devotion and interest of the old time enthusiast, we begin to fear the cause is dying out. But not so. One cannot remain forever at the point of the loftiest flight, or always stand toppling on the edge of a gallows beam. Life has its every day, commonplace duties and we all have some part in them. We are not so often in the midst of heroics; we do not form processions with banners and mottoes as often as we used, and we do not shout so much. But I believe we think every bit as much, and are not so content with a half knowledge as we once were. I believe the idea of liberty is dearer than ever; and with this deeper love has come a better comprehension, a keener sense of what it means to be free and yet be just and great. Best of all, Anarchistic thought is reaching into all intellectual work, into all movements of real progress. It is not always labeled, but it is everywhere. The masters in modern literature revel in lofty aspirations after liberty. The speaker, teacher, or writer shows his true title to greatness by his conceptions of freedom and of individual liberty and responsibility.

Those sad, November times were not in vain. It is well to meet as the days come around, "Lest we forget," and that we may remember the work these noble men laid down, and never cease to carry it along. But with hopefulness, dear comrades, for if human society is to exist at all, it must be as a FREE SOCIETY!

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

## Suppressing Anarchism.

When in Gary's court-room, Grinnell, the infamous, exultingly cried to the jury, "Anarchy is dead!" and the equally infamous judge sentenced to death seven innocent men, it was fondly believed by enemies of liberty the world over, that Anarchy was suppressed for all time. More than fourteen years have passed since that memorable time; long enough, one would think, for a dead thing to become very putrid, and lo! the deed of a crazy enthusiast brings the supposed corpse into public notice, and it is discovered that Anarchy is still very much alive. So once more plutocracy's hired prostitutes in the Church and on the press, supported by their followers, are setting up a howl for the "suppression of Anarchy," and some of the methods advocated would have fitted well with those of the Spanish Inquisition.

Despite its tragical accompaniment, this hysterical demand for the suppression of an idea, coming as it does from those who pose as leaders and moulders of public opinion,

would have read history to better purpose than to suppose that either by legislation or by punishment can the conception of a man's brain or evolved idea of progressive society be crushed out of existence by any means whatever. But the experience of the past teaches these wise fools nothing. In their shallow conception of the idea of Anarchy they see no relation between that philosophy and the teachings of the early Christians, the fierce struggles against religious persecutions of a later time, the advent of a Melancthon and a Martin Luther, the overthrow of feudalism, or the writings of Paine and Jefferson. No wonder that Anarchists scoff at Church and State and ridicule public opinion when nincompoops like these are their worthiest defenders.

Tyrants and despots from time immemorable have tried by every form of cruelty is really amusing. One would think that men noted, as some of them are, for their learning and sagacity in public affairs, and savagery to crush out ideas born of the desire for greater individual liberty, but always in vain. Ever the blood of the martyrs has proven the seed of the Church, and the more rigid the "suppression," the more fierce the persecution, the greater has grown the idea, the more numerous its adherents. Yes, gentlemen, you may pass the most stringent laws against the teachings of Anarchy, you may arrest and transport or hang every Anarchist in the world, you may make it treasonable to teach or promulgate Anarchist doctrines, but you cannot suppress Anarchy by any or all of these means. In the words of August Spies whom you hung for teaching this doctrine, "The ground is on fire upon which you stand. You cannot put it out! Here you will tread upon a spark, but here and there and behind you and in front of you, and everywhere flames will blaze up!" Your predecessors have tried suppression and persecution in the past, and so have you, but Anarchy today is stronger than ever. You may talk about extinguishing the subterranean fires of Vesuvius, you may plan to stop the cataract of Niagara, you may attempt to "suppress" the rising thunderstorm or the tornado, possibly you may prevent the rising of tomorrow's sun, but do not for a moment be so foolish as to suppose you can suppress an idea when it has once been born into the world. To attempt such a thing places you outside the realm of intelligent beings.

But why, it may be asked, cannot severely repressive measures crush out such atrocious doctrines? Ah, gentlemen, have a care. You lay yourselves liable to the charge of extreme ignorance as well as stupidity and barbarity. "Atrocious doctrines" has become the mere parrot cry started by those who imagine their interests lie in the suppression of liberty. If you are seriously considering the extermination of Anarchists and the suppression of Anarchy it is as well for you to look up some of the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. Gentlemen, believe me, you undertake a far more difficult task than you realize. Suppose you succeed in passing laws making it treasonable to promulgate the idea, and banishing every Anarchist to the South Seas. Be assured that the teachings of Anarchy are

taught by many who have not confessed themselves Anarchists; they can be and are, advocated by thousands who never use the term. How are you going to prevent these people from teaching their views? But even if you succeed in that, your work of suppression has only just begun. Not only will you have to destroy every visible evidence of Anarchy, every publication devoted to its advocacy—a very difficult job I assure you—but you will have to go to the fountain heads, you must get rid of those works which teach this "damnable" doctrine without specifically naming it. Before you can hope to extirpate Anarchy, and stop its further spread, you must destroy the writings of Goldsmith, who said in his "Citizen of the World":

The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and every law which gives to others security, becomes an enemy to them. of Paine, who declared that,

A great part of that order which reigns among mankind, is not the effect of government. It had its origin in the principles of society and the natural constitution of man. It existed prior to government and will exist if the formality of government is abolished.

and much more in his "Rights of Man" and "Common Sense" to the same effect. Of Buckle, the great historian, who in his "History of Civilization" declared

The great enemy of civilization is the protective spirit, by which I mean the notion that society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the State and the Church; the State teaching men what they shall do, and the Church teaching them what to believe.

of the immortal Emerson who said,

I own I have very little esteem for governments. I esteem them only good in the moment when they are established. . . . I am glad to see the terror at disunion and Anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic days, had no government, was an Anarchy. . . . We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. . . . Every actual State is corrupt. . . . Good men must not obey the laws too well.

of William Ellery Channing, who in 1841 wrote this strong Anarchistic sentiment:

Social order is better preserved by liberty than by restraint, the latter, unless most wisely and justly employed, frets, exasperates and provokes secret resistance; and still more, it is rendered needful by that unhappy constitution of society which denies to multitudes the opportunities of free activity.

You will have to stop the circulation of the works of Herbert Spencer, Washington Irving, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Julian Hawthorne, and numerous others who might be quoted, all of which are filled with sentiments which breed Anarchy and Anarchists. What are you going to do with these writers, gentlemen?

And even suppose you succeed in getting rid of all these, will you then have exterminated Anarchy? No! For the principles of Anarchy are written in unmistakable characters in the history of every struggle for human liberty, in every movement for the rights of man. They are the outgrowth of human evolution. They are embedded deep in the constitution of man, and can no more be eradicated than can the equally natural principles of love, of worship, or of justice. No, gentlemen! the deed of Luccheni, or Bresci, or Leon Czolgosz, are not typical of Anarchy. On the contrary, they represent the antithesis of Anarchy which is force, invasion, government. The doctrine

of Anarchy should no more be judged by such deeds of violence than the doctrine of Christianity by the awful deeds done in its name in the past. The most severe repression of Anarchists and Anarchist doctrines will not make the lives of rulers more secure, so long as want, misery, greed and foul wrong are allowed to exist unchecked. Anarchy, instead of being the bane and curse of our time and civilization, is really the harbinger of a better civilization, and a brighter day—the Era of Man.

WILLIAM HOLMES.

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#### Our Martyrs.

Once more we greet the anniversary of the martyrdom of our comrades at Chicago. Fourteen years have passed since they, undaunted, mounted the scaffold to die for a principle. Fourteen years, and still the *Eleventh of November* stands out before our minds as if written in letters of fire! It is not strange that this is so, for that event was the turning point that marked a revolution in the thoughts of hundreds of our fellow men.

When American law, garbed in the form of justice, struck the blow that launched her victims into eternity, she dropped the mask that veiled her face, and stood exposed a harlot and a murderess in the eyes of honest men who had formerly deemed her sacred—above reproach. Thus it is that crimes done in the name of the law, hasten the downfall of the law's supremacy. And from all classes of society we hear these words: "The hanging of these innocent men in Chicago made me an Anarchist." The passionate sympathy their sad fate aroused forced men to think, and then they began to reason in regard to the claims set forth as to the necessity of government. When a man gets this far, the repudiation of all government as an evil, is bound to come in his case sooner or later.

Men are so steeped in superstitious reverence for the law that its ordinary crimes pass unnoticed. It is only now and then when an act of special atrocity is committed, like that of November 11, 1887, that they are aroused to the fact that organized violence hides behind sacred vestments.

It is safe to assume that never before were men legally executed who had so many friends as these men who died November 11, 1887. Never before were men so sincerely and deeply mourned by those who had never met them, nor even heard their names until the history of that infamous trial placed them before the public eye.

As each anniversary rolls around, and we recall the names of our martyrs, Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Lingg, memory goes back to that dreadful day, when in the great city of Chicago was weeping and mourning over the murdered forms of those poor comrades; free at last with those who had depended upon them for support and protection; free in the cold embrace of death, strangled by the law, they in the fullness and glory of ripe manhood and passionate youth who might have blessed the world with long years of usefulness, *thus to die!* Who can cease to mourn for them? Certainly not those of their generation, nor of several generations to come. But regrets are useless, and for consolation we turn to



that high-hearted courage which triumphed in the face of death, confident and happy in the thought that the principles for which they died would not perish with them. Truly, it seems as if we should not mourn for those who perished unsubdued, but rather for those wretched cowards who dare not express their honest convictions, and who by this course make such human sacrifices possible.

As we recall the names of our martyrs on this anniversary, we also recall the names of many others who perished in the same cause since 1887, and we cannot but ask,

"How many blows must fall  
How many lives be broken on the wheel  
How many corpses stiffen 'neath the pall  
How many martyrs fix the blood red seal?"

The future holds the answer, and ages hence a free and happy people will acclaim the memory of all the outcast rebels who have died for liberty.

KATE AUSTIN.

#### — o — Blind Tyranny.

How unfortunate for the rich that they never seem to be aware of the presence of a lower class until dire disaster overtakes them. It is now proposed by all the legislatures to stamp out Anarchy, although nothing is said about abolishing poverty. People do not always mean what they say, when the subject is one that puzzles wiser men than old King Solomon. Hoping you will regain a new lease and survive despite the misinterpretations.

W. S. ALLEN.

Palmer, Mass.

#### — o — A Bit of History.

The early settlers of what is now known as the State of Missouri, were French people, and the first settlements were made in the vicinity of St. Louis. In 1770, all that territory lying west of the Mississippi River was ceded by France to Spain, as a result of the wars between the mother countries.

These early French settlers, living far from the governments which claimed jurisdiction over the New World, were peaceable, industrious, and happy. The transfer to Spanish rule changed not the even tenor of their life. The new Spanish governor made few laws; and did not interfere with the manners or customs of the people. During the entire period of Spanish rule, lasting thirty-eight years, there was but one murder committed in St. Louis.

In their intercourse with the Indians, the French settlers were most fraternal; they learned their language, mingled freely with them in their games, and "never ridiculed their religious ideas," hence there was very little trouble with the Indians in the early settlement of Missouri.

In after years, when this territory passed under the domination of the Anglo-Saxon, a Shawnee chief addressed these bitter words to General Harrison: "You call us your children. Why do you not make us happy, as the French did? They never took the lands from us; they were in common between us. They planted where they pleased, and cut wood where they pleased; but now if a poor Indian takes a little bark from a tree to cover him from the rain, up comes a white man with a gun, and threatens to shoot him, claiming the tree as his own."

Now the question naturally rises, why is the history of the early settlement of Missouri so different from the bloody records of most settlements of that day?

We find the answer in the land tenure system of these people. The land was held in common, every settler had the right to freely use the virgin soil of that fair land. The principle of landlord and tenant, or of proprietary government, which existed in the settlement of the Atlantic States, never held supremacy in the St. Louis settlement, to crush out the manhood and warm social instincts of the inhabitants. I do not think there can be found a finer example of beneficent influence of freedom and plenty, than is illustrated in the character of the French pioneers. No man among them had received a special dispensation from a far-off government, giving him the power to rob the settlers, as had been done in all English settlements of the east and south.

Their houses were built near together, facing a wide street; back of each was a garden; and farther out, large fields within one fence for the use of all. The houses were stoutly built, each a "free hotel to the extent of its capacity" for travelers. Hospitality was held to be a duty and a virtue. Contrast the St. Louis of 125 years ago with the St. Louis of today, controlled by corrupt politicians and swayed by greed, where a boy tramp—as he himself told me—walked the streets all one Christmas day without a mouthful to eat.

There were "no statutory laws, no professions, no courts, no prisons." The priests, shorn of these natural adjuncts to their spiritual rule, were for a wonder quite harmless, and passed their days in giving simple instructions to the people. Amusements and holidays, we are told by the historians, were frequent. The settlers had no idle class to support; they paid tribute to no man; their days were not embittered by the spectre of want, therefore they could play as well as work.

"The history of Spanish rule in Missouri," declares the author of the school history from which I quote, "enlists at once our admiration and holds our serious thought. In the heart of a continent inhabited by savages, with only a few settlements within a thousand miles, yet their relations with the Indians were amiable; they were free from taxation, free from the interference of a foreign king, and untrammelled by a bigoted priesthood. They held orderly government over themselves without laws or juries, and almost without officers of any kind."

This is a rude sketch of the beautiful, useful life of a people who had free access to the earth, and the full benefit of their labor; and who in the enjoyment of these natural rights did not find it necessary to "invest certain officers with authority to protect them in their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Which goes to prove the existence of this class of protectors (?) with courts, prisons, and gallows is made necessary only by a system which deprives men of the right to the free use of the land; and that when deprived of this, all talk of protecting the people and their life and liberty is a bitter mockery; for they have no liberty worth guarding, and their lives are at mercy of the proprietors who own the earth. If

there is anything more damnable than the record of government in the colonization of the New World, I fail to find it.

The Star of Empire moved westward, and in due time that haven of peace on the banks of the great Mississippi, was invaded by the avaricious officials of the "grandest republic on earth," under cover of what is known as the Louisiana purchase, girdled by the strong arm of the law, and subjected to unspeakable injustice. As the United States government failed to confirm many of the Spanish land grants, the people at times defended their homes at the point of a gun. From that date to the present, the history of civil government in Missouri is as disgraceful as that of other States. The one fair page in her history is the half century unpolluted by government.

Has this no lesson for the defenders of government?

KATE AUSTIN.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

#### — o — Miriam Daniell.

The name of Miriam Daniell, an English girl who came to America in 1890, cannot be entirely unknown to readers of FREE SOCIETY, some of whom must well remember the poems and stories appearing above that name in *Liberty* and *The Twentieth Century* some eight or nine years ago. "In Robes of Anarchy," "The Red Flag," "The Black Caps," "The Unholy Hen,"—these were rebellious utterances of a fiery soul. But few knew how distinctly they limned the experiences of Miriam Daniell's own life.

She was an idealist, extremely sensitive, high-strung, and imperious. Living out her life in defiance of custom and her own upbringing, she ruptured all ties that were less than those of perfect sympathy, and exulted in the hardships to which her course fated her. Dominating the many, loved by the few, she moved in isolation of spirit, fulfilling a destiny in which mingled the gray and gold of tragedy and passionate enthusiasms.

She was born a dreamer. A beautiful spirited creature, she wandered with her head in the clouds, yet saw with acute vision into the reasons underlying much of the suffering of humanity.

Her own writings best interpret her philosophy. None but came from her heart, none but expressed some phase of her personality. Going over her manuscripts, I find poems which, for fervor and beauty, have never been excelled by any Anarchist writer. Some of her prose works are masterpieces of wit and irony. Of these a selection has been made for the columns of FREE SOCIETY, and will appear here from time to time. Though most of these have already appeared in *Liberty*, and other magazines, it is believed that they will be welcomed by their new audience, and by many of the old, alike.

As fresh and forcible as when they came from her pen, they are dictated anew to the spirit of Freedom in which they were conceived. May they fly like winged seeds, and find rest in some fertile soil, to bring forth fruits of Anarchy.

H. M. T.

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Government causes misery and disorder.

# FREE SOCIETY.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

A law is a gun which, if it misses a pigeon, always kills a crow—if it does not strike the guilty, it hits someone else. As every crime creates a law, so in turn every law creates a crime; hence we go on multiplying sins and evils, faults and blunders, till society becomes the organized disorder for picking pockets.—Bulwer Lytton.

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Notes.

FREE SOCIETY has at last received the second-class mail rates, after a considerable delay on the part of the postal authorities. During the interval pending a decision from Washington, when every other paper is accorded the right of mailing at third class rates, the authorities refused to allow FREE SOCIETY to be mailed at all. Hence many of the readers did not receive the paper for some time; but from now on the paper will be regularly issued and mailed. If any have missed copies of the paper, they are requested to notify us, and the papers will be forwarded to them.

All who have sent in monies and orders since the arrest of the comrades here, and have not found them attended to, will please write to us again. Owing to the confusion, some errors were inevitable.

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Splinters.

From time to time we turn aside from the affairs of the busy world, to recall past events of significance. History has her lessons for all; and the soldiers of the future look back upon the past, to learn there from the experience of others. Each defeat has our serious thought; and each victory its inspiration of hope. It is thus that each year we celebrate the 11th of November. No event has had a more momentous influence on the Anarchist movement than the execution of the Chicago martyrs. If we deplore their sad loss, we also rejoice at their grand courage and great victory for human emancipation. As in the days of March the proletariat of all lands recall the heroic efforts of the fallen Commune, so on the 11th of November, thousands the world over will think of the Chicago martyrs; and look into the future with confidence and hope.

On October 29 Leon Czolgosz was electrocuted at Auburn. Since he killed the president, law and custom declared that he had to die. In committing his act, he no doubt

expected and probably desired that it should be so. He thought, as he declared in the death chamber, that his deed would benefit the working people—the good working people. For that he was ready to die. An exulting world expressed its joyful satisfaction at his end. Hated and despised by all the world, repudiated and condemned even by many Anarchists, (who would be expected to understand him at least,) surrounded by blood-thirsty hyenas, he went to his death serene in his courage and calm in his quiet contempt for those around him. His demeanor has been plain and simple all along, and he died without affectation or ostentation. An opportunity to explain himself was denied, but he said enough to vindicate his motive. It was that of the Monster-Slayer—but it is not only the fate of the Monster-Slayer to die, but also to die in isolation, to be despised, and forgotten. Nevertheless the deed lives on, and the future will heed its lessons.

There is a feature in this case which not even the horrible newspapers had the nerve to exult over, but which they reported quite openly, without one word of protest. This is that torture was used to extort a "confession" from Czolgosz. Just exactly what was done with him will in all probability never be known, but that he was put through the "thirty-third degree" is quite certain. One of the ingenuities of refined torture is the method of reducing a man to a state of physical collapse. He is allowed to go to sleep, probably from utter weariness, when he is immediately awakened with a shock by a strong light thrown upon the face. This is kept up at short intervals for hours at a time. When half dead the victim is taken out to the office, and cross-questioned with an idea of confusing him into an "admission." This is the "third degree." To what extent physical torture goes in the "thirty-third" degree, which reports say were used on Czolgosz, is not known. And for what is all this? To reveal "accomplices." That is the one point the official mind habitually dwells upon. In their own "conspiracies" they are so used to subordinate "accomplices," that they cannot conceive of an action carried out independently. How long will the torture of so-called criminals continue? Theoretically the practice is dead, but it is practically still in force. Because the victim on this occasion is hated and unpopular, is that reason for unprotesting silence? Then how does official practice differ from "mob law"?

"An American" is a favorite signature among anonymous letter writers, who use direful threats (although too cowardly to carry them out) and shameful language in writing to Anarchists. Is that to prove their sublime superiority? ABE ISAAK JR.

— o —  
Through Solidarity.

It is now fourteen years since a most misinformed and unjust public crazily sought, by the extreme measure of a judicial murder, to intimidate the Anarchists in this country. Once more a crisis confronts Anarchism; once more it passes through the tempest. Nor this is the last time; for until

the issue lies no longer between monopoly and privilege on the one hand, and on the other, free and responsible individuality,—as surely as there remains life in the ideals of Anarchism,—so surely will storm clouds loom upon the horizon, to gather and break, and then disperse, only to gather again. The wounds of conflict we must accept. They are the price we pay for our glimpses of the future.

Our ideals are misunderstood; our methods are misrepresented. So be it! Still the Great Idea marches on, to bring in the era of justice for us, and for these others who are not yet with us.

The task set for Anarchism is no simple one. That the blood of comrades has been sacrificed for it we can never forget. But the martyrs of November 11, 1887, died for an idea. May the way in which we carry on their work be worthy of their end. Let us at once realize that differ though we may among ourselves, we agree in one common ideal,—the emancipation of the human race. Let us ever remember the higher aspects of this Great Idea; and let us sink petty differences, consent to avoid splenetic personalities, in our struggles to embody that Truth which is vaster and more inclusive than any one individual's range of thought. Let us take care to express that in us which is sanest and wisest.

But above and beyond all teaching and preaching is actual living. One living example of consistent self-sovereignty is worth volumes of verbal exposition. That each may live out his true life in accordance, with the law of his being, let us rise to the demands of Self. Thus shall we see our place in the scheme of the universe.

HELEN TUFTS.

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Here and There.

Two or three years ago a law was passed in California, prohibiting the slander of "persons deceased." Under this law, Morrisson I. Swift was arrested at Ventura, for "slandering Wm. McKinley, now dead." Two years ago he issued a book against imperialism. That was his offence. The route of reactionists promptly followed. But in these subtle guises tyranny makes its gradual encroachments on the liberties of people.

The Treasury Department has forestalled Congress in anti-Anarchist legislation. Comrade Jaffei, accused of being an accomplice of Bresci, but who was acquitted even in an Italian court, has been ordered out of Italy. He is supposed to be on the way to the United States. The Treasury Department has given orders to exclude him. What need for Congress and its legislation? Executive officials in "free" America arrogate to themselves prerogatives no officer in monarchical Europe would dare assume.

The Labor Council of Milan, Italy, flies a red flag over its headquarters. During a recent visit of King Victor Emmanuel to that city, the City Council sent a committee to request its removal while the king was there. The Labor Council refused, saying that the red flag is the emblem of human brotherhood and solidarity. Contrast this action with



the lickspittie attitude of many "labor"—more properly "politician"—organizations in this country.

A German edition of "Moribund Society and Anarchy" is to appear from the Free Commune Press, 30 Ganton View, Woodhouse, Leeds, England. Ten or twelve pamphlets in monthly installments, each separate in itself, will be made of the book.

Comrades in Berlin and Munich, Germany, arranged several meetings, which the police prohibited. In the latter quite a number of people gathered, and indignantly denounced the police.

In Reus, province of Zaragoza, a new Spanish Anarchist paper has appeared. *La Alarma* is the name, and it appears weekly. The first issue contains articles of Jean Grave, Kropotkin, Reclus, and others.

It is estimated that there are 80,000 unemployed persons in Berlin. In the suburb of Charlottenburg particularly the condition of labor, both skilled and unskilled, is distressing. A mass meeting of the unemployed has been called there.

Comrade John Most is now out on bail, pending the decision of the Supreme Court upon the case.

The Leipsiz police have confiscated Leo Tolstoy's publication, "The Sense of Life."

In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., D. Lotti, an Italian shoemaker, was sent to the penitentiary for eighteen months for declaring that Czolgosz did his duty and ought to be praised instead of executed. The recorder made the nominal accusation against Lotti that of conducting a disorderly house.

John Duke of Newburgh got six months for the same offense. So the courts have already created the "crime" of "apologie" without legislation.

#### A Chat with the Press and Legislators.

The recent national excitement with its many startling changes and dramatic effects, was a striking illustration of the "people be d—d" spirit, under high public pressure.

In these days of presumed justice and fair play, with excessive nicety of speech, and the scrupulous refinement of manners expected, it would seem that these would-be moral standard bearers of society would endeavor to brush the cobwebs of suspicion from their own doorways, before seeking to demolish the gods and temples of others.

After a wild storm of hate and revenge, which has just swept the land, who shall be the accusers, since the Anarchists stand accused?

"A conspiracy," yell the police, like a fog horn at sea. "A conspiracy," mimics the press with its stereotyped gush. "A conspiracy," shrieks the mob without knowing why. A conspiracy indeed, say I. A deep, dark and damnable one. It was not hatched among Anarchists, however; but seemingly among those who claim to be good, law-abiding citizens. It was a plot worthy of its supporters, fiendish and nude in character, vicious and deadly in its intent.

The prelude to the storm was a harsh reminder of the malicious persecution fourteen years ago. Men, women and children arrested without warrant of procedure, and imprisoned under the foxy pretext of rendering service to the law. But how was such service rendered by these burly guardians of the law? Was breaking a lady's tooth with a blow of the fist, because the lady slapped the overgrown burly in the face for insulting her, rendering service to the law? Is taking a man's watch, and refusing to give it up when the man is discharged from custody, another of the numerous services rendered in the name of law?

If such things can be done with impunity, is it at all surprising that the number of people who despise the law are so rapidly increasing?

O thou monarch, and mighty law,  
With touch that shocks from sea to sea,  
With mystic tone that fills with awe,  
And slaves at will, or sets men free.

But ne'er through dark and loathsome holes  
Where hunger, cold, and fevers lie,  
Thy well fed minions ever go  
To see how thousands slave and die.

To crush the one that dares proclaim  
The villainess of the crime gown,  
He's tortured with the cell and chain  
And made to bow to legal clown.

But after the brutal treatment which accompanied the arrest, after withstanding the spittle and savage threats of a wild untutored mob, after being denounced as cut throats, assassins, conspirators and every foul name to be found in Webster's Unabridged, after passing through the legal grist mill triumphantly, and then discharged without a grain of evidence to excuse the mendacity of the police in making the arrest,—even then the vicious enmity of the merciless inquisition was not appeased. The machinery of the press and pulpit must be put in motion to damn the verdict of a judicial and establish a public prejudice in the wrong direction that the real conspiracy might escape unnoticed. Seldom in the history of nations has there been revealed such malignant energy to debauch justice, even in the name of law.

But now since this mad race for notoriety has completely exhausted itself, and the public pulse is getting down to its normal condition, it would seem that reason and common sense would naturally assume the lead. Such is not the case, however. The ghost still walks, and hangs the skeleton of the past lengthwise in the air. Like the perversity of human nature repeating itself in a different meter, the past reign of terror has changed to another form of persecution.

Men who express Anarchistic ideas now, are being discharged from factory and workshop, and a general boycott seems to be the order of the day against those who are in business for themselves, if they dare to do a little thinking. Nor has the threat of tar and feathers entirely subsided. Some of the elect still cling to the more drastic measures, and hint at the lamp post as commendable for the extermination of men who talk too loud.

But it is hardly worth ink and paper to reply to the bombast of a few windy bubbles. The knowledge of past experience

has affixed the standard measurement, and put the market value on this peculiar phase of patriotic hysteria. The man who resorts to lamp posts to hang unpopular ideas, cannot exalt himself above the fact that he writes himself a bully pure and simple. It is neither popular, healthy nor advisable to commit a public infamy to demonstrate an imaginary public evil, and the one who attempts it, may not always find a willing lamb for the demonstration.

I believe an ounce of reason is worth more to the cause of humanity than a ship load of bluff and bluster. But he who will not reason must not incubate the idea that lamp-post argument is infallible; for should he apply at my door, to partake of his midnight entertainment, he need not be surprised should he meet me at the threshold without debate. This new fad to murder folks by inspiration is getting infectious, and if it gets too fashionable, it will bring forth a crop of serious results.

However, reflections are bad land marks to go by—they have the habit of changing around too much, so we will let the shadow alone till the brick wall looms in sight. But let me counsel with myself a moment, hoping that the brick wall has ears. It is a foolish undertaking this trying to kill Anarchy with threats. Do not try to imprison Anarchy. It cannot be done. Do not try to hang it, and, above all, do not attempt to put it on trial in your courts of law. It has been tried, and failed. Ask Judge Gary about it. He sentenced the men that proclaimed it, but the idea did not stop to hear the verdict. It took wings and flew away. The men were murdered, but the idea made its escape. It gathered new elements in its flight, and lit on other heads stronger and more self-imparting than ever.

How shall we get rid of this troublesome little insect, you ask? Simply by mending your manners, and set about reforming yourself. You see, you do not quite know it all. You commenced the reforming process at the wrong end. The Anarchists are not slayers of men. The bogey man has frightened you into believing this. We are not evil doers, as you imagine. It is because we rebuke evils that we are condemned. The logic of events has given us a philosophy, and we are striving to live up to it. For this we have brought down the vengeance of the gods—the little gods—upon us, and are denied the right to work. Yes, you hold the trumps, but let us play the hand out.

To be an Anarchist in these days means considerable, when one stops to think. It means more than accepting the mere odium of the name. It means social ostracism, the denial of speech, the right to think, and even the right to work for a living. As a set-off for this, one needs some stored up health, wealth, and above all, a goodly amount of courage. Of the former I have an ample sufficiency,—of the latter probably about the ordinary supply, and as for wealth, I shall not try to cross the bridge till I reach the stream. Let the deal go on—I have no concessions to make, no cry of "Cassius save me" shall escape my lips. As I have lived, so shall I end my days—a man.

The presumption that "government can do no wrong," is one of the conventional lies of civilization that needs considerable

churning to keep down the sarcasm. Government is an abstract term without will or denial of its own. I view its laws as a cunningly devised scheme to fatten the few while labeled poison to many. From a logical standpoint, devoid of all sentiment, there is no written law. The equity of law is measured by dollars and cents. Privilege through the law reaches as far as your purse string, and there fags out. Those who applaud government most highly, are the ones who by the accident of events have drawn the richest prizes at its lotteries. Those who affect the greatest respect for its laws, are the ones who are the greatest violators of its laws. The greatest criminals are at large exploiting the people, while the victims of their exploitation are in jails and prisons serving time.

Why condemn me for pointing out these facts? Am I responsible for their existence? Would the truth be less true if I remained silent? From whence came this theory of right to suppress my thoughts and opinions? Have I not the same right to speak my thoughts, as you who condemn?

You say I am bound by agreement set forth in the written law to fulfil certain obligations. Is this not another of your conventional lies? Produce my affirmation of alleged agreement, which you so tenaciously insist is embodied in the spirit, or understanding of the written law. Show me a document wherein I have declared, affirmed, or signified my willingness to have one, or a body of men appointed to declare the rights of others, or to assume the prerogative of dictator, and act as judge and jury over my thoughts. Where is this documentary evidence? If any one will produce such a form of agreement, with my signature affixed, I will agree to voluntarily retire to some lunatic asylum for life.

Yes, ye little gods of the great elect. Although greater at the fence of law than we, you tried to outlaw us without a hearing. But your weapon, the law, turned against you and failed to convict. What then? Did you stand by the "great, good law," which you so affect to obey? Ah no, in the magnanimity of your hate, you appealed to the passions of the wild blood-baited mob to sustain your verdict.

What have we to say in return? Nothing. We are not versed in the language of your drill. If bedlam let loose, and hell on the rampage, is the logical analysis of the law you commend, we have no reply to the argument. But after your passions have cooled down and you have had time to look in the glass and see yourself as others see you, you will wonder at our forbearance.

Shall we then denounce you for what you are? What need. You were your own worst accusers when you prefixed the verdict to the deed. Like the Australian boomerang, your weapon has rebounded on yourselves. It was you who became the denouncers of law when you aroused the passions of the unthinking, ignorant herd to do violence to those who were falsely accused. After they were acquitted, you denounced them as assassins. It is not necessary to deny the charge. Subsequent events have acquitted them. It is not our cause, but yours, that has suffered defeat—a most crushing and ignominious defeat.

Ah, you say, the public peace must not be disturbed. But who were the disturbers in the late drama? We, who sat in the quiet of our thoughts and saw the holocaust of hate sweep by? Or was it you, the "infallibles," who defended your acts with the airs of a bully, and the logic of a clown? And yet you affect surprise at there being so many Anarchists in this country. Are you aware that your late exhibit of foul play has increased them a hundred fold?

You imagine that a man of ordinary intelligence has no need to go hungry in this land of plenty. But it is not for the lack of brains that men go hungry. You and I know better. It is the lack of opportunity that keeps honest labor in the background and makes genius suffer and starve.

It is not Anarchism, but the false interpretation put upon it that so inflames the public mind against it. Anarchists are not revilers of truth; on the contrary, they have respect for it. They would not destroy civilization. They would build up to a higher and better standard than is possible under the present commercial system. Liberty is our watchword, we believing it to be the true basis of equity and justice for all mankind.

If the people would do away with the Czolgoszes of the future, they must also do away with the pernicious systems of the past and present. Czolgosz, like McKinley, was but the reflection of something that had gone before. In the meeting of the two extremes a social clash was inevitable. One represents the commercial system of spoliation, assuming the right of command; the other represents the industrial aggressor who refuses to accept the edict. The two are inseparable companions. Each depends upon the other for existence. Anarchism is the growth of the two extremes. It can neither check results nor sanction the systems that create them, and therefore feels in no way responsible for the conflict which must naturally follow in their wake. We neither applaud nor shed tears over the inevitable. But we say to society: If you would do away with unpleasant effects, remove the cause which brings them about.

Would the world know our philosophy and how to reach the ideal we are striving for? Tear down these artificial barriers that are withholding men from the natural resources of mother earth. Sweep aside these special privileges. Break through this shell of superstition that is blinding the people. Shatter the iron law of environment, which is the true cause of the conflicting interests of the present day. Stand forth for liberty, and freedom of thought. Declare for the affirmation of truth and denial of force. Build no idols, recognize no class distinctions, and presume no rights behind which to shield a system of chicanery and fraud. So build that you shall have no artificial barriers to check future civilization. Do this, and when you have completed the work, you have reached the bedrock of that much abused philosophy called Anarchism.

Is such a doctrine so dangerous to society that man needs be exterminated who endorses it? With this ideal in practice, think you the late tragedy would have taken place? Czolgosz was the product of his environment. Whether we label him

American, foreigner, Anarchist or Republican, it matters not; he was the victim of conditions which he could not escape. Educated in America, like the rising generation he had received a false training. The alluring breezes of weary years, had kissed his boyish cheek with the delusive dream of freedom. Like thousands of others, he was the outgrowth of a system steeped in falsehood and superstition.

The children of today are taught to worship idols to respect men above principles. They are dwarfed, twisted, hammered into shape, and stultified in mind, so that they may fit the moulds of designing and conscienceless schemers who have been playing so loud on their own cracked fiddles that the lower, sadder notes with their plaintive meter have been lost to the public ear. It is the gloom and savagery of hellish systems that breeds the assassin. The upholding of robbery and exploitation through forceful measures breeds revengeful thoughts. When avarice and greed stands at the helm, when society becomes the tool of covetous men, when the masses are enslaved and the leaders corrupted, you must expect the natural sequence. Paupers, thieves, and murderers are the natural attendants of injustice and oppression.

I comprehend what these lines may mean. I know too well they foretell the animus, the stupid hate, and poisonous stab of those who are too sluggish to think or too arrogant to reason. But I care not, I shall dare every fatality and speak the truth in these times of necessity, for the welfare of humanity.

L. S. OLIVER.

#### Summer Voices.

(A clever satire on society.)

On the branches and beneath the leaves of the locust tree near my window a flock of sparrows chatters merrily, and on the gable end of the neighbor's house a worthy crow listens eagerly and from time to time nods his head as if approving what is said. The warm, sunlit air carries every sound to my writing desk.

I hearken with delight to the rapid, not overloud voice of the rivulet, and the wind, holding speech in the tree tops, has no secrets from me. Neither have the pigeons on my window ledge—such is the music of summer.

"Tchik-hiric," said an old sparrow to his friends, "here we have summer at last. It made us wait, though, didn't it? Tchik-tchirik."

"It's a fa-ct, it's a fa-ct," replied the crow, stretching forth his neck with graceful courtesy.

I know the crow well. He is a cautious bird, and always expresses himself in the affirmative. Maybe his natural gifts are not remarkable—he is somewhat of a coward—but for all that holds an enviable position in bird society. There hasn't been a winter since he's grown up without some charitable bazar under his patronage. He's always doing something for antiquated pigeons and disabled jackdaws.

As to sparrows, I had them under constant surveillance for a long while, and I assure you Mr. Passerine is deeper than most people think. True, he likes to play



the light foot, to appear frivolous, fickle, and even liberal, but he knows on which side his bread is buttered nevertheless.

Just watch the hypocrit now as he is dancing attendance upon the crow with fulsome assurances of esteem, while in his heart of hearts he knows the crow's worth to the T. Indeed, if you but let him, he will rattle off a hundred or more piquant stories about the gentlemen in black and his wife. A hundred, I said? Two hundred and more.

On the window sill tiptoes a young, dandified pigeon cock trying to convince a pink-billed dove of his eternal passion.

"I will per-ish, believe me, I will per-ish with disappointment lest you respond to my love," he says.

"Have you heard, my lord, the greenfinches have arrived, the greenfinches that were supposed to have suffered shipwreck on their way from the South?" reports the sparrow.

"It's a fa-ct, it's fa-ct."

"And are making an awful fuse—want to be seen by everybody at once, and are talking their heads off. Really, these birds that are forever on the go have no manners at all. And think of it, the blackcaps traveled in their wake. Birds of feather, of course! Last night I asked one of those young wrens, 'Hello, making your debut this season?' and with a sneer she answered: 'If the So-and-Sos come, yes. Otherwise no.' That to me, a sparrow who lodges in the emperor's yard and might presume to the title of imperial court sparrow. I tell you the greenfinches and blackcaps are nothing better than Anarchists. Have no respect for rank and dignity; they mock at polite society."

At this moment a young raven emerged from behind the chimney to make a sort of proclamation.

"Being bound by the regulations to listen to all the voices in the air and on the water, in the earth's interior and above ground," he said, "I now rise to declare that the arrival of the greenfinches means the return of the joyous season of summer. Hence it behooves us all to be of good cheer and to treat these heralds at least decently."

"Tchik-tchirik," cried the sparrow, who carried on two shoulders, while the crow nodded his head in good-natured assent. "But," added the graycoat, "are you quite certain that these birds act on authority?"

"It's a fa-ct, it's a fa-ct," cried the crow; "we ought to be sure of that."

But the raven, without noticing the spiteful interruptions, continued: "The greenfinches, strange to say, are not wholly delighted with the condition of society as they found it here. They find fault with the drinking water, for one thing; again they complain of the rigidity of our customs. They want more liberty."

"Desire for the abolition of time-honored customs and the consequent passion for liberty are infantile diseases," spoke the old sparrow with dignity. "I was young myself once, and foolish enough to dream of liberty, with certain restrictions, of course. But I soon got over it. After I acquired a family I thought only of adding to my estates."

"A—hm!" Somebody was clearing his throat in authoritative style. The Hon.

Mr. Bullfinch, who at one time was owned by an American millionaire, had appeared on the linden tree. Mr. Bullfinch is a remarkably tractable bird, and apt to assimilate the manners and methods of his "betters" with startling facility. Today he wore his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, including jewelry. The black portions of his attire were fine and glossy; the red of his breast and belly looked as if touched up by an artist's brush. After saluting the birds as his former master used to salute his army of bookkeepers and clerks, he said: "Pardon, gentlemen! It seems to me there's something in the air—"

"Summer, your honor," put in the sparrow.

And the crow began to make sheep's eyes at the bullfinch, and croaked in his mellowest tones.

"As I said, there is something in the air," continued the bullfinch. "I told your friend, the owl, so yesterday, but, while agreeing with me, he didn't know what to make of it. Finally I had to promise to investigate, and he was quite satisfied."

"Good for the owl!" chirruped the sparrow. "A bird who knows his limitations cannot put too much trust in his superiors."

A lark came down from heaven, and spying a sunlit spot on the lawn, settled there and began to run up and down, singing of life and joy and love of liberty.

What kind of a bird is that?" asked the bullfinch, regarding the lark out of the corner of the eye.

"A lark, your honor, only a lark," replied the raven, leaving his place behind the chimney.

"She calls herself a poet," sneered the sparrow.

"That beggar a poet—nonsense," cried the bullfinch. "But at any rate she has loose manners. I thought I heard her talk of liberty."

"Yes," affirmed the raven, "she is dead stuck on liberty, if your honor will pardon the slang; is always prating about it, poisoning the minds of the young and filling their hearts with impossible hopes."

"There she makes an ass of herself."

"I should say so," cried the sparrow, "besides, this hankering for liberty, is rude and vulgar."

"But if I am not mistaken, you were somewhat of a Socialist yourself not so many years ago," said the bullfinch, giving the sparrow a withering look.

"It's a fa-ct, it's a fa-ct," cried the crow. He acted like a person suddenly awakened out of a long slumber. The sparrow lost his presence of mind for a brief moment, but his inborn impertinence soon made him think of a suitable excuse.

"There were extenuating circumstances in my case," he pleaded.

"Indeed," smiled the bullfinch, vaguely.

"I was a Garibaldi and Prince Kropotkin only after dinner, over the coffee and nuts; in short, I acted under the influence of liquor. And even then I knew enough to keep within bounds. After saying 'Long live liberty' in an unnertone, I always added in thrilling accents: 'Within the legal bounds, of course.'"

The bullfinch looked at the raven as if to say: "He is lying, the rascal," but the

raven replied bravely: "It's so, your honor, it's so."

The graycoat continued: "Rest assured, my lord, that I never forget what's due to my position as court sparrow. How could I, who had the sublime honor of dining with their majesties in the open time, and again, I, who regularly feasts off the crumbs swept out of the emperor's dining-room, how could I propagate ideas that smack of revolution, of contempt for the great of this world?"

"It's a fa-ct, it's a fa-ct," cried the crow. It was all the same to him.

And the brook that lends life and beauty to my garden hastened to join his fellow in the nearby forest and together they murmured the song of the great river which they hope to embrace at the end of their journey.

"The giant waves fold us in their arms and carry us out to sea. And the sun smiles upon us and invites us to rise heavenwards. And from heaven we return to earth as dew in the night as rain or snow."

As I look at Sol he seems to smile like a god busy creating things. No wonder all the birds are turning their attention to him and serenade him. There is, in particular, a readbreast robin who teaches his comrades a new song he heard somewhere on his winter tour of the South. It's the song of the storm-bird: Listen!

"Perilous clouds gather over the foam-lashed sea and between heaven and water flits the storm bird like a black streak of lightning, now in haughty arrogance kissing the waves, again rising with arrow speed to swindling heights, uttering cries of triumph."

"The storm is his element. As the deer thirsts for the well, so the storm bird thirsts for the destructive wind, icy rain, pelting hail, and snow. His cry signifies rage, vengeance, hatred, and victory."

"The sea gulls fear him. They flutter about anxiously—would hide at the bottom of the ocean if they could. And the diver bird, too, trembles at his approach. Roaring thunder makes him hide his head. And all other birds, and the fish as well, seek their caves and beds. Only the bird of storm flits over the water with supreme courage. The clouds sink lower and lower. The dance of the waves begins. The waves dance because they like the storm."

"Thunder, more thunder, and still more. The sea roars. Black clouds take up the waves, to throw them ruthlessly upon hard rocks."

"The bird of storm continues his way with caressing of waves and darting heavenwards, but no longer does he look like a black streak of lightning; rather like a demon, and like a demon he laughs and howls. He laughs over the funny capers of the clouds and cries over the pains inflicted on the wrecked waters."

"And the wind continued to blow, the thunder to roar, while countless bolts of fire strike the bosom of the sea, only to have their life crushed out by the contact. They are like serpents of molten silver—the sea their mirror."

"Storm!"

"The bird of storm flits between lightning and waves, crying victory."—Maxim Gorki.

## 335

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## For Chicago.

On December 5, a debate on "Socialism vs. Anarchism," between A. M. Simons and A. Isaak, will take place in Mueller's Hall, Sedgwick St., and North Ave. Admission 15 cents a person in advance. At the door 25 cents. Tickets are for sale at this office, C. Pfuetzner, 469 Wabash Ave. and A. Edelstadt, 372 State St.

## OUR FIGHT FOR A FREE PRESS.

The significance of the arrest of Larkin, Govan and Adams is greater than many will appreciate. It is really the concern of every Liberal in the country. No question of Anarchy or free love is involved. The issue is purely one of the right of free speech. Never mind how much you may dislike *Discontent*, or how opposed you may be to the policies advocated by it. What is your Liberalism really worth? Do you believe in free speech, even for an opponent? The pretext of obscenity is so transparently absurd as to be almost beneath contempt. The whole animus and purpose of the prosecution is to destroy the honest discussion of social problems. Is this to your liking? Do you know how soon it may be your turn, or that of the representative of some idea in which you are interested? The enemies of all liberty and progress, who are back of the present outrage, openly boast that this is only the beginning of prosecutions. The situation is more critical than ever before. This is a test case, in every sense of the word. A con-

viction now would be of more consequence than in any preceding case. It would establish a precedent of no little importance. The imperialist element is determined to establish a rigorous censorship; and this is one of the first steps to that end. It depends on the vigilance of the liberty-loving public to determine whether it shall or shall not be the last.

In this case, the comrades at Home are fighting the battle of the Liberals of the country. This they cannot do all by themselves. Much money will be needed to carry on the work of defense. A local defense committee has been formed, which will work incessantly from now until February. O. A. Verity, Home, Wash., is the treasurer. He will receipt for all money sent in, and will account for the mode of its expenditure. Contributions are invited from all who are interested in the freedom of the press.—James F. Morton, Jr., in *Discontent*.

## Christ and Society.

"How delighted we should all be to throw open our doors to Him (Christ) and listen to His divine precepts," said a lady to Carlyle. "Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

"No madam, I don't," Carlyle replied. "I think if He had come fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written: 'To meet our Savior.' But if He came uttering His sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with publicans and the lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him as the Jews did, and cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate and hang Him.'"

It often happens that an old art or custom, which has been superseded for general purposes by some more convenient arrangement, is kept up long afterwards in solemn ceremonies and other matters under the control of priests and officials, who are commonly averse to change; as inventions have often to wait long after they have come into general use before they are officially recognized.—Tylor.

The credulity of the medieval mystics debased and vitiated the faculties of the mind; they corrupted the evidence of history; and superstition gradually extinguished the hostile light of philosophy and science.—Gibbon

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By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

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