

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

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

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WHOLE NO. 307.

The Brighter Day.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter,
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.

—Anonymous.

An Appeal to the Young.

It is to the young that I wish to address myself today. Let the old—I mean of course the old in heart and mind—lay the pamphlet down without tiring their eyes in reading what will tell them nothing.

I assume that you are about eighteen or twenty years of age, that you have finished your apprenticeship or your studies; that you are just entering on life. I take it for granted that you have a mind free from the superstition which your teachers have sought to force upon you; that you do not fear the devil, and that you do not go to hear parsons and ministers rant. More, that you are not one of the fops, sad products of a society in decay, who display their well-cut trousers and their monkey faces in the park, and who even at their early age have only an insatiable longing for pleasure at any price. . . . I assume on the contrary that you have a warm heart, and for this reason I talk to you.

A first question, I know, occurs to you—you have often asked yourself—"What am I going to be?" In fact when a man is young he understands that after having studied a trade or a science for several years—at the cost of society, mark—he has not done this in order that he should make use of his acquirements as instruments of plunder for his own gain, and he must be deprived indeed and utterly cankered by vice, who has not dreamed that one day he would apply his intelligence, his abilities, his knowledge to help on the enfranchisement of those who today grovel in misery and in ignorance.

You are one of those who has had such a vision, are you not? Very well, let us see what you must do to make your dream a reality. . . .

Let us suppose you intend to be a doctor. Tomorrow a man attired in rough clothes will come to fetch you to see a sick woman. He will lead you into one of those alleys where the opposite neighbors can almost shake hands over the heads of the passers-by; you ascend into a foul atmosphere by the flickering light of a little ill-trimmed lamp; you climb two, three, four, five flights of filthy stairs, and in a dark, cold room you find the sick woman lying on a pallet covered with dirty rags. Pale, livid children, shivering under their scanty garments, gaze with their big eyes wide open. The husband

has worked all his life twelve or thirteen hours a day at no matter what; now he has been out of work for three months. To be out of employ is not rare in his trade; it happens every year, periodically. But, formerly, when he was out of work his wife went out as a charwoman—perhaps to wash your shirts—at the rate of fifteen-pence a day; now she has been bedridden for two months, and misery glares upon the family in all its squalid hideousness.

What will you prescribe for the sick woman, doctor, you who have seen at a glance that the cause of her illness is general anæmia, want of good food, lack of fresh air? Say a good beefsteak every day? a little exercise in the country? a dry and well-ventilated bedroom? What irony! If she could have afforded it this would have been done long since without waiting for your advice!

If you have a good heart, a frank address, an honest face, the family will tell you many things. They will tell you that the woman on the other side of the partition, who coughs a cough which tears your heart, is a poor ironer; that a flight of stairs lower down all the children have the fever; that the washerwoman who occupies the ground floor will not live to see the spring; and that in the house next door things are worse.

What will you say to all these sick people? Recommend them generous diet, change of air, less exhausting toil? . . . You only wish you could, but you daren't, and you go out heartbroken with a curse on your lips.

The next day, as you still brood over the fate of the dwellers in this dog-hutch, your partner tells you that yesterday a footman came to fetch him, this time in a carriage. It was for the owner of a fine house, for a lady worn out with sleepless nights, who devotes all her life to dressing, visits, balls and squabbles with a stupid husband. Your friend has prescribed for her a less preposterous habit of life, a less heating diet, walks in the fresh air, an even temperament, and, in order to make up in some measure for the want of useful work, a little gymnastic exercise in her bedroom.

The one is dying because she has never had enough food nor enough rest in her whole life; the other pines because she has never known what work is since she was born.

If you are one of those characterless natures who adapt themselves to anything, who at the sight of the most revolting spectacles console themselves with a gentle sigh and a glass of sherry, then you will gradually become used to these contrasts, and the nature of the beast favoring your endeavors, your sole idea will be to maintain yourself in the ranks of pleasure-seekers, so that you may never find yourself among the wretched. If you are a *Man*, if every sentiment is translated in your case into an action

of the will, if in you the beast has not crushed the intelligent being, then you will return home one day saying to yourself, "No, it is unjust; this must not go on any longer. It is not enough to cure diseases; we must prevent them. A little good living and intellectual development would score off our lists half the patients and half the diseases. Throw physic to the dogs! Air, good diet, less crushing toil—that is how we must begin. Without this, the whole profession of a doctor is nothing but trickery and humbug."

That very day you will understand Socialism. You will wish to know it thoroughly, and if altruism is not a word devoid of significance for you, if you apply to the study of the social question the rigid induction of the natural philosopher, you will end by finding yourself in our ranks, and you will work, as we work, to bring about the Social Revolution.

If you have finished reading law and are about to be called to the Bar, perhaps, you, too, have some illusions, as to your future activity—I assume that you are one of the nobler spirits, that you know what altruism means. Perhaps you think, "To devote my life to an unceasing and vigorous struggle against all injustice. To apply my whole faculties to bringing about the triumph of law the public expression of supreme justice—can any career be nobler!" You begin the real work of life confident in yourself and the profession you have chosen.

Very well; let us turn to any page of the Law Reports and see what actual life will tell you.

Here we have a rich land-owner; he demands the eviction of a cotter tenant who has not paid his rent. From a legal point of view the case is beyond dispute; since the poor farmer can't pay, out he must go. But if we look into the facts we shall learn something like this. The landlord has squandered his rents persistently in rollicking pleasure; the tenant has worked hard all day and every day. The landlord has done nothing to improve his estate. Nevertheless its value has trebled in fifty years owing to rise in price of land due to the construction of a railway, to the making of new high-roads, to the draining of a marsh, to the enclosure and cultivation of waste lands. But the tenant who has contributed largely towards this increase has ruined himself; he fell into the hands of usurers, and head over ears in debt, he can no longer pay the landlord. The law, always on the side of property, is quite clear; the landlord is in the right. But you, whose feeling of justice has not yet been stifled by legal fictions, what will you do? Will you contend that the farmer ought to be turned out upon the high road?—for that is what the law ordains—or will you urge that the landlord should pay back to the farmer the whole of the

increase of value in his property which is due to the farmer's labor?—this is what equity decrees. Which side will you take? For the law and against justice, or for justice and against the law?

Or when workmen have gone out on strike against a master, without notice, which side will you take then? The side of the law, that is to say the part of the master, who, taking advantage of a period of crisis, has made outrageous profits? or against the law but on the side of the workers who received during the whole time only 2s. a day as wages, and saw their wives and children fade away before their eyes? Will you stand up for that piece of chicanery which consists in affirming "freedom of contract?" Or will you uphold equity, according to which a contract entered into between a man who has dined well and a man who sells his labor for a bare subsistence, between the strong and the weak is not a contract at all?

If you reason instead of repeating what is taught you; if you analyze the law and strip off those cloudy fictions with which it has been draped in order to conceal its real origin, which is the right of the stronger, and its substance, which has ever been the consecration of all the tyrannies handed down to mankind through its long and bloody history; when you have comprehended this your contempt for the law will be profound indeed. You will understand that to remain the servant of the written law is to place yourself every day in opposition to the law of conscience, and to make a bargain on the wrong side; and, since this struggle cannot go on forever, you will either silence your conscience and become a scoundrel, or you will break with tradition, and you will work with us for the utter destruction of all this injustice, economical, social and political.

But then you will be a Socialist, you will be a Revolutionist.

If your heart really beats in unison with that of humanity, if like a true poet you have an ear for Life, then, gazing out upon this sea of sorrow whose tide sweeps up around you, face to face with these people dying of hunger, in the presence of these corpses piled up in these mines, and these mutilated bodies lying in heaps on the barricades, looking at these long lines of exiles who are going to bury themselves in the snows of Siberia and in the marshes of tropical islands, in full view of this desperate battle which is being fought, amid the cries of pain from the conquered and the orgies of the victors, of heroism in conflict with cowardice, of noble determination face to face with contemptible cunning—you cannot remain neutral: you will come and take the side of the oppressed because you know that the beautiful, the sublime, the spirit of life itself are on the side of those who fight for light, for humanity, for justice!

You stop me at last!
"What the devil!" you say. "But if abstract science is a luxury and practice of medicine mere chicanery; if law spells injustice, and mechanical invention is but a means of robbery; if the school, at variance with the wisdom of the 'practical man,' is sure to be overcome, and art without the revolutionary idea can only degenerate, what remains for me to do?"

A vast and most enthralling task; a work in which your actions will be in complete harmony with your conscience, an undertaking capable of rousing the noblest and most vigorous natures.

What work?—I will now tell you.

Two courses are open to you: you can either tamper forever with your conscience and finish one day by saying "Humanity can go to the devil as long as I am enjoying every pleasure to the full and so long as the people are foolish enough to let me do so." Or else you will join the ranks of the Socialists and work with them for the complete transformation of society. Such is the necessary result of the analysis we have made; such is the logical conclusion at which every intelligent being must arrive provided he judge impartially the things he sees around him, and disregard the sophisms suggested to him by his middle-class education and the interested views of his friends.

Having once reached this conclusion the question which arises is "What is to be done?"

Set to work! Place your abilities at the command of the good cause. Especially help us with your clear logic to combat prejudice and lay by your synthesis the foundations of a better organization; yet more, teach us to apply in our daily arguments the fearlessness of true scientific investigation, and show us as your predecessors did, how men dare sacrifice even life itself for the triumph of the truth.

You, doctors, who have learnt Socialism by a bitter experience, never weary of telling us today, tomorrow, in and out of season, that humanity itself hurries onward to decay if men remain in the present conditions of existence and work; that all your medicaments must be powerless against disease while the majority of mankind vegetate in conditions absolutely contrary to those which science tells us are healthful; convince the people that it is the causes of disease which must be uprooted, and show us all what is necessary to remove them.

Come with your scalpel and dissect for us with unerring hand this society of ours fast hastening to putrefaction. Tell us what a rational existence should and might be. Insist, as true surgeons, that a gangrenous limb must be amputated when it may poison the whole body.

It is easy to be brief today in addressing you, the youth of the people. The very pressure of events impels you to become Socialists, however little you may have the courage to reason and to act.

Do you remember the time, when still a mere lad, you went down one winter's day to play in your dark court? The cold nipped your shoulders through your thin clothes, and the mud worked into your worn-out shoes. Even then when you saw chubby children richly clad pass in the distance, looking at you with an air of contempt, you knew right well that these imps, dressed up to the nines, were not the equals of yourself and your comrades, either in intelligence, common sense, or energy. But later when you were forced to shut yourself up in a filthy factory from five or six o'clock in the morning, to remain twelve hours on end close to a whirling machine, and, a machine yourself, were forced to follow day after day

for whole years in succession its movements with relentless throbbing—during all this time they, the others, were going quietly to be taught at fine schools, at academies, at the universities. And now these same children, less intelligent, but better taught than you, have become your masters, are enjoying all the pleasure of life and all the advantages of civilization. And you? What sort of lot awaits you?

You return to little, dark, damp lodgings where five or six human beings pig together within a few square feet: where your mother, sick of life, aged by care rather than years, offers you dry bread and potatoes as your only food, washed down by a blackish fluid, called in irony tea; and to distract your thoughts you have ever the same never-ending question, "How shall I be able to pay the baker tomorrow, and the landlord the day after?"

What! must you drag on the same weary existence as your father and mother for thirty and forty years? Must you toil your life long to procure for others all the pleasures of well-being, of knowledge, of art, and keep for yourself only the external anxiety as to whether you can get a bit of bread? Will you forever give up all that makes life so beautiful to devote yourself to providing every luxury for a handful of idlers? Will you wear yourself out with toil and have in return only trouble, if not misery, when hard times—the fearful hard times—comes upon you? Is this what you long for in life?

And you, woman of the people, has this left you cold and unmoved? While caressing the pretty head of that child who nestles close to you, do you never think about the lot that awaits him, if the present social conditions are not changed? Do you never reflect on the future awaiting your young sister and all your own children? Do you wish that your sons, they too, should vegetate as your father vegetated, with no other care than how to get his daily bread, with no other pleasure than the gin-palace? Do you want your husband, your lads, to be ever at the mercy of the first comer who has inherited from his father a capital to exploit them with? Are you anxious that they should remain slaves for a master, food for powder, mere dung wherewith to manure the pasture lands of rich proprietors?

Nay, never; a thousand times no! I know well that your blood has boiled when you have heard that your husbands, after they entered on a strike full of fire and determination, have ended by accepting, cap in hand, the terms dictated by the bloated capitalist in a tone of lofty contempt! I know that you admire those Spanish women who, in a popular uprising, presented their breasts to the bayonets of the soldiery in the front ranks of the insurrectionists. I am certain that you mention with reverence the name of the woman who lodged a bullet in the chest of that ruffianly official who dared to outrage a Socialist prisoner in his cell. And I am confident that your hearts beat faster when you read how the women of the people in Paris gathered under a rain of shells to encourage "their men" to heroic action.

Every one of you then, honest young people, men and women, peasants, laborers, artisans, and soldiers, you will understand

what are your rights and you will come along with us; you will come in order to work with your brethren in the preparation of that Revolution which sweeping away every vestige of slavery, tearing the fetters asunder, breaking with the old worn-out traditions and opening to all mankind a new and wider scope of joyous existence, shall at length establish true liberty, real equality, ungrudging fraternity throughout human society; work with all, work for all—the full enjoyment of the fruits of their labor, the complete development of their faculties, a rational, human and happy life!

Don't let anyone tell us that we—but a small band—are too weak to attain unto the magnificent end at which we aim.

Count and see how many there are who suffer this injustice.

We peasants who work for others, and who mumble the straw while our master eats the wheat, we by ourselves are millions of men.

We workers who weave silks and velvet in order that we may be clothed in rags, we, too, are a great multitude; and when the clang of the factories permits us a moment's repose, we overflow the streets and squares like the sea in a spring tide.

We soldiers who are driven along to the word of command, or by blows, we who receive the bullets for which our officers get crosses and pensions, we, too, poor fools who have hitherto known no better than to shoot our brothers, why we have only to make a right-about-face towards these plumed and decorated personages who are so good as to command us, to see a ghastly pallor overspread their faces.

Aye, all of us together, we who suffer and are insulted daily, we are a multitude whom no man can number, we are the ocean that can embrace and swallow up all else.

When we have but the will to do it, that very moment will Justice bedone; that very instant the tyrants of the earth shall bite the dust.—From "An Appeal to the Young," by Peter Kropotkin.

Anarchism and Socialism.

Anarchism is a very bad thing, if you do not happen to know what it is, and it is a very mild and harmless thing when you finally learn what it really is. Anarchism means simply that you are to mind your business, while others are left to mind theirs. Anarchism is opposed to the use of force by one man with the view to controlling the action of another man. . . . Many things are charged against Anarchism that Anarchism was never guilty of. But that is not strange. Even the Almighty is reproached with a thousand things that the Almighty was never responsible for.

Anarchism is a very different thing from Socialism, and Socialism is a very different thing from Anarchism, though the two are often confounded. Anarchism, in theory, is opposed to all government; and in practice it seeks to reduce it to a minimum wherever it is found possible. But Socialism wants more government, though of a different character. Socialists seem to be as fond of despots as any one could be, provided they

themselves are allowed to choose the despots. There is indeed a certain affinity between Anarchists and Socialists, but only because they are both discontented with the present order of things. They both want a change, though when they come to the remedy, they differ very decidedly. The Socialist wants the State to help everybody, while the Anarchist does not desire any State in the first place, and he believes that as a rule, everybody should be taught to help himself. Anarchism leads to Individualism, or perhaps we should say Individualism leads to Anarchism, as everybody will find to be the case the more he pursues thought to its legitimate consequences.

These thoughts are occasionally by an excellent article in FREE SOCIETY, March 3, by Jay Fox. The writer understands, as we understand, that there is a natural bond of sympathy between leading Monarchists and leading Socialists, especially in Germany. Both classes want power and patronage, and they are not so very particular how they get it. Bismarck, while in authority, rather encouraged Socialism, in a quiet, underhanded way, as such people usually do.—Newark Courier.

Certain Comments.

The coronation of the emperor at Washington was a decided success. It was not altogether free from anachronisms, since certain forms of the formerly existing republic were retained; but on the whole, it was very creditably managed. The elaborate display of magnificent pomp had a splendid educational effect. A few more such spectacles will do much to disabuse the most superficial of the absurd notion that democratic principles any longer exist, or are even possible in this empire. The prominent position given to the military pageant was an admirable object lesson. It appears that the emperor intends to retain the nominal title of president, following the example of his Roman prototypes, who found republican forms very convenient, as a basis for the establishment of autocratic power. Whether Theodore the Terrible will be constituted heir apparent, is a detail not yet determined. He is certainly possessed of the obvious qualifications—worship of capitalism, zeal for wholesale plunder and murder, and contempt for the working class.

The amiable and erudite editor of *Brann's Iconoclast* finds his temper slightly ruffled by my comment on his misrepresentation of the Stanford University outrage. While shivering in the frost of his displeasure, I am glad to welcome as companions in misery, Professor Seligman of Columbus, Farnum of Yale, and Gardner of Brown, acting as a committee for the body of American economists. Not being privileged to sit at the feet of the silver-tongued Gamaliel of the *Iconoclast*, they too hold that free speech in universities is some concern of the public. Of course, this stamps them as "pestiferous," "meddlesome," "mullet-headed," and "addle-pattled," to use the courteous expressions of the smiter of all idols but his own. The issue is a plain one. Stanford University makes certain professions to the world, in return for which it receives certain

favours. It obtains money and prestige under false pretences, and Mrs. Stanford's legal right to hire what mouthpiece she chooses, does not exempt her or the university from the criticism due to all liars, hypocrites, and sharpers. Young men and women who desire a college education have a right to such warning as will prevent their being decoyed, under false pretences, to an institution where investigation is not broad and free. When an ordinary employer of labor discharges or blacklists his employes unjustly, labor unions do not hesitate to brand his shop as "unfair." In like manner, friends of education brand Mrs. Stanford's kindergarten, and leave to the editor of the *Iconoclast* the "bad eminence" of being an outspoken opponent of enlightenment.

FREE SOCIETY makes no false pretences in order to secure second-class rates. It is exactly what it represents itself to be. If Stanford University will publicly declare its true position, we shall be satisfied. It is its dishonesty and hypocrisy which we condemn. If Brann was the man he is regarded by his admirers, he would have taken precisely the same position. The cases are different in detail, but precisely parallel in principle.

"The surrender to the worst elements of capitalism" lay in the discharge of Professors Ross and Howard, and the ready acceptance of the resignations of their protesting colleagues. It is the university, not the resigning professors, that made the surrender.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

Isaiah's Undressing.

Part IX of Brown's new Hebrew Lexicon, now in course of publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., reaches me this week. I am glad to see that it gives not a syllable of recognition to the theory that the word translated "naked" in Is. xx. 2 means "in underclothes"; it declares flatly that the meaning is plain "naked." Now if this usual refuge of commentators is to be given up (for this lexicon is recognized as representing the best Hebrew scholarship of today), it will become a burning question again how to reconcile Jehovah's commandment in that chapter with Grundy's morality of today. Get your friends' opinions on this point. I have been on Jehovah's side of this issue ever since I was mangrown.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Westport, Mass., March 15, 1901.

Literature.

The Folly of Being Good. By Chas. H. Kerr. Pocket Library of Socialism, 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.

This booklet contains random thoughts on Socialism. The sex question is slightly touched upon in a somewhat rational manner, although not in the least radical. On the first page there is a picture of a beautiful Greek woman, after a statue, which is disgustingly draped according to the Grundy style.

A. I. JR.

The advocacy of freedom would be of no avail if people would not begin to practise it in their daily life.

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.

We are revolutionists, because we desire justice, and see injustice flourishing everywhere. . . . To our thinking such a state of things is iniquitous, and we wish to change it.—Elisee Reclus.

Notes.

The poem, "Please Tell Me, Which Are You?" in the issue of February 24, was credited to Viroqua Daniels through a mistake made in this office. It should have been credited to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Comrade Emma Goldman is about to start on a propaganda tour, making Philadelphia her first stopping point. Those who wish to arrange meetings or otherwise communicate with her, should do so at once. Her address is 50 First St., New York, N. Y.

In order to induce a great number of people to read FREE SOCIETY who would otherwise not read the paper, we have made a club rate of 50 cents for ten or more subscribers sent in at one time with cash in advance. This applies only to new subscribers.

All announcements which are to appear in FREE SOCIETY should reach this office on Wednesday morning of the week in the issue of which they are to appear. Articles and reading matter of some length should be here earlier.

Note and Comment.

Our readers will have noticed that FREE SOCIETY has not yet been formally entered as second-class mail matter; and during the last two weeks many of our subscribers have informed us that the Postal Department had made inquiry whether they were paying subscribers to FREE SOCIETY or whether the paper was sent to them gratuitously. We were inclined to think that such stringent measures were only applied to FREE SOCIETY, on account of being an Anarchist publication; but our contemporary, *Freiheit*, of New York, has the following to say: "Attention! Something is up. Diverse readers of American workmen's papers have received circulars from the General Postoffice Department, inquiring whether they pay for their papers or receive them gratuitously. Many readers may have become alarmed, and declared themselves as 'free lunchers.' But that would be just what the inquirers desire, because if it can be proven by the postal authorities that the

respective papers have more 'free lunchers' than paying subscribers, the second-class mail rates would be denied them, which would be equal to their destruction."

The "people of Chicago" have made the startling discovery that big corporations have dodged several million dollars taxes for many years, while the school teachers could hardly obtain their wages from a bankrupt city. There is nobody who doubted these charges, even before they were proven in court; but the disgusting feature is that such "discoveries" are made by one party against the other just before election time. After election, no matter what party goes into power, our "faithful servants" are silenced again with "In God We Trust"; and the people are robbed as before by big corporations, while the poor man is prosecuted and imprisoned if he attempts to dodge a few dollars taxes.

Bribery and corruption will cease when the incentive to do so is removed, i. e., private property and government. When even conservative papers begin to point out the futility of government, there is hope for a better society. Under the caption of "Our Boasted Republic" the Newark Courier says: "People are ruled in all countries by impressions, conceptions, and convictions which are often false and generally unfounded. The people of America are no exception to the rule. They have the impression or conviction that they are living in a republic, under a democratic form of government, but that is a fiction, a delusion, under which they have long been laboring. Beyond paying the bills, the people have very little to do with government in this country. They have absolutely nothing to say about making the laws. They may have a little to say as to who shall go to the Senate and who to Congress, but as to what they shall do when they get there, the people are absolutely powerless. The bosses dictate everything—what laws shall be passed and what laws shall not, what the president shall do, and what he shall leave undone. If anyone holding a responsible place proves to be obstinate or intractable, he is at once disciplined, and he soon becomes pliable and learns to behave like a little man. The bosses constitute the dynasty of this country, and directly or indirectly they control every political movement. Government with us has become merely a means for an end. From the government comes power, and from power patronage. Patronage is the sole end and aim of politicians in America."

The Russian officers of the Cossacks have petitioned the authorities not to employ them henceforth in suppressing riots, holding that pitting them against defenseless men and women is beneath their dignity. This example puts the troops of the American and French republics to shame. Some fifteen years ago, the writer passed the University of Odessa, which was surrounded by Cossacks, and seeing the students coming and going unconcerned, asked one of the privates: "Would you like to kill or harm these students, who have done no harm to you?"

"No, sir," he replied with emphasis; "but I suppose we will have to obey orders," and tears were running down his cheeks. "These tears," I said to myself, "will wash away tyranny."

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Walt Whitman's Love of Comrades.

As we have gone through the world, we have realized through experience how necessary it is for each individual to assert his own independence before others will recognize the right of freedom of action. This necessity sometimes drives one to the extreme of solitude, to antagonism, to hatred of those who would coerce his liberty. In the struggle of life it is sad to see how a warm-hearted enthusiast may, through the injustice of his fellows, and through his own weakness, grow soured—an efficient worker for truth, still, perhaps, but full of spite; his heart, once flowing over with love and righteous indignation, becomes hardened, and beating out only resentment and denunciations.

And it is through weakness that a man's heart curls and withers under the scorings of ill-use and hateful opposition. He is not strong enough to bear it all for his own sake and his comrades' sake, to pass over the lesser wounds, and to stick to his post, to keep everlastingly at it, to bring truth into the world, to enlighten those who oppress through ignorance, to stay with firm yet kind hand those who, through a short-sighted self-interest, would destroy their brothers. It takes strength to do these things—a clean, sweet mind, the fervor of lofty purpose; and a man only strips himself of his armor and his life-warmth who tears broad sympathy out of his heart.

Human beings are made pretty much alike. If the coal miner were the coal magnate, he would be jealous of his interests, and guard them night and day. If the man who owns the mines worked underground year after year in a coal-pocket, he would, in turn, think and do what he could to lighten the burden of his life. We are brothers in the land; the interests of employer and employe, of rich and poor, cannot be separated. The manufacturer may think that his factory hands have no minds or hearts, that they are but cogs in his machinery; the laborer may think that his employer is a useless nuisance that could and should be done away with—these ideas we may cherish just as we happen to be placed in life—or we may, with clearer vision, see that no one class is responsible for the sufferings of another whole body of humanity, or that any one individual is responsible; but that all, each and every one, are bound down in the same web of circumstance, the same terrible confusion, that the only hope is, not to clamor against the beings who may be placed in a position to oppress, but to work, clear-headedly, steadily, and always, for the right conditions that will equalize opportunity, remove the evil conditions pressing on the unprivileged, and lead the human race out of its sorrows. The very conditions that throw human beings into a mass of strife arise from the fact that we are creatures whose welfare must come through social endeavor. We are making hard work of this lesson of the ages. Yet, through all our endeavor, let us

keep our hearts tender for our fellow men. We shall find love of justice wherever we go, and let us work at the better side, instead of rousing the bitter. It is necessary, of course, if we are to keep on, to come up against roughness and injustice; but let that come if it must—do not seek it.

In joy or in sorrow, be our state of society ideal, or what it is, there is nothing on earth so satisfying to intellect and heart as comradeship. Through it, separate entities as we are, we realize our highest; through it we can give most, and through it we can receive most. One may find it hard to get his daily bread, or to keep a shelter above him; but that is not so hard as to do without a friend.

"I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing," says the poet Walt Whitman,

"All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there without its friend near for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon, and twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little less than of them.)
Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana solitary in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend or lover near,
I know very well I could not."

Yet if ever any man was sufficient unto himself, that man was Walt Whitman. That is one of the secrets, though, of the capacity for friendship. It is a curious paradox, but occasionally a man lives so deep that he comes to find it out for himself, that one must be able to do without friendship before he can really be ready for it. This means, I think, that since friendship is not to be purchased, it can come only to that one who has sought, not so much to acquire friends, as to prepare himself for the comradeship that will come freely and unconditionally as the needle of the compass turns to its magnet. Most of what we count the greatest good in life is ours, not of our own seeking, but because, having realized the ideal and having lived up to its conditions, it comes to us by the simple power of attraction.

Walt Whitman says a great deal about comradeship. He was born near New York City about eighty years ago. He learned the printer's trade as he grew into young manhood, and himself set in type the first thoughts that blossomed in his brain. He went to the Civil War that raged forty years ago between the North and South—not to load a musket and fire the bullet into another's body; but to nurse the wounded, write their letters, and take the last message from dying lips. Soon after, he had a government position in Washington, but when he became known as the author of "Leaves of Grass," he was quickly dismissed; for he had written out of his lofty ideals that which made people call him a beast and a crazy man. Whitman lived to be old; his

was a life full of the most delightful friendships, some of which he could not talk about because they had meant so much to him. In one portion of his works especially you find records of these companionships with men and women who loved him, who could clasp his hand and look into his eyes with the understanding of sympathy. These poems he called "Calamus," from the calamus-root, the bitter-sweet flag-root, with its fresh earthy fragrance, and the penetrating tang it leaves in the mouth. In these poems—for poems they are, though they do not follow the accepted rules of poetic metre—Whitman expresses his thoughts on comradeship, something of what it meant to him, and what it ought to mean.

"Recorders ages hence,
Come, I will take you down underneath this passive exterior, I will tell you what to say of me,
Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover,
Who was not proud of his songs, but of the measureless ocean of love within him and freely poured it forth."

"I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States inland and sea-board,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents the water,
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades."

"Of the terrible doubt of appearances,
Of the uncertainty after all, that we may be deluded,
That may-be reliance and hope are but speculations after all,
That may-be identity beyond the grave is a beautiful fable only,
To me these and the life of these are curiously answered by my lovers, my dear friends,
When he whom I love travels with me or sits a long while holding me by the hand,
When the supple air, the impalpable, the sense that words and reason hold not, surround and pervade us,
Then I am charged with untold and untellable wisdom,
I am silent, I require nothing further,
I cannot answer the question of appearances or that of identity beyond the grave,
But I walk or sit indifferent, I am satisfied,
He aloof of my hand has completely satisfied me."

Of all our poets, Whitman is perhaps the one who most clearly sees and voices both the social and the individual aspects of life. "Calamus," however, hardly gives an idea of his philosophy; and if you are to understand him at all, and really appreciate his love of comrades, you should know more

about his glorification of self. "One's self I sing," he writes at the very beginning of "Leaves of Grass." "One's self I sing, a simple separate person, yet utter the word Democratic, the word En Masse." Whitman was the poet of the individual, as well as of the loving companion. He was a true Anarchist, for he knew the need of self-broadening, self-balance, self-sufficiency, while at the same time he preached the needs and joys of simple friendship. In the "Song of Myself," he expresses his ideal of a high, well-rounded individualism, which, as we cherish the term, means to us liberty to grow in the direction of our highest nature, with equal opportunity open to every one else. The "Song of Myself" should be read entire. There are, however, some essential parts which not suffer by detachment from the whole.

"Having pried through the strata, analyzed to a hair, counsel'd with doctors and calculated close,
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones."

"In all people I see myself, none more and not one a barley-corn less,
And the good or bad I say of myself I say of them."

"I know I am solid and sound,
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow,
All are written to me, and I must get what the writing means."

"I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass."

"I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,
I see that the elementary laws never apologize."

"I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
And if each and all be aware I sit content."

"One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,
And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."

"My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time."

And in the "Song of the Open Road," where Whitman sings of the free path for soul, there are so many passages that might be quoted that it is hard to have to leave out any:

"Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,

These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,

You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd,
you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you."

"All parts away for the progress of souls,
Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance."

Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,

They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great."

And this, from "By Blue Ontario's Shore":

"I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things,
It is not the earth, it is not America who is so great,
It is I who am great or to be great, it is You up there, or any one,

It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,
Through poems, pageants, shows, to form individuals."

"Underneath all, individuals,
I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals, the American compact is altogether with individuals,

The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,

The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual—namely to You."

"Underneath all is the expression of love for men and women."

Of course Whitman never meant that everybody has already achieved greatness, or that one's soul is lofty merely by assuming that it is so. But he does protest with all

his might against the doctrine of total depravity, and points out the angel in man, the good which is actual and that which is potential. Whitman stands for personal liberty, which demands the best for others as well as for self. Whitman wrote, and he lived it, "I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

This natural philosopher never forces himself upon another. You have to take him or leave him, as you happen to feel about it. "Logic and sermons never convince," he says himself. "The damp of the night air drives deeper into my soul." But, "Behold, I do not give a little charity. When I give, I give myself!" HELEN M. TUFTS.

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Movements in Favor of Power.

There are some people in the Anarchistic movement that are extremely illogical in their interpretation of historic events. Some of them, of which Mr. C. L. James seems to be the head and front, appear to think that there is a large-sized movement headed by his papal holiness of the Roman Catholic Church that is very much interested in introducing into the world a Movement in Favor of Ignorance.

Some time ago I wrote an article for FREE SOCIETY entitled "The Strangler Tree of Government"; and in that article I attempted to show that slaves, both of the past and present, were used for anatomical experiments. This I objected to as torture. Mr. James, in an article in No. 286 of FREE SOCIETY, entitled "Science vs. Rome," saw fit to object to my objections because he thinks such sympathy is an aid to Rome against science.

In the last paragraph of that article occur these words:

The headquarters of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance are at the Vatican. The strings permeate the Protestant Churches, which in a measure share the Vatican's hatred of knowledge. But the impulse, which sets all the puppets dancing, comes from Rome. Of course they do not know that. You bet, Cardinal Manning did. So long as the Movement in Favor of Ignorance confined itself to churchly methods, such as those of Tony Comstock and of Brother Jasper, it showed its colors almost too much to be very mischievous. A far more serious thing is that, under the pretense of kindness to animals, or because physicians often share with most other people a foolish reliance on the ~~legislature, some liberals can be induced to aid~~ Rome against science. When an Anarchist publishes such statements as that there were slaves in England under Charles I, and that Harvey vivisected them, the pope sings his doxology.

But torture is torture, Mr. James, whether used in the cause of Christ or Churchianity, law or science or materialistic progress; and the scientific tortures of our day for the "good of science" are just as damnable as the tortures of the Inquisition ages ago under the sanction and authority of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

Again, authoritarian materialists in favor of scientific superstitions are just as devilish in their "good of science" experiments as the most fanatic bigot and puritanical zealot that would grind the face of the people unto his idea. Religionists torture and kill for the "good of religion" and their Church, and think they are doing God

good service in so doing. Materialistic medicals in county hospitals and experimenting rooms torture and kill their pauper patients for the "good of medical science." As a physical culturist I can prove to any reasonably-minded person that not one woman deprived of her womanhood's right by the surgeon's knife was ever better off physically, mentally, morally or spiritually than before, whether the operation was performed for the "good of science," "good of religion," "good of health," or "good of her womanhood." If it did not kill her it practically made of her a sexless nonentity, depriving her of the enjoyment that well-sexed womanhood always brings.

Movements in favor of power always have been, Mr. James, and always will be until the human animal learns how to take care of the self better than it does now. These movements are not necessarily based upon ignorance as much as upon half truths, or a sort of adulterated truth, as it were. The surgeon who would experiment upon these living pauper bodies and wants a legislature to bolster him up in his work for the "good of Science" (capital S, this time, please) is worshiping his god just as much and doing just as good service unto him as the religionist, Roman Catholic or Protestant, did in the torture system, the rack, the faggot, the dungeon, to make people worship the God the priestly power of the world wanted them to. Buckle says in his "History of Civilization," Vol. I, p. 280, the following concerning power:

The love of exercising power has been found to be so universal that no CLASS OF MEN who have possessed authority have been unable to avoid abusing it.

This, as I understand it, is the very position the Anarchists take in their resistance to governmentalism. But let us look a little further. Men have used organization (and are using it today) for the purpose of attaining power; but the desire for authority and power existed in the individual before the organization sprang into being.

It is not any particular "ism" or cult or philosophy people have to dread so much as power—power in the hands of a few, the power of bigotry, the authority of fanaticism; and THE MEN OF TODAY WORSHIP POWER.

Nowadays people do not worship the Roman Catholic superstition so much as the power vested in that organization; and when a man becomes a materialist or a so-called scientist or truth seeker, he does not necessarily change his desire to have his own way and rule other people, but very often carries his bigotry, the / of tyrannical authority and knowledge, with him wherever he goes or into whatever organization with which he may affiliate himself.

Again, people do not worship money, but the power which money brings and which is behind all money. Now, in a short time, John Rockefeller may be a billionaire. A billion dollars is unthinkable, but the power behind that billion dollars is not altogether inconceivable.

And so one has a right to hate power whether vested in an infallible (?) organization of materialistic scientists or in the Roman Catholic Church with Leo XIII as its papal head, the Salvation Army with General Booth as its pope, or the Theosophical movement with Katherine Tingley as its sovereign pontiff. When power gets out of the hands of the people, it is an instrument which tortures, degrades and destroys.

In the progress of the world there are (practically) only two things we have accomplished: First, we have made a change in gods; for where before mankind worshipped a religious fetic and the priest was the great governmental power, we today worship SCIENCE and LAW with doctors for the high priests of science, and politicians for the priesthood of the law; second, we have made some advance in mechanical knowledge which is now more thoroughly diffused among the masses of the people.

And I hate power, whether coming under the name of science or law or religion. All are magic words to conjure with and all cover a multitude of sins in the way of diabolical despotism.

Not long ago I read the following article from the *Abolitionist*, of London, England, written by Dr. R. E. Dudgeon, and showing how those who trade upon the medical superstition use their dupes in this age of the world to increase our knowledge for the "good of science."

The *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift*, on February 19, 1891, describing how Prof. Schreiber, of Koenigsberg, tried the effects of Dr. Koch's tuberculin, tells of injections on forty new-born children at the Koenigsberg Midwifery Hospital, in which the injections were about fifty times as much as Dr. Koch said was the maximum dose for children of three to five years. The experiments were designed to ascertain the effects of inoculations of various virulent bacteria on women, and were conducted on a colossal scale.

Dr. A. Doederlein relates how he inoculated a young unmarried woman with a microbe of pus. Dr. Mengs, assistant physician in the University Hospital for Women in Leipsic, made similar inoculations on a woman who was in a most helpless condition. He also inoculated into the bodies of new-born infants a large number of staphylococci in the Royal University Ear Hospital Hall.

Dr. Schimmelbusch inoculated two boys with a pus culture taken from a boil on a girl's ear. Both boys died from pustules. Dr. Janson, of Stockholm, wished to try the effects of inoculation of black or malignant smallpox virus. He began with calves, but as he found them expensive, he asked Prof. Medin, chief physician of the Foundling Hospital, to allow him to operate on children under his charge. Prof. Medin consented, and fourteen were inoculated with this virus.

Dr. Epstein, Professor of Children Therapeutics, in Prague, injected five children with round worms for the sake of experiment.

The rest of the article gives the chapter and verse for the allegation that again unsuspecting men and women have been inoculated with the same loathsome diseases by these continental vivisectors, masquerading as ministers of healing.

I should have sent my article sooner, but the removal of FREE SOCIETY to Chicago delayed matters a little, so I send my reply to Mr. James' criticism now, hoping it may find an early publication.

Los Angeles, Cal. JOHN A. MORRIS.

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The greatest rebels are those who try to live their ideal. Not words, but deeds overthrow old institutions.

Why?

Elsewhere mention is made of the student crisis in Russia. In regard to students in general, it is strange to note how alone of all the class those of Great Britain and America side always with the government and never with the people. We hear of the sons of wealthy foreigners coming to take a course of academic study at Oxford or Cambridge and speaking of the sense of suffocation experienced after the more liberal atmosphere of Continental universities. The seed of Socialist propaganda in Russia especially has always been sown amongst the workers by the college youth, and the cause of the people is ever championed as the cause of humanity by the generous-souled if hot-headed lads studying in foreign schools. Scotch and Irish universities hold aloof from "people's questions." In England the cause of the people being the cause of plebeians, as such is tabooed by the patrician class which alone has a long enough purse to pay for the coat of academic varnish required as the finishing touch to a public school education. Imagine any popular movement today being headed by a band of Oxford or Cambridge students! Like their Setoch brothers they will flock valiantly together for a town and gown shindy, or to pelt and howl down some foreign professor who by a reporter's error has seemingly dared to suggest that England can commit a cowardly action; but the "common people" may starve and the Oxford student would be the last to lead a demonstration before a baker's shop or proclaim from the street that starvation means injustice. Once it was otherwise. In the days of Edward III, Oxford was not only the centre of learning but of political and social movements; Wycliffe openly preached Communism, and Oxford, proud, independent and free, chose to follow in his steps. The Peasant's Rising of 1381 was keenly followed by the young men of Oxford, and it was their devotion to liberty, to Wycliffe and freedom of thought, that finally led Church and king to suppress all three. Oxford from that day became and remains the champion of Church tyranny and Statecraft. Lollardy migrated to Cambridge, and the religious reformation of the 16th century found its strongest supporters there. But the complaints of the people no longer touch an answering chord in the breasts of English university students or lead to a stir in their selfish round of mingled sport and pedantry. Here again we see the impress of the priest's finger.—*Freedom*.

Peppery Pot.

The pot is boiling,—not the peppery, nor the political, but the social pot. Between the "complications of the powers" over the Chinese business, the strikes in France, the imminent "labor troubles" in the United States and other countries, as well as other important "straws," methinks I can distinguish the rumblings of a mighty, majestic quake. Hail the approaching rejuvenator!

The Roentgen Xrays expose the interior of the human body to a nicety. A bone may by their application be seen through the flesh.

That is surely a great accomplishment. But McKinley is even a greater inventor than Roentgen; for another term of his "benevolent reign of prosperity" will obviate the necessity for the application of Roentgen's rays; the flesh will have disappeared from the people's bones and leave the latter in plain sight.

The tendency to mysticism is a plain evidence of an unsound mind. That there are natural forces still unknown to man none but an idiot would deny; that to discover such forces is in the line of progress, and that investigation in that direction is commendatory is equally true. But that some of these forces are already discovered, yet unknown to all but a comparatively few—"specialists"—who can conjure them up by "circles," "seances," whistling and other ridiculous proceedings is a fabrication of impostors or weak-minded illogical persons. All the natural forces now known to man, like steam, electricity, etc., are plainly demonstrable to all human beings possessed of an average degree of intelligence. S. D.

Here and There.

Time proves that events in Russia were of deeper significance than was at first supposed. The popular disturbances are spreading, and a revolution is looked for in some quarters. The cowardly despot is momentarily expecting to be assassinated. The precautions taken to protect the life of the czar extend even to his own household servants. His imperial majesty is obliged to have five desks in his study, and he sneaks from one to the other at intervals during the day, so that no one should know where to place a bomb if they desired to resolve his august highness into his chemical elements without ceremony. Meanwhile the popular demonstrations continue to increase. Thousands of working men in the industrial centers are rioting, many of whom are being shot down by the troops. Governments, be they republican or monarchical, have only one argument against starved and oppressed humanity, i. e., brute force.

Peter Karpovich, who sent Bogolepoff, minister of public instruction, to heaven, has been sentenced for life to hard labor.

The Marseilles strike was beginning to assume gratifying dimensions. The cartmen, the bakers, and the tramway employees went on strike, and the strikers numbered 20,000. But it seems the weary toilers have again been deceived. According to official dispatches the workers have submitted to arbitration; yet from other sources it leaks out that the strikers did not surrender to the proposition of arbitration made by the minister of commerce, but were deluded by the Mayor Flaissiers and the Socialist Deputies in order to restore "order"; and the correspondent predicts great troubles when the workers learn the truth of the false promises.

In Italy two universities for the people have been opened; in Milan under the auspices of a labor committee, and in Rome through the initiative of college professors.

That money is king can be observed in a monarchy as well as in a republic. Says the *International Socialist Review*: "Another of Mr. Bueck's letters has fallen into the hands of the *Vorwaerts*. This document reveals with startling clearness the Socialist contention that capitalistic governments are simply the servile tools of the capitalist class. Apart from showing a most fraternal intimacy between the ministry and the industrial leaders, the most significant feature is Mr. Bueck's open admission that he brought about the dismissal of the former minister of commerce, von Berlepsch, because the latter's labor reform policy was disagreeable to the industrialists." In this same journal we read: "The cabinet Waldeck-Rousseau has not fulfilled the expectations of its friends. In consequence, that branch of the French Socialists which supported the entrance of Millerand into the cabinet, is now confronted by the alternative to either acknowledge the correctness of the warning: 'No compromise, no political trading,' and to demand the resignation of Millerand, or to be satisfied with the policy of the cabinet. The acceptance of the latter of these two evils means the renunciation of the principle of opposition to the capitalist government." The Anarchists predicted this dilemma, and it is to be hoped that some of the intelligent Socialists will learn through this lesson that to participate in government is under all circumstances a compromise of principles, and disastrous in its results.

In Zurich, Switzerland, there were 2,570 applications for work during one month, of which only 462 could be supplied. In Basel the census showed 1,446 unemployed during the same time. This is a country where the people "rule" through the initiative and referendum.

Switzerland, which is so much eulogized by the American reformers for having the initiative and referendum, does excellent police service for its monarchical neighbors. Carlo Frigerio published a calendar in this "free" republic, in which he assails the Italian monarchy. He was arrested and the publication confiscated. He was released by the jury, but the government refuses to give up the confiscated almanac.

Sipido's parents, who once more petitioned Leopold and King Edward on the latter's accession for the pardon of their son, have been informed that neither king can extend the prerogative of mercy in this case. And yet, who are so astonished as kings when the prerogative of mercy is not extended to them!—*Freedom*, London.

Another hot discussion has taken place in the Belgian parliament. The Radical member, Janson, moved a resolution that all political prisoners, and especially those of 1886, 1889, and 1893, should be released. Monsieur Janson stated that the Anarchist Moineau had already been more than ten years in prison for attempting to use dynamite. Though Social Democrats do not approve of such acts, they rightly think that Moineau has been the victim of a most reactionary and clerical government policy. This humane resolution was opposed by the government. After a heated debate, the resolution was withdrawn when its first two clauses had been defeated.—*The People*.

307

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For CHICAGO.

Special lecture by Peter Kropotkin, on "Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal," in Central Music Hall, Sunday, April 14, 1901, at 8 p. m. Clarence S. Darrow will act as chairman and open the meeting. Admission 25 cents. Advance tickets may be obtained at the following places:

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Peter Kropotkin will lecture on "Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal," Sunday, March 31, 1901, at 3 o'clock p. m., in Grand Central Palace, 43d St. & Lexington Ave. Admission 25 cents. The proceeds to defray expenses and to assist Anarchistic publications in the English language.

NOTICE.

I am desirous of getting into correspondence with comrades connected with some of the cooperative stores (Rochdale) in England, or to get the address of their central supply depot. Would like also to hear from any

like concerns in France or German, in their own language, who believe in making life better now.

Foreign exchanges please copy.

HENRY ADDIS.

Portland, Or., 125 Front St.
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The Letter-Box.

A. W., San Francisco.—Very well, comrade. Whenever you are able you may pay your subscription to R. Rieger, 322 Larkin St. Greeting.

Ch. B., San Francisco.—Thanks for remembrance. Chicago is a good field for propaganda, especially since Prof. Heron has been burning away much of the rubbish regarding a free society. Greetings to all in the "headquarter."

N. J., Salt Lake City.—This week we have mailed No. 304 of FREE SOCIETY to all subscribers of your city. The activity of your little group is encouraging.

R. C. H., Lake City, Minn.—Thanks for invitation. Unfortunately we have neither the time nor the means to spare for travelling purposes.

RECEIPTS.

Cooper, \$2. Gross, \$1.10. Williams, Fancon, Hauswedell, Coduri, Gillstrom, Gordon, Victor, Yerly, Pichul, each \$1. Kulis, 70c. Corna, Milner, Blumberg, Hayman, each 50c.

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AND ANARCHY.

Translated from the French of

JEAN GRAVE

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

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