

FREE SOCIETY

SUCCESSOR TO THE CO-OPERATIVE AGE.

AN ADVOCATE OF COMMUNAL LIFE AND INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

NEW SERIES NO. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALA., SUNDAY, NOV. 14, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 137.

THE STATE.

[Written for FREE SOCIETY.]

Oh child of superstition that calls thyself the State,
Whence came thy right assumed, to pose as potentate;
Art thou the creator, of land and air, and sea,
Or a blown-up bubble that just affects to be?
Does Nature bend to thee—like man thy laws obey,
Or art thou bravado, that seeks with fools to play?

Come, tell us, great mogul, to whom weak subjects bow,
Where in thy book of law, thy crimes are marked—
and how;

Art parent of the law that festers in thy womb;
And could this brat of thine be bribed to speak thy
doom,

Thou trickster of the day that fattens on man's fears,
Parody on justice that laughs at human tears?

Tell us of thy greatness, just how it came about,
What promises were made to lay all fear and doubt,
How first thy agents took to ruling earth and man,
What argument was used to force such robber plan.
Were all mankind weak fools, or blind, when thou
wast born,

That they did not foresee, within thy trick—the harm?

Oh twin of monarchy that lives to rob and kill,
What devilry is here that prostitutes at will,
That keeps a robber gang in kingly rights enthroned
Then turns their robberies to legal acts condoned?
Is not the blood as pure of him who lives by toil
As he who waxes fat on idleness and spoil?

Are they of whiter clay who murder through the law,
Than he who hurled a bomb—when rank injustice saw?
Freak of idle fancy, where hatched these laws for man;
Didst serve thy time below and steal the devil's plan?
Oh, tell us, modern sphinx, didst serve thy time so
well

That back to earth wast sent to teach the tricks of hell?

Begone, thou worthless churl that breed'st a class of
drones,
Emblem of hate and fear, grinder of human bones,
From whence thou cam'st, go back, and to his honor
tell,

That we can get along without thy aid from hell.

Maywood, Ill. L. S. OLIVER.

A FEW SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

THIS is a commercial age. Commerce is king—a despot, a Nero. Everything is in the market to be bought and sold. The earth and appurtenances, including mankind, living and dead, are "handled" for profit. The simple exchange of commodities for the mutual benefit of the persons making the trade, has grown into the monster, commerce, or exchange for gain. In a system of exchange, the object of which is gain, the person to whom the gain accrues, acquires an ascendancy in proportion to his profits over the person who loses, and this enables him to demand premiums and continue his exactions indefinitely. In commerce, to prey upon the weak is lawful, and the smart man, the one who purs his victim into the belief that it is the will of Providence that he should be devoured, is "successful."

Exchange of labor or of labor's products when for mutual advantage is co-operation, but commerce is one of the many varieties of slavery, with which we are afflicted. It has long been our custom to speak of chattel slavery only as slavery and infer that all other forms of servitude were freedom; but the inference will not bear the weight of investigation.

Suppose two persons discover that by working together they can produce more than by working separately. When the job is finished, if one should say to the other: "I lifted more than you and I claim two-thirds of the product." You couldn't have made a third as much, had you been alone," or, "I thought of doing it this way. Brains should count for something. By rights the extra product is mine," would the claims be just? In a co-operative movement, in which many persons engage, the impossibility of measuring the exact amount of

brain or muscle to be expended by every individual will be readily seen, consequently, the product cannot be divided according to ability nor according to the amount of work performed, and as the union of forces should be for the benefit of all, "to each according to his needs," would be an equitable division.

But profit to the individual is the acknowledged basis of our present system of co-operation—if by any stretch of the imagination, commercialism can be made to take on even a semblance of co-operation. It is, to be sure, co-operation after a clumsy fashion of the workers. The manipulators of the system, the "leaders," pocket the proceeds. The laborers must be deceived, so they will permit this to be done, therefore certain intricate business processes, that are quite beyond the comprehension of the mediocre mind, are made use of. As the wits of the "herd" become sharpened by constant grinding, new machinery is fitted to the original plant, and the disturbing element, which pointed a threatening finger at the system, supposing a change has been made to better its condition, subsides and again "peace and prosperity" reign supreme. The use of this machinery though necessary for the maintenance of "trade" becomes senseless and burdensome when the end striven for is the welfare of the whole people. There is the endless book-keeping; the retailing of small quantities of goods; the labor of printing the limitless advertisements of all things, good or bad—commercialism hovers over everything; manufacturing of money and stamps, the supporting of consuls and the general fussing of the national government, to say nothing of that of the country!

The profit system allows a person to accumulate more products than he has use for and guarantees him the power to say, "This is mine. I can do nothing with it, but neither shall you, unless you give me ten, fifty, a hundred per cent more labor or labor value in return than was required in its production." The master said to the slave, "You are mine; work for me." Commerce says to the "free" laborer, "This is mine; work for it." In the summing up, what is the difference between the two systems of slavery? The mode of procedure only.

Commerce cannot thrive without markets, so we have a produce market, money market, labor market—not like the old ones, with the auction block where the wares were "knocked down" to the highest bidder, but employment bureaus, and when these are full the surplus laborer wanders hither and thither and is a "menace to society" and an ever-present protest against the scourge of overproduction.

If commerce be so monstrous an evil, why have the people borne with it so long? The glitter of the "prizes" held ever before the eyes of the multitude has dazzled and blinded, no doubt. "The office of rabbi," says Cunningham Geikie, speaking of the olden time among the Jews, "was open to all (men), and this of itself secured the favor of the nation to the order, just as the same democratic feeling strengthened the Romish church in the middle ages." This "same democratic feeling," when not too democratic, when kept in certain channels has spared the lives of other abnormal fungus growths upon the body of society. "Any school boy may become president," has done its part in bracing up a constitution and system of laws copied from those employed in the English constitutional monarchy. A few trivial changes

were made much of, and the name American added for a prop, and if we have not a monarchy, we have inherited scores of its diseases. Any young man if industrious, "capable," "a rustler," may become the possessor of millions. Democratic feeling again, and do we not have countless examples in full array, and do we fail to point to them with pride? John Jacob Astor by industry and thrift accumulated a few trinkets and shrewdly palmed them off—on his equals? No! the Indians—for furs. These furs he traded to the laborers who manufactured the trinkets—lost again! We all suspect that was not the way of it. This commerce is an intricate business as I have said before; but it has in stock a maxim quite easy to understand and upon which the public mind is constantly fed: "An even exchange is no robbery." Undoubtedly J. J. Astor held strictly to this maxim. At least he was not robbed; we have substantial evidence of that to this day, for the man's estate, real estate, lives after him, to be administered upon. Astor was not robbed; he gained wealth and fame, left his children "independent," and now the democratic feeling comes uppermost once more, for who would not like to provide well for his children? To be independent, in common phraseology, is to be so situated that you may be able to procure the best there is in the market of food, clothing, service, etc., at all times—of course you pay for it!

To be independent! the dream we poor mislead mortals have dreamed and have toiled, endured privations, all for the hope that was in us that it might some day be fulfilled. Beautiful dreams indeed. But the colors have faded marvelously since we see that its fulfillment under commercialism means the transition from servitude to mastery. If we would be really independent we must raise and manufacture all the goods we find needful, be hermits in earnest, for when we become independent to this extent, we shall probably spend little time in social intercourse. Besides social intercourse would lessen our independence, for thoughts might be exchanged. Thoughts constitute no small part of our present "stock in trade" and upon them commerce sets a price and lays a heavy hand.

It is "human nature," I've been told, for one to try to get the best of a bargain. The truth about the matter is, the legitimate fruit of the commercial system is corruption and we are deceived when we think the corruption to be human nature. The system is the generator of avarice and strife. It divides the people into two lots, masters and slaves. They cannot escape being one or the other, and both positions are degrading to the persons occupying them. Instead of providing comforts for the present, we contend with our neighbors, scrimp and hoard that we may not be paupers in our old age. The differing opinions of the members of the household, concerning the management of business details, cause dissensions. The heirs wrangle over the savings of their kin. We produce too much, as markets are overstocked, and at the same time thousands go in rags and starve. One generation does the work and fighting in war and succeeding generations are called upon to "foot the bill." Amidst all this inconsistent turmoil we prate of the superiority of man over the lower animals, of brotherly love and of peace in the future world.

We are slaves, yet we know it not; slaves to a commercial system that we have been burdened with so long, as to believe it a part of ourselves. We have fought for freedom, yet cling to our masters

and call them "servants", "men of influence." We submit ourselves to other wills, other consciences than our own, yet call ourselves a "free people." Shall we still "bow the knee?" No! The world of learning, all that we know or surmise, must be free, and not hedged about as now, and the gates swung open to him alone who can pay the toll. We shall discover that if we would live in comfort we must work together—co-operate. We shall choose the work for which we are best suited, and labor with those personally agreeable to us. We shall see that to force another to do our will is despotism; to yield to the will of another is serfdom. We shall find it true that trade in a community results in the weaker cringing to the stronger, and that in barter or commerce between sections or countries the oppression continues upon a larger scale. We shall know that the church and state, fattened as they are upon gifts, tithes and taxes, make obedience to the "powers that be," with their money, usury, rent, and "corners." We shall learn that the exchange of labor, of ideas, of ministrations is needful for the happiness of mankind, and to insure this happiness the exchange must be made "without money and without price." In the new co-operative society every form of commerce must be annihilated.

VIROQUA DANIELS.

MARTINET SOCIALISM.

Were it possible to bring within the meaning of the Merchandise Marks Act, in addition to foreign manufactured articles of trade, all the imported "isms," then, of a surety, S. D. F.-ism and all its works would be labeled, "Made in Germany." And Socialism of German manufacture is a fraudulent and adulterated article; a Socialism in name only; savoring more of inequality and military despotism than of liberty, equality and fraternity. Of this we had ample proof at the recent congress, where the soulless automatons of the S. D. F.—copying the drill-sergeant tactics of the German party—voted in a body on all questions, machine-like, in slavish obedience to their commander-in-chief, and utterly regardless of the mandates of those workers who had sent them.

The motto of the Marx-mad S. D. F., and similar Social Democratic organizations under German influence, is military discipline. And it gives us somewhat of an insight into the workings of the Socialist State that is to be, and which has been correctly described by Herbert Spencer as "the coming slavery." This constant instancing of military discipline as the basis of the organization of the Social Democratic "society of the future" is certainly apt. It is an admission on the part of Social Democrats that Social Democracy, to be effective, can only exist by the exercise of the grossest tyranny.

Under the new regimentalism (if ever willing slaves enough can be found to give it birth), individual liberty will be relegated to the background, and industrial conscription take its place. Everyone being under compulsion to serve his term as a soldier in the industrial army, existence will be made up of one dull ceaseless round of mechanical, monotonous barrack life; a kind of life-long penal servitude. The nation will be composed of one huge army of well-drilled, regulated, adult babies; a paradise of officialism on the one hand and helpless subordination on the other. Of this, Sidney Webb, one of the Socialist drill instructors, provides the following ample proof: "The perfect and fitting development of each individual is not necessarily the utmost and highest cultivation of his own personality, but the filling, in the best possible way, of his humble function in the great social machine."—[Fabian Essays.]

The State, under the regimentation of Social Democracy, being the great and sole monopolist—its officials omnipotent, everyone else absolutely dependent on them for the very means of existence, commanded and ruled in a wholly military manner—the industrial conscript has the delightful choice of knuckling under to the almighty State or perishing in the gutter or the gaol. Surely humanity will have sunk to the lowest depths of second childhood should it ever place power in the hands of Socialist martinets of the Hyndman, Quelch and Aveling type, wherewith to order full-grown men and women.

Edward Bellamy, in outlining his Utopia of Socialist militarism, says as follows: "The whole body of members of the industrial army is divided into four

general classes. First, the unclassified grade of common laborers, assigned to any sort of work, usually the coarser kinds. To this all recruits during their first three years belong. Second, the apprentices, as the men are called in the first year after passing from the unclassified grade while they are mastering the first elements of their chosen avocations. Third, the main body of the full workers, being men between twenty-five and forty-five. Fourth, the officers, from the lowest who have charge of men to the highest. These four classes are all under a different form of discipline. The unclassified workers, doing unclassified work, cannot, of course, be so rigidly graded as later. They are supposed to be in a sort of school, learning industrial habits" ("Looking Backward," p. 73.) "O, what must it be to be there!" is the only remark applicable to such a condition of things. Further on we are told that "it is not even necessary that a worker should win promotion to a higher grade to have at least a taste of glory. While promotion requires a general excellence of record as a worker, honorable mention and various sorts of distinction are awarded for excellence less than sufficient for promotion, and also for special feats and single performances in the various industries. It is intended that no form of merit shall wholly fail of recognition." This is indeed funny. Even the Social Democrat, you see, recognizes that his military organization, without the tomfoolery of badges, stripes, medals and the rest of the paraphernalia of militarism, would not hold together for a week. Picture the butcher, tailor or chimney-sweep, strutting about pompously, their chests distended with pride, exhibiting medals they had won for killing more pigs, making more trousers or sweeping chimneys cleaner than others!

Mr. Bellamy also gives us plainly to understand that under the beautiful regime of Social Democracy, his highness, the State, will not put up with any damned nonsense; that all deserters, that is, men of spirit who refuse to slave to keep lazy, inquisitive officials, "will be made to work in institutions and under discipline prepared to meet such cases." When asked "as to who should judge of the worker's idleness or neglect of duty," he says: "That would, doubtless, be as judging is now-a-days, a question of evidence for tribunals existing for the purpose" ("Contemporary Review," July, 1890). That is to say, the industrial conscript who refused to perform "his humble function in the great social machine," who declined to be brigaded, numbered, bossed, drilled and regulated to suit a clique of Socialist autocrats of the S. D. F. type, styling themselves the State, would be tried by court-martial and condemned to a term of imprisonment; the evidence of the Social Democratic government spies (or inspectors, if you choose), like that of our present-day bobbies, being, of course, accepted as undiluted truth.

"Nunquam," in "Merrie England" (p. 48), instances a soldiers' messroom as typical of the barrack life of State Socialism. Verily, as George Bernard Shaw points out, "even under the most perfect Social Democracy we should still be living like hogs, except that each hog would get his fair share of the grub" ("Impossibilities of Anarchism," p. 12).

The inquisitorial character of government inspection is seen to a great extent even today, where full-grown men and women in our factories have to go through the indignity of being catechised and examined as to how they spent the day previous; whether they washed their hands and faces in the orthodox fashion, took certain prescribed drinks and medicines, wore certain garments, etc. But such damned impertinence on the part of governments to-day is not to be compared to what it must be when, under the blessed rule of Social Democracy, every industry is State-controlled. The poke-nose State will defile the sacredness of our private apartments, regulating even our sexual relationships. Mrs. D. G. Ritchie, speaking before the Fabian Society on Feb. 19, 1892, on the subject of "Women Under Socialism" (see "Freedom," March, 1892), made a startling plea for the State control of maternity and State support of maternity during a certain period before and after childbirth, together with State control of the hygienic conditions of parentage. Put in plain language, it means that couples desiring to become fathers and mothers must first apply to some special government office (in charge of say Dr. Aveling), where, after due medical examination, they will, if adjudged fit and proper persons to be entrusted with the getting of children, be presented with a certificate stating the number they are graciously allowed to beget, and also the penalties they may expect to suffer for

disobedience; whilst others not deemed fit to produce healthy children will no doubt be presented with a set of State Malthusian appliances.

Should ever Social Democracy emerge out of mere theory into the region of actual fact, and a Socialist government composed of slavish adorers of the dictator, Marx, become a reality, it is certain that disobedience to officialdom, or revolt against the Socialist "powers that be," will be punished with instant death. Everyone has heard of the threat of a certain leader of the S. D. F. to the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, that "when the Socialist government got the upper hand he (Bradlaugh) should have the first rope." Why? Because Bradlaugh, to use a vulgarism, "showed the game up." Bradlaugh is dead, and today it is we Anarchists who are threatened with the rope should ever those apostles of State slavery gain the ascendancy—and for the same reason. It is said that opportunity makes the tyrant, and it is certain that, once invested with power, Social Democrats would use their opportunities in the direction of stifling all independent thought, speech and action. The machinery of State becoming so enormously complicated by the taking over of all the industries of the nation, each minute part of the "great social machine" dependent on the rest, it follows that the slightest disobedience to orders, discontent or revolt, must necessarily culminate in throwing out of gear all the whole intricate mass of State officialdom. To prevent this, to stifle the desire for change, and consequently prolong their own tyrannical existence, the Socialist government will suppress liberty of speech, and revolt against the laws will become a capital offense. Ouida correctly sums up the position as follows: "The [Socialist] State merely requires a community—tax-paying, decree-obeying, uniform, passionless, enduring as the ass, meek as the lamb; a featureless humanity, practicing the goose-step in eternal routine and obedience."

Listen to the testimony of Social Democrats against Social Democracy. Keir Hardie, in the Labor Leader of Aug. 8, speaking of the late international congress, after referring to the "cast-iron Bismarckism of the German Socialists," "the intolerance of the German bosses," says that "those who disagreed with them (the official German party) found it next to impossible to enter; and those who supported them had, when necessary, special illegal privileges provided to facilitate their admission." He further says: "So far as I can see, the leaders of the Socialist movement in Germany conceive Socialism as a system under which Liebknecht and Singer would take the place of Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck." Bruce Glasier, another well-known Social Democrat, writing in the same paper, says as follows: "The too-obvious 'bossing' upon the part of a section of the official German party upon the platform was sufficient to make some of us quake at the prospect of Social Democracy, and turn a friendly eye toward Anarchism."

Here already, before they have gained legal power, these despots in embryo begin to show the cloven hoof: professing to be the friends of the workingman, these pretenders in reality are forging chains for him with all their might. To our friends of the Independent Labor Party, who at the international congress so stoutly resisted the tyranny and underhand trickery of the German party backed up by the parties who dance attendance upon them, the S. D. F. & Co., to those friends we say: Shun the leprosy of Marxism, which infects its victims with an insane hatred of freedom and all her works, and, as its founder, Marx, once said of the parliamentary craze, "relegates the infected to an imaginary world, and takes from them all sense, all recollection, all knowledge of the real external world." We repeat, avoid the intricacies, subtleties, and word tangles connected with the brain-mystifying theories of Karl Marx. Think for yourselves. The battle today is, as it ever was, for liberty against authority, for Anarchism, and against grand-motherly, meddling legislation.

Your place, as liberty-loving men and women, is not beneath the dirt-bedraggled emblem of State Socialism, but with us beneath the folds of the red flag of Anarchy, fighting for the liberty of the individual and the brotherhood of the human race. Which side will you choose?

Discard the childish props of legality. Be men. Rely on yourselves. Cast off the leading strings of legislative prohibition and injunction. Dare to be free!—W. H., in Freedom, London.

The American Anarchist is being bred in homes where faith in the honor of legislators and fairness of government is dying out.—DeWitt Warner.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so prevail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying—"Let him test
How real it is, our jail!"

But, tho' they slew him with the sword,
And in a fire his Touchstone burn'd,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strew'd its ashes on the breeze;
They little guess'd each grain of these
Convey'd the perfect charm.

—William Allingham.

A PAGE FROM A SUMMER DIARY.

If I were asked to give of all the impressions of the past few months spent abroad those which were then and still are in memory the most vivid, they would not be of the streets and sights of a gay capitol, nor of a much-talked-of artiste and a new opera, nor the pages of any recent literary success, nor yet a woodland scene of exquisite grandeur, but they would be the impressions of the daily life of a people in far and remote valleys of Austria. This peasantry leads a life of toil incessant, unfruitful and hopeless, with no other outlook beyond the life their fathers led before them, with no other promise than the promise held out by the wide-stretching arms of Rome to her faithful children, in lieu of their allegiance. Not an unusual picture outside of Austria.

A people bound by an iron band of authority, forged by Church and State, from whose clasp there is no escape. A happy people withal, the discontented possibly the exception; but happy only through an enforced ignorance of the truth, the awful reality of their own helplessness and hopelessness. Any day the disillusion may come. How unprepared are these people for disclosures! Can their condition be imagined at the awakening?

A people whose lands are taxed and mortgaged, only the strenuous exertion of united family labor and that is barely enough to meet their obligations. The money from this labor goes for the sustenance and support of the nobility, and the leisure classes. What are their lives? Very little beyond a round of useless charities, pleasures and idleness in the cities. There is no need to enumerate in detail. Their lives are well enough known to all. They do not want for bread. Whilst the blood of the worn, scantily-fed, meanly-housed, poorly-clothed workers is shed, literally drop by drop, for beings calling themselves human but—in fact incarnations of aimlessness. This contrast, so unjust, so inhuman, opposed to the teachings of the Nazarene whom all in that land profess to revere—cannot be portrayed by words. The condition must be seen to be felt.

In conversing with men and women belonging to the titled classes in Austria, I gathered that the desire on the part of the majority of these persons was only an echo of a common feeling to discourage the education of the poorer classes beyond a very limited standard. Others went so far as to pronounce all education for these classes baneful, as leading to discontent and final rupture from the limits of their narrow lives. Again, many among the nobility are themselves simplifying their own lives, especially those faithful Catholics who may be classed as holding socialistic tendencies. Their object being to lessen the space between the very high and the very lowly born. The simplicity of the home life of these titled families of Austria compared with the reckless extravagance of our own property-holding classes

would bring the blush of shame to the reflective American, who believes himself inferior to none. I do not accept this remedy, good in its intent, as sufficient to relieve this cancerous growth sapping the progress of humanity.

Not the architecturally favored gem of a Tyrolean town, nor the Ampezzo mountains with their natural rock summit cities all outlined as really against a blank blue sky as the purple coloring and tawny shades of their steep and precipitous foundations, nor yet the valley of Hellingenblut with its marvel of a church overshadowed by the snow-heights of the Glocknerwand; all of these, beautiful, pure and inspiring, fail to move the heart so strongly as the scene of a sordidly laid table for the toilers in and about the village inn.

The sounds of the evening Ave rang through the valley as these tireless toilers assembled for their repast, a break in the monotony of their hours. The table stood beyond the kitchen door in the open air, in full view of my window. Amidst this wondrous natural setting these men and women had gathered to sup. One small tureen of some meager soup, scarcely sufficient to fill the plates of the twelve or fourteen workers who had come to the table, comprised the menu; neither bread, drink nor a second course supplemented the soup. I shall never forget the hungry-eyed glance of a woman, herself the expression of what her life had been, as she looked into the un replenished tureen, and then to the tables in the dining room, at whose boards sat those who scarce had known in their lives what hunger meant.

I will not detain you by repeating the gist of many conversations with the people that dwell in those valleys. Your sympathies would be moved to hear of these heartbursts: the scanty and bare existence, the nominal wages and rewards of toil, the longing in some hearts for a wider life, the glimpse that some few have had that all was not well in the world, the waiting of others for a helping hand and leadership where alone they would be powerless to go, the refuge of others in thoughts of a reunion through their faith with loved ones now afar, who have succumbed, alas! after years of anguish. The hope and aspiration of these souls, starving for sympathy, are engraved in words on stones and tablets of their dead. To those dead, asleep under the guardianship of fir-covered slopes and distant snows, whose step will no longer resound within the walls of the green-spired church, around whose base their graves cluster. The voice of their priests, within the sanctified walls, and the organ's tones, are soundless for their moldering ears. A symbol, maybe, of a faith destined yet to die.

I carried away with me the sense of a great oppression, an oppression the outcome and realization of what the causes of this burden to my senses might mean. The horror of these sharp social contrasts in life, whether brought to us by painter, writer or observation, is as great, indeed greater than, other horrors, because the source of the miseries besetting our path. The errors of all systems fostering and harboring such motives of light and shadow cannot be dismissed with a careless thought or tear. If I have brought these impressions for you to weigh, it is with the knowledge that human suffering is not peculiar to Europe, nor to any one corner of the globe; also I know by earnest effort power will arise to dispel from humanity these wrongs.

ALFRED KARRON.

WILLIAM MORRIS' CREED.

I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim and that resistance to it means nothing short of the hope of civilization.

This, then, is the claim:

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn this claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find it is an exorbitant claim. Yet again I say if society would or could admit it the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we are doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us. What serious harm could happen to us then? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is revolution.

WAR AND ITS DUPES.

War is a popular device by which suicide may be committed by men who have been educated or hypnotized into the belief that a crown of eternal glory immediately awaits them on the other shore of the narrow stream separating us from the unknown but hypothetical future life.

War is a process by which poor men may die for what they are taught to believe is their country, when they don't own a foot of it.

When, if ever, I become so worthless that I ought to die for a country, I think I will, with morphia or chloroform, produce my quietus.

The very men who might die for their country with profit to the poor, cling with greatest tenacity to life. If John Sherman had died when he was young, many deaths from inanition would have been averted and the coming catastrophes postponed.

The difference between the death of the murderer or traitor and the death of the poor is, an ante-mortem jury pronounces death on the former in open court, while the latter is sentenced subtly, and a post-mortem jury simply pronounces, "death by inanition." The former gain notoriety while the latter sink into innumerable destitute.

Is it disputed that government is responsible for deaths by starvation? Then the onus probandi rests with those who deny it to show a single case of starvation that cannot be referred directly or indirectly to government. Government protects property in the possession of the rich and land monopoly in the possession of the landlord, thereby depriving the poor of the only natural opportunity to produce a living or to live on land. All opportunities to produce a living where land is not free, must be acquired by purchase, bequest or theft. The honest poor man is left to starve so far as government is concerned. If he lives, he has no choice of the terms of life. He has no volition as to the rent he shall pay the landlord, nor the wages he shall receive from the employer who may, for profit or from a charitable impulse, employ him.

The poor man is necessarily a slave. A slave has no volition. Formerly, the wage slave had choice of masters—but now, very few have. If he leaves his master now he is blacklisted, and no new master will employ him.

How a poor man can go to war for a government that enslaves him and submit to the worst of slavery in an army is an enigma to me. My only solution of it is, after the government grinds the laborer down to pauperism it offers better wages than he can get elsewhere, with board and clothes and fictitious allurements and he goes. He dies to the world; sinks his individuality; becomes an automaton; stultifies his reason; becomes an obedient slave; volunteers to kill men when commanded to do so; voluntarily puts himself in a position where if he has an ennobling emotion it is useless; he cannot utilize or manifest it; the fewer he has and the less he exercises his intellect and moral faculties the less remorse he will feel for the foolish step he has taken.

If he makes war his life's vocation, the less he exercises his moral and intellectual faculties the happier he will be—for he can never hope to realize the fruition of a noble emotion or intellectual conception. His only consistent thought must be a savage, sordid one of death for his antagonist or himself and the possible plaudits of a savage race in a half-civilized age. If he has any intelligence, he must see that soon civilized men and women will look back on the war age as we now do on the feudal age of the race.

Anarchy is educating the people up to a humanitarian age when they will look back upon the church and state, politicians and priests, as promoters of wars and wickedness; of prisons and paupers, of poverty the progenitor of crime.

Cannon ball can't aid the cause
For truth's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

Hindaboro, Ill.

J. C. BARNES.

It is never too late to give up our prejudices. No way of thinking or doing, however ancient can be trusted without proof. What everybody echoes or in silence passes by as true today may turn out to be falsehood tomorrow, mere smoke of opinion which some had trusted for a cloud that would sprinkle fertilizing rains on their fields. What old people say you cannot do, you try and find out that you can. Old deeds for old people, and new deeds for new.—Thoreau.

FREE SOCIETY.

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Co.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to **FREE SOCIETY**, Lock 2538, San Francisco Caln.

We reserve the right to edit every line of copy accepted for publication, as the publishers are held responsible for all matter appearing in these columns. Unused MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by necessary postage.

SALUTATORY.

In launching a new paper it is customary to give an outline of its proposed policy. Our policy is and will be to advocate a conformity to common sense without regard to custom, and we shall hold to the right to mind our own affairs without awaiting the consent of any foreign powers or potentates.

Economically we shall advocate voluntary cooperation on a communistic basis.

We have no space to waste on political panaceas, so don't send us any ready-relief-ballot-box plans.

We hope old comrades will dispense with further remarks on this score and, with good digestion attending, attack the contents of our publication. In doing so, do not shrink at a word or phrase—investigate, rather, the meaning underlying them.

"What's in a name?" Can you answer the query? If so, after glancing over signatures to articles in this issue, draw your own conclusions, and send in more names for our subscription and sample list.

THE FIRST DECADE--NOV. 11, 1887-1897.

Ten years ago, under the low, gray clouds of a November day, the closing scenes of a long tragedy were enacted. It was a fitting end—the grandeur and solemnity of that day appropriately finished a story of intense feeling, dramatic action, mighty import, never excelled in history. From the farther home of one of the martyrs, to the railway depot, a distance of nearly five miles, the route of the procession was filled from wall to wall with awed humanity. The long, slowly moving line, with its fine-hearses, each loaded with emblematic flowers, the thousands of grieving, reverent mourners following steadily, the tears, the sorrow on the faces of the work-hardened toilers along the route, the sweet, sad music of the bands, the deep intensity of silent emotion manifest everywhere, combined to form a scene never equaled in America, and one never to be forgotten by anyone who witnessed it.

It was a great though silent rebuke from the people of the turbulent city; even the powers that encompassed the deed fell back from sight, abashed and awe struck at what they had done. For that one day, those dead bodies, carried solemnly through the throngs of the people they had loved, were their own vindication. Their silence even then spoke more powerfully than the voices strangled a few hours before.

They were laid to rest with the deepest sadness, the most heartfelt sorrow that ever accompanied the death of the young, the brilliant, the brave; and then came the hardest task though so quiet and unnoticed, of learning how to live without them, of taking up the burden of life again, of trying to carry on their work without their advice and encouragement; of realizing the mighty loss we and the cause had sustained; of knowing that the little personal services, the breathless efforts to save, the intensity of anxiety of the past eighteen months, had ceased forever, and the awful sacrifice was completed. This was the more difficult part. And many a true comrade came through the ordeal, changed and broken, never to be again what he had been.

It is not necessary here to go into the history of the events leading up to the dark tragedy. Those who know of it at all know the principal points. Those who do not, will attain a better understanding from the works of writers who have made it their object to explain the situations, the teachings, the incidents, the final conspiracy to sacrifice the lives of the ablest leaders of the labor movement of that day.

It is a marvelous lesson, only to learn the whole, sad story; and every student of social economy who expects to do his part in the world should study it. Suffice it here to say that their innocence was made clear and their memories vindicated to the public, and that through the legal course which the conservative masses so reverence, by the pardon of Gov. Altgeld, and in

his masterly "Reasons for Pardoning the Anarchists." The works of that clear-headed and able thinker, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, have likewise exposed the iniquity and treachery of that so-called "trial" by which they were done to their deaths.

It is not necessary to plead for them, to say a word in extenuation, or justification. To us who knew them so well, the years but bring a greater sense of loss, a higher realization of their wonderful devotion, courage, quickness to see and act, actual fitness for the great work they had taken up. The great vacancy they left has never been filled. There are great men and good men, and sincere men, but none who so combine these qualities as to stand distinctly out as leaders, able and ready and fearless to find the way out to freedom and eternal justice for all mankind.

They aimed at no goal short of thorough emancipation; they feared no material obstacle, no human foe; they were incorruptible. And they proved their magnificent fitness to live by their noble willingness to die.

We look about us today, after these long ten years have rolled away, and ask what progress has been made since then? Have we done what we could? Is the world any nearer freedom for our having lived beyond their time?

The great change for which they looked as coming very soon, has not yet begun; the helplessness of the common people seems as apparent as ever, the power of the exploiter greater than before. It would seem at the first observation that nothing had been accomplished.

But, "the world moves." In the days when Parsons, Spies and Fielden spoke to the people on the open streets of Chicago, in the mining districts of Ohio, Illinois and Kansas, at Lamont, in Wisconsin and Missouri, the words they spoke were entirely new to their hearers; it was almost as though they spoke in an unknown tongue. People did not know whether to rejoice or deride, and those who did not follow them up with close study were afterward swayed by a subsidized press.

Today scarcely a man or woman so ignorant or obscure as not to have heard something of anarchy. The unrest and discontentment is general and widely diffused; the thought that there might be something better has found lodgment in every brain: a thousand schemes for the betterment of conditions are springing up. Hope cheers the heart of the toiler. Bad as present conditions are, we are ten years nearer emancipation. It is always darkest before dawn.

What have we to do now, to best show our appreciation of their lives and martyrdom? Around the beautiful monument, with its noble, significant figure of Revolution, at Waldheim, this 11th of November a throng of true hearted comrades will gather. Let us in imagination stand with bowed heads by their sides, and resolve anew to push on the work for which these heroes died. Let us remember the many other martyrs who have suffered, who are now being persecuted, and who are yet to come; let us never miss an opportunity to condemn the horrible tortures of the old world inquisitors; let us determine anew to assist and encourage the persecuted of our country; to court not persecution, but never to recede from it; to fight with wisdom, judgment, courage, devotion, all the oppressions of humanity while we have breath, or until the sun of liberty shines over a glorified world where not a child wants for bread nor a single slave clanks his chains.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

THINGS AND THOUGHTS.

A Free Society is worth working for and if necessary worth fighting for, but it isn't worth praying for.

Don't be afraid to send in any news of the movement; if we can print the items you surely can write them and circulate the paper, if you are interested in Free Society, and true society is a Communism.

Given, a people fit to live together in a civilized style, without laws and superstitions to hamper and restrict them and we will have a world which is fit to live in. Can't get it? Perhaps not in a day, but groups may be formed which can, among themselves at least, practice social freedom even in the midst of economic slavery. Isn't the plan worth trying? Those who have tried it say it is.

From the moment when questions of religion begin to evade the jurisdiction of faith, and submit to the

jurisdiction of reason, persecution becomes a crime of the deepest dye.—Buckle.

To tax anyone, therefore, with want of reverence, because he pays no respect to what we venerate, is either irrelevant, or is a mere confusion. The fact, so far as it is true, is no reproach, but an honor; because to reverence all persons and all things is absolutely wrong; reverence shown to that which does not deserve it is no virtue; no, nor even an amiable weakness, but a plain folly and sin. But if it be meant that he is wanting in proper reverence, not respecting what is really to be respected, that is assuming the whole question at issue, because what we call divine, he calls an idol; and, as, supposing that we are in the right, we are bound to fall down and worship, so supposing him to be in the right, he is no less bound to pull it to the ground and destroy it.—Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History."

Some five thousand years ago, so far as we have record, governments were engaged in promulgating laws to govern man, and they have continued in their work down to the present time. We have to show as the resultant effects of these laws a train of crimes and brutalities as long as the record of, so-called civilization.

Five thousand years with more pain than pleasure, more of shadow than of sunshine, more of woe than of weal for the human race.

Five thousand years of violence, fraud and injustice we have had and the people are still probing about for new means and novel methods whereby to fetter more surely their own limbs; these plans embrace tariff, single tax, free silver, prohibition, State Socialism and other economic nightmares. Will the fools ever have done with their folly?

Five thousand years of lawmaking and testing of governments of all kinds have failed to civilize the world, still less to humanize it.

Five thousand years of various brands of "law and order" have only resulted in giving us hell on earth that excels the mythical hell of orthodoxy.

Five thousand years of laws have made brutes and beasts of the human race. The end of this period finds us living under a system which sanctions wholesale murder, makes "pure and holy" the rape of every woman if it be done under authority of the law and with the sanction of the priest (legal authority and clerical sanction alike marketable commodities), and declares just the robbery of every laborer "by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Much as Anarchy is maligned by fools and knaves, could it produce worse results than have been brought forth by 5,000 years of "law and order" reinforced by innumerable religions?

Is it not about time to try freedom and justice for awhile?

In 1665 Chief Baron Hale, of England, delivered himself of this piece of wisdom: "That there are such creatures as witches I make no doubt at all; for, first, the scriptures have affirmed so much; secondly, the wisdom of all nations hath provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such crimes."

Was there ever any villainy that law and religion has not, at some stage of the game, indorsed. And because Authority and Superstition believed in witchcraft the chief baron sentenced two "witches" to death by hanging.

A century later, Wesley, noticing the spread of more tolerant and rational views, sought to check the advance of reason by this utterance: "It is true, likewise, that the English in general, and, indeed, most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it. . . . The giving up of witchcraft is in effect, a giving up of the bible."

Oh! Ah! All progress must cease, all reason halt, that religion may survive. But they won't. Religion—and law, as well—will make way for the progress of the race. When Church and State are gone and forgotten Humanity will have unfettered opportunity to enjoy the fullness of the earth.

Apocryphal of witchcraft, I call to mind the "water ordeal," the good old Puritan method of trying witches. They were wound up in a big ball of cotton and thrown into a river; if they floated they were adjudged guilty,

taken out of the water and burned. If they sank they were innocent, but of course were drowned. And the Puritan spirit of persecution still lives and thrusts its hideous shape into the face of society on every possible occasion.

We are often told that "you Anarchists are a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand years ahead of the times." What a compliment to Anarchism! The self-denunciation of our critics is stronger than any invectives we might hurl at them, though they may not realize the fact.

"Anarchy is all right, but the people are not intelligent enough to accept it." Say you so, Sir Critic? Are you one of the people? If so, and you see your own error, why not have the courage to acknowledge the fact and quit complaining about the ignorance of other folks.

Civilization in a "Christian nation" is something wonderful to behold. At Carbon Hill, Ill., a coal company has built a stockade to protect yellow-skinned humans from attacks by out-competed white humans. As American civilization advances we may look to our inventive geniuses to add new wrinkles to the once seemingly abandoned Indian stockades.

A well-known advocate of individualism told me, not many months ago, that though an individualist he realized that the race could not obtain universal liberty without utilizing the economic advantages of Communism. If all individualists feel that way we can clasp hands with them in the firm assurance that once fairly tried Communism will not be abandoned unless the people are fully satisfied that there is a better mode of life possible, in which case they would of course decide the matter for themselves. No one would know better than they what their wants were. We cannot, if we would, regulate society of the future. Our work is that of helping establish such social and economic conditions as shall leave coming generations unfettered by law and superstition.

Will Church and State step out from behind their cowardly breastworks of Force and meet argument with argument?

Every copy of this issue sent out (except samples) is PAID FOR; if not by the reader, then by a friend; no bill will follow, so don't be afraid to read it.

Having taken a position on the staff of FREE SOCIETY "Zadnak the Dreamer" will discard the nom de plume and signed articles will bear initials or name below.

F. A. COWELL.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

We are in receipt of a request from S. W. Rose, of Co-opolis, Miss., to advertise his "True (?) Story of a Co-operative Village." The best we can say of the fellow is that he never had anything to do with co-operation. Unless you have money to burn don't add yourself to his string of sand-lot-game suckers—this is aside from the fact that Co-opolis is in the heart of the yellow fever district.

On August 16 the comrades in New York held a successful meeting in celebration of the death of Canovas. There were about 1,000 people present, and the audience was very evidently in sympathy with the speakers. The English speakers were Comrades Kelly and Goldmann, who, with those also of the speakers in three other languages, were caricatured in the "World's" report of the meeting. About fifty uniformed police were in attendance, but made no disturbance. Comrade Goldmann sends the following statement of receipts and expenditures:

Collected at the meeting.....	\$11.35	
Collected at a group meeting.....	5.35	\$16.70
Expenses for hall rent.....	5.00	
For cards.....	5.00	
Sundries (postage, car fare, etc.).....	1.70	11.50
Balance on hand.....	\$5.20	
Donated to The Firebrand.....	\$2.50	
Donated to La Question Sociale.....	2.50	5.00

We read in an exchange that the French government expelled the Spanish Anarchist, Tarrida del Marmol, from Paris, not because of his dangerous character, but simply to save the Spanish government

from a disagreeable position. Marmol claims to have gathered evidence showing that the prisoners lately tortured and executed were in no way connected with the Barcelona bomb throwing, and now proposes to submit his evidence to a court of honor consisting of five well-known men, two of whom are Catholics and decorated by the Spanish government, volunteering that if he fails to prove his charge he will offer himself to the authorities to be tried for defamation. To avoid the exposure, the government has expelled Marmol.

Terrence Powderly, erstwhile demigod of organized labor, now that he has got his reward for political heeling, has set to work to show his masters that he is "onto his job" by refusing to allow Comrades Louise Michel and Pietro Gori to land on the "free soil" of America.

At Warren, Ark., Oct. 15, a large vineyard was destroyed by a mob of fanatical prohibitionists, all in the name of good, dry morals. These same destructionists would doubtless denounce Anarchy as another name for violence.

Official Murderer Martin, of Hazelton, Pa., has been indicted by the grand jury on a whole string of counts. Now watch the judicial whitewash brush get in its work to save a duly legalized cut-throat.

Saturday, Oct. 30, Comrade Peter Kropotkin, addressed a meeting in New York at which the hall was unable to hold all who desired to hear our Russian comrade. A New York free-silver paper says of the occasion:

"Rarely has such interest in an orator, not alone of the people's cause, but of any cause, been manifested. The great excitement in this city regarding the outcome of the election, and the heat of an unusually warm campaign would seem not to diminish in the slightest the interest in all that pertains to Anarchy, Socialism and social movements of the sort."

We hear that Kropotkin has also spoken in Philadelphia and Boston, but could not visit other cities, where his presence was eagerly desired, as he was here in the interest of a scientific society and had to return to England. It is said that he will make a lecturing tour throughout the United States next year.

State Socialists of San Francisco have woke up to the fact that the Chicago martyrs were strangled for advocating the cause of labor, and a notice of a November 11th meeting to be held by State Socialists lies before us. As we go to press before that date we can't give details, but FREE SOCIETY will be there (Market and Seventh streets.) Just what De Leon will do to his Frisco followers for ignoring his hatred for all lovers of liberty remains to be seen.

The Peoples' church of New York, of which Rev. Tom Dixon is pastor had a scrap recently. The parson advocated the election of Seth Low for mayor of New York, so the choir refused to sing. Just like Christians.

The latest notable case of conviction of innocent men appears to be that of Capt. Dreyfuss of the French army, who was sentenced to life imprisonment on a lonely island because of an alleged violation of the insane code of patriotism, which does not concede that more than one little corner of the globe has any rights.

OBSERVATIONS.

The rather sudden death of the eminent statesman, historian and poet, Canovas, must be a great loss to Spain. However, he has "fought the good fight," won the "crown of martyrdom," and doubtless has been warmly welcomed on his entrance to heaven by Torquemada and Diego Deza, both "lights of the world." As Inspector Bucket said to Volturnia, speaking of Tulkington: "You must feel it as a deprivation to you miss, no doubt. He was calculated to be a deprivation; I'm sure he was." Canovas' death must be a great "deprivation" to all loyal Spaniards. It is a consolation at least to know, that the now prime minister, Azarrago, has announced that he would unreservedly adhere to the lamented Canovas' reform scheme—and also that Captain General Weyler would remain in Cuba,

where he is covering himself, as well as Spain, with glory by his brilliant victories over the rebels. All is not lost: Spain has already progressed to the sixteenth century and will continue to go marching on with drums beating and banners flying.

Here is a newspaper clipping:

The commissioner of immigration has announced his intention of doing all in his power to exclude from the United States the Anarchists which Europe is determined to expel from its confines, and we hope he may succeed, for an Anarchist is a confessed criminal by the opinions he avows, and the law should be able to sustain Mr. Powderly, but the true remedy is such Christian instruction as, under the blessing of the holy ghost, can turn the tiger into a lamb. Marvelous as this may seem it is done every day.—Episcopal Recorder.

Let the good soul who wrote the above rest easy. No Anarchist will slip through Powderly's fingers. It is too bad that there is only one Powderly—not enough to go around—as one is sadly needed at all our seaports. The only thing for Anarchists to do, will be to land at the nearest foreign port—New Jersey for instance—and reach Gotham by ferries. Powderly is pious, pure and good, and loves law and order and a "good situation," and at least will be as effective as the holy ghost or any other ghost as against "confessed criminals!" I take it for granted the Recorder writer is a "lamb," as, did I not do so, I might think him to be either sheep or ass.

CLINTON LOVERIDGE.

THIS STATIST IS MUCH "MIXED."

Anarchists have frequently informed me that they object to the socialistic scheme because it will ultimately absorb all mankind and allow the Anarchists and those who believe in the glories of character-building competition no room to breathe. When I asked an Anarchist once what we would do in case of war if we had no government, he asked me if I could conceive of any person who would willingly become a slave to foreign invaders, and of course I admitted that there would probably be co-operation in resistance to the common enemy, even without the ordinary forms of government. Similar resistance to the spread of Socialism would prevent it from becoming universal, if the argument of my anarchical friend is a good one.

Anarchists agree to liberty as long as there is no invasion; consequently they must admit the right of a few persons to co-operate in producing the necessities of life, for example, as long as the rights of others are not interfered with. At Ruskin, Tenn., there is a Socialist colony. (1) A Boston paper, the Transcript, says of it:

"The people have no use for policemen, judges, courts nor prohibitory laws. They are troubled with none of the evils that necessitate these functionaries. What would a 'bootlegger' do here where there is no such thing as profit in trade? If anyone needs whiskey it will be furnished at cost, but they don't use it." (2)

These people, it must be admitted, infringe upon nobody's rights. They have simply gathered together and agreed that all shall have an equal share in the ownership of certain utilities. This colony might increase till it occupied an entire state, as the state of Washington. The principle would be the same. All the persons in the United States might agree to co-operate in the same manner—the principle remains unaltered. Anarchists will not admit this possibility, (3) and maintain that they, at least, will remain without whatever scheme of national association may be devised. The solution is simple—let them stay out. No one will oblige them to make use of the public mails—they may send their letters by messenger; they will not be compelled to use the public gas or electricity—they may put in a gas or electricity light plant of their own, or use oil. No one will be compelled to do things the easiest or the cheapest way, but may freely and voluntarily adopt the hardest and most difficult methods.

If by any chance the claim is made by Anarchists that Socialism (4) or co-operation is in itself an invasion of the rights of others, it may be asked if "universal liberty" does not become a farce if persons may not freely associate under its sway. Furthermore, there will always be those who desire to co-operate in a socialistic manner, and are they to be crowded out of existence under the plea, of all others, of liberty? As has been observed, Anarchists denounce Socialism for its crowding tendencies. Once the principle of co-operation is allowed, then it must be admitted as right

that all persons who wish may co-operate, which is all the justification required by Socialism. If Anarchists deny the liberty of co-operation, then is Herod out-Heroded.

ALEX. E. WIGHT.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

(1) The principal trouble with the above article is that the writer is not acquainted with his subject. A residence of 15 months in Ruskin proved to me that there is no Socialist colony at that place. A partial attempt at co-operation directed by dictators is not Socialism.

(2) It is used by many of the members, and it is not sold at cost by the association.

(3) Where did Mr. Wight get his information? We want not only national co-operation but international co-operation as well, but we insist that it must be voluntary, not compulsory.

(4) Socialism is Anarchy. What Statists refer to as Socialism has nothing social in it. It is about as un-social as anything well could be. Peru under the inca nobles, or "children of the sun," furnished a fine illustration of this fact.

F. A. C.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

A word about the Social Democracy. Most readers have heard of it I presume; it came upon the stage as a hurricane upon the calm, spreading confusion everywhere and then sweeping all before it. It was to be the rallying camp for all who believed in ushering in a new age. Economic education was to be spread throughout the land. The practicability of common property was to be proven by large colonies locating in some sparsely settled state, with the ultimate end of making such state a co-operative commonwealth, repeating it in other states until the peaceful revolution shall have been accomplished. This program was heralded throughout the land. Many radicals found room upon this platform knowing that if such a movement were properly conducted it would be the means of hastening the revolution.

But alas! a new program has been formulated by the high priest and commander-in-chief, Debs, which in effect is, organize and prepare for politics next spring; don't mind the colonization scheme, it doesn't amount to much anyway; better spend your money paying campaign expenses for some of the boys. Thus this modern Moses, who is to lead the people out of their bondage and into the land of universal plenty, has appointed himself chief mogul of a new political machine, a veritable Mark Hanna on a small scale, and woe be to any who differ from him. A case in point. The disastrous affair at Hazelton, Penn., where 24 defenseless miners were foully murdered by a set of thugs, at the behest of the anxious coal barons, brought forth expressions of bitter indignation from two of the local branches, one of them (branch 2) embodying theirs in resolutions which caused considerable commotion among the newspapers, some of them going so far as to call Debs an Anarchist, and reminding him of the fate of the leaders of 1886. This frightened the "leader" and he hurried on from Indiana to Chicago and immediately sent for a reporter to denounce branch 2 in the same language used by the capitalistic press for that purpose during the week. This done, he summoned the officers of the branch to appear before him, barring the doors against reporters, well knowing that it would bode him no good to have the arguments of No. 2's officials in justification of their actions, and against his right of censorship over the free expression of their thoughts to go before the public. Oh, no! Bro. Debs wouldn't for the world have it thought he was playing the part of dictator. No. 2, refusing to retract, was suspended, pending further investigation, with the agreement that nothing would be made public until final settlement; this done, No. 2's officials went home, but Debs, whom they thought to be the incarnation of truth and honesty, rushed madly to the Tribune office at 2 o'clock in the morning and laid his version of the case before its Sunday readers. Next day (Sunday) before a public meeting he repudiated the resolutions that said something about throttling millionaires who hired thugs to kill workmen, and spent some time in avowing his sympathy for that much-wronged section of society, the millionaires, in their miserable conditions. But the most humiliating spectacle of the whole performance was the sight of some of his satellites humbly swallowing their utterances of the previous Sunday and promising never to be radical again. Needless to say, they were given absolution, and are now fire-proof against all radical thoughts, words or deeds, forever. The same evening at a meeting of No. 2 a visitor referred to Debs as a man of large heart but little brains; on hearing of this he expelled the branch

at once, no further proof of insubordination being necessary. In this sweeping display of assumed authority, many people wickedly believe he proved the visitor's allusions. With such petty tyrannies as these what are we to expect if such an organization controls the State? Where will the liberty of the individual be? Debs denounces injunctions but issues them himself in his little sphere, of a more sweeping character than was ever done by a judge, accusing and condemning without a trial or a vestige of law to support his action. Is such organism to be the basis for a future State?

Debs is now a good law-abiding citizen, advising the people to keep cool and arm themselves not with rifles, as he did at St. Louis last month—but with huge Australian ballots, urging them to carry one continually on their person, to flash upon anyone that might attempt to trifle with their freedom. The press that last week was denouncing him in the most scathing terms is now patting him on the back, calling him the true leader of labor, and indirectly recommending him for a job on the police force, by saying he is worth an army of police in smothering revolutionary sentiment. These same papers were recommending Mark Hanna as the friend of labor last year.

These are the times to try men and measures, and Debs and his democracy have been found lacking in all the essentials necessary to the emancipation of the American slaves. We want men of stern convictions and courage to assert and uphold them against all opposition. They have yet to appear.

Chicago, Oct. 24, 1897.

JAY FOX.

ARE THEY ANARCHISTS?

There is a school of libertarian thought which, starting from the position of the single or alone man, declares that nature knows no right but might, that a man's rights are co-extensive with his powers, and that social rights originate only in contract whereby each man agrees to limit and restrain his might for the benefits of association.

Logically this school affirms that human beings too young to understand contract, or too weak minded to understand it, or too stubborn or unsocial to contract have no rights whatever. The too young are the property of their parents, or of those to whom their parents convey them, and the others may be captured and made property by any contract-man who has the might, or robbed, or killed to get them out of the way. And the word "property," as here used, implies all that has ever been meant by chattelship of human beings.

Logically this school affirms that if any contract-man defends a non-contractor against the invasions or cruelties of the associate who claims ownership, such defender is guilty of crime and must be effectually restrained; because, first, those outside of contract have no rights; second, a man cannot invade his own property; third, to interfere with an associate's disposal of his property, as he pleases, is invasion.

This school denies that there is anything back of or superior to the might of the individual or the contract between individuals.

Logically this school is favorable to formulated laws, provided they agree with the contract.

There is nothing in the logic of this school to forbid theft, arson, torture, rape, slavery, murder, cannibalism, or any other possible outrage, toward non-contractors.

While this school affirms the expediency of equal liberty between contractors, there is nothing whatever in its logic to forbid a man, who has the might, or wit, or subtlety to dominate his fellows (and is willing to take the risk), from setting up as an autocrat and ruling all whom he may.

There is nothing in its logic to forbid the strong and subtle of the earth from contracting together to defend each other's equality, and then enslaving the weaker and less wise remainder of mankind.

There is nothing in the logic of this school (as it affirms that children and fools are property) to forbid the deliberate turning of normal children into fools, by surgical process or otherwise, or the deliberate breeding of a race of fools for the purpose of slavery.

In brief, the logic of this school justifies government to all who have the might to make it expedient.

It is therefore not what it claims to be, "Anarchistic," for Anarchism is no-government, non-invasion, equal liberty, and that only.—J. Wm. Lloyd, in "The Red Heart in a White World."

CHARLES SUMNER ON JUDICIAL CRIMES.

"Let me here say that I hold judges, and especially the supreme court of the country, in much respect, but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a fair share of frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground summons them to judgment.

"It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock and which pushed the savior bare-footed over the streets of Jerusalem, bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentile and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the old religion, adjured the saints and fathers of the christian church to death in all its most dreadful forms, and which, afterward in the name of the new religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition amid the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial to the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move around the sun.

"It was a judicial tribunal which, in France, during the long reign of her monarchs, lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief reign of terror it did not hesitate to stand forth the un pitying accessory of the un pitying guillotine. Aye, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry VIII., from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas Moore; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield, over the cinders at Latimer, Ridley and John Rodgers; which after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship money against the patriotic resistance of Hempden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sydney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan fathers persistently refused to obey; and which, afterward, with Jeffreys on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder, even with the blood of innocent women.

"Aye, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our own country, surrounded by all the forms of law which hung witches at Salem, which affirmed the constitutionality of the stamp act, while it admonished 'jurors and the people' to obey; and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave law."—From a speech in the United States senate on the Dred Scott decision.

THREE STORIES.

There was once a little boy whose mother found it very difficult to manage him when his father was away, so she would try to hire him to be good. She would say to him, "Johnny if you will be a good boy mamma will give you a nice little cake all to your self, but if you are bad I will have to get papa to whip you."

There were once some men whom some other men could not rule as they wished, so they had god say to those they wished to rule, "If you will be good and believe in me I will allow you to go to heaven and will give each of you a golden harp and crown and you shall wear the crown and play the harp and be happy forever. But if you are bad and wish to be free, I will let the devil (one of my bad angels), take you to hell to burn for eternity, with nothing but hot stumps to sit upon.

There was once a nation many of whose members we meet today. This nation had a funny god and his priests published these sayings: "There is no hell—evil is its own punishment. There is no heaven—righteousness is its own reward. The only reason for doing right is because it is right. The only reason for being good is because it is good. The only reason for loving is for the sake of love. The highest good is above and beyond man's highest ideal of god. There is only one man to do justice to and he is Humanity."

These and many more sayings he had them publish but then he was a funny god.—Frank O. Garrison, in Humanity.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

For various reasons the notes in this department are nearly out of date locally, but will probably be of interest in general circles.

CHICAGO.

At Chicago on Sept. 5, the twentieth anniversary of the birth of the Arbeiter Zeitung was the occasion of a picnic attended by 15,000 people. Speeches by L. S. Oliver, Max Baginski and Richard Braunschweig formed part of the program.

Twenty-seven unions and clubs took part in the exercises. The Chronicle reported it, and had this to say of the eulogy pronounced on August Spies: The addresses of Baginski and Braunschweig were delivered in German. That of the former dwelt with the career of the Arbeiter Zeitung, and particularly with August Spies, its editor from 1880 until the bomb throwing of May 1886. The eulogy he heaped upon the head of Spies was met with frantic applause, which reached a climax when the speaker repeated the prophecy of the doomed man, "There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today." Baginski held the phrasing up as the watchword of the future.

October 13, at Ulrich's hall, a meeting was held to denounce the arrest of our Portland comrades. At this meeting among the speakers were Comrades Emma Goldman, Moses Harman and Lucy Parsons, though the latter's remarks were not very complimentary to some of the writers of the Portland paper.

Comrade Goldman left Chicago for Kansas City, St. Louis and Denver, and we hope also for the Pacific coast. Comrades here will give her a glad welcome.

PHILADELPHIA.

We have two reports from this city, but both being substantially the same and space being limited we use only one of them:

Comrade Emma Goldman gave four lectures in this city during the month of September.

At the Ladies' Liberal League on Wednesday, September 15, Miss Goldman addressed a large audience on "Free-Love," a subject which usually provokes animated discussion, seeing there is much that can be justly said on the side of both the new and the old ideals. Her second lecture was delivered before the Single Tax Society, where an unusually large audience gathered to hear her speak on Anarchist-Communism. Sunday, Sept. 19, this fearless and indefatigable woman lecturer occupied the platform of the Friendship Liberal league, afternoon and evening. This "league" which meets at 1710 N. Broad street, is the largest Free-Thought organization in the city. Emma made the most of her opportunity by attacking the Freethinkers in their vulnerable spot—their soft place—which, as most Anarchists are aware, is, their very partial application of the principles of freedom.

After the Sunday meetings, a number of the Anarchist comrades adjourned to the home of Mr. Schilling, a faithful and generous brother of the Philadelphia Anarchists, who is always ready with heart, hand and pocket-book, to push the fortunes of the forlorn hope.

We advise the radical thinkers of the various cities through which Miss Goldman passes, to avail themselves of any opportunity of listening to her lectures. She is unspoiled by ultra-cultivation. She is not paralyzed by seeing too many sides of the problems that confront us. Emma Goldman is a child of nature, of the Xantippe and Mrs. Rip Van Winkle type, it may be, but in this age, when we are beginning to admit the wife of the philosopher or the amiable fool along with the rest of her sex has possibly rights which she may assert, and grievances to be aired, this woman Anarchist is eminently entitled to a hearing. Then, give her a show. It is a good thing for people once in awhile to listen to truths which they don't like. Perhaps in the effort to refute them they may become converts to this "diabolicalism," as a prominent Philadelphia newspaper frantically clamoring that the authorities prevent Louise Michel from landing here, terms the Anarchist philosophy. MARY ELWELL.

BOSTON.

A great mass meeting took place in this city, Sunday, Sept. 5, under the auspices of the Workingmen's Educational club of Boston.

The meeting was a success in every way; the hall was crowded to suffocation; and hundreds of anxious people unable to gain admission.

Comrade Emma Goldman, of New York, lectured on

the subject "Must we become angels to live in an anarchist society?"

She gave a very able dissertation upon that question. An enthusiastic discussion followed her lecture, which became interesting when the speaker proved herself to be as able a debater as a lecturer. She disposed of her critics to the satisfaction of all.

An appeal was made by the speaker in behalf of the persecuted Spanish comrades and their families; a collection was taken up which brought \$5.87. Same was forwarded to New York to the committee for that purpose.

THE AGITATION COMMITTEE.

PROVIDENCE.

Comrade Emma Goldman has done excellent work this week in our city, being introduced to a large assembly in Olneyville Square on Friday, Sept. 3, and in Burgess square on Saturday, where she made such a hit that the capitalist press admitted the fact, resulting in the special order by Mayor McGinnis to arrest her on her next appearance in the open air. So again, Wednesday evening, the comrades met on Market square—the principal square—and drew a large and appreciative assembly.

Comrade Goldman spoke in rather a conservative strain, but was assailed by a policeman and ordered to stop. She then made an appeal to the officer in the name of free speech and free assemblage, which was denied her, and so she was dragged off the stand and hurried to the police station where she remained all night and until next day at noon.

Comrades visited the mayor, who proposed that if she would not speak here for three months, she would be liberated; she consented because of engagements ahead. The best kind of propaganda has thus been made, though at the sacrifice of Miss Goldman. The lying of the police was very noticeable, all the way through, one telling me that we could not see her while in charge of the police, and another telling her that her friends could see her at any time, etc.

The people were so indignant when the police ordered her to stop speaking that they hissed them, and demanded that the speaker should continue her address. But no good; the police hurried her off to the station amidst the protest of the people.

Had I given the slightest sign the people would have made mincemeat of the "coppers." Indeed, one of them with whom I am particularly well acquainted said that he feared and expected that I might. I told him my head was on my shoulders.

Comrade Goldman speaks of the feeding of prisoners as shameful, no food being offered her, from 9:45 in the evening until 10:30 the next day, when she ordered the matron to bring her some food. She was offered some small, hard biscuits, which she refused, paying for a better meal and sharing the same with the woman prisoners, and thus giving a practical example of communism. Although the Mayor's order was to "leave the city at once," she still remained at my home at the time of writing, or a day and a half later. The mayor demanded that she consent to leave, and promise not to come here to speak any more, which I refused—she being still in the cell. Then he came down to three months—not to speak in three months. This was accepted because of four months' engagements ahead.

She will speak again in our city in December and chance arrest with a view to securing a jury trial in order that propaganda shall be made. I find many people since her speeches who are tintured with the ideas expounded.

I am more and more convinced of the fair play that is latent in the minds of men only given freedom, and if the prejudice keeping them away from our meetings could only be removed, many, many more converts to our philosophy would be made.

The theologist is the "king pin and head devil of the whole infernalism" (Baylor), and must be removed.

September 8.

J. H. COOK.

ITALY.

The governments of different countries are constituted to guarantee equal rights to all before the law; so declare the defenders of church and state; here is a specimen of how they go about it in "sunny Italy."

The "Agitazioni" is a weekly Anarchist publication in Ancona. The editors of the said paper thought it very strange that there was no mail for them on Monday; they inquired of the mail carrier and he told them that there was nothing for them, no postal cards

no letters, no money orders nor papers. The next day there again was no mail for them, so one of the comrades went to inquire of the postmaster about the matter.

The postmaster told him in the first place that he had received orders from the minister to sequester all the mail destined for the "Agitazioni," and later on he said he received the orders from the judicial authorities.

On Wednesday there was again no mail for them; finally on Thursday the mail carrier came along with a lot of open letters, without any official communication, without seal or stamp, just as if they had been robbed by a common thief.

The comrades then went to the judicial authorities in order to get some explanation on the subject. The judge told them that it was "an official secret" and finally said they could go.

They also wrote to the royal attorney for explanations, but they have received no answer as yet. Such is the respect for secrecy in postal affairs. Our comrades presume that this was done in order to arrange a law suit for conspiracy against established institutions.

In Milan there was a convention of 118 different liberal societies which met for the special purpose of organizing a strong movement against the "forced domicile"—which is nothing else but a system of banishment like Siberia in Russia.

FRANCE.

There will be two labor conventions in the middle of September in the city of Toulouse. Both the Labor Exchange and Federation of Labor have demands in their platform for the suppression of government and the reconstruction of the relations of society on the basis of mutual co-operation.

SWITZERLAND.

Comrade Attilio Panizza was expelled from the canton of Luzerne.

He was obnoxious to the shepherds of law and order four years ago, but at that time he had just started to work for the academy of arts and was protected by influential admirers, so he was allowed to stay until his sculptural work was done.

He started to lecture again a few months ago on "Modern Socialism," and pointed out Anarchist-Communism as the only logical outcome of the present chaos. This was more than the rulers of the freest republic on earth could swallow; therefore he had to quit that blessed country. There was an imposingly large crowd at the depot to bid him farewell. A. K.

SCOTLAND.

"Thus saith the Lord: You weary me
With prayers, and waste your own short years;
Eternal truth you cannot see
Who weep and shed your sight in tears,
In vain you wait and watch the skies,
No better fortune than will fall;
Up from your knees I bid you rise,
And claim the Earth for all."

Behold in bonds your Mother Earth;
The rich man's prostitute and slave,
Your Mother Earth, that gave you birth,
You only own her for a grave,
And will you die like slaves, and see
Your mother left a fettered thrall?
Nay, live like men, and set her free!
As heritage for all."

—Gerald Massey.

PROPAGANDA.—The advance movement in Scotland at present is progressing slowly. The Freethought propaganda stopped during the summer. The Independent Labor party is doing next to nothing. So these two parties do not count for much at present. The Clarion Scouts, an energetic body of enthusiastic Socialists, are doing excellent work in working up new districts and otherwise spreading the truths of Socialism. The Social Democratic Federation are holding their usual course of summer meetings and working most praiseworthy in propagating their ideas. The Anarchist-Communists are actively engaged all over broad Scotland in working for the cause that never dies.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BOYCOTT.—For some months past there has been a struggle going on throughout Scotland between the co-operative societies and private traders. In the meantime the point of attack is on the butcher department of the co-op stores, and by a system of boycott they have driven the co-operators from nearly all the public auction marts; in fact they have gone so far as to refuse bids in public auction marts from the representatives of co-op stores. In spite of all this however the co-operators are obtaining

all the butcher meat they require. At a conference held last week they formulated a scheme which they hope will secure them sufficient supplies for the future. The object of the scheme is the appointment of two public buyers who will avoid public markets and deal directly with farmers and breeders of cattle, and there is every reason for believing that this plan will succeed, as at the recent agricultural show held in Glasgow the farmers and cattle breeders would come to no agreement with the middlemen as to restricting the sale of cattle to co-operators. So if the auctioneers, middlemen and the rest of the parasitical crew cannot get the farmers and cattle breeders to combine with them, there is every reason to suppose that the boycott will prove abortive.

This dispute has generated an immense amount of ill feeling, and in many places of business notices are pasted to the effect that employees will be dismissed if they have either direct or indirect dealings with co-op stores. Not content with attacking the butcher trade, they are now extending the boycott to the shoemaking trade. Manufacturers and warehouse men are asked to give a guarantee that the goods supplied by them are not manufactured, handled or distributed by co-operative labor.

The disgraceful tactics of the traders is giving a great impetus to the co-operative movement in Scotland, for the numerical strength of the stores is going up by leaps and bounds; it is also doing capital work among the members by stimulating them into action, thus broadening their conception of the importance of the co-operative movement. They see that the only way to make the action of the traders impotent is to breed cattle themselves, and this they intend to do; also the tanning of hides, etc. From these facts it will be observed that if our good friends the traders had not given us the necessary amount of boycotting we might have been as inactive in the future as we were in the past, but the traders cannot kill the co-operative movement in Scotland. They have waited too long.

IMMORAL MILLYARDS.—If the opinions of some of the members of the Dundee school board are to be trusted, the Dundee millworkers are a very immoral lot indeed.

The subject arose over a proposal to close two of the evening schools on account of the small attendance. A reverend gentleman whose amendment was carried that the schools should in the meantime not be discontinued, but that further consideration should be given the matter, declared that the Dundee mill worker from the condition under which she earned her living was degraded morally, socially and physically, and that a certain section of them were so bad as not to be classed among human beings at all. Although his point was carried, it is to be hoped that the mill girls will appreciate his pungent compliment; and this after centuries of Christianity! My reverend sir, digest your own words and you will find the solution from the conditions under which she can earn her living.

Why not alter the conditions and then supply the cree schools? My advice to the mill girls is that a tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—From investigations recently made by Margaret Irwin amongst the shirt makers and shirt finishers of Glasgow, and publicly recorded by the Glasgow Council for Women's Trades it is shown that the conditions under which these women work are as bad today, if not worse, than when Tom Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt." Miss Irwin has had plenty of experience among Scottish women workers, and her reports are interesting documents, as she is the true friend of these women; they in return have every confidence in her. The report states that the usual rate of wages for shirt finishing—the sewing on of buttons, the sewing of parts missed by the machines, etc., seems to be very meager. The rates run from five cents to thirty-five cents per dozen shirts, according to the work involved. Those at five cents may take two hours to finish and those at thirty-five cents may take twenty-four hours, so that these women are expected to keep their body and life together on wages that work out at an average of two cents per hour. A widow reported that by sitting late her shirt making brought her sometimes as much as \$2.16 a week. Usually she had to leave all her dirty dishes and things and rush through them before going to bed at night. A sailor's wife said that it was a hard day's work to finish a dozen shirts between six in the morning and eight or nine at night, and for these fourteen or fifteen hours her remuneration was twenty-four cents.

With evidence such as this no one can doubt the reality of the sixty years' prosperous reign of Mrs. Vic-

As to the other conditions in life of the workers, the work is often done at the top of five-flat buildings, in attics reached by dark, dilapidated, rat-infested staircases, sinks representing the only sanitary system on the landings, emitting frightful smells. The interior of the houses were in the most unsanitary condition, piles of shirts lying on the floor, and in one instance two children lay ill in bed, and the shirts did duty for bed-clothes; scarcely any of the houses contain furniture, and are generally one-room houses. The only estates these poor women can afford are tea and bread, for they have to work two or three days for the landlord. Think of these poor human creatures, our sisters, wearing away their precious lives in the midst of untold wealth which they create, so that others may enjoy life—other women wearing dresses that cost £1,000 each—and the Duchess of Marlborough planting £15,000 worth of diamonds on her dress. The tragedy! Oh, you British workmen, remember the condition under which the shirt you wear is made, and think, for poor humanity's sake, this!

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all around,
Hill and valley in their beauty blush for man with fruitage crowned.

What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that wastes away.

This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty it might be full of love.—G. Massey.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT GOVERNMENT?—In Judiciary buildings, Jail square, Glasgow, during sittings of the sheriff criminal courts, but particularly when there are high court trials, jurymen, witnesses and prisoners have occasion to complain of the accommodations. The entire reconstruction of the building will be necessary, and as in the case of all affairs under a control which is partly local and partly imperial, the delay in coming to any findings and obtaining the necessary authority will no doubt be very considerable. Eight years ago a report was made that in most of the cells the lighting and ventilation were defective. Since then the necessity for improvement has become much more pronounced, but no effort is being made to make that abstraction called the government move, so it does not matter if a few prisoners suffer, by being confined in defective cells. The government will soon put that right. We have only waited eight years. Long live the government! WM. DUFF.

A SERMON.

As a result of the tragedy at Latimer, bitter feeling has been aroused on all sides, and even some of the most conservative papers speak of Sheriff Martin's action as entirely uncalled for. Had some poor, impoverished person shot some one like little President McKinley for example, he would have been hanged together with a reasonable amount of friends and relatives; but Martin was an officer of the law, and he could say whether or not the strikers were riotous, and when he gave the order to fire, the miners had not dispersed quickly enough to suit his pleasure, although they were peaceable. After first killing the strikers, the government sends troops to keep them from making any further disturbance.

In 1886, when like troubles occurred in Chicago, and someone tried to defend himself from other desperadoes (the police), and by lucky chance succeeded in killing a few, five innocent men were hanged, two imprisoned for life and one for fifteen years.

Why this difference? Why can one man kill and another be hanged because he dares say that the murderer was wrong? Principally, yes wholly, because of government. It taxes people that it may keep police to club them and an army, navy and militia to shoot them. It regulates their own private life to suit itself and calls them "free" because they have (to a certain extent), a choice of tyrants. In all trials in court, and in everything in fact that government takes a hand in, it has always decided against the poor and, therefore, the bulk of the people. Why then, do the people support such an institution, you may ask? Ask the martyrs who are suffering imprisonment for trying to tell them they are oppressed! Read it on the marble statue erected to the five men at Chicago! Hear it in the groans of the tortured at Barcelona! See it in the blood of the miners at Latimer! Then attend the polls at the next election and learn why. The people are weak. They have been so long oppressed, and the oppression is so habitual, that they think it must always be so, and they hoot at the reformer because he shows them a road to liberty. Without law we would all be murdered in our beds, they scream. Let us see how nearly true this is.

When governments disappear and equality reigns (for

there can be no equality under government no matter how minute the form) there will be few or no tramps (as few as tramps from choice) each having the right to do as he pleases, provided he does not invade the equal rights of another, and treating others as he would have them treat him in the same circumstances. Think it over; would anyone be liable to kill for gain when he had the same advantages as all others? I do not think so. Then as to murder from madness, perhaps that would always remain as now, only when men once get their minds diverted from the idea of owning another (as in modern marriage) there would disappear nearly all jealousy, and jealousy causes a large proportion of our murders.

It is sometimes said that if you abolish government, what right would you have to level a gun at barbarian invaders of your country, or not only kill a tyrant, but a mere viper? What right indeed! Because we ourselves would expect to be killed if we had invaded barbarians who had done us no harm. Any man with a heart would ask beforehand to be slain if ever he becomes venomous; that a dagger should be plunged into his heart if ever he should take the place of a de-throned tyrant.

As for the running of the several institutions (post-offices, etc.) I see no necessity for government there; government implies force, and if force is needed to run them they had better be let alone.

For these reasons and more I say government is useless. We cannot be free governed by a few, neither can we be free governed by the majority.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

P. A. BALLOU.

FOR A FREE PRESS.

It is reported from Portland, Oregon, that Henry Addis, A. J. Pope, and A. Isaak have been arrested in that city, by the United States authorities, for mailing a paper called the Firebrand, of which Mr. Addis is editor. Though the technical charge is sending obscene literature through the mails, it should not be necessary to explain that this technical charge is a subterfuge under cover of which bigots are endeavoring to suppress legitimate discussion.

The Firebrand is what is known as an Anarchist-Communist paper. It is opposed to government and law, but is an advocate of order, holding as it has a right to do that government instead of conserving order is destructive of it. Being opposed to law—that is to say, to legislation—The Firebrand logically opposes marriage laws; not marriage itself, but legal compulsion in respect of marriage. It is in this connection that we suspect that the basis for a charge of obscenity is found. Arguments against laws of marriage often involve discussion regarding the sexes, discussions at which prurient prudes must needs blush and cry out. Nevertheless those discussions, when conducted seriously, are clearly within the proprieties. Not only are they proper, but they are necessary.

We are not advised of the particular articles for which the Firebrand is called to account, except that one of them is a well-known poem by Walt Whitman; but it is not conceivable that anyone who is devoted to the propagation of an idea, which is to him a religion, would deliberately associate his cause with obscenity. It is inconceivable that he would even have the desire to do so. For prurency, one must not seek among social reformers, but among those who scoff at social reform.

We do not believe in the Firebrand's philosophy, either in respect of the wrongfulness of government and law, or its corollary regarding marriage; but we do believe in preserving freedom of speech and of the press, whether the subject sought to be suppressed be protection to American labor or communist-anarchy. The more unpopular the subject, the more important is it to all other subjects that freedom to discuss it be jealously guarded; for rights like freedom of speech and of the press are always invaded insidiously, by means of attacks upon the discussion of unpopular theories. We protest, therefore, against the evident attempt in this Firebrand case to silence legitimate discussion of a legitimate question. The laws which have been invoked have no rightful place in the statutes for any other purpose than to prevent the circulation through the mail of coarse and lustful publications.—Cleveland Recorder, October 7, 1897.

FREE SOCIETY's publication office is at 13 Oak Grove avenue, San Francisco, Cal., where we will be pleased to meet comrades at any time. All mail should be sent to address given on fourth page and should be addressed to FREE SOCIETY.