

FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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

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WHOLE NO. 164.

FROM THE TEETH OF THE GRAY WOLF.

Weary I woke,—it was nearing dawn:—
"You have been sick," they said;
Yes, I was sick at my very soul,
Filled with a nameless dread.

All through the long and mournful night,
Even while I was asleep,
A baby cried a torturing cry
That made my cold blood creep.

And I asked of one who was standing near,
"Why does the baby cry?"
She answered, "Because it cannot rest;
It did not want to die."

"But if," I said, "it is dead—quite dead—"
"Quite dead," was the pitying sigh;
"I thought pain fled when the spirit fled;
Do they in the Dead Land cry?"

"They cry who die before their time,
For they have not learned to rest
Who have not learned, through the pain of life,
That the grey Dead Land is best."

"But why, if it had not learned to rest,
Why did the baby die?"
"Look," came a whisper:—a heavy veil
Seemed rent from before my eye.

A vision grew of a dim court-room
Crowded with women and men;
At the bar a wild-eyed woman stood
Staring glassily at them.

Clasped in her arms a baby lay,
The death-sweat wet in its hair,
And the rich white women shrank away
From the dead and living stare.

They shrank away, as a thing accursed,
From the mother gaunt and wild,
As the judge's accents fell cold and hard:
"You are charged with murdering your child."

The thin frame shook like a leaf in a storm,
The eyes lost their glassy stare,
And there uprose through the passion-lit form
A Nemesis tall and fair.

And the voice which at first could scarce be heard,
Grew strong and deep and wild,
As she faced the accuser: "Not I, but you,
You have murdered my child."

"You, who have wantonly wasted the bread
That would have given her life,
You, who refused me shelter because
I was not a legal wife!"

"I went to your City Almshouse.—Yes,
It was there that my babe was born;
None know, save the prisoners within its walls,
How the mothers' hearts are torn."

"They put my baby away to nurse
'Because,' they said, 'I was strong,
And my child was healthy!' She did not need
What to God's wild things belong."

"The children of others I must nurse,
The weakly ones, the ill;
My own had no place on its mother's breast;
I had to bend to their will."

"I must work there for them, a year, they said,
Since her father they could not find.
A year! And the pain and the tears of it
Drove me near dumb and blind!"

"I watched her grow thinner day by day,
Stifling my crushed heart's stir;
While I was nursing others' babes,
Famine was nursing her."

"They turned me out when the year was done,
Turned me into the street,
With a baby hungry and sick in my arms
And nothing to give it to eat—"

"If I went to 'the other side,' they said,
I must leave the baby there.
I tramped in the rain all yesterday
With only 'bread' my prayer."

"When able to walk no more I fell,
I was 'drunk, dead drunk,' they cried;
When the officer came I tried to tell;
I might better not have tried."

"We were hungry, we'd nothing to eat," I plead;
"We were almost ready to die;"
"I've heard that story before," he said,
"I know how drunkards lie."

"Your skirts are dirty, all stained and torn,
As only a drunkard's could be;
Move on, now, quick! or I'll run you in!
You don't work that off on me!"

"I had no more strength to move; 'twas night;
I crept there—where we lay—
To the empty house you found us in,
To wait for the dawn of day."

"I crawled through the cellar window there,
And sat on the cold, damp ground,
And shuddered with fear of the loathsome things
That crawled and scamped around."

"And the baby whined and cried with cold,
With cold and hunger and pain,
And I thought of the work I had done for naught
That others, not she, might gain."

"In the dark, dance-music strains rang down,
A mocking laugh in my ears;
You had spent as much on one pleasure hour
As would have kept us for years."

"I had asked that day for a crust of bread,
And with curses you drove me away;
I thought of it all the weary night
Till the black hours turned to gray."

"We'd nothing to eat for three long days,
No place to cover our head,
And it seemed as I caught up the suffering babe,
We were both of us better dead."

"Then I wound the cloth tight over her mouth,
So tight that she could not breathe,
And turned my head that I might not see
The spirit leave its sheath;"

"But a horrible fear stole over me—
What if I could not die!
And I fancied away beyond the grave
I heard my baby cry."

"So I caught it up in my arms and tore
The cloth to give it breath;
But the thin form, hunger-weak, was fast
In the stronger arms of Death."

"Dead on her mother's chill breast she lay,
Her warm breath damp on my cheek;
Such a little form, so thin, so wan,
In the cellar's gray light-streak."

"And I thought of the mothers mad who held
Their innocent, murdered dead,
Who watched the riotous waste of you
While they had wanted bread!"

"In madness I shrieked a bitter curse,
A curse heart-felt and deep,
That rang out far on the morning air—
Did it startle you from your sleep?"

"You pure white ladies who sleep all day,
And the midnight hours keep,
'Twere a pity an insane mother's cry
Should through your drawn blinds creep."

"'Twere a pity to startle you, soft white snakes,
Asleep in your golden beds,
Who have gilded your hearts to feel no pain,
And folded in down your heads."

"But the day shall come when the white mask falls,
And blanches your velvet cheek,
And ye hide away in your golden nests,
Fearing even to speak."

"The curses of fathers and mothers, made mad
By the sight of their murdered dead,
Shall ring all night in your straining ears,
As ye toss on your sleep-fled bed."

"All through the silent, spectral night
Babies will sob and cry,
Whom God made strong with the lust of life,
And ye creatures of God bade die."

"And men shall rise from unsooded graves
In rivers and tunnels and mines,
And your blood shall freeze as ye meet the gaze
Of the ghastly unbroken lines."

"Young men and old, strong men and weak,
Black men and white together;
Men that have fallen in scorching heat,
Or stiffened in bitter weather;"

"Men ye have robbed and killed and sent
To destruction in gruesome places;
Men all bleeding and burned and crushed
With their dead, accusing faces."

"On the bones of these, the Slain, no more
Shall ye lie at your full-stretched ease,
For the sob of the storm that is coming, sinks
At no echo of Christ-bid peace."

"The blood ye wash from your finger-tips
Shall cover your flaccid hands,
And Destruction shall judge and Death await
Your coming in all the lands."

"Ye have worked your will and your way long
[enough,
Ye Snakes, ye Vipers accursed!
The storm-blown cloud is gathering fire,
And soon, full soon, 'twill burst!"

"Ye are building your temple in Babylon
And soon, full soon, 'twill fall—
And under its ruins will bury you,
Aye—even—all."

"Ye may build your gallows for me today,
But the light on the eastern wall,
Tomorrow, shall see you stand as I
And the noose on your own neck fall."

"Then, when you step on the fatal trap,
When your last die is cast,
Will ye moan for the mercy ye denied?
Will ye think then of the past?"

"When the ravening wolves ye have made of men
Drive you, like sheep, through the street; [them,
When the stones, and the chains ye have forged for
Bite bitter into your feet;"

"When your cheeks fall, white and famine-sucked,
And your eyes sink deep in your head;
When your lips blench blue, with an unknown fear,
As ye gaze—on your dead;"

"When ye suffer what we have suffered;—then,
When ye know what we have known,
Remember it is the harvest ye reap
From the seeds that ye have sown."

The voice ceased; she turned to the door to go;
The judge cried: "Stop her! She's mad!"
"Mad? Yes, I'm mad! For I hear it still,
The cry of the Dead, the Dead!"

"With the stones on their breasts they lie,
And weep, for they cannot rest;
They were not born thus too soon to die"
Closer and fiercer she pressed

The corpse to her bosom, and turned again,
And none dared bar her way
For the pity of her and the pity of it,
And the fear that on them lay.

Many like her have cried and passed,
And the pride-deaf world laughed on,
But the curse of the mad and the murdered falls
As it nears—The Daws!

—Marian, in Lucifer.

WAR AND PATRIOTISM.

War, war, war! The politicians have contrived to launch this country into war at last. The bosses have managed to get themselves insulted, and seemingly nothing but blood will wash away the stain. Speech-making in congress is a profession that apparently begins and ends with profit.

It has been quite amusing to watch the maneuvering in the American house of lords during the last few months, and note the deep interest manifested at the eleventh hour for the starving Cubans.

It strikes the quiet observer as something peculiar, that those frisky fellows at Washington should be so anxious to cross the sea to spoon out their sympathy for abused humanity when there is such a goodly supply of starving people at home in such urgent need of attention.

Yes, the trumpet note of war has sounded at last, and the patriots have gone to war. In the meantime, while the mighty war gush was going on at

the rate of \$2,000 a sitting, the \$50,000,000 appropriation bill went through like a tariff grist on election day.

Hip, hurrah! for war. Let us have blood by all means; let us have oceans of it. Who wouldn't be a patriot? We, the people, have had so much to be thankful for, that it is quite in keeping with our spirit of independence to whoop it up for old glory, and the politicians. Rouse, patriots, rouse! Your flag has been spit upon, we must have rivers of blood to wash out the stain.

Congress has given us hogsheads of simon-pure American gush; now let us drink, drink to intoxication, of Spanish blood. Strike for your country, elevate the flag, and when the war is over, come back to your stripes again, rich in experience and a patriot to boot.

Whoop her up, boys! It's a poor man's fight, and a rich man's feast.

Well, what next? Let us pause for a moment and take a calm dispassionate view of this war frenzy. Who is going to do the fighting, and what are they going to fight about? I believe this is a fair question, and one worthy of consideration. Have the rank and file, the bulk of the people in either country, had any chips on their shoulders to knock off? Was not this whole cry created, and the passions of the people stirred up by a small body of men aching for notoriety?

"Our country," this has been the conjuring word used by politicians with never failing success. "Our flag has been insulted!" shout the jugglers, and the mob takes up the cry and spring to arms to avenge the insult. But who are the ones that idolize the country and have such a blind reverence for its flag? Is it the office grabbers, that despoil, murder, and debauch, and trample human rights under their feet? Is it the men who use the flag simply as a means to an end, that have such a tender love for country?

No, it is those who walk the streets begging for work, the men who fast to day, vainly hoping to feast tomorrow; those who are kicked, robbed and persecuted under pretext of the general welfare. It is the raw, unthinking, brow-beaten herd, that so idolizes the flag that has been used to enslave and starve them. These are the ones that whine, and scrape, and bow, in times of peace, and shout for country when war is proclaimed.

O, if men would only cease to be patriots, and evolve into true men, the politicians would have to fight their own battles, or go whipped.

But no, the same old sham works as well to-day as it did a thousand years ago. Ticked with the hollow straw of patriotism, men are induced to sell their manhood to war for knaves who never smell the smoke of the battle field. The superstition of vested rights is the legerdmain-trick of the money power. It matters not what the conjuring word may be, so long as the desired end is attained. What the knight of Montreal was to the robber warriors of ancient Rome, Congress and Legislatures are to the money sharks today—convenient agents, whose services can be secured to rob the hive of labor by force or fraud. "Ah, but," some say, "did not Congress declare war in the very teeth of the Wall Street stock jobbers, and is not Wall Street the golden gate of America?"

"None are so blind as those who will not see." The Wall Street bucket shops of this new Jerusalem, seemingly, are not the whole push. There was something more weighty than the price of Wall Street gold on the scales when the war excitement was introduced by Congress. It was a deep and well laid scheme that had been on top some time, only awaiting a chance to develop itself. Spain at last furnished the opportunity. It kindly permitted our American politician to draw on imagination, and declare themselves insulted. By a little diplomatic posing, and cunning withholding, our congressional braves managed to keep in the background and made Spain appear in the role of aggressor. It was well directed, and quite successful for the schemers.

To free Cuba was the sole intent in declaring war, said Congress.

But why this late hour for action, and why Cuba, when we have such a vast army of wage slaves in America clamoring for freedom? Tacitly speaking, Cuba was free without the need of this tardy interference.

For weary years the Cubans have been bravely struggling against overwhelming odds.

The groans of their dying heroes and the despairing cries of their women whose virtue had been immolated on the hearthstone of starvation, have been wafted across the sea to our very shores; yet no response to cheer them on or bid them hope for recognition.

"Children, obey your parents," was the implied meaning of the world in the immutable silence which followed their heroic struggle for liberty. They met the brutes of Spain with blade and bullet, and answered the non-interfering, cold indifference of this government with the courtesy of silence.

The proclamation of war is a barbarous relic of the past and a travesty on civilization, and never was it more so than in the present war with the slaves of Spain.

In the daily papers, a few days ago, I read of a Spanish general who issued the order for all men in a certain district between the ages of 15 to 50 years, to enlist in the army within 24 hours, or suffer the death penalty.

Noble warfare this! Shoot down a brother man who is forced at the cannon's mouth to offer himself as a target to the enemy's bullets.

Glorious victory! As if anything could be glorious drenched in human blood!

Let men who insist on war, shoulder the gun and do their own bloody work, and not plunge a whole nation into a senseless war because of their own disjointed noses.

Take a calm, dispassionate view of the present disturbance. Compare the actions of our patriotic politicians today with their actions a few months back, after the Hazelton massacre in Pennsylvania. Applauding and encouraging Anarchy abroad, and shooting down and hanging Anarchists at home!

Bah, Cuba is the apology: Spain furnishes the opportunity.

But the need for that \$50,000,000 appropriation has not yet revealed itself. One significant fact forces itself to the surface. There will be a large standing army in the field to guard moneyed interests when the war with Spain is over. Whatever the Wall Street Shylocks may think about it, the railroad magnates have not been dreaming dreams without effect. They begin to realize that a terrific struggle between Labor and Capital is not unthinkable, hence they have clinched the inevitable and instructed their congressmen accordingly. A larger standing army for the protection of vested rights was of vital importance to greedy corporations. But how to enlist the required number without arousing the suspicion of the masses, was the question.

Presto! Spain bobbed up. It was a hideous offence, the Main was sent over to see why she bobbed. The rest was easy sailing.

Hazelton affairs will be of more common occurrence now. A still tighter check will be put on free press, and radical speakers will be forced to take the bit until prepared to do something better. How do you like the picture? L. S. OLIVER.

Maywood, Ill.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE?

If you take one cat by himself and pinch his tail he will bite and scratch your hand. But take two cats and put them side by side and pinch both their tails at the same time and they will bite and scratch each other. Plutocracy has learned this trick. So it gets the people arraigned in two parties and then pinches their tails and they fight each other. Like cats they never turn to fight the hand that pinches them.—The Champion.

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

Of course it would have been better if the insurgents had been left alone by our government, if our people had been free to individually render them such aid as they chose, and had matters been conducted in this way I believe Maceo and Gomez would ere this have driven the Spanish into the sea. But all this is of the past, and now we must deal with existing conditions, and under existing conditions I am most heartily glad the American fleet is at last headed for Havana.

The reforming elements in the United States cannot get away from the fact that recognition and intervention have been opposed, not by the most progressive parts of our population, not by the earnest if often mistaken friends of labor, but by the greediest, the most corrupt, the most conservative of journalistic, financial and political forces, and today we have the sympathy, not of the money changers, but of the great mass of the people both here and abroad, wherever they have come to rightly understand the situation. Of course the French government is on the side of Spain, because the French government is, as has been aptly said, simply a "committee of Paris bankers," or, variedly, "a committee of Paris gamblers," and these Paris bankers, or gamblers, whichever form of expression you prefer, are the financial backers of Spain and must lose if Spain is dealt with properly by the United States, as now seems possible. Of course the French dailies are against us, the same French dailies that hounded Dreyfus and Zola, for it is a notorious fact that the French daily is venal to a degree, always in the market for sale to the highest bidder, the highest bidder just now being said "committee of Paris bankers," the interested friends of massacre and starvation in Cuba.

The St. James Gazette, of London, says that in Congress the "least respectable political elements" have worked together for recognition and intervention, meaning, of course, the Bryan Democrats, the Silver Republicans and the Populists. Are not our sympathies and affiliations with these "least respectable political elements" as against the Hanna, Elkins, Caffery crowd? And the publications that have stood for "peace-at-any-price"—Harper's Weekly, the Evening Post, the Boston Herald—are they truer friends of labor than such papers as the New York Journal?

E. C. WALKER.

COMMENT.

I cannot see why the "reforming elements" should want to get away from any facts, nor yet why they should favor any proposition simply because greedy and corrupt elements oppose it. If the greedy and corrupt disfavor a war of aggression and conquest, is that a valid reason why anyone should approve of such a war?

Suppose the French government is a "committee of Paris bankers," and that committee favors the Spanish government, does that justify this government in picking a war with Spain? Is it not possible for the "Hanna, Elkins, Caffery crowd" to be on the side of justice, even though their motives be ever so low and mean? If so, should we take sides with injustice simply because that obnoxious crowd favors justice? It would seem that that is Comrade Walker's position.

The fact is that the present war with Spain is a war of aggression and conquest, and is already inculcating the idea of conquest and buccaneering as honorable and praiseworthy.

It does not matter who does or does not oppose such a war, logic points unerringly to a firm and unwavering opposition to the present war with Spain. Not that the Spanish government is worthy of consideration, for a more brutal and detestable organization than the Spanish government does not exist, but that is no justification for aggression and conquest on the part of the government of the United States. H. A.

LABOR DEMONSTRATION.

On the morning of May 30—Decoration-Day—a labor demonstration will be had at Waldheim Cemetery on the vacant lot opposite the graves of our murdered comrades, on which occasion good speakers will deliver addresses.

All working people's associations and the general public are hereby invited to participate in this demonstration and to honor the memory of the men murdered in behalf of humanity's cause.

The Committee of Arrangement of the International Working People's Association:

THEO. APPEL. CLEMENS PFUETZNER.
RATZNIK. JOS. FLEISCHMAN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF HENRY ADDIS.

Downfall of Nations.

Since the downfall of nations has been attributed to religion, it seems well to call attention to a few facts in relation thereto. Nations have risen in power and glory in proportion to the wealth created by the toilers of those nations and the ability of the privileged classes to exploit the toilers and appropriate the wealth to their own use and for the splendor of the "Court." Religion has been used to keep the masses submissive and obedient to authority until authority had so entrenched itself behind a multitude of privileges, extended to its supporters, that it could only be curtailed in its operation by its total destruction. In this respect religion has contributed to the downfall of nations; by helping to build them up. For no nation can fall until it has arisen, being an artificial arrangement, having, within itself all the potentialities of oppression, enslavement, and the extinction of individual character. But no nation, society, or organization can rise above the individuals composing it. National character cannot exist when individual character is gone. This being true, when the nation has exterminated individual character the nation dies and becomes a thing of the past.

This is the history of most of the nations of antiquity. A small horde of free barbarians could easily overrun a "great nation" when it had reached the height of its glory and its toilers had become characterless.

Where disruption has come from within it has been on account of the undying desire for freedom of the toilers. Whenever a people had individuality enough to resist the enslavement, which always comes with the rise of power and glory in nations, revolutions have occurred and nations gone down, as a result of the existence of individual character. So it is evident that nations cannot continue. If they grow strong enough to destroy individual character, they will die of inertia. If they cannot succeed in extinguishing individual character, then the individuals will, in the struggle for greater freedom, extinguish the nations.

It is evident that whatever helps to overthrow a nation is a good thing, but it would be hard to prove that any system of religion has ever existed that acted as a direct cause in the downfall of nations.

Infidel nations, nations that do not recognize any religion whatever, are as sure to fall as one that is founded on religion. The repression of individuality and the exploitation of labor, and the ostentation of vast wealth, will work the downfall of any nation—government—be it religious or non-religious.

Heredity.

Lord we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.

This old hymn sums up the old Calvinistic conception of heredity, and many who imagine themselves emancipated from old superstitions hold very much the same view of heredity. The old conception was based on the "fall of Adam," and strange as it may seem, the hereditary taint of Adam's sin has been transmitted through countless millions of persons that have lived since his time. Many of those who repudiate the original sin theory, and deny the fall, have adopted the theory of heredity, in order to account for much that they see in the human race, or in individuals, which seems to them otherwise inexplicable. In so doing they often fail to discriminate between what is inherited and the effect of environment, and often unwittingly fall into the same error as the one expressed in the aforementioned hymn. Some who have written voluminously and quite sagely on social topics have had much to say about hereditary crime, and have tried to trace most of the crimes that have startled the world, to an hereditary taint; to a desire inherited from criminal parents, or perhaps from a long line of criminal ancestors. The advocates of this theory make such plausible arguments, and bring such an array of facts, which at first sight seem to sustain the theory, and compare them with the really scientific facts of heredity, that the non-critical students are drawn into an acceptance and advocacy of these theories.

In order to distinguish between the truly hereditary characteristics of any given individual, and acquired characteristics, it is necessary to understand the effect of environment upon the individual, as well as to know what we inherit and what we acquire. I make bold to claim that morals are not inherited. They depend upon the economic conditions of a people, and upon their beliefs and knowledge. We inherit our physical structure, but even that is powerfully modified by environments, traits and characteristics which are special to any individual on account of peculiarities of the organism, which have been inherited, must display themselves in accordance with the conditions under which said individual lives. For instance: Owing to a peculiarity in the structure of the organs of taste, which has been inherited, a child may have an unusual love of sweets. It is evident that the child will try to satisfy this desire for sweets by eating sugar, honey, candy, or other sweet things that it can get possession of. So far the action of the child is strictly in accord with the hereditary tendency. It is neither moral nor immoral. But if the child is prohibited the eating of sweets, and, driven on by this hereditary tendency, takes such sweets as it can get, in spite of the prohibitory command of the parents, immediately it is called a bad child, and the orthodox christian attributes it to original sin, while the infidel believer in heredity begins to search for some criminal amongst its ancestors in order that the propensity to steal may be traced according to "scientific rules" of heredity. But allow the child free access to the sugar bowl and he is no longer a thief, but a good boy, fat and jolly, his mother's joy. So you see the hereditary taint in the child is not a moral quality at all, and only his acts are moral or immoral, in so far as they are in accord with, or in violation of, the moral standard recognized by his associates.

It matters not how many generations of ill-fed or degraded individuals may make up the ancestry of any person; if he may satisfy his craving for food when-

ever he is hungry, freely and fully, and has such association and surrounding as to draw out and develop the nobler faculties, all the hereditary taint of a long line of degraded and hungry ancestors can not prevent him from becoming, at least, an average man.

Traits and characteristics of even the physical structure are so easily influenced by environments that we never see two children of the same parents that are exactly alike, either in features or disposition. They all may have the family resemblance, some may have the features of the father, some of the mother and others of the grand parents, but, owing to prenatal and antenatal conditions, and possibly other causes too subtle for us to trace, they all differ in a greater or lesser degree. It will be seen from the observation of these facts that the effect of heredity upon persons is modified by numerous other influences, known and unknown, some within our power to control and some beyond our power to control. This being the case it is evident that those who object to putting our theories into practice, or to trying to gain freedom, because people are so degraded as a result of enslavement, do not understand the effect of environment upon the individual. The illustration of the child that loves sweets is applicable to nearly every action that is counted moral or immoral, and is the result of hereditary tendency. No matter what desires a person may have, if he or she be free to satisfy this desire, its satisfaction would not be immoral. The desire to kill others, which some upholders of law claim is so common, is not inherited to any such extent as they seem to imagine, and under free conditions, wherein there is nothing to fight over, and everything tends to stimulate and increase the social instincts, that desire would make itself manifest in deeds of violence only on rare and unusual occasions. The desire to get something for nothing; to hoard wealth; to take advantage of one's fellows; all these desires that are said to be inherited, and to make freedom impracticable, are not hereditary tendencies at all. If all had the opportunity to produce for themselves, or co-operatively, they would not care to get "something for nothing" from one another. If they felt sure of plenty all their life, they would have no desire to hoard. If all stood on an equal footing, and prize was not bestowed upon those who are "above" others, no one would care to take advantage of his fellows. It follows, then, that when environment is taken into consideration, we have nothing to fear from hereditary taint in contemplating unbounded freedom.

Survival of the Fittest.

Now that evolution is a recognized fact, and its evidences are discerned by a large number of persons in all walks of life, the upholders of the present order of things seek to prove the "naturalness" and perpetuity of present social and economic conditions by asserting that all these things are an evolution, consequently could not be otherwise. In excuse, or justification, for the inequalities that exist they tell us that it is according to natural law, that the fittest must survive.

Let us examine into the foundation of this remark and see if it will bear the light of investigation. If the theory of the survival of the fittest is true, and if we admit the premises, there is no escaping the conclusion. Not being satisfied with the conclusion, it becomes necessary to re-examine the premises and see if they accord with the facts.

The theory, briefly stated, is this: Given a definite area of soil—an acre or the entire earth—a number of plants and animals start life together. They increase in numbers in a geometric ratio. As long as there is room for the ever increasing numbers, there is no struggle, but the increased numbers overflow into the unoccupied territory. But when the entire given area is fully occupied, the constant increase of individuals makes the continued existence of them all impossible. Hence the struggle for existence which is presented in plant and animal life. In this struggle some must perish, others will survive. Those that survive are termed the fittest, because they have survived, their survival being the proof of their fitness. After the conditions under which this struggle is going on, and immediately those plants and animals which were the fittest become the unfit and perish, while those which had previously been amongst the unfit, immediately prove themselves the fittest, and either partially or wholly, exterminate those that previously dominated the field. It is evident, then, that fitness to survive, depends upon the conditions under which the struggle for existence takes place. Then, again, it is only when the means of subsistence are limited, and the beings dependent upon these means far exceed the number that can possibly subsist thereon, that the struggle for existence reaches that stage where some must perish in order that others may exist.

Bearing these facts in mind it is clear that any theory which justifies the luxury of some and squalor of others, as survival of the fittest, is not founded on facts, but on a false premise, for the purpose of misleading those not thoroughly acquainted with the facts upon which the theory rests.

I am free to admit that, under any given conditions, the fittest must survive. This is simply a fact, and does not imply justice nor injustice. If, then, political economists are right in considering the present conditions an evolution, not within our power to change, the logic of the argument is—the means of subsistence being limited, the ones that can supply their wants, and thus survive, are the fittest. The cruel, the cunning, the unscrupulous and indifferent to sufferings of others, under these conditions, become the fittest.

Let this idea get possession of the mass of suffering humanity, that it is intended to keep in subjection, and they may see the logic of it and make short work of those who consider themselves the fittest, and by the force of their numbers, and through desperation, prove themselves the fittest to survive, in a remorseless war of extermination. Who would be the fittest if the cities were burned and the cold chilly rain drizzling down incessantly on men, women and children, sheltering themselves as best they might, in poorly constructed hovels? The theory of the survival of the fittest justifies mob violence as well as the lawful methods of commerce. It is only a question of might.

But does the number of human beings now on the earth so press upon the means of subsistence that strife and violence are necessary to determine who shall exist and who shall perish? Most assuredly not. The struggle for existence now

(Continued on page 6.)

FREE SOCIETY.

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

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Look at the Propaganda Fund, comrades, and you'll find that we are not even enabled to pay expenses.

Many valuable articles have again been crowded out—even those concerning the work of comrade Emma Goldman, but we will fetch up soon.

Comrade Jacob Task of Boston informs us that he was refused to place "Free Society and Solidarity" free of charge in the public library of that "cultured" city upon the flimsy excuse that the reading room was overcrowded. The comrade very appropriately remarks that if the front pages of our papers were illustrated by the star-spangled banner, and contained detective stories, stock-exchange news, fortune tellers' advertisements, gospel humbug, etc., room would quickly be found for them. The comrade might have added that, if our press reported with which foot Mrs. Worknot gets out of bed first, how many feathers Mrs. Knownothing wears in her bonnet or how many idiots have murdered each other in the disgusting wholesale massacre called war, our papers would be accepted in the library of that "cultured" city not only free of charge but would even be paid a good price. But we are not "civilized," you know.

The New York Herald, one of the largest papers in this country a few weeks ago thus commented upon the war preparations:

"We consider the war sentiment artificially created; in the main a result of an unscrupulous agitation;—a job of politicians wishing to injure the administration; Juntas wishing to abuse the protection of their flag; infamous journalists who have dishonored the freedom of the press; adventurers who see in the war a chance for gambling; mercenary natures to whom war signifies nothing but opportunities for contracts and steals."

That same large journal a few days later wrote thus:

"The war will be a battle for humanity. America seeks neither revenge, nor indemnification or aggrandizement. The sword is drawn for humanity. It is a war of sentiment—the impulsive, passionate resolution of a proud people that has lost patience and hope and, driven to despair by a terrible universal intolerable injustice, wishes to rectify it by the sword."

These two expressions of one and the same paper are characteristic of the "deep inward merit" of the war howls.

SMOTHERED AS USUAL.

According to latest monopolistic reports the Italian revolts have been suppressed; most of the revolutionary leaders have fled to Switzerland and advise their followers to "slow down."

"At Milan 276 persons were killed, including twenty-seven children and four women. Three hundred persons were wounded. The troops engaged against the rioters at Milan lost sixty-three killed and 103 wounded."

"Six hundred Milanese rioters are now in prison. Their trial by military courts has begun. Nearly 5000 other rioters in various parts of the country are similarly situated. Over 3000 Republican and Socialist clubs have been dissolved by legal process, and the leading members will be prosecuted for "inciting hatred between the classes and provoking disorder."

While it would, of course, be unsafe to accept these reports as correct until verified by our friends, yet we may form a pretty fair idea of the actual state of affairs. The report of the killed, wounded and arrested and otherwise persecuted is in all likelihood correct.

The report of the existence of 300 Republican and Socialist Clubs is gratifying. The supposition may not be unfair that a large number of the clubs and individual participants were Anarchists, judging from the fact that according to previous reports the attacks were accompanied by the strictly anarchistic motto: "Down with Taxes and Politicians!" Neither Repub-

licans nor Socialists would endorse such a program, the former—Republicans—simply aiming at the substitution of a ruler in a swallow-tale coat—President—for a ruler in uniform, and the latter—Socialists—aiming at the substitution of many rulers—majority—for one ruler. Both of them, however, Republicans as well as Socialists, necessitate the continued existence of politicians; also taxes, for politicians represent government and governments require taxes.

Thus far, then, these revolts are to be hailed as being steps in a progressive direction; as a new departure; as a movement with a conscious, definite aim in view as compared with former revolutions or revolts for the mere phantoms of "political reform."

However much we may rejoice over the brave attempts of an oppressed people to throw off their yoke, cold reasoning and logic forces us to draw certain conclusions from experience. The conclusions to be drawn from the outcome of the Italian revolts are that there are two elements in society that are the greatest hindrance to progress and must be overcome before an uprising may be successful, namely, the middle class and the army. According to the dispatches in the monopolistic press "the middle classes rallied around the throne, and from every city and town of any size came offers to form volunteer troops, and old volunteers upon whom there is no legal call, have largely proffered their services." Which simply means that the process of education, of enlightenment must be extended to the middle class and the army before anything worth the trouble may be accomplished. When the middle classes or even a reasonable portion of them understand that the cause of the proletariat is their own cause; when the army understands that they are only proletarians themselves and level their guns against their infamous robber-masters instead of against their own brothers—then and not until then is there a reasonable hope for the redemption of mankind.

The revolution is dead! Long live the Revolution!
S. D.

SPRECKELS & CO.,—COME INTO COURT!

"A little spitfire named Emma Goldman, by the laxness of law and the forbearance of Providence permitted to be out of jail, has been shrilling her nonsense hereabouts and has attracted more attention than deserved. Some have gone so far as to speak of her respectfully. Even deference to her sex would not permit me to do this. I have for the Goldman creature all the veneration due a snake. Of this unlovely entity she has every quality, aggravated because she possesses an intelligence denied the serpent. To attempt to combat her absurd theories, to classify her various iniquities, would be to pay her undue attention. It is enough to say that any one who could be misled by her venomous drool would be a scoundrel, and certain to reach the penitentiary or the gallows through the natural process of evolution, so she is incapable of acute harm. The woman, to express her worth mildly, has all the elements of the assassin, save the single one of bravery. She is despicable as the villain who applies the torch, who outrages innocence, or thrusts a dagger into the back of the unsuspecting. She is unfit to live in a civilized country, and there is only one such country in the world which would tolerate her unrestrained presence. She is unfit to live among savages because they know and practice a form of justice. The beasts of the field are above her. She is an accessory to all crime, a teacher of immorality and treason, an insult to decency, a travesty on womanhood, an example of black and irredeemable obliquity. Such is the opinion I am pleased to entertain of her, although in expression of it hampered by the desire not to use terms as harsh as befit her character. I think she ought to be hanged by the neck until dead and considerably longer."

The above is the edifying piece of intellectual workmanship that appeared in last Sunday's Call under the department disgraced by a vile thing having by some freak of nature been given a human frame and traveling under the name of Henry James.

This natural freak is, of course, but an outgrowth of the miserable social conditions controlling such vile things as James who from his natural fitness would be infinitely more competent to clean sewers or handle excavators, or do some other kind of useful labor in the performance of which a minimum of knowledge is required than to be a Penny-a-liner. But this monstrosity is remarkable for excelling anything I ever saw before in the line of intellectual prostitution. He is indeed a faithful and willing slave, and it would be a waste of my precious time to lose a breath over him. He belongs into that category of mental deformities and depravities of whom an old, now departed, comrade used to say: "These vermin are beyond redemption; they must die out!" It is the one whose collar James wears, however, whose dirty

work he is doing, and who inspired the above article—his master—to whom we must turn and direct our attention.

The "Call" is the property of Claus Spreckels, the Sugar King. It was started years ago as a cooperative enterprise by a number of poor printers on strike. It was intended to be a labor paper; an organ of the poor, for the poor and by the poor. Soon, however, it betrayed the trust placed in it by the working people and flopped, and became the organ of monopoly, for monopoly, by monopoly as a mouthpiece of the republican party. For years it was lingering under the proprietorship of the incapable old foggy Pickering and then went into the hands of one Strawbridge. The fierce competition of the Chronicle and Examiner finally drove it into bankruptcy, and lately it drifted into the hands of the Sugar King.

Now, who is Claus Spreckels? An ignorant, illiterate German porter (Hausknecht,) hardly able to sign his name, who years ago during the so-called good times in this country arrived here and married a German domestic whose earnings constituted the foundation to his present wealth. With these small earnings he began to speculate, that is to take advantage of the necessities of his poor wretched fellow-beings in the shape of profits, interests and rents. He imported whole shiploads of poor families from Germany into the Hawaiian Islands where he had managed to get into possession of some sugar plantation. These poor deluded German dupes were allured there under gross misrepresentations and engaged upon contracts at an average wage of \$16.00 a month out of which they were obliged to board themselves and pay their own doctor and drug bills in case of sickness, and were deducted (docked) a certain amount for time lost by sickness, rain or other causes. These contracts were drawn up so shrewdly that the poor creatures who went into the trap became actual slaves to Spreckels, and the longer they remained in his service the more abject became their slavery and the more pitiable their condition.

But what was Claus doing all this time? How was he getting along? Why, he was pocketing the difference between the blood wrrenched from the bones and muscles of his poor plantation slaves on the one side, and the helpless sugar consuming public on the other. He became Sugar King.

Much ado has been made about Claus Spreckels' "magnanimity," his "benevolence" and his public spiritedness, etc. His San Joaquin Valley Rail Road scheme is held up as the height of a public-spirited enterprise. But let it be remembered that nobody can earn millions without robbing labor. And the "liberality," "benevolence" and "public-spiritedness" of Claus Spreckels are simply shrewd machinations and devices for cornering his victims all the safer; they are but the sly operations of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

The handsome building this Sugar King had erected upon the Corner of Third and Market Streets, the lovely edifice upon Van Ness Ave. and his other palaces, and his whole wealth have been wrung from the blood and bones of the poor wretched plantation slaves and the millions of victimized sugar consumers. His grabbing disposition is such a marked one and his character so detestable that his own daughter, a noble young woman, who had the independence to select as her mate a man of her own choice, upon being upbraided therefore by the old miser, flung the property he had decided to her back at him and concluded to paddle her own canoe rather than be controlled by such a raven father.

And this is the man who inspired the above clipping against Emma Goldman. Now, who, by way of contrast, is Emma Goldman? A young woman who, having toiled and slaved for a scant living in the factories of the East, by her reflective mind realized the iniquities of the Claus Spreckels system of industries from which the millions of her sisters and brothers in the factories and workshops and mines all over the world have to suffer, and being possessed of a superior education and intelligence and talents, resolved to devote her energies, her abilities and her life to the enlightenment and elevation of her enslaved class.

Emma Goldman has tasted from the bitter cup of life. She has drugged for a pittance. She has seen men of the James and Spreckels stripe who prate about manhood, womanhood, morality and decency, waylay her sisters and brothers and rob them of their industrial, social and sexual independence—not in the dark, not in the highway, but in the broad daylight by the operation of the infamous robber system of government-protected and fostered monopolies.

And she has decided that her sweetest pleasure, her greatest enjoyment lies in the direction of the education of her fellow slaves; in the smashing of the combined idols of prejudice and superstition; in the unmasking of the wholesale robbers, hypocrites, liars, villifiers and traducers—of the fiends in human shape, of the classes of Henry James and Claus Spreckels.

"The laxness of the laws" of reason and equity permits the James and the Spreckels to not only "stay out of jail" but out of the beautiful country "whence no traveler returns."

I am no advocate of violence—I have arrived at the conclusion that the advent of comparative justice and freedom is a matter of gradual growth—of evolution. When the masses of the people realize the causes of their enslavement, I hold, the barriers to freedom will fall without a struggle; they will vanish. But there are earthquakes and cyclones and cataclysms whose arrival no one expects nor wishes. And perchance before our cherished hopes, before our ideals are realized, and in spite of our calculations and expectations and wishes, a suffering people, even in their blindness, may Samson-like rattle their chains—and perchance—the hangman may make a mistake, and in place of Emma Goldman might be found the James and the Spreckels "hanged by the neck until dead and considerably longer." S. D.

REPLY TO INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARISM.

Dear Sir—Some one has sent me a copy of your Voluntary State Papers (Second Series) No. 1. I perceive, on reading it, that you are about where I was twelve years ago. The reasons I have gone further on, and can therefore afford no stronger expression of sympathy, are, in the main, as follows:

Starting with your first principle, in which I can still agree, I contend that the "supreme" rights of "self-ownership or liberty" are invaded by every kind of dogmatism, using this expression in that wide sense which the original meaning of "dogma" justifies. The whole idea of authority is condemned by your first principle. Now, if you come to inquire into the basis of metaphysical first principles you will find it to be authority—somebody's ipse dixit:—for which reason I venture the prediction that your Catholics, Churchmen, Nonconformists, Theists, Agnostics, and Materialists, will be in each other's hair before they establish the Voluntary State. Repudiating metaphysical first principles as authoritarian, and inconsistent with your own first principle,—which, accordingly, is anti-metaphysical, or positive—I feel constrained to let the rest of yours go. Instead of proceeding to reason from the first one deductively, after the mode among philosophers who preceded Bacon, my method now is to ask of history and archaeology how the supreme right of self-ownership first came to be infringed upon. Then I may hope to learn how it can be protected. History and archaeology teach me that those who, knowing nothing about them, reasoned upon such matters a priori, fell into sundry fallacies. They assumed that men, originally "solitary savages," were in the habit of robbing and murdering each other until they found it so inconvenient to be robbed and murdered that they adopted a "social contract" for their mutual protection. (According to a later and modified theory, necessitated by increase of historical and archaeological knowledge, they did not meet round a table to adopt this contract, but gradually drifted into it, through the rise of such institutions as marriage, which induced a certain visible solidarity of interests among the previously "solitary savages.") Both theories agree that the contract was very unfair in matters of detail, and has ever since been periodically tinkered, with results still highly unsatisfactory. Both, I think, mistake the facts. There are no solitary savages. Man is a gregarious animal. His primitive state was that of association in troops or hordes. The "social contract" is a mis-

leading cent term for a common understanding among members of every society that they will maintain their traditional customs. The real foundations of this understanding are threefold, viz: 1. The ape-like instinct of imitativeness, which makes the immense majority do as others do, of course. 2. The self-interest of kings, priests, slave-owners, landlords, and whoever else is given by these traditional customs authority over others. 3. The cringing timidity intimately associated with ape-like imitativeness, which makes all but a few cunning conservatives and a few daring innovators look for protection to some one else than themselves. In short men are and always have been slaves, because, on the whole, they are just about fit to be slaves. (The sure mark of being fit for a slave is wishing to be a master, but not daring). Being thus an agreement to keep things as they are, effected by a few bold knaves and many cowardly fools, the "social contract" has naturally failed to give satisfaction. It has had to be tinkered in every generation, because every generation, on the whole, was wiser and better than the last, so that things could not be kept as they were. The reward of the innovators we all know. Those who made us wiser and better than the Fans or the Papuans, intermediate generations crucified. This proves that not any detail of the "social contract" but the thing itself is to blame. It is an agreement to maintain the tradition of our wise ancestors—that is to perpetuate barbarism. It will be rendered satisfactory to an advancing society when Ormuzd and Ahrimanes * make peace—when the lamb lies down with the lion, otherwise than inside of him.

Thinking thus, I am, of course, an Anarchist. The alleged necessity to guard against being robbed and murdered I consider simply a bugbear employed by the governors to deceive the governed. I am afraid of no robbers or murderers but those in uniforms. "The Lord deliver me from my friends—I can take care of my enemies myself."

That those who would have government without invasion of the supreme right to self-ownership or liberty will fail, is a corollary from the inconsistency of their programme, strikingly illustrated by the life of the most distinguished among them, who had an unrivalled opportunity to put his ideas in practice were they only practical—Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, author of the Declaration of Independence—and of the Louisiana Purchase. By his coquettings with the harlot of Authority, he established a better claim than anyone else to be the father of that bastard Anarchism which we call here Individualism, but which, like other gentlemen without a name of their own, has, I see by your publications, turned up under a new one across the water. The poor creature was doomed before it was born. It makes a very sorry contrast with its legitimate brother. Individualism is a sterile mongrel. Anarchism is a new species. Individualism is an artificial river, like the Serpentine, which needs continual dredging and banking. Anarchism is a fountain with a hundred heads, which, though only opened yesterday, has already fertilized a hundred intellectual deserts.

The Anarchistic remedy for infringements of liberty is to teach people that liberty is sacred, that protection does not protect, that to elect a ruler is to make oneself a slave. The very rapid progress of this belief during the last ten years makes despair of its success quite preposterous. History teaches me that superstitions, once impugned, are done for. In another generation I expect the government superstition to be as obsolete as the witchcraft superstition.

The future? Well, you say that Anarchy will prove to be only a new form of government. I am inclined to think otherwise; but let me ask what your government sustained by voluntary constitutions would be. It would be government sustained by benevolences. Do you think the victorians de-

mocracy of today would tolerate such a government any more than the rising democracy which foiled it in the days of Charles I.? If not, how can you hope to establish it? I am trying to arrive at the truth by induction. I see that democracy is running straight on to Socialism. I believe that when Socialism and Anarchism have overthrown the common enemy and come in collision with each other, Anarchism will certainly prevail. But I see equally little hope of inducing rulers to keep within the bounds of your programme, or taxpayers, who control them in some measure at the polls, to give up this control by letting volunteers assume the expense. And, therefore, it does not seem to me that your programme is more feasible than any of those others which propose to make the verb govern reflective instead of transitive. I have given my reasons for thinking that this verb ought to be expunged from the dictionary. C. L. JAMES.

Eau Claire, Wis.

PROPAGANDA BY DEED.

Fear not, dear reader. No dynamite, no bombs, no daggers, no swords, no torches—not even clubs or sticks. But—"No Taxes!" That is the simple means an unpretentious man in South Vineland, N. J.—John H. Weaver—adopted to—what? propagate Anarchism? no, to assert his manhood and keep the hands of a lot of detestable robbers called government out of his pocket. Comrade Weaver—for indeed if anyone of his pluck and his good horse sense—no matter whether he understands anything of this or that "school" of Anarchism—is not a comrade then there are none in the world—is a poet and well advanced in years. He refused to pay a polltax of \$1.30, and was sent to jail. But that did not intimidate him. He writes and rhymes in jail just the same as outside of it and is happy—in fact happier than he used to be outside, for he can write and work without being interrupted by the usual "friends" and "callers". He stubbornly refuses to pay that or any other tax and says, he will never pay a cent if he rots in jail. A friend of his, hearing of the case, sent in the money to pay for the tax, but comrade Weaver refuses to accept it and says the authorities have no business to accept it because it was not his friend but himself who owes the tax and he simply will not pay it.

The authorities are puzzled what to do. To make matters worse, a boardbill of \$25.00 which the Board of Freeholders has hitherto paid for comrade Weaver, has been presented to the authorities, which every one of the parties concerned refuses to pay, and the bill for the comrade's support is of course increasing every day.

The comrades everywhere would do well to encourage this brave man by communications, and our comrades living in that neighborhood ought to try and make his stay in jail as comfortable as possible.

That much for the man. Now as to the principle involved. For years we have been talking and shouting ourselves hoarse and writing about the social revolution. Where is it? How is it to come about? This brave man points out at least one way, and the beauty of his way lies in the fact that no violence is involved in it. The foundation of our trouble is monopoly—monopoly of the land and natural resources, and monopoly of the medium of exchange. This monopoly is entrenched behind the government. Were it not for government protection, the monopolist would be powerless against the people in the assertion to the freedom of equal opportunities—to the occupation of vacant land. Now, how does the government exist? By levying taxes, of course. By a persistent refusal of the people, therefore, to pay taxes, the back of the government would be broken, for no official would serve in office without receiving a salary. When the government is disposed of, the monopoly of the medium of exchange ceases—legal tender exits. That means the freedom of the people to carry on distribution upon their own plan whatever that may be. Hence this proceeding at once disposes of the three giant evils that oppress humanity—Rent, Interest and Taxes.

Comrades! Let us be practical for once in our lives. Let us not shout and write for the social revolution, but let us usher it in by actual work. Let us start Weaver clubs all over the United States. Let us persistently refuse to pay taxes and rent, and the result is inevitable—the realization of our fondest dreams. Had Parnell persisted in his "No Rent" manifesto during the Irish land agitation the world might have been free today.

Comrades, everywhere, rally and start the ball rolling! This is a peaceable method, and the possibilities are grand. We have had theory enough. Let us now try to practice. Let us redeem humanity. S. D.

* This word appears in the MS in Greek.

† He said thus.

‡ The advocates of "Voluntarism" aim to unite all people upon one proposition: To establish "a rational government, voluntarily supported, always kept subject to the rights of self-owners, and only entrusted with force for the protection of person and property."

§ Intuitively

A. I.

A. I.

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* The good and the evil spirits in the religion of Zoroaster in India.

A. I.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF HENRY HODIS.

(Continued from page 3.)

is due to monopoly; to the legal restriction of natural opportunities. It is an indisputable fact, that there are an abundance of resources to supply a much larger population than now exists on earth. This being the case there is no reason for any struggle between individuals in order to exist.

If those who now enjoy life at the expense of others insist on preventing others from utilizing the natural resources, and thus providing themselves with the necessities of life, and in thus making human life a fierce struggle, then they must not complain if their victims awake some day to the logic of the theory, so persistently put forward in justification of the distinctions existing in society today, and, acting thereon, drive them from the mansions and palaces, and compel them—once the fit, but now the unfit—to toil that the once unfortunate may revel in luxury which they once enjoyed.

Such conditions are not necessary, nor are they desirable. The only struggle necessary to the existence of all, is a struggle with the crudities of inorganic nature, and with the weeds and brambles.

Imagine a condition of freedom, a condition in which every one has an equal opportunity with every one else. Superabundance of the requisites of life, culture and refinement, would soon exist. Under these conditions who would be the fittest? Those who took best care of themselves, that lived such lives as to give themselves strength, health and vigor. The careless, the indifferent, those who acted so as to break down their health, those would be the "unfit," the ones who first would "perish."

Now it only remains to be said, that, considering that our fitness depends largely upon ourselves, it behooves all true revolutionists to show that they understand this theory and, if the ruling class will not hearken to reason, will not allow a re-modeling of conditions so as to give full liberty to each and all, then they must prove themselves the fittest to survive not only in theory but also in fact. They must show that they can endure more exposure, cold, hunger and suffering than their victims, or—the others proving themselves the fittest—they must perish.

Anarchy and the Farmer.

Usually the farmer and his vocation are overlooked in the discussion of sociologic questions, or as it is called "the labor question," the city toiler and factory operative, occupying the greater part, if not all, of the discussion. The farmer has been a dreaded and hated factor in economics by the old style Trade Unionist and advocate of "fair wages," and has stood so clearly out against the political sky as an individualist, that the State Socialists have instinctively recognized in him a great barrier to their schemes of governmentalizing everything.

The farmer loves his lands, his flocks and herds, or orchards and meadows, as the case may be, and does not take kindly to the idea of having his farm taken by the government, and his work laid out for him by a committee. On the other hand he knows when to plow and when to sow, when to harvest his wheat and when to shear sheep. Experience has taught him better than any book-learned professor could tell him.

Socialist editors of the De Leon type try to get rid of him by declaring that agriculture is becoming an industry and that the property-holding farmer will soon exist only in history. This satisfies the average farmer-hating city Social Democrat, who rejoices in the foreclosure of farm mortgages and points with sanguine assurance to the big bonanza farms in proof of his pet theories.

Meanwhile the farmer goes on feeding the world and is undergoing hardships and struggles such as he alone can know.

The farmer of America feels the pressure of "hard times" and is "squeezed" by combinations of railroads, elevators and commission merchants, as long as there is any wealth to squeeze from him. Unable to get cash for what he has to sell, he is compelled to mortgage his farm in order to get money to pay his taxes. The mortgage on his farm is a sure sign to the wise-acre political economist that he has been extravagant, and has not lived "within his means."

To the farmer the mortgage is a constant source of fear. It stands over him as a monster, taking away his produce as interest, and threatening to take from him his home; his acres, which have cost him many days of hard exhausting toil to clear and put in cultivation; his orchard, which he has planted and watched grow up and gladden the eyes of many with its yield of luscious fruit. And the farmer hates the mortgage that thus threatens him and desires above all things to be rid of it and retain his home.

Is it any wonder he takes up with the theories of currency inflation which promises to make it possible for him to pay off his indebtedness?

But currency inflation cannot bring him any permanent relief, and as State Socialism is the opposite of his way of thinking and mode of living, there is no school of thought so well calculated to attract his attention, nor one which he will so readily adopt, or adapt himself to, as Anarchism.

When the farmer understands that Anarchism proposes that he shall keep his farm as long as he likes, that it will never be sold for taxes, and that he will have no interest to pay or mortgage to meet in Anarchy, he very easily and quite readily takes up with Anarchist theories.

If Anarchism prevails he can retain his farm if he so desires, or, which is most probable, when he sees that co-operative effort is more desirable, he can unite his land with the land of his neighbors and work with men like himself, farmers, on such plans as their experience points out as best. In Anarchy no sheriff to foreclose a mortgage, or intermeddling committee to dictate the season's work, will ever molest the farmer.

Then the true desirability of rural life will become manifest.

By co-operative working of the land, and the village plan of living, the work can be reduced to the minimum for both the men and the women, and the greatest enjoyment be attainable.

Beautiful moon-lit nights, sweet scented meadows and the song of birds in the flowering shrubbery, as well as the golden grain and blushing ripe fruit, will be realities, delightful realities, to the young rustics, as they sing their songs of love and joy.

How shall we get it?

The farmer is strong and courageous, and in the revolutionary period just before us, depend upon it, every farmer that has caught a glimpse of these possibilities, who knows what the Anarchists want, will do his share of the work necessary to bring it about.

Courthouses and records have lost their sacredness in the eyes of the farmer who knows that their destruction means the abolition of his mortgage, and so repudiation will be accompanied by destruction of all evidences of indebtedness and exparte ownership.

Life on the farm might be all that poets have described it, instead of the constant and hopeless drudgery that it is today. But it cannot be such as a result of political reforms, or in fact of anything short of freedom—Anarchy.

To reach it we must not only think and desire but dare and do! And our doing must be effective and intelligent. To make it intelligent we must never miss an opportunity to spread our ideas, our literature, and our periodicals among the farmers.

Modern Commerce.

Many persons are wont to speak of our commerce in boastful tones and to point with pride to our great commercial centers, with their swarms of human beings hurrying here and there, crowding each other in the streets or toiling all day long in shop or mart, as though all this were the acme of economic arrangements, the greatest achievement of mankind and the source of all human joy. So constantly have the writers, the orators and the dramatists held this idea up to the popular gaze that public sentiment has learned to accept it as correct, and even those who suffer most from the effects of modern commerce feel their breasts swell with pride as they gaze at the pictures of commercial centers in the illustrated magazines, or hear the stump-speakers boast of our commercial greatness.

To the superficial, and the one who is awed into admiration by vastness, the tangle of telephone wires over the city streets, the lines of trucks and drays crowding each other in their hurrying from depot to warehouse or from warehouse to retail store, the heavy trains speeding across the continent, all these have an effect that is irresistible.

But if we look below the surface and behold the picture there presented; see the ships that are wrecked, or railroad trains that have collided; hear the sobs of the sailor's widow or the groans of the mangled breakman, all because in the fierce rush of commerce the ship went to sea in a storm, or care was not taken to avoid an accident on the railroad; see the worn and aged men who have grown old while they might yet be young; see the gray-haired men who have grown so because their cargoes happened to reach port a few days late; see the wretched hovels and miserable lives of many who have given all their energy to carry on this mad chase; see the producer of wheat hungry, and the producer of wool cold; and the query rises, and, like the ghost in Hamlet will not "down," is all this the perfection of human association or is it madness? It is far from the perfection of human association, and is, to a certain extent, madness.

Let us look into the workings of modern commerce, trace its effects back to their causes and see if it is either a blessing or a necessity. Without commerce the large cities as we know them, cities with their long streets of sky-high buildings, their splendor on one side and their squalor on the other, would not exist. These cities are the hot-beds of disease, crime and vice; the breeding places of all manner of disorders and infamies. But they are the legitimate and inevitable product of modern commerce.

Modern commerce is the companion of modern industry, and like it, is the child of monopoly. Look at the internal commerce of America. Immense quantities of white lead are produced at Eureka, Nevada. All the requisites for making white lead are to be had, and altogether it is an ideal spot for the manufacture of white lead. But the Southern Pacific Railway Co. has interests in San Francisco, so it will not haul white lead from Eureka except at such rates as preclude its sale in competition with other white lead. They will haul the bar lead to San Francisco, then back past Eureka to Ogden or Salt Lake City or Denver for less than they will haul white lead from Eureka to these points. They have a monopoly of the hauling business in this region.

Take wool as another example. Large quantities of wool are grown in Southern and Eastern Oregon. This wool is shipped to Portland. From Portland it is shipped to New York. From there it goes to Lowell or Fall River where it is spun and woven. From there the cloth is shipped to Boston, New York or Philadelphia where it is made up into clothing. This clothing goes to Chicago and St. Louis, and finally some of it reaches Portland from whence it is shipped to the towns in Southern and Eastern Oregon. The sheep-grower has raised much good wool, but after it has been hauled across the continent and back, the wool-grower only gets a few shoddy clothes, for the remainder has been absorbed by commerce—commission, storage, brokerage, transportation, insurance, profits.

I have eaten beef that was born in Southern Texas, fattened on the Staked Plains, butchered in Kansas City and cooked in Pan Handle City, Texas.

But what has monopoly to do with wool or beef being hauled so far and handled so much, you may ask. I reply: Everything. In the country where the wool is grown, all along the foot of the mountains, are splendid sites for woolen-goods factories. Mountain streams come tumbling down from the upper regions where the melting snows and ever-lasting springs start clear and pure, down for the lower altitudes. They could furnish power enough to run all spindles and looms needed to manufacture all the wool grown in this region. But monopoly of land puts the control of these sites into the hands of those who do not wish to use them for manufacturing purposes. Monopoly of machinery by means of patent laws, and monopoly of money compelling those who wish to purchase machinery to pay ruinous interest, preclude the possibility of putting in the necessary machinery, except by those who don't want the factories there. Then, transportation companies make such discrimination against all such concerns when an attempt at their establishment is made, that they are killed thereby. The destruction of home butchering in Northern Texas was brought about by adverse legislation and transportation discrimination. As a result Armour & Co. would sell Kansas City beef cheaper than the local butcher could sell his product, and so he had to go out of business.

Then the price of beef rose, but commerce flourished—the cattle were shipped to Kansas City, and then shipped back as dressed beef.

When we look at this question in the light of these facts, it becomes evident that not less than three-fourths of our internal commerce—hauling, handling, transferring, interest paying, brokerage, etc.—is wasted, or worse than wasted. If the wool was manufactured near where it was grown, the wheat ground into flour at the nearest waterfall, and all industry organized on like considerations, the enormous amount of energy now wasted in these useless commercial transactions would be turned to producing necessities, comforts and luxuries. This would give far greater abundance and security, thus allowing greater leisure and opportunity for the cultivation of the artistic tastes and the literary and musical faculties.

Such an organization of industry can be accomplished only in a condition of freedom.

While government lasts commerce will continue to pillage and rob; to cause the young to look old; to furrow with care the brows of those who should be careless; and, while it fills the halls of some with splendor, it fills the cots of others with woe.

Away with the parent of monopoly—government—and all other monopolies will vanish like fog before the morning sun, and the re-organization of industry upon a sane and rational basis will proceed apace, and gaunt destitution be known no more in all the land.

Popular Government.

Some people are inclined to think that a popular government necessarily brings with it a better economic condition. They seem to think that if the law-making power is extended, better conditions follow as an inevitable consequence. The fact is, that no such relationship exists between government and economics.

Switzerland is, of all European countries, the one where popular government is most nearly realized. In spite of this fact, the economic condition of Switzerland is worse than that of any other country in Europe—worse even than that of the United States. In Switzerland, a man, native or foreigner, who enters a town or city in search of work, is compelled to pay an occupation-tax before he is allowed to work. In democratic Switzerland, the land of popular government, the home of the initiative and referendum, a man is not allowed to earn a living without paying for the privilege. Think of that, ye advocates of popular government!

"Government is a conspiracy of the rich to rob the poor," and any compromise with government is simply a deal with a gigantic conspiracy. Reverence for government, respect for law and willingness to support these institutions, no matter how popular they may be, is simply a childish acceptance of tradition by some and a means of gaining wealth and power by others.

Government is the control of one or more persons by one or more other persons, and is fundamentally vicious, being founded on assumption and upheld by force. The assumption of authority is in its nature tyrannical and oppressive. If it be "popular," that does not alter the facts and conditions involved.

Ten persons finding themselves in a given locality, might associate on terms of equality, or eight of them might assume to establish a popular government and could, of course, control the other two, compelling them to do things they did not wish to do and which might be detrimental to all. This illustration can be extended indefinitely. Should no government be established, but all the dealings be voluntary and by mutual agreement, no coercion would occur; but in the event of invasion or aggression of any kind, it would be quite easy for the injured one to have the sympathy of all the non-invaders and to very quickly put a stop to the invasion. This illustration, too, might be carried to any length.

So the danger of popular government is apparent on the one side, and its non-necessity on the other. Voluntary association and mutual agreement is all that is necessary in the daily intercourse of people, and anything not of that character must be aggressive in its nature and leads to oppression and tyranny.

Popular government is one of those delusions which hold sway for long periods of time, because it is so vague in meaning that it is never known if it is realized in practice or is yet to be attained.

Reform orators and politicians, who hope to gain control through appeals to the down-trodden, find great opportunity to exercise their powers and further their schemes by playing upon this phrase; but clear thinking people know full well that popular government, like all other forms of government, is the relentless foe of liberty and must cease to exist before we can be free to live up to our highest ideal.

Political Action.

Many well meaning and conscientious people hope for relief from the present conditions through political action.

Is there any ground for such hope? Have we any reason to believe that relief can be obtained by such methods?

The old man described in the "Old Curiosity Shop" always lost at cards, but always thought that he would win next time. Reformers have constantly failed of their purpose through political action, but still continue to believe that they will succeed "next time." The case is analogous. The old man could not win, for he knew not the tricks of the card shark. Neither can the reformer accomplish his purpose, for he is unacquainted with the tricks of the politician. Should he become aware of the futility of political action without adopting the methods of the politician, he will either quit trying to accomplish anything through politics, or sink to the level of the schemer and corruptionist, thus disqualifying anything of a reformatory character.

The revolutionist may think: "Capture the government and hold the infernal machine still until the people take possession of the earth," as G. C. Clemens puts it. But can a revolutionist with courage enough to "hold the infernal machine still" be elected? If the people are revolutionary enough to elect a full set of revolutionary officers they are unquestionably revolutionary enough to take possession without running the risk of electing some men who can be bought, bribed, cajoled or scared into acting as other officers do.

Governments, since their earliest inception, have always been the protectors of

the privileged classes and the oppressors of the wealth-producers. Never, in all the history of the world, can an instance be pointed out of government being anything else than organized force, bent upon plundering the useful people in the name of tribute, tithes and taxes. Government is organized tyranny, systemized, so as to make its power the more potent, and its designs more irresistible. Many guileless individuals, seeing the tremendous power of government, think to turn this power into production rather than to destruction; into blessing rather than harm, forgetting, that its very organization makes such things impossible. As well might they try to gather oranges from the cactus or try to induce the hyena to lead a useful and sociable life.

Wendell Phillips tells us: "Government commenced in usurpation and oppression; liberty and civilization, at present, are nothing else than the fragments of rights which the scaffold and stake have wrung from the strong hands of the usurpers. Every step in progress the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that all the great truths relating to society and government have first been heard in the solemn protest of murdered patriotism, or the loud cries of crushed and starving labor. The law has always been wrong. Government began in tyranny and force, began in the feudalism of the soldier and bigotry of priest; and the ideas of justice and humanity have been fighting their way like a thunderstorm against the organized selfishness of human nature. It is no argument to my mind, therefore, that the old social fabric of the past is against us."

This statement is unquestionably correct. That being the case, what hope can any candid thinker have of gaining better conditions through political action?

To support government, is to aid tyranny. To become a part of it, is to join hands with organized murder.

Political action is for the ignorant, the deluded and the knave.

Communism.

There is one subject about which there is much confusion of thought; one which is much misunderstood, or which is unknown to the majority. That subject is Communism.

The most general conception of Communism is that of the small states, or societies in which the tools, land, buildings and products of the society are the common property of the members, or of the government of the society. Usually in these societies, or states, a common kitchen is maintained; the vegetables are all raised together in a common garden by the united effort of those assigned to that work by the management of the society; individual preference is supposed to give way to the preference of the majority, and a regulation of activities carried on by the central authority. This is the old fashioned authoritarian Communism, which still prevails to a limited extent. This is the kind of Communism which most persons picture in their minds when the word is mentioned.

While this kind of Communism has many advantages, such as united effort and the increased productive power incident thereto, the saving incident to the abolition of all the unnecessary weighing, measuring, accounting, book-keeping, etc., yet it is objectionable on account of its authoritarianism.

It is from this kind of effort that most persons draw their conception of Communism. Many who oppose Communism base their opposition on the assumption that these little socialistic states are the true models of Communism, hence their antipathy to such arrangements.

Fun is poked at the "community toothbrush, towel, bed," etc., by those who answer argument by ridicule. No one believes that there would then be any greater communism in these things than now exists, if he will stop and think a minute. In every hotel and boarding house these tools of cleanliness are used by thousands of different people. In every city there are Toilet Supply Companies who furnish a combination towel-rack, looking-glass, comb and brush-holder, and take the dirty towels away, leaving clean ones every morning. In this way tens of thousands of hands and faces are wiped on the same towels in the run of a year. But the present promiscuity in the use of articles of various kinds is too apparent to need elaboration. Yet it is warmly championed by the ridiculers of the "community towel."

Many imagine that all persons would live in big houses where the meals would be served in a common kitchen. This is another unfounded supposition. For that matter see the millions who do eat in common dining-rooms, each getting his roast beef, macaroni and cheese or ham and eggs, cooked in the same vessels, by the same cooks, cut from the same roast or ham. All these things occur, not because of the communistic genius of present institutions, but because of the opposite tendency. The desire to supply our needs or wants cheaply gives birth to such arrangements and customs. The one who can combine the efforts of a number of persons, in his given line, judiciously, can supply his wants more cheaply than can be done otherwise.

So we see that the principal objections brought against Communism are invalid. The first, the charge of authoritarianism, cannot apply to true Communism but only to miniature State Socialism, usually called Communism; that of promiscuity can be brought with terrible force against the present methods, or any other methods that propose cheapness as the guide to preference. Neither one can be laid at the door of Communism, as I propose to show.

("Communism," to be concluded next week.)

LONG LIVE THE WOMEN!

The press dispatches report the participation of women in the riots of Spain. They routed a troop of cavalry at Logorono; some armed with axes and clubs and others with their bare hands pulled the dragoons from their horses and put them to flight. The men of course did their share bravely, but they were certainly encouraged and inspired by the courageous action of these women.

When all the women of the world are equally enlightened and as ready to take up humanity's cause as were these women, then tyrants may well begin to tremble.

S. D.

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