

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. 170.

FREEDOM.

Slowly fades the day, and dim and dimmer
Grows the landscape's melancholy sight.
Dying, flames the sun his parting glimmer,
Leaves to thee his realm, O mournful night!

Silence reigns, no sound in wood or meadow,
Lulling music murmurs but the stream,
Life seems faded, a forgotten shadow
That befalls us in a midnight dream.

Wretched shadow! where forever bitter
Sorrow treads upon the blossoms sweet!
Smiling eyes? They are but outward glitter—
Virtue dying at oppressors' feet.

Darker grows the night! But lo! on yonder
Forest path do I a goddess spy?
Crown of light, like an unearthly wonder,
Round her aspect streaming draws me nigh.

Speak! Who art thou, being that a mortal
Hast enchanted by Elysian spell?
Wilt thou lead me through the dreaded portal
To the regions where thine equals dwell!

Art thou Venus, born from Ocean's water,
Never spurned yet by a feeling swain?
Has Minerva, Zeus' exalted daughter,
From Olympus' height returned again?

Beauteous art thou! Thou art no illusion,—
I can touch thee with my mortal hand;
Yet thy features bear a bright diffusion
Of the bliss that crowns thy native land.

Thus I spake in rapture, deeply thrilling,
And her voice rang out in soft reply:
A fantastic swain is ever willing
To retain a shadow, fleeting by.

But mistake me not. I am no vision
Of the erring, long forgotten past;
In the future lies my promised mission—
While a tyrant breathes will it last.

I am Freedom—not a goddess reigning
From a shrouded throne, but plain and mild.
Loving sister, servitude disdaining,
Such is Freedom, simple as a child.

Art thou, then, that long-lost precious jewel
That the Poets in their sonnets sing?
Patient waits the world for its renewal;
Does thy presence such fulfilment bring?

But she waved her head in straight denial:
Credit not the legends of the hearth.
Never has the finger on the dial
Shown the hour of Freedom to this earth.

Foreign am I, though too oft rejected
I withdrew from your deluded kind,
As a Monster, heartless but respected
Rose between me and its grasping mind.

Call it Word of God (deadly illusion!)
Or subjection to a higher will,
Call it faith, (O words of God's confusion!)
Call it freedom, but its serfdom still.

Freedom knows no fawning subjugation,
Down with walls of ancient vested right!
Evil spooks, an erring mind's creation,
They must flee where reason throws its light.

Suffer no obedience, and obey not,
Every being sovereign in his part.
Know no master. From this watchword sway not,
Then you'll know oppression's counterpart.

Tyranny must dwarf your brother's action,
Savage force must slay your brethren's deed;
Slave and master falls into his faction,
And oppression must resistance breed.

Freedom can't be given—you must take it,
May such outlook fill your heart with awe.
Law will not recede, the mind must break it,
Each to be himself his God and Law.

Thus she spake. And while I yet stood gazing,
Listening to the cadence of her voice,
Thus she vanished. Morning bright and bracing
On the eastern sky began to rise.

Wondrous dream, by fantasy created!—
Roosters herald the oncoming day.
Welcome, morning! Sad, and yet elated,
Slowly I pursue the homeward way.

—Herman Eich.

In reprinting the poems of our deceased comrade we comply with the request of several of our readers.

A. I.

WHAT WE ANARCHISTS WANT.

TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT ALREADY ANARCHISTS.

I, as an Englishman, one of the hard-headed North at that, choose to have a straight talk to the working class readers of Free Society so that they may know what we really do want, and of what interest it is to them, that we should get it.

What do we want? Freedom! It is our aim and end. By that we mean a state of society the opposite to this we live under today—a state of concord, happiness and elevation morally, physically and mentally for all; a society in which man will have free and full scope to develop the best parts of his nature; a society where there will not be a comparatively small class scandalously wealthy; millions scandalously poor; a society where there will be no riot and waste, profligacy and luxury undermining the virility of the "upper class," want and misery, drunkenness and poverty brutalizing the manhood of the "lower;" a society where there will not be idleness without duties corrupting one section, over-work without rights corrupting the other; a society where there will be no more horrors of overcrowding, of sweating, of strikes, of infant mortality growing out of the unnatural and evil relation between man and man—the relation that gives one man possession of all needed to maintain life, and puts another as beggar to him for the work which for him is bread. The freedom we ask for is that which will give us the right to live here, happy, equal, and as men, free from the ferocity and robbery of those who hold us as their property today.

In order to get that freedom we shall have to move the obstacles in our way, some of which are ignorance, prejudice and apathy on one hand, and a grinning sordid money power on the other. We fight the latter system first, in order to teach the ignorant, and to sweep away the strongest barrier in our way to freedom—the blind bigotry, superstition and apathy of the very people who suffer most under the present system. Do you see, friend? Well, listen. We have tried every means to make our cries heard by the property owning class. We have petitioned, remonstrated, held indignation meetings, passed resolutions, voted, formed trade societies, prostrated ourselves, been shot down and hounded from our homes and country whilst doing so, and now we choose to try another way and we say to the workers of the world: If you wish to be free get into line and face the enemy. You have no other chance of escape but that. The system you uphold by your reckless and cowardly attitude gives tyranny everywhere new pleas and arguments, and emboldens it to preach openly the impious doctrines of absolute power and the unconditional submission of the workers in every country. The capitalist class which you must face and abolish before you can hope for any revolution in your conditions know distinctly the price which they must pay in order to keep their power over you. They know whilst you are steeped in superstition, joined together only for political purposes, organized in your trade societies only to fight your employers isolated, and divided from other societies, that you are helpless to attack their position—and useless if you did—only as butts for their bullets, and practice blocks for their young bloods. They know, and any reasoning, thinking man knows, that the wealth of the capitalist class is got only by the misery and degradation of the workers. Their power is held through the recklessness and the half-hearted manner in which the workers fight them in the political and industrial world. They hold the key and are masters of the situation, and will remain so as long as an abject, deluded people submit to kiss the foot which tramples upon them.

The price they pay for place, power and control over this earth's best may lie over wounded and slaughtered millions, over putrefying heaps of their fellow-creatures, over ravaged fields, smoking ruins, pillaged cities, through dark, foul-smelling slums, in sweating fac-

tories, poisoned mines and workshops, in the stunted ill-shaped men, women and children their system makes; in the mangled and tortured forms who lie waiting for death in their prisons.

They know, and don't you forget it my friend—they know that their steps of civilizing over the world's workers will be followed by the groans of widowed mothers, famished orphans; of bereaved friendship and despairing love.

They know that they have forced upon us a system more tyrannical than that of the feudal ages; a system of actual servitude; a system which destroys the bodies and degrades the minds of those who are engaged in it; a system where the right of petition is grossly violated; arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments are grievances of daily occurrence.

If these facts will not make Anarchists, if these things do not justify resistance, then I am at a loss to know what will. Let those readers who do not understand us and think we have overstated the true position take into account the sweating sickness and plague in India which is raging with a fury at which the physician stands aghast, and before which the people are being swept away by millions. Let them consider what is the cause,—and ask themselves the question whether an English landlord, or capitalist, who has caused every death taking place there by the plague, whether one of their bodies have been found among the dead. Let them think a moment who those individuals are, and to which class they belong, who have not dared to raise a hand to prevent the robberies, rapes, massacres, and conflagrations in Armenia, the shooting down of the strikers at Homestead (and Lattimer) in America; and at Fetherstone in England; the breaking up of the homes and families in Ireland, whose people have been subjected to wholesale evictions for years. Let them think of the cruel and heinous scenes of torture and foul murders which are taking place at this very hour in Spain and Russia. Nay! Let those who say we speak too rashly and vehemently consider what, and who have produced all this crime, misery and inhumanity, and after once conceiving the cause let them act as men, determined to never rest contented until they have destroyed that cause, root and branch.

It is idle and worse than useless to rely upon Christianity, politics, Trade Unionism, May day meetings, congress and demonstrations. The workers are hedged round, kept at arms length, remonstrated as they will, they are hemmed in, chained down, utterly at the mercy of a barbarous and blood-thirsty class of capitalists and landlords. In a despotism, like the one we are in, there is no remedy for oppression but force, the cause of the workers cannot influence public affairs, but by convulsing the State. Their rights to the means of life are withheld, as a matter of fact the workers have resigned every right they ever had to the capitalist class, who treat them as hands, as tools, as slaves and brutes, and in no way can they escape from the oppression of their masters, but by civil commotion. The capitalists know this too, my friend. The parson, politician, labor leader,—the hypocritical flunkies and henchmen of the capitalist class—know this and laugh at your blind efforts to escape by the means they have so kindly given you. They know what length to let out to you, and you may twist and twirl, push and crush, cry and groan, strike, and band yourselves together, organize in your trade societies, fight them through the ballot box, demonstrate in your thousands, but they have you on the hip all the time, and only wait the word "go" and you are subdued; silenced and caged like rats in a sewer. They know that they are playing with the workers throughout the world as a juggler does with balls. You cannot touch their privilege and power, and when you do become a little dangerous, as the Anarchists have in France, Germany and Spain, they begin to use the force of hell to quiet you. This fact alone should be

sufficient proof to the workers that it is only Anarchy they fear. They know that their nefarious power can only be wrenched from them by Anarchists, therefore whilst they ignore the political Socialists they have framed engines never to be surpassed in cruelty for stifling the faintest breathings of Anarchy. The Argus-eyed police and spies have an ear open throughout all the above countries, and in England the movement is watched. No instrument of tyranny is so detestable. It chills social intercourse; locks up the heart; infects and darkens men's minds with set determination on one side, fear on the other. But we have consolation in knowing that it proves beyond all doubt that in Anarchy lies the only hope for the workers: that Anarchists only go straight for the complete abolition of their system.

This then, is what we Anarchists want. Despotism is a wrong and a curse. The time for its fall is coming. It cannot fall too soon. It has long enough fleeced from the laborer his hard earnings, reduced him to a brainless, soulless clod, forced his wife and child to compete with him at work; long enough squandered a world's wealth on its parasites; long enough warred against freedom in every respect and stifled the voice of truth; long enough has it bought human beings like butchers buy cattle in the world's markets, and made their lives as a hell upon earth. It has filled dungeons enough with the brave and good, and shed enough of the blood of those who have played their part to bring about the emancipation of the human race. Let its end come—it cannot come too soon. But see? You, the worker, it requires your assistance. Will you give it, or withhold it and "mog" on festering in chains of slavery and overshadowed at every point by the tyranny of a few frail beings like yourself? Decide, Man, and take your side!—"Tito," in the Firebrand. Reprinted by Request.

AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Just now, while patriotism is worked up to its highest pitch and "American Liberty" the theme of rotund oratory, and flaring illustrations in the picture press it may be well to look for a moment at the actual facts in the case.

Moncure D. Conway, in an address before the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, asserted that there was more personal liberty today in England, France, Italy and even Spain than in America. In reply to this assertion Frank Moss, the "head devil of the Parkhurst society," said: "The freest and most tolerant city in the world is New York City, and if New York is a type of the nation we have a free and tolerant nation. . . . It is treason for Mr. Conway to talk as he is quoted."

Of course that settles it. When an ex-president of a police board says so, it must be so, but what are the real facts? New York City is one of the most tyrannically governed cities of the world. The police pound and pommel prisoners for practice as a pugilist would thumb a practice bag. Strangers are arrested as vagrants even when they have plenty of money on their person. Personal liberty is reduced to a minimum, and a reign of terror carried on constantly by the police. This was so notorious and became so unbearable that at the last city election the tammany machine carried the city by a large majority because it promised that this terrorism should be reduced.

In London a policeman is as subject to arrest by a civilian as anyone is be a policeman. In England any subject may be freely discussed in the papers. In France Sunday is a pleasure day.

How is it in America? The policemen are far above the civilians and not subject to arrest except by a superior officer. The freedom of the press in this country is illustrated by the constant arrest and persecution of editors and publishers. The Firebrand case, Ruedebusch's conviction and the suppression of the New Era are late illustrations, as well as the infamy of the conviction of Leroy Berrier, and his sentence to two years imprisonment and five hundred dollars fine. A fierce and constant warfare is carried on by the officials against the freedom of the press. In many states of this Union Sunday is a prison day. In those states the sale of food, drink, refreshments of all

kinds, as well as all kinds of amusements and games are prohibited, and a person can either go to church or stay at home. There is no personal liberty on that day.

Adultery, lewd and illegal co-habitation laws, and other restrictions on freedom in sex relations are in full force almost everywhere. In some states the use of liquor is prohibited, while in every city and town ordinances galore exist to circumscribe the liberty of the individual.

We are a liberty loving people, but we don't know what liberty is. We prate of freedom without realizing how grotesque our prating is in face of the restrictions that exist.

The trouble is, as schoolchildren were taught about the war of independence, and to believe that this is an independent nation. We failed to see that that only referred to separation from England, and got the words independence, freedom and liberty mixed up in our heads as synonyms, so we shout for this "free" country, and for "American liberty." Is it not about time to stop shouting and look the facts squarely in the face?

HENRY ADDIS.

THE CLARION ON POLITICS.

It will be refreshing to those who are accustomed to the trend of the Socialist papers in this country, to read for a change the following paragraphs from The Clarion, a Socialist organ of London, England, concerning politics and parliamentarism:

Next to the news from Italy, which is discussed in another column, the weightiest tidings, according to my scales, is the announcement that Carmaux's rejected servant Jean Jaures, the soul and most eloquent voice of French Socialism, has declined the "safe" alternative seats offered to him by his party, and has decided, like Clemenceau, that the field of utmost usefulness lies outside the dirty and defiling scuffles of Parliamentarism—outside the petty jealousies, the envious and treacherous chicaneries and backbitings, the crooked dodging, the sordid intrigues, the feline crawling towards distinction, the thousand-and-one demoralizing meannesses and knaveries of politics.

Jaures has had some, and is not taking any more.

This is a great loss to Parliamentarism; but it is a greater gain to Jaures and to Socialism.

Parliament is no place for an honest man. There is no quicker way of spoiling a true servant of the people than to float and soak him in the cesspool of parliamentary influences; if he is ambitious he will be corrupted; if he remain honest he will remain useless; at best, his time and ability will be wasted, his spirit eapped, his faith and enthusiasm blighted, and his heart broken.

Being relieved of parliamentary calls upon his time and industry, Jaures will now devote himself to the spread of Socialistic ideas amongst the people of France.

If the people of France become impressed with Socialistic ideas they will clamor for Socialistic legislation.

If Socialistic legislation is demanded by the people, their rulers, to keep their places, must give it them. Men become members of Parliament because they are greedy of notoriety and public praise; they are straws lifted from their midden and held up by the breath of the people's will; if the democratic breath is withdrawn from them they fall back into their congruous mire and are trampled down, and they shine in the sun no more.

Hence we see a Tory Ministry in England proposing legislation more Socialistic than that passed by their Liberal competitors. If he were convinced that his tenure of power depended on the concession of Old Age Pensions, an Eight Hour Day, the Referendum, or the Nationalization of Railways, Mr. Chamberlin or Sir Wm. Haurcourt would press those measures forward as eagerly as any Socialist M. P.

Our business is not to whittle away our shields in improvident and futile efforts to make parliamentary straws of them, but to use them to divert and direct the democratic breath.

If we can convert those who give the votes, we need not care who shall make the laws. Let us secure the

electors, and the devil may keep his Parliaments.

Our business is to make Socialists!

With very few exceptions, only those Socialists whose loss would be our gain should be consigned to Parliament; for Parliament, as at present constituted, is a tomb for honest enthusiasm.

Here and there a strong staunch man may be found whose tenacity would be proof against all assaults; but when one reflects on the cost and risk that must be faced to secure even one success (for every electoral failure costs money, effort, and prestige) when one considers the hopelessness of such a representative's efforts, the disappointment caused amongst his electors by his enforced inaction, and the inflating effect upon his own vanity of his solitary importance, one must doubt whether under the most favorable circumstances the game is worth the candle.

Besides, men like Jaures can always perform more useful service outside. Immured in Parliament they are powerless. Outside, they can agitate, educate, and organise.

Had our own little staff been in Parliament since the last General Election, their parliamentary duties would either have engrossed their attention, or their constituents would have been offended. In the later case, Socialism would have suffered; in the former, we probably would not have mobilised the Socialist Cycling Cavalry, nor the scouting Infantry, nor the Glee Club Bands; we could not have issued "Merrie England," nor the Clarion pamphlets and leaflets, to supply our troops with ammunition; we could not have dispatched the Clarion Van to convey our reconnoitring parties; there would have been no Field or Cinderella Clubs; Trades Federation would still be a distant and indefinite dream; and we could not have brought help to the Engineers, Miners, Cotton Spinners, &c., in their struggles.

As things are in England now — to quote Harry Lowerison's taking title — it would be something won to gain the French electoral system. Universal suffrage and second ballots would tell tremendously in our favor and with their aid we could show electoral results almost as good, I think, as the French.

But — I can't help it: I suppose it is my kink — I hate the dirty chicanery of parliamentary machinery, I resent the never-ending audacity of the elected person, and I shall always distrust the ambitious man who wants to stand on a pedestal to improve the condition of his mates.

The man who really means business and does not seek distinction for himself will always drift, it seems to me, to plodding propaganda, or to the accessible place on the local administrative bodies where work is plentiful and "honor" scarce.

It is only the embryo Machiaveli on the make who is eager to mount to the parliamentary rostrum.

What we have to do is to make "the common people" take a little interest in the odds for the next race, and begin to seriously mind their own business.

Nobody can "elevate the lower orders." The man who claims that he is going to do it, is consciously or unconsciously, intent on elevating himself.

By quiet, steady, unobtrusive work, we can knock off many of the causes that prevent the mass of the workers from thinking for themselves. We can get them more leisure, better health, and truer information.

We believe in our principles; and if we do that, we believe in the practical common sense of our people.

Mix these two, and you've got it.

We have the forces of nature, the laws of evolution, and the steady pressure of economic conditions all working for us. If with that crowd of allies we can't win, we're not worth our bread and—stewed fruit.

Coerce the politicians; use the possibilities of existing laws through the administrative bodies; capture (as far as we can) the economic forces—through Federation, through Co-operation (there is a pregnant article by Harry Henshall on that subject in the current I. L. P. News); through all the Unions we can command; and then, by-and-bye, when we have stretched existing possibilities to the utmost, we must grip our irons, do a little gentle, persuasive shooting; perhaps, to surmount the last barriers; and—well, there you are.

But—we must teach the people themselves to do it. The Leaders have done it before—over and over again in history; and when they've done it, the difference has been Neither Here nor There.

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Our French friends, with their improved electoral machinery, get their advertisements better displayed than ours.

Are they really any nearer the goal for that?

I spoke just before the last election to a staunch Socialist candidate.

"Have you any chance?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, with easy confidence; "I shall get in."

I was surprised: the district looked not intelligent.

"Really?" I said; "do these people understand Socialism?"

"Bah! No!" he said; "the mob never understands. But they are very discontented."

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Well, I say that if you snatch an unintelligent popular vote by the tricks to which all parliamentary tactics compel you to resort; if you elevate a few ambitious men by craftily trading on popular ignorance; if you take advantage of uninformed discontent which you don't take the trouble to educate—I say that that discontent will sooner or later swallow up your cause too; and your latter state will be no better than your first.

Blind discontent has made revolutions enough in France, and what has come of them?

I have seen the blood of women and little children running down the gutters of dainty, blue and white Paris in hideous floods; and what has come of it?

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Bah! It's no use. That sort of thing creates a little class of pedestalled Friends of the People on pneumatic (or wind inflated) wheels; but the gain to those that need help is neither here nor there.

I am convinced of this: that until the people understand what they want, they will never get it.

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MAN'S ABUSE OF WOMAN'S VIRTUE.

The long established supposition that the men protect the virtue of women has become so confirmed that in all probability no one but a rebel is supposed to have the brazenness to say that such is not the case. And he will doubtless be regarded as a libeler of manhood's honor, and the evidence advanced will be looked upon as a defaming slander.

Yet however, while the men as the chivalrous guardians of woman's virtue are apparently protecting her, she is suffering more from the abuses of her legalized "protectors" than from all the reckless characters she might encounter in society with nobility to "guard her virtue."

They will gallantly protect a woman—not against their own invasions, but against the "other fellow," who in many instances is not as bad as they. And if all the women who have suffered at the hands of their "protectors" were to tell their experience and "protectors" given "justice," such as they are advocating, there would be so many hangings of "protectors" of our women that "respectable" society would need no more protection.

And in saying this I am not condemning poor helpless men for their manly (?) weakness, for if anybody on earth deserves commiseration it is those who assume the protection of a woman's virtue when they cannot protect their own. Oh ye saints of honor! how we pity your misfortune! Were it only possible for you to be always pure and moral, what a world of torture it would eave you in resisting woman's charms! But so long as you cannot be virtuous it is impossible for her to be other than she is.

And if you must be gratified, no matter who may suffer, neither you nor society are justified in ostracizing, branding or condemning her for supplying what is called for by man's "carnal nature." You must either cease indulging or refrain from condemning. There is no more excuse for hypocrisy and villainy, or pseudo social purity.

There is an old axiom that "all a man hath will he give for his life," and whatever he submits to, the world pities and says of him, "poor fellow," "to bad," "how unfortunate," etc.; but in woman's case it is altogether a different thing. When the tempter's snare is laid for her, even though starvation stares her in the face, and she submits to man's persuasion to escape privation, poverty, want of destitution, the

world has no excuse or pity, and declares she ought to die.

Man controls her means of living, and thereby holds within his power not only woman's life and virtue, but the destiny of all her noblest aspirations. He is thereby enabled to enslave and prostitute both her intellect and person, and he knows that she cannot escape. He holds the power and position to subject her to the lowest degradation through the cunning schemes of making her dependent upon him for all the necessities of life, in exchange for which he volunteers to protect her morals and her virtue! Oh ye gods of justice, what immortal magnanimity! What a pity that a monument cannot be raised to your memory!

You have enslaved your sisters, wives and daughters all through life, industrially and socially, compelling them to sell their virtue, both in marriage and prostitution, for the necessities of life, and now despise and curse them for succumbing to the poverty, vice and degradation which the governments of man force upon them by their laws.

Woman gets but a mere pittance for the services she renders, while the men who style themselves the guardians of her virtue are not only willing to see her slave and toil for wages that will scarcely keep her from starvation, to say nothing of clothes and shelter, —those gallant admirers who indulge in exclamations such as "My dear madam," "I beg ten thousand pardons," "Your most humble and obedient servant," "Gentlemen, make way, the ladies wish to pass," "Madam, can I assist you," etc., are not only willing but anxious to become designing villains in plotting her moral and social disgrace.

Then besides those above mentioned are the parasites of "law," the most contemptible of all because empowered by the courts to not only hound and arrest any woman on the street, but even to invade the sanctity of every home to insult and then arrest any woman they "suspect" who refuses to submit to the favors they request or to fee with "hush money" for their "protection."

I know of one particular instance when a lady was arrested, dragged before the courts of "justice," and accused of immorality by one of these contemptible sneaks who brazenly attested that she offered to "entertain" him for \$1.00, and strip stark naked for \$1.50. He arrested her, according to her story, while her husband crossed the street for a cigar and she was standing there alone awaiting his return.

And the law which "protects" woman's virtue found her guilty and convicted her on the spotter's testimony. He arrested eighteen in all on the same pretense that night, and in all probability all met the same fate. That is the way man protects woman's virtue.

A great deal is claimed for the usefulness of law as protection to our women, but the fact of the matter is law has never yet protected any woman's virtue, and for that matter never will so long as laws are made by man, solely in his interest. And if those who favor such protection are in search of proof to that effect, let them visit our police courts and witness for themselves how the law protects a woman.

And if that is not sufficient, let them watch the sneaking curs, (private officers and "mashers") loitering on our public streets night and day throughout the city for the purpose of enticing women and arresting them on charges of alleged immoral conduct.

Now then, if "law" favors purity in woman, why are those detectives on our streets everywhere for the purpose of perpetuating immorality and vice, and when the curs are baffled in their efforts to seduce the victims they have "spotted" seek revenge and glory by arresting and imprisoning them on malicious charges of "soliciting" when they themselves are the sneaks who resort to all sorts of tricks and devices to ensnare hapless women as a pretext for arresting them, and in such outrageous numbers that a single "spotter" can report that he has taken in as many as eighteen in a single night. And all this humiliation must be borne by our women that the men may acquire notoriety as great detectives.

But doubtless that is the only method of protecting woman's virtue known to such immaculate and saintly freaks of noble manhood, and of course if such contemptible, unmanly, sneaking and cowardly conduct is a real protection to society and woman's virtue, then the sneaking spies engaged in arresting women and accusing them of immorality can surely pride themselves on representing all the finest qualities of civilization barbarized.

It is possible, you know, that perchance some poor woman might contaminate the morals of a spotless modern Joseph who could not afford a nickle to encourage her in virtue, but could offer her a dollar to indulge his carnal passions. And in order that the priceless chastity of such ethereal beings shall remain pure and spotless, it is necessary to have laws to demoralize our women and exonerate our men.

San Francisco, Cal.

J. A. GILLIE.

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A CORRECTION OF MISSTATEMENT.

In the current number of Freiheit is published an unjust criticism of Emma Goldman's lecturing tour on the Pacific Coast. Purporting to give "a condensation of several long-winded reports which, instead of containing a synopsis of the speeches, exclusively deal in gushing personal cult of the speaker," the writer somehow succeeds by quoting from these same reports to prove that Emma Goldman's work on the Pacific slope was detrimental to Anarchy. The "innocent" inconsistency of this conclusion one intuitively attributes to the logic of dislike and jealousy; and no matter how much looked into with the aid of the knowledge of the partial results of this tour, the first impression of the unfair bias of the report only becomes strengthened. To attempt the strangling of printed lies is an unpleasant and mostly an ungrateful task, but the duty to Truth and Progress demands that falsehoods be exposed.

That Emma Goldman has made many personal friends in California and Oregon need not be denied, for I am told that wherever she goes the courage and ability with which she advances and defends the practice and ideal of Anarchy compels the respect of its fair-minded opponents and the admiration of its loyal advocates. Friendship always springs from such soil as inevitably as warmth from sunshine, and to state that the voicing of such friendship is detrimental to the spread of Anarchy, is to utter a vacuous absurdity unworthy of a paper that fights for the workers cause; for where do we need friendship and loyalty more than in the battle for the emancipation of the individual from the tyranny of governments? And that the lecturer did good work towards spreading discontent with, and hatred of, our damnable condition of society, the editorial mouthings of plutocracy's lackies who regretted the liberty of our laws which permitted such a person as Emma Goldman to live when she ought to be hanged forthwith, is proof the force of which every rebel will be ready to admit. Of course there is Comrade (?) Faessler of Los Angeles who is quoted as saying, "She can easily boast of having spoken here, she left here not caring that she has increased the hatred against our views and the persecution of our comrades." But against his statement stands the fact that Emma Goldman had to promise many other Los Angeles comrades to come again and lecture whenever she makes another Western tour. These Anarchists evidently understand that they must be prepared to suffer the hatred and persecution of society's drones and that when Anarchists are let alone it simply means they are such in name and not in deed, of the breed that shiver and lament when a bold spirit dares to defy the snug exploiters and the respectable hypocrites. And if the circulation of Anarchist papers argues spread of Anarchy, the other fact of Free Society having of late secured in Los Angeles a considerable number of subscribers ought to also help disproving the assertion that Emma Goldman's visit to the Pacific slope was detrimental to Anarchy. In San Francisco the writer knows that her work has induced many to subscribe for Anarchist papers and study its literature.

But enough of this cleansing! Those who deserved a well-merited rebuke may see the justice of the punishment—or they may not; what does it matter after all? The cause of Liberty will march on heeding neither the cowardice of small souls nor the jealousy of those of its fighters who, weary and worn out by long struggle, try to hold back others that boldly advance on the rough road.

A. ROVER.

San Francisco, June 26, 1898.

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"Physician in the House."

As a special premium to any one who will send us five dollars and the names of ten yearly subscribers to Free Society or Free Society Library we will send the large volume entitled "A Physician in the House," price \$2.75, written by Dr. Joseph H. Greer, a well-known Chicago physician of the reform school, and who has been an earnest friend and generous helper of The Firebrand and Free Society.

FREE SOCIETY.

FORMERLY "THE FIREBRAND."

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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.

FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

For the benefit of Free Society a grand entertainment will be given on Saturday July 9, at 8 p. m. in Capner's Hall, 21 Suffolk St., New York City. Admission 10 cents. Tickets are sold by S. Fridson, 130 Attorney St., D. Hurwitz, 946 Trinity Ave., New York and A. Levin, 555 Stone Ave., Brooklyn.

All friends of Free Society are cordially requested to invite their acquaintances and help to sell tickets in order to make the entertainment a success.

GROUP PROLETARIAT.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Due to the untiring efforts of the young and promising attorney, Isaac Swett, of Portland, Ore., the Firebrand case is now formally dismissed. He is one of those young men who are sincere and honest in their profession, but are seldom compensated for their liberal efforts and are finally compelled either to abandon their profession or commence to fleece the public in order to sustain life.

Millions have been appropriated to relieve the suffering Cubans, but the starving miners of Pennsylvania who petitioned Congress for aid are still waiting in vain. To say in the face of such facts that Congress was sincere in its claim that the present was carried on simply to relieve suffering human beings is absurd. It is nothing but a hypocritical pretense and a fraud.

All German comrades of this city who are interested in spreading our ideas are cordially invited to meet next Saturday, July 2, at 163 Seventh St., 8 p. m.

I freely confess that the article "Reflections on Debs," which the readers will find in another column, was published by us with great repugnancy, for it is hard to believe that a man like Debs, in whom the workers have so much confidence, could be so deceitful. But as we know Comrade Quinn to be a sincere man who has the interest of the workers at heart, and being aware of the fact that politics will corrupt even the best of men, we did not feel justified in refusing the article. On the other hand our columns are open to the other side.

I am well aware of the fact that I have very little brains and accept it always without protest when people tell me so, but I get rather excited when people who ought to know better accuse me of being extravagant with money and time. A comrade, whose ideas I dared to criticize in a private letter, compliments me thus: "You are a chump!" "You are a rank chump!" "You seem to have developed a wonderful amount of wisdom in 'Frisco. The exhilarating effects of beer perhaps." I accept the chump with the greatest composure, but will call the comrade's attention to the Propaganda Fund and the fact three apprentices, or "printer's devils," have to do all the work connected with Free Society and the Library, and he may well nigh imagine how much time and money I have to spend for beer.

As we cannot very well join the "No Rent" movement for fear of losing our printing outfit, and can neither live from windpudding, we are compelled to remind our readers who are in arrears either to renew their subscription or else inform us with a postal card of their inability to spare the amount. Otherwise their names will be taken off the list, taking it for granted that they do not care to read or support the paper.

Anthony Comstock's disease seem to be of a danger-

ous character, i. e. very contagious. The authorities of England, now inflicted with it, have arrested George Bedborough, secretary of the Legitimation League and the editor of "The Adult," for publishing and selling Dr. Havelock Ellis' "Psychology of Sex" or "Sexual Inversion." The book is a strictly scientific research and intended for teachers, lawyers, and students of psychology, but the English authorities have apparently very little confidence in the moral strength of their men of learning and fear that the book will "corrupt the morals of her Majesty's subjects." The men arrested are well-known among English scholars and the event will undoubtedly create quite an agitation for free press among the advanced people in England.

A few years ago it was almost a dangerous task to criticize Terence V. Powderly in presence of his dupes and worshippers, but times prove that those who sized him up as a fakir and fraud were correct. Since he became Commissioner of Immigration, as a reward from the republican party for "services rendered," he exhibits his true qualities—bigotry and ignorance. He now is the guard of the morals of immigrants. "In this way," says E. C. Walker in Lucifer, "several men and women who have left Europe with other than their legal owners have been denied admission, thus setting up the Bureau of Immigration, without any authority of law, a sort of semi-ecclesiastical, semi-political Court of Marriage."

A couple, Rudolph Rocke and Amalie Witkroff, the former a German and the latter a Russian, were returned by the ex-labor fakir to Europe for not being legally married. The young woman gave her views to a reporter of the "World" as follows:

"I saw the Statue of Liberty. On it was the word 'Liberty.' And yet because we have independence of thought and the courage of our convictions regarding marriage we are driven out as though we were criminals. We have done nothing wrong. We love each other, and so long as we love each other we will live together. We will not consent to swear to live together all our lives, because we do not believe in that. They said we could stay here if we would consent to be married, but we will go back as we came. Are all the people in this big city who live together married? It is a very moral city if that is so. I consider that Mr. Rocke and I are living perfectly moral lives, but we simply prefer to be independent, to live together or apart, as we deem best. We prefer love without marriage to marriage without love."

To the reporter of the New York Sun she said:

"Why should we be detained or sent back? We might have landed if we had decided to get married. We chose not to lie. We do not believe in marriage. We lived together two years in London and nobody interfered with us or asked us disagreeable questions. We attend to our own affairs and do not interfere with those of anybody else. People should be permitted to live as they please if they do not infringe on the right of other people to do the same. It suits me and my friend to live as we do. It is a matter between us entirely. We have sympathies, tastes, and ideas in common. If we should marry and he should lose his love for me, then I could legally compel him to live with me or support me. If I should cease to love him, then he might legally force me to live with him, whether or not I wanted to do so. I think that is wrong. Many young men go to the altar and swear to love forever young women that they do not really love. We will not lie. We might have said we were Protestants or Catholics, and, after marrying have been allowed to come in. We prefer to go back to London and live together there, where they have let us alone."

The Commissioner, to whom Amalie Witkroff said that her parents, Mr. Rocke and herself did not believe in "the bondage of matrimony," replied:

"You cannot come into this country on those conditions. If this man grew tired of you and left you you might become a public charge. If you had a child it might have to be supported by the public. We cannot take that risk. If you were married you could compel your husband to support you."

That such a bigot could make himself conspicuous as a labor leader for several years speaks very little for the intelligence of the Knights of Labor.

"ANARCHY VS. LAW."

H. E., in Free Society of February 20, has an article on Anarchy vs. Law. His reasoning is so peculiar, his conclusions so faulty, that I beg for space to be permitted to show him "the error of his ways." I am not at all surprised to find that he, and his like, find it so hard to convince the thoroughly schooled and learned, who equally with him love truth and liberty, that Anarchy is the end of all roads, the only safe port for humanity to make after in order to realize its ideals.

The first question raised by H. E. is the meaning of Evolution. He tells us "Evolution, therefore is the all-embracing principle from which life is born." Now if some kind reader will take the trouble of inserting the word "God" where the word "Evolution" appears, the sentence will convey much more to our mind, and the propriety of so doing will instantly be apparent. Why? The primary cause of things no mind has nor can discern, except we are willing to call that which no mind can fathom, that which seems back of all things—the all-embracing principle from which life (and all things sprung from) is born—God. But not knowing what it is or will be, the great intellects of all ages preferred to call it Jehova, i. e. that which is, was and will be—plus the answer of Spencer: "The Great Unknown," which to less exact thinkers stands for God.

The first and greatest of the misconceptions which have popularly prevailed respecting the doctrine of Evolution is that it has presumed to search the origin of life; a belief has been disseminated that the new hypothesis proposes to account for the existence of life on our planet—to do so by the operation of the known laws of the natural world, and thus to refer all life to a purely material origin. It has naught to do with teleology. It considers life as a fact already existent in the world, and proposes no more than a rational explanation of the processes of differentiation and growth. It traces correlation of life and organization, but does not presume to account for the beginning of the one or the ultimate purpose of the other. In a word, it treats of the how and not of the why.

H. E. performs some peculiar mental gymnastics and satisfies himself that he has discovered one motive to all human actions which he calls "egoism or selfishness," a principle which consciously or unconsciously characterizes all things and which is identical with what he calls "Evolution" in another form. Selfishness is not a principle, it is simply one phase, or an aspect of the individual in his struggle to maintain himself, viewed from the moral (ethical) standpoint. Because our relations and conduct with and toward others effects our Ego or Self—it does not follow that the motive to our actions is selfish. Impulse and spontaneity make us forget for the time being ourself or ego. Our conduct is determined by extraneous conditions as well as reflection, and at times by both. Experience, individual and racial (heredity) plus environment make our ego what it is and hence determine to a great measure the quality (ethically speaking) of our motive. To sum up: man lives through effort and exertion. These may be called selfish to the extent that these be detrimental to others, and unselfish when they prove conducive to his and other's well-being.

I agree with H. E. that nature holds abundance, that only by wresting it we can satisfy our desires. But Sir, it is disorder—selfishness and not the lack of these affecting us all alike, and the non-insistence upon equal liberty and equal slavery (submission) which is instrumental in keeping up so much of the misery and wretchedness of which you complain, and for rebelling Sir, against its continuance I admire you and your comrades. Whilst you are justified in complaining, I make bold to say like most patients who try to effect self-cure you are practicing the most dangerous remedy. Like all self-curing sufferers you perhaps are prepared to take it, but that does not prove its efficacy, nor is it sufficient of itself to influence others to do likewise. Instead of removing the evils which follow from an unscientific crude monetary system, you would abolish it entirely, little heeding that money of itself is the most ingenious of human contrivances, that we are indebted to it for a great share of our blessings and present status in civilization. You commit the same error with law and property. It is not apparent because some laws prove a detriment that the repeal of all laws be a blessing, no more so then to illustrate, it is apparent that if poison, weapons, chloroform, etc., prove a detriment their absence must be on the contrary an advantage or a blessing. I have paraphrased (?) and followed your method of reasoning; and the example must show you the error and consequence—wrong conclusions. It is not legal property that is the bete noir, but the inability of the great masses because of inexperience and unwisdom to properly manage their collective interest. They have not as yet grasped the true nature of law, order and money, as instruments with which to apportion the results of their labor. It is not because they are not selfish that the many suffer, it is because they do not think. Thinking begets

knowledge, knowledge wisdom and power. Power and wisdom always find that which is conducive to man—ergo—more wisdom and power to the masses—and the bread and butter problem will be solved.

VICTOR RASTLORON.

PIN PRICKS, OR LET US BE LOGICAL.

A street.

Bourgeois. Ah, Mr. Anarchist, so I have met you. Well, I'm going to astonish you! Imagine, for once I share your opinions!

Comrade. Oh, bah!

Bourgeois. Seriously! I have just been reading in my newspaper an account of the suffering of the Italian peasants and workmen. It is horrible!

Comrade. You don't say so!

Bourgeois. I mean it—it is horrible. These poor folks were really dying of hunger. They became enraged, tried to avenge themselves, and I admire them for it.

Comrade. You would not say as much if it had happened in France. Answer honestly.

Bourgeois. I certainly would. I am not so selfish you think. To be sure I do not share your opinion regarding the future and of the methods by which the present society is to be changed, but I understand that a people must revolt when overwhelmed with misery.

Comrade. A people? Very well! What do you call "a people"? Is it for example 10,000 individuals? Good! Then you admit that 10,000 men might justly become enraged?

Bourgeois. Yes.

Comrade. And 20,000, and 40,000, or 100,000 men?

Bourgeois. Good Heavens! Certainly! One must be logical.

Comrade. Very well! Then also 5,000 men—or 2,000 or 500?

Bourgeois (disturbed). What are you driving at?

Comrade. Say 200—or 50—or 10—or 5—or 3—or 2, or one? You must be logical, you know!

Bourgeois. Excuse me! I am busy and must be off! (He runs off—logically.)—Freedom, London, from Le Libertaire.

A WOMAN WHO DARES.

It is the woman who dares, that accomplishes her desire, not she who sits down and calmly waits to have her battles fought—she must fight them herself. This fight that is on today for woman's freedom is being pushed forward very largely by the men; and why is this? As all are self-centered, everything that is done is for the purpose of aiding self, bringing more happiness, more ease to self, and knowing that to be true we know that man is not fighting for woman's freedom from an altogether altruistic standpoint, but from the knowledge that as woman's bonds are loosened and she becomes free then he is also freed, thus bringing him a greater degree of happiness. Try as he will, man can not give freedom to woman because it is not his to give; woman must take her own. Swiftly, surely, it will come when she makes the effort to gain it; and until they do make that effort they will stand, as they do today, slaves to superstition, to church, to estate and to man. The women who today stand as free women, freed from the thralldom of church and sex-slavery, never obtained it by whining, by silly telling of their sorrows, but by an energetic use of the will. It is almost martyrdom and altogether ostracism to "come out from among them," from among the so-called respectable. But the proud feeling of self-ownership, the exultant, I am an I, not an it, fully repays for any suffering.

Wait for no leader; the moment submission is given to any one, then are we slaves to that person. We must depend upon ourselves, upon our own judgment. We may make mistakes? Yes, but we can make those mistakes stepping stones to grand success. Some one has well said that "the successful one is not the one who never makes mistakes, but the one who never makes the same mistake twice." Then cast away fear and each break their own bonds and step out into free and beautiful womanhood. We may die in our slave pens while we are waiting for the leader to appear. Finding out wherein we are slaves, to what creed, institution or custom we have sworn allegiance, and breaking the bonds that bind us, then we stand forth as an Ego, an Individual. Then there is hope for us and not before. A cringing woman, one without opinion, whose only thought is to look pretty and

sweet in order to capture the male, of what use is she? She does not know that she is a slave, therefore her slavery is no thralldom. She does not need her freedom. The time is past when a woman is considered a plaything, a pretty pink and white ornament or even a breeder for man; she has to take her place as bread winner also.

Under the existing economic system it is almost impossible for the workingman to support a family, unaided, and the woman must help to bear the burden. When she can do that, when she is prepared to at least support herself, and will do it, then the hour of her freedom has come. She will be recognized as a powerful factor in the progress of the world. She is rapidly fitting herself, both mentally and physically; circumstances have compelled it and evolution has kindly done its share in preparing her for the great struggle that is surely coming, that is already here. It is useless to pin our faith and hope to any one idea of freedom; the subject is broad concerning every phase of human life. What is freedom for one is absolute slavery for another, then the only hope for us is to "work out our own salvation." Wherever the cord binds the tightest, there cut it.

NELLIE M. JERAULD.

FOR H. E. TO VICTOR RASTLORON.

H. E. is dead—crushed, literally, beneath a capitalistic car of Juggernaut. I have been asked to speak for him, in reply to Victor Rastloron. It seems to me that Mr. Rastloron's criticism on H. E. is a specimen of that fallacy which logicians call "ignoratio elenchi," and which consists in proving something not disputed, or not material to the main issue. It would be easy to show by reference to the first chapter of Herbert Spencer's Biology that Mr. Rastloron is mistaken when he says the doctrine of Evolution has not presumed to search for the origin of life on our planet. It would be easy, though rather tedious, to reproduce from the same author's First Principles an elaborate demonstration that calling that which no mind can fathom God, does not in the least help us to discern the primary cause of things. But I forbear, because such discussions are not pertinent to any question raised by H. E., but only to questions raised by Mr. Rastloron. No theist can justly accuse H. E. of anything but this perfectly legitimate reticence that he chose to say nothing about the unknown and unknowable—to begin with life on the earth as with the only known kind, and with evolution as with its recognized rule.

Neither is it correct to intimate that H. E. commits the error of making a wonderful discovery out of selfishness. I am sorry to say that some Anarchists, or Egoists who manage to pass for Anarchists, do. I always considered the war of Egoism and Altruism which, under the older names of Pleasure and Virtue, dates back to Epicurus (at least), a very silly logomachy (war of words). Assuring us that we are all seeking our own interests does no good; for it is only in a measure true. Advising us to seek only our own interests does no good; for, so far as our actions are deliberate, we all do seek what Egoists call our interests, without advice. Nor can I see any particular advantage in telling us that our best interests are thus and thus; for nobody knows what really is for his own best interest, not to mention other people's. But H. E. is innocent of assuming any one among these three favorite poses of the Egoistic word-performer. What we really want, and what H. E. has sought to do for us, is that we shall be shown a way of getting some things which we already consider for our best interests. That can be done only by inductive methods which H. E. has followed and Mr. Rastloron has not. The point raised by Mr. Rastloron (not H. E.) is only whether an Egoism not opposed to other's interests should be called selfishness. Like other questions about words, it may safely be referred to the lyceum.

The true rub of H. E.'s argument is in his proof that the repeal of all laws would be a blessing. And this proof Mr. Rastloron misrepresents. H. E. does not say no law would be good because some laws are bad. He says no law would be good because all laws are bad. He proves all laws to be bad by proving that they all repose upon property, without which they could not be enforced; and he shows property to be bad because, as Proudhon said, it is robbery—because, as Cicero said long before Proudhon, it is the vested right to use or misuse (jus utere vel abutere)—because its essence is the custom sanctioned power to exploit others, by actual slavery or by holding back the nec-

essary antecedents of labor till a lien on the labor product is secured—because, therefore, it is "the ultimate cause of man's inability to satisfy his desires."

Though Mr. Rastloron thus fails to appreciate the truths of H. E., I am far from meaning to say he has none of his own. The trouble is only that he does not apply them. He is quite right in saying that the many suffer, not because they are not selfish but because they do not think. And that is exactly why a government of the many, by the many, for the benefit of the many, is a fraud, a delusion, and a snare. There never was, is not, and never will be, any other kind of government than a government of the many by the few and for the few. The pansasinorum of Anarchism, is that people do not take the trouble to govern for nothing. They do it to exploit the governed. To prevent their doing so, no such Sisyphian task as making the many think is needed. It is only necessary to get those who do think over the pons. The many, I have recently found evidence, still believe in witchcraft. They probably always will believe in government. But belief in witchcraft ceased to be mischievous when the thinking few discarded it; and when they discard belief in government, that will cease to be mischievous. Superstitions of all kinds are immortal; but so absolute is the sovereignty of intelligence over stupidity that they cease to be powerful enough for any great harm as soon as the intelligent class see through them. For that class is too intelligent to agree in making use of a delusion which no longer imposes itself.

C. L. JAMES.

THE FIREBRAND CASE DISMISSED.

On the 20th of June The Firebrand case, consisting of an indictment against Comrade Isaak and myself, was dismissed by judge C. B. Bellenger, of the U. S. District Court for the State of Oregon, on the motion of John H. Hall, U. S. District Attorney.

Thus has finally terminated the Farce Comedy that was begun the 17th of last September when Comrade Pope was arrested. When the play began much ado was made: The newspapers had columns to say about the Anarchists, but now that the curtain falls only the fewest words possible to tell the fact are used. Oh yes! when a villainous plot to strangle a free paper, and imprison the advocates of freedom is sprung the organs of "law and order" herald its advent with rejoicing, but the prosecution, having found that what was intended to be a knockout to the Anarchists was only creating public sympathy for them, and increasing the influence it was intended to destroy, let the actors quietly withdraw, and when the one whose part was most incomprehensible and perplexing had been pushed from the stage, when Comrade Pope had been turned out of jail and the ever recurring question "Is he still in jail?" could no longer be answered in the affirmative, and all is as still as the closing scene in "Shore Acres;" the play is closed by the District Attorney moving the dismissal of the indictment against Comrade Isaak and myself.

What a travesty on the boasted claim of free press! A paper suppressed on a flimsy charge of indecency, when every daily in the United States has items and articles nearly every issue that is more "obscene" according to their own definition than anything that ever appeared in The Firebrand. But The Firebrand was an advocate of freedom, of free speech and free press, and free press, while upheld in theory, must be crushed. That is the program of conservatism and reaction, so The Firebrand had to be suppressed and its issuers punished to teach them a lesson. So the claws of the Eagle were laid upon us. First on our aged comrade, with his gray hair and beard and theories of non-resistance, who was dragged before a big, burly, red-faced duffer, called a U. S. Commissioner, who tried to look grave and wise and demanded a bail bond of \$2000. A day later I was arrested and in two days more taken before a dummy, a blear-eyed—little excuse for a man, who was so shocked at the charges against me that he shook like an aspen leaf. He fixed my bail at \$500. Comrade Isaak then made his debut upon the stage by coming in and giving bail without the annoyance of going to jail.

Then protests began to come in. From near and from far they came. Some letters were printed in the daily papers, some were sent to the Judge, some to the District Attorney. The District Attorney was drunk most of the time and an aspiring young smart alik who was playing Deputy Attorney undertook to make a reputation as an Anarchy smasher, but a few ex-

poses in the local papers made him a fawning hypocritical pretender of friendship.

Soon the "heavy villain" appeared on the stage. Henry McGinn, coming in the guise of friendship, secured the appointment, by the court, as attorney for the defence, declaring that he would "knock 'em out" so completely that they would scarcely know what struck them. If it was the Anarchists he was going to knock out he surely tried, but his trial only proved to be a boomerang, and the exposure of his perfidy which got in the daily papers seems to have shorn him of his pristine glory for he is scarcely heard of in Portland any more.

Thus the play has ended, but the anticipated effect upon the audience has been very different from what was intended and the Anarchists, instead of being smirched, blackened and buried, stand forth vindicated and respected while their would-be persecutors have dropped out of sight or are much smaller and dirtier in the eyes of the public they sought to please.

Murphy, the District Attorney that started the proceedings is never heard of. Schnabel, his deputy who aimed to make a "great reputation," is seldom spoken of and when he is it is generally with a sneer or smile of derision, while McGinn has put a stain on his reputation that will not wash out, and a club into the hands of our friends that will not be spared should he ever again aspire for public recognition or attempt to attract public attention.

So, after all, while our case seems to have been a bungling one, unlike any other, yet it has done a work for freedom, and left an influence on the local affairs of this city that will long be felt. HENRY ADDIS

REFLECTIONS ON E. V. DEBS.

The Social Democracy has had its convention.

The Social Democracy after four days bombasting, mud-flinging and scheme-exposing has split in twain.

The Social Democracy is dead! and from the tombstone of the infant in the old churchyard can be borrowed an epitaph for it:

"If so soon I'm done for, what on earth was I begun for?"

In the polluted atmosphere that emanated from the death-chamber, the pusillanimous soul of Eugene V. Debs is seen returning to the inanimate obscurity from which the bravery of some of his colleagues brought him four years ago.

The "class-conscious," "scientific," "authority-loving," "ballot-only" socialistic minority bolted; went to the Revere House, held a rump convention, and elected an executive board of five members, to wit: class conscious attorneys Seymour Stedman and Jesse Cox, the latter, a fossil of the deepest dye, but pompous enough to lend dignity to a graveyard masquerade, and class conscious newspaper men Victor Berger and Fred Heath, with protoplasm Pope Eugene.

Cox and Stedman are from Chicago. The latter has been repudiated by his organization, and the former has no organization to repudiate him; while Berger and Heath, the former an able and severe authoritarian, are from Milwaukee.

The ballot-only, majority-loving faction, like true statista, left the hall when their platform was rejected by a vote of 52 to 36.

It's a disease peculiar to the majority-loving Socialist, that he is a believer in majority rule when the majority is on his side; but when the majority is against him his despotic little soul revolts, and all the froth of his primitive thought issues from between his teeth.

The political-colony-educational-majority are in possession of criminal-catching, account-twisted books; fifty thousand membership cards, costing \$4.00 per thousand,—which experts declare can be purchased for fifty, seventy-five cents or one dollar per thousand in such a large lot—; charters paid for at a double price, two typewriting machines, tables, desks and mailing lists, and an immense amount of despair, a don't know what to do air, and a bankrupt treasury; but for a complete account it is best to see their paper, The Social Democrat, and the next issue will undoubtedly give their side of the quarrel, as it should be given by victorious parti-

I can be pardoned now, if I give a brief account of the rise and fall of Eugene V. Debs.

For about 22 years he has held office either in politics, or the labor movement, but was never heard of outside of his own state and railroad circles, until the Great Northern strike of five years ago. I've been informed by men prominent in that strike, that the corporation surrendered only when they had a knowledge that their former slaves had seized dynamite in large quantities, and proposed using it on the bridges of the entire western system, thus paralyzing the road. It will be seen from this that the corporation surrendered because of a terror of dynamite, yet credit for the victory of the men over the railroad company was given, as it always is, to the president of the organization; yet let us say in the interest of his law-loving soul, that he had nothing to do with the forces which made success possible. Just at that time the Coxy movement was on, and Kelly, the San Francisco "General," had reached Omaha with his contingent of the impoverished army, and as there was a common bond of interest between the unemployed western tramp and the rebellious railroad men, and since dynamite was obtainable, the victory can easily be accounted for. Nevertheless, newspaper reporters, always hero worshippers themselves, now cast about in search of a leader, insisting that there must be one somewhere, and if there was not, determined to make one, found the inactive but sociable Debs and held him up, at so much a line, to the idolatrous. In the sunshine of applause Eugene flourished. The Pullman Strike came, followed by the sympathetic strike of the railroad men and that was a mere Chicago affair until Grover Cleveland set national troops to protect the interests of corporations, and the moment the troops appeared bold and fearless spirits took their matches and their kerosene, etc., and attacked the property of the railroads, and in the flames that issued from South Chicago was seen arise the American Railway Union as a national organization, and the Pullman strike a national strike. That was the strike that made of Debs a national character, and the blazes of South Chicago were responsible for the change; yet the men who, by their heroism, made the name of Debs a household word were rewarded by a proclamation of denunciation publicly issued and signed by Eugene V. Debs in the following language:—

"A man who commits violence in any form, whether a member of our order or not, should be promptly arrested and punished, and we should be the first to apprehend the miscreant and bring him to justice," and he concluded his proclamation in this language: "Respect the law, conduct yourselves as men and our cause shall be crowned with success."

As a result of the proclamation the men relapsed into law-abiding citizens, and instead of the strike being "crowned with success," the unfortunates who took part have suffered untold privations for the past four years. The law that he landed snatched himself and his colleagues, and placed them in prison for terms ranging from three to six months, yet the law was kind to Debs, for had it not been for his incarceration he'd have dropped, because of the proclamation he issued and the slaughter of his colleagues, into ignoble obscurity! When he was released from imprisonment he was hailed as a martyr by the generous multitudes.

Poor fools did not stop to think that he had spent 40,000 of their hard earned dollars to prevent his going to prison. They thought of nothing but the official of a labor organization coming from a prison, and again the false martyr stepped into the sunshine of applause, and fanned by its glare and glitter he started to deceive his fellows by pretending to inaugurate a movement having for its object the fraternalizing of the various schools of economic thought into one amalgamated body which they were led to believe would enter a state and augment its force economically until it was sufficiently large to take charge politically, and then having the po-

litical machinery in its hands would, in a legal way, declare the co-operative commonwealth; but instead of this, after events proved, that his sole object was to launch a political movement that would enable him to become a kind of American Bebel. This was his dream! Alas, where went vanity lead us! Scarcely had the first convention adjourned when he proceeded to ignore the instructions of the body by refusing or neglecting to have inserted in the constitution the resolution offered by a mistrustful delegate, a resolution that would force him to live up to his own declarations.

As a delegate to that convention I felt then and I feel still—I said it then, and I say it now—that capitalistic and political influence were hard at work to prevent Debs and the new organization from taking a decided stand against politics as a remedy or a solution for the evils from which we suffer, and that these influences succeeded the results of the convention proved, for scarcely had it adjourned ere a political party, separate and distinct, for the present from all other political parties, was nurtured into life, and in the organ of the organization the weekly song was, Hurrah for politics! Debs declared that at this last convention a national ticket would be placed in the field that would "sweep the country," but instead he met his Waterloo. Where shall his exit be?

During the miner's strike he managed to convince himself that the men would have their organization broken up, and that the Social Democracy offered the only ark of safety. He went through the mining states preaching his gospel, but the authorities of West Virginia were determined to suppress agitators and Debs got out of the state.

At a picnic held at Kuhn's Park under the auspices of the Social Democracy, Debs declared that he would return to West Virginia in defiance of the authorities—but he never did! When this fact was mentioned to one of his colleagues on the executive board said colleague flushed and then deliberately lied, stating that he had been there, so as to shield the cowardice of the infant Bebel.

The St. Louis convention was called in order to give the workers of the country an opportunity of expressing their sympathy and furnishing support to the miners. Debs himself issued a strong call to his followers to attend that convention; and it proved to be the most revolutionary gathering ever assembled in this country. Before it adjourned it recognized the necessity of calling together a more representative convention of the toiling masses, and to this end a resolution was presented by your humble servant calling for a producers' convention to be held subsequently in the city of Chicago. There was no mistaking the intent or the spirit of this resolution and Debs, in the presence of Comrade Holmes and others, promised to have the resolution inserted in the call. He was regarded as the chief member of that committee, and J. R. Sovereign, then Gen. Master Workman of the K. of L., told me that he would stand by anything Debs did. Time passed; and when the call for the Chicago convention appeared it was as weak and washy a document as ever emanated from the pen of an office-seeker. The resolution that made possible the committee who were to arrange for the Chicago convention never saw the light, and no steps were taken by the members of that committee to arrange for the convention. So neglectful did each and all prove, so faithless were they to their trust, that when delegates from distant states, some of them as far west as Idaho, arrived in Chicago, and found that not even a hall had been secured, and that the members of the committee were not on hand, and when the Single Tax Club of this city finally gave them the use of its hall, Debs came forward and attempted to shift the responsibility for the fiasco—for this treachery to the labor movement—on Gompers and others of the Federation of Labor.

Gompers may have his faults, but he was in no way responsible for the failure of that convention. Debs, and Debs alone must bear the odium of its failure.

His cowardly heart shrank from the probable work of such a gathering as was contemplated and he remained vague and fearful from the adjournment of the St. Louis convention to the opening of the Chicago convention, and for two reasons: The St. Louis convention impressed upon him that the Chicago convention would be a revolutionary body. He knew that his political organization would be swamped in the enthusiasm and determination that thoughtful and hungry men would give birth to if the spirit of the St. Louis resolutions should be adhered to in Chicago.

When the infamous Canovas was sent back to earth by the heroic hand of Angiolillo, Branch 2, of the Social Democracy indorsed the action in a set of resolutions, and almost immediately the "authorities" of the Social Democracy, who were favorable to political organization, saw their prospects jeopardized and howled with pain and anger, yet they did not dare to interfere with free speech then, but when the Hazelton massacre came along and a few score of hungry and impoverished miners were shot down like dogs, and the roadside was saturated with their blood, Branch 2 placed itself on record against the murderers, and this was more than the politicians could stand. At the request of the Chicago police force Debs and two of his colleagues forming a majority of the board, suspended Branch 2; it from that hour to the day of their fall from power and influence Branch 2 stalked before them and like Banquo's ghost would not down.

Emma Goldman attended the recent convention and Debs promised her the floor, but the Socialists pressed from all sides and protested. It was then decided to have an entertainment on the evening of June 9, at which Miss Goldman could speak. When the evening came, Mr. Lloyd was deputed by the powers to announce that the committees were all in session, and thus excused the small attendance; but the bold Goldman arose and told the real reason for the non-attendance of the law-abiders to the audience in the straightest possible language.

When the Social Democracy was launched its best friends were the radicals, but when political power loomed in the distance every effort was put forward to suppress them, and the expulsion of Branch 2 was only the culmination of a cherished desire to place them under the ban, believing that this act would open a door through which the "millions of American Socialists" and "respectable conservatives" would enter. But "the fondest schemes of mice and men gang off a-glee," for instead of an augmentation of members a decline set in all over the land; radicals became luke-warm or abandoned the organization and funds grew scarcer everywhere and this brought Debs to his senses to such an extent that in *The New Time* a few months ago he had published an article eulogistic of the Chicago Anarchists. The article was a red hot one and few, very few of the Anarchists themselves appeared to know the real cause of Eugene's splendid effort, but let me assure them now that the outburst was purely a political trick that would enable him to get back into the affection of the despised reds. Yes my friends, there are characters who would trade on the martyrdom of the dead, but in this case it did not work.

Had Debs the courage and determination of Gompers, or the hypocritical abilities of Powderly, he could have remained before the public as a leader, at least until the next national campaign, but all is over now and let us be thankful that the meekest of labor fakirs has passed away.

Thanks for this lesson. It will teach to after cowards and idolators more than high philosophy can preach and vainly preached before.

Chicago, Ill.

CLIPPINGS.

The misconduct of the war in regard to clothing and rations is deliberately infamous, and should subject the responsible officials, who have evidently been bribed by contractors, not merely to dismissal, but to banishment within the Spanish lines.

The worst shoddy clothing, for which the men are compelled to pay the highest price, is said to be the rule throughout Camp Merritt, constituting wholesale robbery of those who are expected to risk their lives in a torrid climate. The rags were hitched together by Chinese labor. Worse than this, however, Company B, of the Montana regiment, was absolutely poisoned by eating bacon that was crawling with

vermin, which had been shipped to New Orleans and back. Such a useless shipment ought to ensure the discharge of the responsible official, even if it had been good food; but the idea of paying freight over four thousand miles for something far worse than worthless stamps the quartermaster or commissary with disgrace.

Such damnable outrages and worse than inefficiency ought to involve a general cleanup in Washington of the entire outfit. And why is Congress silent as to the general mismanagement?—The Star.

Some of my friends are interested in Single Tax and some in Proportional Representation; and they expect to get these reforms introduced by means of votes. Now I feel that the agitation of any reform is doing some good and I am not opposing any of them, though working on a different design. All systems of taxation and representation have proved failures, and I believe the Australian ballot system will be the most absurd failure of all. What is voting anyhow but a method of counting noses, made as expensive and indirect as possible by regulation and red tape? Nine tenths of the people don't know what they are voting for; they are like sheep driven into a pen through gates called ballot boxes; and no matter which gate they get through, they all get into the same corral and all get sheared equally clean. In any case they only have the liberty of voting for some one to shear or skin them.

It cannot be denied that voting means merely counting noses and the fool's nose counts just as much as the wise man's. If the majority of people are fools—and this is admitted by the highest authorities—then majority rule means government by fools; and no kind of proportional representation can be of any use except in so far as it will reduce the proportion of fools in the total amount.

All systems of reform by ballot imply first the conversion of a majority and then the conversion of a minority. The impossibility of the first step protects us from the infliction implied in the second. To convert a person from one error to another may be a labor of love, but to force either truth or error on any person against his will is an invasion of his natural rights.—The New Dispensation

The war against privilege is more important than the war against Spain, of which the privileged are taking advantage to increase their own emoluments and other people's burdens.

As a specimen of the wholesale swindling in the conduct of the war, the *New York World* says that a year ago the Norwegian tramp steamship *Solveig* was bought for \$40,000 and rebuilt, bringing its total cost up to \$192,000. In April last she was offered to this government, but rejected by the Board of Auxiliary Cruisers. Then she was sent to Baltimore, and at the request of a politician she was bought by "special agents" from Washington for \$342,000—a clear steal of \$150,000.—The Star.

In our war with Spain the common people will get the bullets while the plutes will get the bonds. We Americans may be patriotic, but we are d—n fools just the same.—Labor Journal, Spokane, Wash.

Various Voices.

W. N. S., Los Angeles, Calif.—A correspondent asks what I mean by "popular relations of the sexes" in my letter concerning Miss Goldman, published June 5. It is now too late to correct errors, otherwise I would ask you to state that it was a mistake of the printer. "Proper relations" were the words used by me. Unfortunately many proper things are not popular.

H. J. Weeks, Ventura, Calif.—It was with delighted surprise that I read the first number of *Free Society* loaned to me by a comrade here. I had no sooner read, than I paid said comrade my subscription, and hardly had patience to wait for the next number. You were good enough to send me many back numbers, which I have read and re-read with deepest pleasure. Hitherto I have worked on other lines but I now know where I belong. Regarding the comrade back east who refuses to pay the "poll tax," you may be interested to know that I have always refused point blank to pay the "poll tax" demanded of me in this state. Only a

few days before reading your paper I was held up at the courthouse here by the deputy tax collector to whom I supplied all the preliminary information, but when he came to that which usually follows "Have you paid your poll tax?" I replied with alacrity "no, and I never have and never intend to." He asked me why? I replied that I never recognized the right of an individual or set of individuals to any portion of the product of my labor. Similarly, when I was called upon by a city tax collector in Santa Barbara for my "licence tax" I told him I paid tribute to nobody for the privilege of working in my own way. He asked me to appear before the "city robbers" and show cause why I should not pay. I told him that all my time was occupied in attending to my own affairs.

Let me tell you now quite a different finale to a similar demand upon another "citizen." A workman here last week to whom I was relating my way of treating these "legal extortioners" told me that he went to the tax collectors office to pay some personal property taxes of his mothers the other day, and on being told the amount he handed over a coin in excess of the amount, and when the change was handed to him he found he was two dollars short. He called attention to the shortage, and was coolly informed that he had not paid his poll tax and that the amount was withheld from his change. He protested that the money was not his own, but it was no good, they would give him nothing in return but the "receipt." These are the methods of these legalized robbers, and they will succeed only with those who do not resist them.

I intend to speak of this matter later on in the street, and to advise resistance to all such methods.

Can you send me a list of reform leaflets and literature on the lines of your paper carried by you, or to be had in San Francisco?

I contribute for six Socialist papers now, but have always detested the tendency to "tyranny" in "Scientific Socialism," though I am by no means well off, and have a large family. I am going to try and take the best that is written on Anarchy in English—I should think the papers published in London ought to be good? I have always been a "rebel" but never knew till a week or so ago that I am an "Anarchist."

The Letter-Box.

S. P., Philadelphia.—The name is on our regular list now, and the pamphlets have been sent. (Greetings.)

—X—, Chicago, Ill.—The "proceeds of a ball," (\$25.), credited in No. 25-161 of *Free Society*, were sent by J. S. Cohen.

H. H., Aurora, Ill.—The projected colony on the coast has made no advancement so far, for the reason that those interested have not yet selected any one to locate. I am not acquainted with California, but know of some beautiful and convenient locations in the States of Oregon and Washington. People should bear in mind that a colony ought to be a matter of growth and not of herding. As to joining the Lake Bay Colony, I wish neither to dissuade nor persuade. Each must find out for himself if the members are congenial or the condition suitable.

J. F., Spaulding, Ill.—"One of the brightest editors in America," as it was expressed some months ago in *Free Society*, has not joined hands with us yet and probable never will. I have very little confidence in people that have not the courage to show their colors.

B. F. B., Denver, Colo.—Judging from what we can make out in your communication you have made some good points in reply to the article "Enslavement of Man," but as it is written in pencil some lines are blurred and it is therefore of no avail. Use ink in the future, please.

R. S., New York City.—You are mistaken. We have no more use for the Spanish government than for the government of this country, but it is folly to believe that a change of masters will be beneficial to the Cubans. Catholics will still predominate, and the American legalized robber is just as shrewd and cunning, or more so, than the Spanish.

W. P. T., Dixie, Tenn.—To make your article "The Wisdom of Interfering an Open Question" intelligible we would have to rewrite it and we have not the time to spare. I wish to say, however, that you had no business to interfere with your daughter's choice, even if the marriage should prove to be "harmful to her." As you have failed to make it comprehensible to her that all marriages are harmful she must go through the experience herself, and if your state's laws are true she will before long realize that marriage and freedom are incompatible.

S. K., Cleveland, O.—Of course you can send postal stamps—they are as good as money. Have changed address.

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1360 N. Rockwell St., Chicago.

N. B.—Anarchist papers please copy.

The Cleveland Citizen is responsible for this little poem in prose: A funny incident occurred in Kansas recently. The authorities of Sumner county offered a bounty of three cents for rabbit scalps. The farmers all turned out one week with their shotguns and killed 158,514 rabbits and bankrupted the treasury. The tax rate was increased to replenish the treasury, and the hayseeds who killed the rabbits are now paying back their bounty into the treasury. Funny, ain't it?

In Red Bluff it costs seven years to steal a chicken. Miles of land have been stolen there with impunity.—The Star.

Before promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or should see only her.—Antonie Dupuy.

I would be glad that there was less distance between the people and the great. The people then, not believing the great to be greater than they are, would fear them less; and the great, not imagining the people more insignificant and miserable than they are, would fear them more.—Stanislaus.

Persecution is the reward of innovation in whatever form it appears.—Dr. Maush.

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Freedom, an Anarchist monthly, 36c. per year. Address: 7 Lambeth Conduit St., London W. C., England.

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The Coming Era, A semi-monthly Journal of American Politics. Price 50 cents a year. Address: Ross Winn, Dallas, Texas.

Freiheit, a German Anarchist weekly, price \$2.00 a year. Address: 317 Genesee Street, Buffalo, New York.

L'Avvenire, a Spanish Anarchist-Communist paper. Address: G. Consorti, Calle Uruguay 782, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

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Volne Listy, a Bohemian Anarchist monthly, published at 50 cents a year. Address: Franta Letn.r, 48 Johnson Ave., Brooklyn N. Y.

The Adult, the journal of sex. Office: 16 John Street, Bedford Row, London W. C. England. 3d. Monthly. 4d. Post Free.

Solidarity, an International Review of Anarchist-Communism. A semi-monthly, 50 cents a year. Address: J. H. Edelman, 50 First St., New York City.

Sturm und Drang, 50 First St., New York City. An Anarchist-Communist paper printed in German, semi-monthly. 80 cents per year.

Der Arme Teufel, a radical and literary German weekly. Price \$2.50 per year. Address: R. Reitzel, 675 Mc Dougall Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Le Temps Nouveau, a French Anarchist weekly. Address: 140 Rue Mouffetard, Paris, France.

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