

# 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.

NEW SERIES NO. 35.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 171.

## THE SONG OF THE TOILERS.

The surging mass moves on.  
With bleeding hands and weary feet  
And baggard faces, down the street  
They pass. And turning where they will  
They hear the plaudits echoed still,  
Of heroes dead and gone.

There is no place to rest.  
They toil along the dusty road  
Still prodded by the Usurer's goad.  
And through it all they seem to know,  
Their fathers—in the long ago—  
Had called the Nation blessed.

They hold the magic key,  
And in their multitude and might  
Can scale the heights of truth and right.  
And through the heroes of the past  
Their sons can enter—free at last—  
The gates of Liberty!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Facts.

## "BEES" REVOLT.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;  
The wealth ye find, another keeps;  
The robes ye weave, another wears;  
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed, let no tyrant reap;  
Find wealth, let no imposter heap;  
Weave robes, let not the idle wear;  
Forge arms, in your defense to bear.

—Shelley.

It is to the workers that these words are addressed, the producers who create the wealth the few enjoy. It matters not whether you toil deep down in the bowels of the earth, bringing forth the coal; or in the field plowing the soil or gathering in the harvest; or whether you toil beside the buzzing machine in the smoky factory, or in the streets of the city. Your labor alone creates from the resources of nature all the wealth the few monopolize; you are the bees—you build the hives—the drones inhabit them, while you are homeless; you make the honey, the drones partake thereof—while you are very often hungry.

It is to the young men, who are just in the spring of life, with the future before you; you are wont to indulge in a blind dream of the future—you don't think to measure the expectations of the future by the experience of the past. Don't you sometimes carry your mind back to your childhood? Perhaps some of you remember how "hard" the times were then—very often the cold wind made you shiver as it blew through your thin clothing, and the mud in the streets worked into your well-worn boots, and worst of all your stomach was very often empty. You remember the semi-bourgeois used to pass you in sneering contempt; and you remember (for you had not the spirit crushed out of you then) how the blood used to course wildly through your veins, and you used to clench your fists—when you thought of the real facts of the case. How perhaps your parents had succeeded through years of hard toil in getting a little home over their heads, sickness and trouble overtook them, the little home has to be mortgaged, they still struggled on bravely against adversity—paying the usurer to the extent of 15 or 20 per cent; they paid the principal over and over again, but "legally" they still owed it. But at last they break down through hard toil and anxiety, they cannot pay the usurer any longer, and so the usurer, like a vulture—swoops down and snatches the little all.

You are men now; but most of you cannot see that damnable robbery is practiced on every day of your life.

The children of the capitalist have inherited from their parents that which was robbed from yours and many others; with it they enslave and exploit you; you sell to the capitalist so many hours of your life every day, for a miserable pittance in the shape of a wage; and even the miserable pittance you do receive is mostly robbed from you by the landlord in the shape of rent.

You are young and strong now; perhaps times are not so bad and you think that it is sufficient for you to go to the ballot box, and delegate one of these capitalists to manage your affairs. You are tricked with the same hoax as other men for generations past, that of parliament. Naturally the same fate will be yours if you do not revolt against this slavery—which would bring a blush of shame to the face of any savage; you seem satisfied with the present—thoughtless of the future; you go on till some fine day will get rather roughly awakened. The capitalist has overworked your body during the time which you have sold it to him; you fall sick, or an accident happens to you; you are not wanted then, the factory lord cannot make a profit out of you any longer—you become one of the great multitude of overworked machines that are cast aside as so much rubbish. It is then you will begin to think, the veil falls from your eyes; you look around and see misery and want on the side of the producer, on the side of the parasite you see luxury and bestial lust; then you will begin to see that the Socialists are right when they say: the cunning and unscrupulous made strong by the force of arms enslave the weak. You will see they are right when they say: labor alone is the producer of all wealth, and they who monopolize that which they do not create, are robbers; that machinery being the product of labor, it should be for the use of all for the production of the necessities of life. If you have any feeling for humanity you will come among the Socialists—you will help them with the knowledge gained in the experience of your life; you will see that it is because they dare to tell truths have been learned; that the capitalists bound them down as if they were wild beasts.

And when you go down into the slums of the city, and see how the human beings like ourselves are forced to pig together in miserable fever dens; you will see the Socialists are right when they say the system of landlordism is murdering thousands by monopolizing the land, which should be free to all—free as the air we breathe—free as the gleam of the sun that shines upon us; and that the system must be abolished. You will see they are right when they say that the wage system of production is slavery—more intense than chattel slavery. You will see that while you serve the capitalist as a wage slave, every stroke of your arm—every blow of your hammer, rivets the chains of slavery together around you. Every hour's work you do for the capitalist, you give him something with which he can exploit you more and more: and the more you slave to get back that which you have been robbed the more you will add to it. Then you will see that it is impossible for Trades Unions to keep the wage of the workers from always sinking to that point that will just sustain life while they are working—and to starve when they cease to be profitable to capital; and nothing but the total annihilation of the system, and leaving the workers free to associate among themselves for the production and distribution of the needs of life and happiness, can be of any avail.

And you fathers with the prattle of childish voices around you—don't you sometimes wonder as you stroke the hair on their little heads, whether these little ones will ever reach the same goal of misery,—as the thousands of outcasts you see everywhere around? The chances are the same for all; today everything looks bright, tomorrow troubles and dark clouds appear; the vulture stretches forth his claw, tearing the bright halo of joy asunder; you are broken down with over work; you can no longer compete with the machines you have made, and which has been stolen from you by the capitalist; the little wan faces look up to you pleadingly for bread; perhaps you will rush to the gin-palace to try and drown the thoughts that rush to the mind. Or perhaps you will wake to the real situation of affairs, then you will see the ravages of the capitalistic hyena in all its horrors, you will see it is not laziness and wrong-doing that causes myriads to tramp the city, homeless, shoeless, picking up the crust from the street, moistening it with the tears wrung from their very heart's fountain; then you will think of the time when you joined your voice with those who slandered and villified the Socialists—because they dared to say that nature provides plenty for all, and that this should be a bright and happy world, without want—were it not for the vultures that prey on the wealth the toiling producer creates; then you will see these same slanderers and villifiers were none other than your bitterest foes—tricking you into persecuting your friends, cajoling you with honied phrases, while they robbed the food from the little ones, through the agency of usury, rents and profits.

And when you look towards the factory doors, as the "hands" come streaming out, you see the little children, from whose white faces every vestige of joy seems to have fled, with their limbs mishapen through hard toil before their bones have yet had time to harden in their bodies. And the young girls, just in the bloom of life, young in years, but old with toil and hardship; they toil in some sweater's den day after day, without hope for the future; every day the prospects get worse, they get their miserable pittance in the shape of a wage, they go home to their hovel in some back street, they struggle on bravely—overcoming trials and temptations for a time, but at last they break down—you know their fate, they are swallowed up in the darkness and forgotten! While the carriage of the factory lords sweeps past, splashing the mud on the passers by, he goes to his palatial mansion bedecked with all the luxury the inventive brain of the proletarian can create; he goes to church, he supports the pious shepherds of the people, he poses as an ornament to society. But if you tore the mask from his face, you would see in him a vile monster who coins the very sweat drops of these children into ornaments to bedeck his and my ladies' persons. If you have a touch of sympathy in your nature, you will come on the side of those who are working for the overthrow of this vile system, which murders men, women and children in mind and body, which fills the mad houses and prisons with its victims, who may otherwise have led a good and happy life.

You will see that a few united in mutual devotedness in the cause of the struggle of humanity, can do more than all the unthinking tyrants that exist, who merely devote their time to clutching at one another's throat while they tread all that is good and true in the mud beneath their feet.

You will work with us in the Revolution that already shows signs of very soon exterminating this system, which keeps the producers of wealth chained to ignorance, misery and want. Many of you turn up your eyes at the mention of Revolution; what is the Revolution? Listen to what Mrs. Lucy Parsons says:—

"Why, the Revolution is the very breath of life, that stupendous struggle for relief. I hear it in the cold damp mines of Siberia; I hear it in the sunny clime of Italy; I hear it across the mighty Atlantic's waves; I hear it in the prison of Joliet; in the state of Illinois. Wherever men and women beneath the sun want better homes, better clothing, better food. Do you call the miserable hovels where you live from Monday morning till Saturday night your homes? Hence we want to revolutionize your so-called civilization. In music we know there is but one language, so we Revolutionists have but one sign. We know that we belong to one common brotherhood. And that it is only despots who believe because you happen to be born on another boundary line you should attack others. If there is to be any blood letting in the near future we will turn our guns upon the common enemy. When masters want wars, from where do they get their materials? They call them from the workshop and from the soil, that some despot may pile state to state and conquer.

"We have only one enemy to conquer, and that enemy is poverty, and it is known to all nations."

Poverty is the fruit of the system, it has its sources from which it gains subsistence. They are monopoly, authority, d' wine right, tyranny and superstition; we must tear up the deadly upas tree by the roots; the fruit: "poverty" will die of its own accord, and then it will be possible for the realization of that grand Ideal: Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

They tell us we are but a few, maybe we are; but we are the few that have awakened, we have but to awaken all our fellow-slaves who toil for the gratification of the few, and our ranks swell and swell, until we become a great multitude before which tyranny and imposture can never hold its sway.—H. E. Bach, in the Australian Radical.

### A SINKING CRAFT.

Anarchist-Communists whose zeal for radicalism has led them to embrace the Social Democracy will do well to give that tottering institution the parting shake. If they value their reputations as honest men, they will no longer consort, even indirectly, with those against whom the finger of suspicion is pointed. When charges of willful mismanagement and theft are brought by one officer against another of the same organization, there is quite certain to be hidden slime. When counter charges are made of fraud and the low est political trickery, be sure there is something rotten in Denmark.

Like the old democracy of our forefathers, the new democracy, begotten of Debs-worship "has seen its best days," and even now is hastening to its timely dissolution. When its rickety props give way and the flimsy structure falls to pieces, as it will shortly, it will be found how unstable is any movement built upon hero-worship.

The Social Democracy of America, like many another "reform" organization, will be hereafter judged according to the character of the men who have been at its head. With a very few noble exceptions, when thoroughly sifted they will not be found worthy of imitation. Weakness, incompetency, cowardice, ambition, jealousy dishonesty—these will be found to have been dominating characteristics. What wonder that an association controlled by such influences, no matter how commendable its purposes, should revert to the nothingness from whence it sprang. "Ex nihilo nihil fit."

The Social Democracy has already made itself a laughing stock—but for ridicule of Capitalist and Socialist alike. In the great city by the lake people smile when the association is mentioned. It is in grave danger of earning and gaining a barshier name than any thus far applied to it. If the Colorado mining deal now being negotiated goes through, not merely

the poor suckers who deposit their money where they place their confidence will rue the day, but all good radicals will have cause for sorrow. If I am reliably informed, it is a swindle of the rankest kind. Therefore if there are Anarchist-Communists whose faith in human nature caused them to embrace this gaseous bubble, let them draw out before it is too late.

Word comes from Colorado that the coal miners in the northern district of that state are again on strike. This time they submitted their grievances to the state board of arbitration, and, wonderful to relate, were sustained by that august body. But King Capital found a safe refuge in the courts. An injunction against the striking miners was prayed for, and was granted by Judge Palmer of the District court. Meanwhile the poor devils who slowly starve while waiting for the fruition of the wrath of public opinion to substantially sustain them in their just demands, are bragging about their peaceable demeanor, while the coal barons idle away their time in the mountain resorts. As long as wealth producers will thus quietly starve, and boast of their quiescence, we may well be pessimistic in regard to a day of retributive justice.

Grinnell the infamous is dead; close following the timely demise of his pliant tool, Michael Schaack. That he died as he did is not creditable to those who suffered most at his hands. One often wonders, if there be such a thing as retributive justice, why such monsters are suffered to pass away peacefully. I am not so vindictive as the Christians' god, but I would give a good deal to know that the soul of this vile being would writhe in torment for a thousand years.

A. C.

### CONSISTENCY.

As to the weight of "inconsistent" actions on the part of Anarchists, if our teachings are to be measured by our actions, and not by logic, then we are all the veriest hypocrites—unworthy a moment of anybody's attention. Addis is certainly correct. In a matter of pure logic, individual acts can have absolutely no weight. They do have weight, however, with people's prejudices, and with nothing else. Are Anarchists upholders of the "free moral agency" nonsense, that they should insist on "purity of conduct"—action strictly in accordance with doctrines? But those who pretend to demand this are inconsistent. For instance wage-working is as inconsistent with Anarchism as is parliamentarism, or political action. Yet no Anarchist raises the point of consistency because I am working for (starvation) wages. But if I saw an opportunity to make a "stake" through a political deal, such a howl as would go up from those consistency(?) people! Let us have an end of narrowness and cant. We all of us are, of necessity, opportunists. Let us at least be consistent in pretending to be nothing else. Our acts are determined by our necessities as well as our opportunities. Let us accept the fact, and not waste criticism upon those whose necessities and opportunities may be different somewhat from our own. There is no greater truth than that our actions are just what they must be, in consideration of our desires (which includes necessities) and our opportunities of gratifying them, and therefore are entitled to neither praise nor blame. The sooner we learn this, the sooner will we be rid of a prejudice that stands in the way of unity and harmony among ourselves, as well as the seizing of the best opportunities, not only of immediate propaganda, but of securing the means thereof.

J. H. M.

### CONCERNING MILITARISM.

The editors of "La Vita Internazionale and L' Humanite Nouvelle" have sent the following questions to many well-known Socialists in England, whose answers are to be published in both magazines.

1. Is war still desirable among civilized nations?
2. What are the intellectual, moral, physical, economic and political effects of militarism?
3. What are the best solutions, in the interest of the civilized world, to the serious problems of war and militarism?
4. What are the means that are leading most rapidly to the solution of these problems?

To which a comrade has sent the following answers:  
1. There are no civilized nations yet, although there are many civilized individuals; I cannot, therefore, reply to the first question.

2. I believe that the intellectual effects of militarism are dubious; that the moral effects vary according to the nation and its object; that the physical effects are often good; that the economic effects are always disastrous and the political effects unsettling.

3. I believe that the best solution of war and militarism, in the interest of the future, would be to insist that those who desire war for any reasons whatsoever should serve in the front ranks.

4. I believe that the means leading most rapidly to this solution are, for the cowardly, the deadlines of modern war-weapons, and, for honest folk, the spreading of international feeling and the vanishing of race and class prejudices.—N.F. D., in Freedom, London.

### IS UNCLE SAM IN FAVOR OF NUILITY?

From an item in a New York paper I learn that a certain clergyman has discovered that Uncle Sam's five dollar bills are "indecent." By examining one of the objectionable bills I find that it has a picture representing a group of semi-nude women. A horrible picture, indeed! How can Uncle Sam be so impudent as to circulate such vile matter? Is he not afraid of Anthony Comstock? Where is Mr. Comstock, anyway? Why does he not prosecute Uncle Sam for sending "indecent" matter through the mail? Strange! Our Christian friends can circulate an "indecent" Bible; Uncle Sam can circulate an "indecent" picture, but Lucifer, the "Firebrand" and similar publications must be suppressed. Consistency, thou art a jewel!

By the way, why does not the reverend gentleman start a crusade against the two dollar bills as well as against five dollar bills? I have before me a two dollar bill on which I find a picture of a nude boy. Is the nude figure of a boy less "indecent" than is that of a woman?

But after all I must say that the reverend gentleman is right and that, as a matter of fact, the picture on the five dollar bills is "indecent" and must be improved considerably before it will cease to be "indecent." If you examine the picture, you will see that some parts of the women's bodies are concealed by drapery. I do not know how it would strike you, but to my mind it is positively "indecent." The nude in art must be completely nude in order to be pure. Semi-nudity is suggestive of "indecent." Why should some parts of the human body be concealed if not for the purpose of intimating that these parts are "indecent" and must not be seen? Give me a nude body without the slightest vestige of clothing and I can admire it; but I confess that I have very little admiration for nudity protected by aprons and fig-leaves. I hope Uncle Sam will listen to the complaint of the reverend gentleman and make the picture on the five dollar bills less objectionable by removing the drapery from the bodies of the women.—Cyrus W. Coolidge, in Lucifer.

### "CONSISTENCY."

I was well aware that I picked a hornets' nest when I criticised the contention of Comrade Addis, that the ideas of men should not be judged by their actions; for we Anarchists are as much opposed to the exposure of our weaknesses and faults as those still attached to old prejudices and customs.

On reading Comrade J. H. M.'s article "Consistency" this saying came to my mind: "To understand all, means to forgive all, we hear them unctiously proclaim; but the poor fellows seem not to understand that thereby they but try to cover their own faults." Now I did not contend that a vile person could not advocate lofty ideas—a combination rarely, if ever, to be found, however,—nor did I contend, as J. H. M. assumes, that our teachings should be exclusively measured by our actions and not by its logic;—what I contended for then, and what I contend for now, is that our actions cannot be separated from our ideas if we wish to make progress and see our ideals realized. This point, which seems to me the most important touched upon in this discussion, my opponents seem to ignore entirely, I therefore repeat, how shall we ever reach our goal, if we do not try to harmonize our actions with our ideas? My two opponents are certainly not of those who wait for a Moses to liberate us. "Freedom will not be given, it must be taken." But while J. H. M. will hardly deny this maxim, he omits to tell us how freedom can be gained if we not alone not criticise bad actions, but moreover at every occasion excuse and palliate them.



I do not belong to "the upholders of free moral agency nonsense," and am as well aware of the fact as J. H. M. "that our actions are just what they must be"; but by no means am I a fatalist, so contend that our actions are influenced and determined to a more or less degree by sensations; and J. H. M. must be of the same opinion, otherwise he would not try to propagate our ideas and thereby determine, or at least influence, the actions of his fellowmen. Again I ask, what will doctrines ever amount to, if actions are not in accordance with them?

That we are all opportunists, I emphatically deny. Emma Goldman, Kropotkin, Reclus and many other well-known Anarchists could easily improve their conditions if they would sell themselves to political parties. To a French comrade of this city, a woman, only recently a considerable sum was offered if she would speak for the Republican party. She declined, however, notwithstanding that she was poor and in need of the money.

That to work for wages is also inconsistent with our ideas of freedom all true Anarchists admit, and therefore fight to abolish wage slavery; but when J. H. M. holds that to work for wages is just as inconsistent with our ideas as to take part in politics, he gives away his case. When I work for wages I am more or less a producer, and do not prescribe laws for others. As a politician, or worse still, their tool, I not only aid in making laws which I as an Anarchist afterwards have to combat, but I am also a parasite and a betrayer of trust. To make a "stake" in politics, I must to some extent possess the confidence of the voters and then betray them, for politicians are usually shrewd men that exact full value for money paid. Which politician or exploiter makes a stake in politics makes no difference to me, what I am interested in is the spreading of our ideas; and I know that if I by my actions prove to be an exploiter and politician, no matter how lofty my ideas, how powerful my speech or pen, I will talk or write to closed minds if I am known, as I soon will be,—for Midas' ears cannot be hidden—to have sold out to exploiters and politicians. My usefulness for Anarchist propaganda will be nil, for people will soon treat me with contempt; and I will, if I continue to advocate Anarchy by speech, and violate truth and honesty in deed, but do injury to the workers' cause. On the other hand the man who, as he preaches, while he will be persecuted, prosecuted and slandered by knaves and fools, will ultimately win the respect of honest opponents, and having that, will gain adherents.

It is not the ignorance of the truth, "that we all act as we must," which prevents us from getting "rid of a prejudice that stands in the way of unity and harmony among ourselves," but the willful violation of the ideas we advocate. Because I know that our will is determined by sensations and impressions, I try to convince other people to my views, believing that with the change of view will come change of feeling, and this will prompt to action, which will always correspond to the courage and sincerity possessed. Ideas without action have no value.

A. I.

### SHAKESPEARE TEACHING UP TO DATE.

"You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live."

Shylock thus expressed himself, but not until after he was prohibited from shedding blood in taking his pound of flesh, nearest to the heart of his bondsman Antonio: "I hate him," said Shylock "for he is a christian; but more, for that, in low simplicity, he lends out money gratis, and brings down the rate of usance here with us in Venice."

We have retrograded in the matter of interest since those days, for now the professed christian teachers live on interest; all who are not engaged in some of the various channels of production, are living on interest, and such usury that allow blood as well as flesh to satisfy the maw of the bondholders.

Church and State do take our lives when they do take the means whereby we live; the prime necessity for our lives is land and this we are deprived of by the conspiracy of these two institutions.

The War Revenue Bill, framed by land-lords, bankers and lawyers, authorizes the issuance of \$600,000,000 of bonds or so much thereof as be necessary, the bill does not state that the bonds shall be used for obtaining money with which to prosecute the war, nor does it say who shall decide the amount necessary. Secretary of the Treasury Gage has often declared that

greenbacks should be called in, and this is—the only honest, genuine American money we have—so of course the war will be continued till the \$600,000,000 worth of bonds are issued. Gage is a banker and will now doubtless retire the greenbacks—it would be quite as reasonable to appoint a fox to conduct a goose ranch. Will the geese stand it quietly? Gage is a christian, as the term goes today, and a pillar of a church—many pillars of churches are so rotten that it is only the church that holds them up, and enables them to "hold up" Labor.

Labor has no way of regaining their birthright, or stopping the perpetual motion, usury, which is draining their blood, except they use a medium of exchange that will not draw interest, and will therefore effect equitable exchanges of the products of their Labor. If all those who desire better conditions would study the simple method of the Labor Exchange, they would find it the quickest and most peaceful mode of bringing about a condition of freedom. To my mind there appears no other way of serving Shylock as he wishes to serve Antonio, no other pacific way for the geese to exterminate the foxes.

J. ALFRED KINGHORN-JONES.

\*\*\*\*\*

### BARNES, BOLTON HALL AND REFORM WORK.

I have read with a great deal of appreciation the articles by J. C. Barnes of Hindsboro, Ill., and Bolton Hall of New York, in Free Society of June 12. I have taken occasion to exploit Mr. Barnes as a peaceful Anarchist in various papers and I trust that all Anarchists will find it advisable to appreciate the peaceful themes which Mr. Barnes has so nobly and successfully lived up to. Yet he is one of the Anarchists whom we are to presume Robert G. Ingersoll would incarcerate as lunatics.

Mr. Hall lays down a line of propaganda which all can follow, and which I have myself always followed. Reform papers, however, need many points on reform: articles should have direct and practical headings to catch the eye and give at a glance an idea of the articles' contents. Above all, every page of a reform paper should have its title, date and full address at the head, that wherever the page may be found it can be followed up if necessary. I often want to send separate pages in letters and it takes too much time to write out what the printer should have supplied.

Mr. Hall used to sarcastically call me an "agitator," but I am glad to see that in writing for the Anarchistic press he has assumed that role himself. Mr. Hall, like Ingersoll, is a lawyer and a man of means in New York. One of the first points to be won by Anarchism is the abolition of Comstockism, that free speech, free press and free mails may be guaranteed, and if Mr. Bolton Hall with Mr. Benj. K. Tucker and other New York Anarchists would resolutely set themselves to the suppression of Comstock at every time, reformers of every class would have a work accomplished for them of incalculable benefit. The man, Comstock, whose character was valued at six cents in a New York court, should be followed up until he had no character worth representation among a people seeking liberty.

I would like Mr. Hall or any other man to ask me if I have ever applied or lived up to any principles of Anarchy, and I would like to have the opportunity of telling just how I have done so; but until the mails are free it is useless for me to attempt any such disclosures. Anthony Comstock has already expressed his anathema upon one look of mine and I am too poor a man to waste time and printer's ink penning matter for the shelf. If, as Mr. Barnes says, "Single Tax is a long stride toward Anarchy," let Mr. Hall stimulate his Single Tax associates to view Anarchy in the same sympathetic light that he does, and let them with all their talent, influence and money set about removing the biggest stumbling stone in the biggest city at once.

J. B. LIVERSEY.

Sykesville, Md.

### THE MONKEY AND THE HAMMER.

The following story of the monkey and the hammer, by Thomas Bawden, of Detroit, is the best illustration showing the fallacy of the current theory, that capital employs labor, we have seen for some time:

"Two monkeys in an East Indian forest one day were cracking nuts for their midday meal," runs a story I once heard, and one said to the other. "My jaws are sore and my teeth are aching; I wish I could crack these nuts easier and faster." Just then a thought seemed to strike his reflective organs, and he

quickly swung himself into a tree and, breaking off part of a branch, descended to the ground again with the stick in his hand; and then, running off to a stream near by, he procured a stone, and with some strong strands of grass growing near by he fastened the stone to the end of the stick. And now he had a hammer (capital), and with this hammer he (labor) could break ten times as many nuts as he could before with his teeth. And now the question to decide is, does the hammer employ the monkey or the monkey employ the hammer?

Even a monkey could see that the hammer, in this case, is simply a creature in the hands of the monkey, and could also see that if the second monkey wished to produce a hammer for himself, he could easily do so in the same manner as the first: but suppose that before he could do so a third monkey would appear on the scene and say to the second monkey: "I own the land on which these trees and stones are found; before you can produce a hammer for yourself you must first produce 100 hammers for me." The second monkey would then be forced to give the greater part of his product for the privilege of making hammers or go to the first monkey and offer to work for him for the use of his hammer. As other monkeys were crowded off the land, they would also go to the first monkey and offer cracked nuts for the use of his hammer and competition between landless and hammerless monkeys for the privilege of working for the capitalist—the monkey who owned the land, would become so fierce that the rent (interest) for the hammer would increase and the cracked nuts (wages) received by working monkeys would decrease. Now what do you suppose the working monkeys would do? Would they propose that the government assume ownership of that hammer, that eight hours be made a legal work day, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, restriction of immigration, a law prohibiting the importation of pauper cracked nuts from foreign lands; or would they say: "Remove the obstruction that stands between working monkeys and land and we will produce hammers (capital) of our own?" Would not even a monkey see that it was the monopoly of land that gave the capitalist power over labor?—Ex.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE ANARCHIST ASSASSIN.

The fables of antiquity abound in stories about monsters against which mankind had no ordinary means of contending, and which succumbed only to the prowess of heroes who were willing to encounter certain death for the glory of destroying them. Theseus slew the Minotaur in his labyrinth; Bellerophon destroyed the Chimera, a task picked out as desperate; Perseus, sent by Polydektos in order to get rid of him, cut off the Gorgons head; Jason, similarly devoted to destruction by Pelias, yoked the five-breathing bulls which guarded the Golden Fleece; Hercules, doomed by the wrath of Hera to a life of such adventures, accomplished them; Edipus overcame the Sphinx; St. George killed the dragon. Under the classic civilization, assassinating an usurper, who had converted a republic into a despotism, was thought the exploit which most fitly emulated these noble deeds; as in the cases of Harmodius, Aristogiton, Timoleon, Pelopidas, and Brutus.

More modern tyrants understand their business better than those these patriots cut off. They have secured that popular suffrage which is the only irresponsible power. For ages the aim of reformers was to kill not them but the system by which nations abdicated this power in their favor. But since that has been done without diminishing tyranny, the individual seducer of nations—the Carnot or Canovas—is to us in the place of the Minotaur and Chimera. The individual who rises to suppress him is the monster-slayer—the Theseus or Bellerophon of a new heroic age.

C. L. JAMES.

\*\*\*\*\*

### "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."

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Co.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 15 Oak Grove Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

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.

## OLD AND NEW.

Long have the poets vaunted, in their lays,  
Old times, old loves, old friendship, and old wine.  
Why should the old monopolize all praise?  
Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove weak,  
Or fall me in my darkest hour of need;  
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,  
Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,  
When all the grace and beauty leaves the old;  
When like a rose it withers at my feet,  
Or like a hearth grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with a prosperous cheer  
In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days;  
I held a sunlit present far more dear,  
And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are threadbare, and worn through,  
And all too narrow for the broadening soul,  
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,  
Fair, beautiful and whole!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

"Chicago's people without news", and "Stereotypers' strike results in depriving five million readers in that city and vicinity of morning papers," are the latest news of importance from the field of labor. When will all workers of the world do likewise?

According to the latest news from Allegheny, Pa., Comrade Berkman's case has been postponed till September 21.

Once again the anniversary of our national birthday has passed with its usual noise of glorification. Buildings were decorated, the flag of our "glorious" country waving all over the houses and all "good citizens" in a hypnotic frenzy—celebrating, as they say, the day on which the colonists shook off the yoke of English tyranny. And, no doubt, we all admire those colonists who had the courage to shoulder their guns when the English government attempted to impose a tax upon them which threatened to interfere with their welfare. A spirit of rebellion was still alive in those people without which all nations are doomed to abject slavery and degradation.

But today the Fourth of July celebration is nothing but a farce, a humbug only inaugurated by the money power to blind their dupes. Thousands and thousands are out of work, without food and shelter; thousands are in prison for attempting to supply their families with bread; the farmers all over the country are mortgaged and doomed to lose their last recourse to sustain life. What is left for us to do? If there ever was a cause to shoulder the muskets to shake of the yoke of tyranny it ought to be done right now while some deluded simpletons are "fighting for the freedom of the Cubans."

The war debt of the world is twenty thousand million dollars. At 4 per cent interest this brings in eight hundred million dollars a year to that invisible power which rules the world and creates poverty—starvation—daily sucking the lifeblood of all who labor. The repudiation of government will pay all debts and extinguish all parasites in human form. I admit that we cannot go through this performance without pain and blood-letting, but it has to be done, and the sooner it chances to pass the better for mankind.

We received a lengthy communication from Providence, R. I., about the arrest of the traveling missionaries, known as the "cowboy preacher" and the "girl preacher for blockading the street." As the details of the arrest are not of special interest we did not consider it worth while to publish the letter. People who try to protest against existing conditions on the streets have for the last two years been arrested all over the United States under the same pretext and all passive

protests will be of no avail. Only when the crowd will refuse to "move on" and take the police by the neck will the right of peaceful gatherings on the street be observed—not before.

Congress has passed a bill which forever will remove the enmity between labor and capital—called the Arbitration Bill. The proposition is to always reconcile the conflicting interests of the employer and the employee. I have not seen the bill in print, but there is no doubt that this document will be shown in museums in the twentieth century as a curiosity of the past generation. The ingenious inventor of it is Representative Grosvenor. God bless him!

How labor statistics are fabricated in this country can be seen in a late report of the Labor Bureau of Massachusetts. The statistician, Mr. Porter, declares openly that he has made it his mission "to make it a hard task for the socialistic agitator to utilize the figures of the census for his purposes." This confession shows clearly that the statistics concerning labor and capital are wholly unreliable and fixed in such manner that they will in no way impeach the present system of legalized robbery. In theory these officials are supposed to be impartial truth seekers, but in practice they are falsifying the facts in the interest of the exploiters, and the producer has to pay their salaries and all the expenses connected with their occupation.

The question of resistance is not simply whether passive or violent resistance is better, but more practically—"What have we to resist, and what will best meet that particular case." Passivity is no resistance to violence. In reality it is no resistance to anything, meaning inaction. There must be activity in all resistance. To resist an idea there must be mental action.

When war was declared many conceited patriots of our daily papers boastingly asserted that the war with Spain would be nothing more but a breakfast for the Americans, and even some radicals echoed this sentiment. But events have already shown that it is going to be a rather irksome breakfast and a very expensive one besides, as the proposed third call for 150,000 volunteers indicates.

A correspondent of the Star of this city gives his reason for the annexation of the Philippines, and I am inclined to change my opinion. He says:

"Should the Philippines become a colonial possession of this country it will be necessary to furnish a government on the time-honored principle of the 'offices for the Americans,' and the hungriest applicant has the best claim. A Captain-General, several district governors, secretaries of departments and numerous subordinate officials will be required. Now, as whisky and the chronic office-seeker are inseparable, and whisky is fatal within six months under the Manila climate, it will readily be seen what a relief this will offer to the overcrowded ranks of the place-hunters. There will be at least one hundred officials required on the islands, and thus an outlet will be furnished for two hundred hungry politicians each year, or eight hundred during a full presidential term. They will not go to the front during the wars, so they cannot be killed off in that way, and they never die under normal conditions, so the Philippines offer the only effective remedy."

The Examiner of this city has a column headed "Letters from the People" in which supposedly every citizen can express his or her opinion on the social question. Last week Comrade Kinghorn-Jones, who at all occasions strikes at the government, wrote the following letter which, of course, was rejected. He said:

"On May 24 in your columns one suggests a war tax on railroad tickets and incomes; another on idle land; these two man fail to realize that railroad magnates and landlords govern America. One man says an Anglo-American alliance would put an end to warfare. C. A. Beckel, like a true American, says he will relinquish every sovereign right and like to his native land, if an alliance is effected with England, the land pirate. This gentleman probably knows there are thousands of such cases, as the two following: (1) the rent of the Palace Hotel in this city goes to Lady

Hesketh for her to spend in London; (2) Lord Scully owns (but did not make) 55,000 acres in Marion Co., Kansas, and takes \$110,000 a year for allowing Americans to cultivate American soil!!! He spends this money in England, as well as similar amounts from Illinois, Iowa and Indiana. These things could not be, nor would any war tax be necessary if Green Majors' American ideas were carried out, viz. true American full legal tender green-backs, and as many of them as are needed—\$500 per capita would be a modest beginning for such a rich, grand country as this. Then the Hesketh's and Scully's rents would have to return to America for redemption.

"All the governments of the world consist of money sharks, with their subdivisions of land, railroad and industrial monopolists.

"No Government ever did, or ever will do any good for Labor.

"The brave boys en route for Manila and Cuba should free themselves first—but government knows how to get a standing army."

The proposition to issue greenbacks is nothing but a palliative of the so-called Peoples' Party and is far from being a remedy for our ills, yet it was too strong for a daily which claims to be on "independent organ for the people."

A. I.

## "IDEAS AND MEN."

Have just read Comrade Addis' article "Ideas and Men" and also A. I.'s comment. The latter expressed my ideas on the subject so thoroughly that I would not have troubled to write the following, were it not for the fact that I am the cause of this discussion, or rather my criticism, during my last visit in Portland, of Anarchists taking part in politics.

He says among other things: "I have been told it is not best for me to make a lecturing trip to New York and the East, because of the highly colored and largely untrue reports of my private acts that have been assiduously circulated there." Why Comrade Addis has not stated who the person was that told him so, I do not know; but since he has failed to do so, I will tell the readers of Free Society that I spoke to Comrade Addis about it, therefore I will remind him that I did not say "it is not best for him to make a trip East," for none of the comrades whom I know paid any attention to the circulated reports about Addis and the rest of The Firebrand group. What I did say, was that many comrades in the East have, on learning that Addis stood in with the political gang, lost confidence in him and would not aid him to make his tour a success. Comrade Addis does not deny that he took money from some politicians for services rendered them; neither can he deny that while I was in Portland he again did work for some politicians, although, as he said, "only to give them pointers and advices." I am sure that very few of the Eastern comrades care much for Addis' private actions. For myself I can only say that I have suffered too much through Mrs. Grundy in pants, in our own ranks, as to pay any attention to reports. I have been slandered and attacked in the most contemptible manner: and even now can be found all sorts of untrue denunciations of Emma Goldman in a German weekly. Why? Because I have for years tried to destroy the impression of Anarchy in the heads of many people, that Anarchy means whisky and bombs, an impression produced by these very denunciations. I have never put myself up as judge or guardian over the acts of others.

But if an Anarchist enters the political field, this act is no longer private—it concerns me and all those interested in the success of our movement, for such inconsistency he or she does more harm to the movement than can be undone in years. Here we use all our energies to demonstrate that political action is a folly, that it corrupts the people and will never set them free; and the next moment this or the other comrade enters the political arena, helps nominating candidates—in one word, does all the political tricks necessary. Comrade Addis says "he never advised to vote." Of course he has not, but his actions remain the same. Just like the Jew calling a Christian to light the candle on Saturday or kindle the fire, because some religious notions forbid him to do it himself. Now if it is right for the Jew to give to the Christian girl the order to do the work, it must be right for him to do it himself. As prejudice and superstition knows no logic we may excuse the Jewish people, but there is no excuse for H. Addis entering the political field. Whether he advised people to vote or not, is not im-



portant; he helped the politicians and they finished the rest of the dirty job. Comrade Addis refers to Merlino. Ah, but there is a vast difference between Merlino's act in regard to politics and his.

Merlino openly and intelligently advocates the use of the ballot and political action. Now, whether I agree with him or not, I must at least admit that with Merlino it is a conviction, a principle; with H. Addis it is nothing of the kind, in fact he always has been opposing politics in *The Firebrand*. Why, then, did he assist the politicians? Because, he said himself, "there was money in it." And that is just the reason why I, and with me many others, deplore Comrade Addis' act. He says further, "I might be one of the vilest men, and yet be able to clearly and forcibly advocate the purest and most lofty ideas." Oh no, you cannot, Comrade Addis. The very fact of you being vile would never allow you to grasp the noble ideas.

It is time that we understand once for all that a rascal, a liar, a contemptible man or woman, never can be an Anarchist; and unless we do that we will make no headway in the future, as we have made but little in the past; and this only because we have had drunkards, liars, biggots and despots in our ranks, who delivered splendid speeches, talked about liberty, equality and other grand things, while as soon as they left the platform, they were cruel, mean, coarse and vile, ready to destroy everybody who dared to oppose them. Unless we reform ourselves, we have no right to reform others; unless we bring our acts in conformity with our ideas, we will never progress, never change conditions.

Of course Comrade Addis has a perfect right to do what he pleases, but if he so much insists on his right, he will kindly allow me the right to criticize his acts pertaining to the movement.

Comrade Addis has assisted me very much during my short stay in Portland. We have parted as friends, and he will therefore, I hope, not take these lines with ill feelings, for they have not been written in such a spirit. I have replied to his article because I wish the readers of *Free Society* to know what and whom he was aiming at, also state my position in regard to "men and ideas."

E. GOLDMAN.

New York, June '98.

#### CLIPPINGS.

The new era will not be introduced by ballots nor bullets, though these agencies will be useful in destroying the old. The new order will be established by people who understand its principles, and will come together voluntarily to put them in practice. These will rapidly increase in number after nucleuses are established, and will draw all the best elements out of the old. It seems probable that the present dispensation will end in terrible wars of extermination among those who believe in government by force and its attendant diabolisms. This is poetic justice. The best novels are those in which the villains kill one another off at the end, and the honest folks are saved by unexpected providences. The end of the world's drama is similarly predicted in the book of Revelations.—*The New Dispensation*.

Through an evil heredity and the inverted processes of our unreason, we have acquired the habit of believing that the law protects us and keeps the criminal classes down. The law does not protect us nor keep the criminal classes down. They are on top now and the law is the instrument by which they keep us down. The worst criminals are prominent factors in law making and the law itself is the expression of the worst passions of humanity. It is the law of brute force, selfishness and greed. We can defend ourselves readily against all other criminals except those armed with the authority of law. During the reign of the Commune in Paris, there was nothing stolen, and there would be nothing stolen now and no need to steal, if it was not for the law. The law is made by the worst thieves to protect their stealings and keep the rest of the people down in slavery and poverty, and it is itself the direct or indirect cause of all crime.—*The New Dispensation*.

There is a tendency in some quarters to consider that a war among the leading powers is of the near future. If this impression is well founded, the case stands thus: A number of capitalistic fleecers want to capture such a political control of a country will enable them to have a monopoly of the profit connected with its external traffic. A num-

ber of other capitalistic fleecers object, and thereupon vast crowds of people are to be ordered to stick swords and bayonets into each other and rip each other to pieces with bullets and bombs to settle the point. In short, a lot of fools are going to commit murder to decide which set of rogues shall commit robbery.—*Ex.*

Are the "powers that be" purposely protracting, mis-managing and obstructing the work of the war, to make it long and costly, so as to carry out their imperialistic designs and hand Cuba and the Philippines over to American robbing syndicates?—*The Star*.

Heard in the Domain. "If I have no right on the earth except by sufferance of the land owner it was God's duty to consult the land owner before placing me on the earth. If I have no right to work and subsist except at the pleasure of the employer, God had no right to create me till he had consulted the employer. He should have gone humbly and said, 'Please, sir, I propose to create a human being; have you any use for him? Here are the plans and specifications—see if he will suit you; if not the design can be altered to meet your approval.'"—*The Worker*.

We have read the following story:—A lad of 12 years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's backyard, when he was approached by a playmate. "Hello, Ben!" said the youngster, "do you get anything for cuttin' the wood?" "Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a penny a day for doing it." "What are you goin' to do with yer money?" "Oh, she is savin' it for me, and when I get enough, she's goin' to get me a new ax." It strikes us that there is a sort of deep underlying principle in this yarn that fits on to a lot of things in the world as it is.—*The Worker*.

The idea of property that most people really recognize at bottom is simply a reasonable fraternal respect for the means that a man relies on to apply his labor to, and for the things he has produced with a view to the satisfaction of his requirements. To convert the observances intended to give effect to this good intention, into a means of extortion, and of dictating as to people's private affairs (as when certain employers insist on the employees being shaved, or going to church, or abstaining from radical movements) is a gross abuse which it is mere folly to sanction or tolerate out of respect for "property"—being in diametrical opposition to every rational and social element underlying the property-conception.—*The Worker*.

#### AN APPEAL.

We inform all those that are anxious to see Comrade Berkman released that his case will be brought before the Board of Pardons September 21, and will come this time to a definite decision.

But there are not yet sufficient means on hand to defray the necessary expenses, and we therefore appeal to all friends and comrades to send in their mite immediately. Let us do all we can at present. We hope that our efforts will be rewarded with the liberation of our young comrade.

HARRY GORDON, Treasurer,

P. HEBBERT, Secretaries.

H. BAKER, Secretaries.  
73 Springgarden Ave. Allegheny Pa.

#### THE EMPLOYER.

"Look here, Smith," said the Superior Individual, "I think Jones will want some sort of a table directly. I want you to fix me up a rough affair for him. By the way, while you are about it, make a real good one for myself."

Smith, without thinking twice over the matter, set promptly to work, and meanwhile the Superior Individual went over to Jones and said: "Look here, Jones, Smith will be wanting some sort of a pair of boots directly. I want you to fix me up a rough pair that will fit him. And, while you are about it, make me a first-class pair for myself."

Jones, without thinking twice over the matter, went to work, and presently the goods were all in the Superior Individuals possession.

Shortly afterwards Smith and Jones presented themselves to ask for payment.

"I'm in a bit of a hurry for money just now," ex-

plained Jones, "as I shall have to get a table."

"The Superior Individual said, 'Here is the table, Jones; that squares our account.'"

While Jones was trying to puzzle it out, Smith remarked, "I'm in a bit of a hurry for some money, as I shall have to get a pair of boots."

"There are the boots ready made for you," said the Superior Individual, "and so we are quits."

"Yes," said Smith and Jones together, "we are quits for this table and this pair of boots of equal value, but what about the good table and the good boots that you have had from us for yourself?"

"That I have had from you?" exclaimed the Superior Individual in a tone of indignant surprise. "I have had nothing from you. Didn't I employ you to make boots and tables, and weren't the boots and the tables mine because I employed you? The wages I allow to each of you amount exactly to the price of the goods you have bought from me, and what I have is the profit created by my own enterprise. If I hear any more of your talk, I will call out the gatling guns. You would subvert law and order."—*Exchange*.

#### SUGGESTION IN AID OF B. C. C. REFORM.

Personally I could not willingly join any community where the impious, arrogant title of Reverend was used by any member. Church and State have evolved the present hell, and general conditions cannot improve until both are superseded by freedom, and this cannot exist with either institution in force. I am careful in saying, willingly, because the tendency at present is to imprison Anarchists if a ghost of a chance can be found, and no prison equipment is complete without one or more Reverends—usually a catholic and a protestant.

Would not the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth be likely to draw a much larger number of members, if two of the much esteemed officers, would drop their title of Reverend.

We can only estimate the feelings of others, by our own, and the fear arises that with the success of a colony the inherent hierarchical tendency of such titular beings would assert itself to the disadvantage of the community, and its probable return to the old ruts.

A. J. KINGHORN-JONES.

#### WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

The excellent essay, "The State: Its Historic Rule" by Peter Kropotkin, which appeared lately in *Freedom*, London, concludes with the following interesting paragraphs:

"History has not been an uninterrupted evolution. At different intervals evolution has been broken in a certain region, to begin again elsewhere. Egypt, Asia, the banks of the Mediterranean, Central Europe have in turn been the scene of historical development. But in every case, the first phase of evolution has been the primitive tribe, passing on into a village commune, then into that of the free city; and finally dying out when it reached the phase of the State.

"In Egypt, civilization began by the primitive tribe. It reached the village community phase, and later on the period of free cities; still later that of the State, which, after a flourishing period, resulted in the death of the country.

"The evolution began again in Assyria, in Persia, in Palestine. Again it traversed the same phasis: the tribe, the village community, the free city, the all-powerful State, and finally the result was—death!

"A new civilization then sprang up in Greece. Always beginning by the tribe, it slowly reached the village commune, then the period of republican cities. In these cities, civilization reached its highest summits. But the East brought to them its poisoned breath, its traditions of despotism. Wars and conquests created Alexander's empire of Macedonia. The State enthroned itself, the blood-sucker grew, killed all civilization, and then came—death!

"Rome in its turn restored civilization. Again we find the primitive tribe at its origin; then, the village commune; then, the free city. At that stage, it reached the apex of its civilization. But then came the State, the Empire, and then—death!

"On the ruins of the Roman Empire, Celtic, Germanic, Slavonian and Scandinavian tribes began civilization anew. Slowly the primitive tribe elaborated its institutions and reached the village commune. It remained at that stage till the twelfth century. Then rose the Republican cities which produced the glorious

expansion of the human mind, attested by the monuments of architecture, the grand development of arts, the discoveries that laid the basis of natural sciences. But then came the State....

"Will it again produce death?—Of course it will, unless we reconstitute society on a libertarian and anti-State basis. Either the State will be destroyed and a new life will begin in thousands of centres, on the principle of an energetic initiative of the individual, of groups, and of free agreement; or else the State must crush the individual and local life, it must become the master of all the domains of human activity, must bring with it its wars and internal struggle for the possession of power, its surface-revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably, at the end of this evolution,—death!

"Choose yourselves which of the two issues you prefer."

### WHEN WE HAVE FREEDOM.

Prof. Hertza, of the University of Austria, at Vienna, says in his work, "Laws of Social Evolution": "I have investigated what labor and time will be necessary, with our present machines, etc., to create all common necessities of life for our Austrian nation of 22,000,000. It takes 10,500,000 hectares (2½ acres) of agricultural lands, 3,000,000 of pasturages for all agricultural producers. I then allowed a house to be built for every family, consisting of five rooms. I then found that all industries, agriculture, architecture, building, flour, sugar, coal, iron, machine building, clothing and chemical productions, need 615,000 laborers employed 11 hours per day, 300 days a year to satisfy every imaginable want for 22,000,000 inhabitants.

"These 615,000 laborers are only 12.3 per cent of the population able to work, excluding all women and all persons under 16 years or over 50 years of age. All these latter to be called not able.

"Should the 5,000,000 able men be engaged in work instead of 615,000, they only need to work 36.9 days every year to produce everything needed for the support of the population of Austria. But should the 5,000,000 work all the year—say 300 days, which they would likely have to do to keep the supply fresh in every department—each one would only work 1 hour and 22½ minutes per day.

"But to engage to produce all the luxuries in addition, it would take in round figures 1,000,000 workers, classed and assorted as above, or only 20 per cent of all those able, excluding every woman, or every person under 16 or over 50, as before. The 20 per cent of able, strong male members could produce everything imaginable for the whole nation of 22,000,000 in 2 hours and 12 minutes per day, working 300 days a year. But should they shift the work in proportion to the other remaining 80 per cent of the able workers, all male members of the nation, every able worker would only work 2 hours and 12 minutes a day for only about two months in the whole year. The other life time could be spent for educational purposes, or in recreation, and the whole nation would have everything that cultured people want and need."

Some people refute the figures of Prof. Hertza, "because," they say, "he has not taken into consideration that our wants and desires will increase to such an extent that we will still have to work 8 or 16 hours per day." They forget though that one half of labor's energy expended today is unnecessary, resulting from a perverted social system. On the other hand improved machinery today is only employed when profitable to those possessing the means. Let us contemplate for a moment that only steam ploughs are used by the farmers instead of horse ploughs, electricity in the factories, house and kitchen instead of wood and coal, and that men produce necessities of life instead of manufacturing cannons, guns, battleships, safes, locks, etc., and we can easily imagine that under freedom labor will be a pleasure instead of being a drudgery as it is at present.

### ARISEN.

[By J. A. Andrews and Ernest Cairee.]

Nobody knew where he came from: it seemed that nobody was ever anxious to know; moreover it is very probable that nobody ever did know. For one thing, he was considered an intolerable nuisance by the lodging-house proprietors and hotelkeepers of the neighborhood; and each and every thief, blackleg, and

burglar acquainted with him had noted him a coward and a fellow to be cautious with, because forsooth he refused either to aid them in their crimes, or participate in their profits. For another, the women folk pitied, and opined that Mr. Rylswick had been a gentleman once—as he was polite to even the most debased of them—but their husbands thought otherwise, and contrived by mutual persuasion to convince each other that he was no good anyway, also that he was undoubtedly "going to the dogs."

Sometimes he got clerical work to do, in the way of balancing the account-books of the tradesmen or writing letters for the illiterate; one morning he even disappeared and it was thought that he had gone for ever, but he returned about a month afterwards with the wild madness of desperation in his face, and in the insanity of a reckless drinking bout that followed he had gone so far as to attempt suicide by hanging.

Michael Ryan, the publican of the little hotel, it was who rescued him. He also gave him a bed and food during the illness which followed; wherefore that worthy man gained the reputation of being a good fellow and a philanthropist to boot. He also gained an increase in the number of his customers, but the good soul always forgot to mention that Rylswick's prostration was as much the consequence of delirium tremens as strangulation. Doubtless he forgot it in the overwhelming admiration of his own wonderful benevolence.

When the man recovered it seemed as though his nervous system was permanently wrecked, but as he slowly regained strength, Michael, the philanthropist, decided to retain him as a factotum, and in the bar of an evening he showed his sense of gratitude by enlarging upon the heart of his employer.

But as the additions to the trade of the "Lion's Mouth" became permanent, and moreover as three months of the championship of Rylswick had engraved the publican's generosity in the hearts of his customers, that worthy bethought him of his former economical principles, wherefore he suddenly discovered that the hired man was quite unnecessary and a person to be dispensed with.

Then Rylswick commenced to go to ruination, body and soul. He was seized alternately with fits of desperation and cowardliness; and it was during an attack of the former that he made a savage assault upon Ninton Stauble, a celebrated lawyer and M. P. In the court he talked wildly about the villainy and dishonesty of the prosecutor, but the bench was deaf to his charges, and silenced him by a sentence of three months in gaol.

One night after his release from gaol he was sleeping on the form in the cosiest corner of the "Lion's Mouth" bar. Some of his acquaintances had been regaling him upon some of Mick's "doctored" whisky, and when he was pretty well fuddled he began a long incoherent story about Ninton Stauble's villainy and his own martyrdom.

Had they chosen to question him further they would have learned that Mr. Ninton Stauble, barrister and eloquent politician as he was, was really an unprincipled scoundrel. He had contrived to get Rylswick dismissed from college; he had made him a "marked" man by manipulating the accounts of a building society, of which he was a director and Rylswick a clerk; then he spread the poor fellow's disrepute so successfully that he found it utterly impossible to obtain a situation.

And yet all this ill-feeling had originated in one of the young men's quarrels incidental to ordinary college life; then the hatred had been carefully fostered and strengthened by a system of reciprocal revenges, until the stronger man had been goaded into concluding that nothing but the social extinction of Rylswick would satisfy him. Besides, this Rylswick had discovered too much about his private affairs; and the popularity of a public man is as necessary to him as light to the sight.

As he sat there in the corner, Michael, the philanthropist, thought it was time for him to clear out, and therefore he went round the counter and shook the sleeper rather roughly.

"Here, ye've been sleeping 'ere long enough, old codger! Wake up!"

"Eh!" muttered Rylswick. "What?"

"Push yer truck!"

The man rose and stretched himself wearily, and as his hand struck his coat pocket a thought seemed to appal him, for he turned ashen pale.

"Just give me a nobbler of whisky, will you, Mr. Ryan? It's cold outside."

"Money?" replied Mick, interrogatively.

"O! I'll—"

"Will yer now? Pay me tomorrow! Wot are yer giving us, Taffey?"

"For God's sake, man, I'm starving!"

"Then starve, and be damn'd to yer!"

Whereat the herculean proprietor of the "Lion's Mouth" planked the pewter pot down upon the counter, and commenced rolling up his shirt-sleeves in order to execute the threat which his expression conveyed. But the beggar, wishing to avert a tussle with such a brawny adversary, meekly raised his hands in expostulation, and slunk away with a deprecatory farewell.

Out in Little Bourke-street a noxious black fog was obscuring everything, and the air surrounding the different street lamps was glowing with a sickly radiance, whilst all the rest was darkness. As he leaned against the corner of the hotel, which abutted upon an alley, the sound of a child's voice reached his ear, and the bell from the Wesleyan church seemed to ring the verse being read into his very soul.

Ding! ding! clang!—ding! dong! clang! clang!

"A fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be on the face of the earth!"

He drew from his pocket a battered copper and began to finger it nervously.

"Why not?" he murmured hoarsely, "there are only two things for it—death or permanent dishonor." He was not absolutely ruined yet; there was yet time; all things are possible to him who tries.

Then he glanced along Little Bourke-street as one who looks at the last scene of his ruined life. A few Chinamen were chattering in their dissonant jargon as they shuffled into a gambling den, and as the door closed behind them it shut out into the already poisoned atmosphere an odor of opium that almost stupefied him.

Yes, it was revolting. Surely he had nothing to live for. Surely not, even the bell up there seemed laughing at him.

Ding! ding! clang!—ding! dong! clang! clang!

"A fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be on the face of the earth!"

Whereat he spun the coin and unconsciously raised his voice, ere it had fallen.

"Heads I shoot myself, tails I go to gaol."

Then the coin fell with a chink, head upwards.

He picked it up with trembling fingers, a feeling of dizziness slowly creeping upon him.

"Once again."

Again it spun, high up into the darkness, and fell into the slime of the gutter with a dull thud.

"Heads!"

A pistol barrel gleamed for a moment in the ray from the alley lamp, then he staggered into the deeper gloom.

The clanging of the bell seemed for a second to increase in sound until it deafened and stupefied him, and in the thunder that swept round his dizzy head there whirled away into the darkness the picture of his life, all lost and wasted. And he stood there with the cold steel ring of the pistol barrel pressing upon his temple, a pariah amongst outcasts—despised by humanity.

He heard the sharp click of the lock—the fumes of opium and odors of decay were intoxicating him—and then his finger began to feel the impress of the trigger—

"Stay!"

A soft, insinuating, slightly nasal voice whispered its command earnestly into his ear, and a light hand was laid eagerly upon his shoulder. A spasm of shame and vexation convulsed his frame, and the pistol dropped from his fingers, and fell with a reverberating clank upon the rough stone pavement.

"Hush!" said the voice again addressing him.

"Come this way."

A feeling which could not be defined took possession of Rylswick's nerves, and he yielded himself obediently to the dictates of the stranger, whom he followed without a word out of the lane and into the mazy windings of a court just beyond. At last they came to a break in the line of buildings and hovels, where some huge logs of timber were stowed away, a narrow space between two of the piles affording a nook of concealment secure from all prying intrusion.

Here the two with some difficulty secreted themselves, and Rylswick, as his eyes became freed from the dimness of agitation, and accustomed to the gloom which here still more than in the circumjacent alley and byways, prevailed, turned to scan, as well as



possible under the circumstances, the form of his deliverer.

The stranger shrank back a little way into the recess where he was sitting, and as he did so Rylswick perceived that his face was closely muffled up as if by way of protection against the noxious atmosphere of the slums. His features were scarcely discernible, but he was of small build, considerably under the average height, and alim in proportion. A city missionary possibly. If so, his speech would sufficiently indicate the fact, and give George a clue to the identity of the man to whom he ought to be grateful.

"You seem not to care about your life," he remarked, at length.

"No—what is there left to be careful about?" was the despondent reply.

"There is always hope. Now I can give you something to do, if you are willing—you will risk no more than you were about heedlessly to throw away, and if you succeed—"

"Anything—anything in the world, I will do!" said Rylswick, "there can be nothing worse than what I have already suffered."

"Anything!" repeated the other, with a peculiar intonation. "Listen. There is a man—by the way, are you good at recollecting faces?"

"About as much as anyone else, I suppose."

"I will point him out to you later. He hangs about these back streets; and there is a woman, too—you may have heard of her, or seen her name in the police columns of the newspapers—Lily Emmers. He has been living in the same neighborhood with her for a week past, and I am afraid that if they lay their heads together there will be some fearful mischief done. It is a matter of life and death!"

"And you want me to watch him?"

"That, and more. My friend, this is one of those cases where there is no middle course. And yet—is it ever right that we should take one life in order to save another?" The last words were spoken musingly, in so low a tone that it was only by intense straining forward that Rylswick could catch their meaning. "What should be done? Friend, there are two men—one, a gentleman, an ornament to his profession and to the world at large, the other, by whose malice the former is endangered, a black-guardly rascal who had every prospect in life, but fell, first by dishonesty at a college examination, and then sank lower and lower until he robbed his employers, and, enraged that the former gentleman had not restored him to his situation, as well as by his kind interference saved him from the goal, proceeded first to slander and then to plot against him."

Strange thoughts passed rapidly through Rylswick's brain during the recital of these words—thoughts unutterable, that made him frantic with suspense—with the conflict of wild despair, and still wilder hope. Again he scrutinized the aspect of the speaker, and an exclamation that no force of will could suppress passed his lips.

"Scoundrel?" he muttered.

"You are moved by the story. One of those lives must to a moral certainty be cut short. Need I ask you—which? Is it more or less murder to strike for the frustration of such a design, than to threaten with death one's unoffending self?"

George felt his muscles clench with a grin temptation. He reached for his pistol, which was lying upon the stranger's knee.

"Not that way, nor to-night. You must find, or make an opportunity. You are willing, are you not? I will provide you with ample means of escape, in case you should be suspected, and give you a sum that will enable you to go where and do what you like. Are you prepared?"

George was unconscious that the strange idea recurred vividly to his mind before he replied, "I am."

"Your voice sounds husky. You are excited this evening. This business must be done with cool nerves. You will have to find some means of bringing the body round here for my satisfaction, and I shall be in waiting at the Post Office corner every night this week up to eleven o'clock, to hear from you. As an earnest, here is a sovereign, and on our way from this place I will show you the lodgings of the man you are to care for. His name, by the way, is George Rylswick."

Another night descended, not like last, damp and dismal, but stifling, murky, and oppressive.

Everywhere indoors it was close almost to suffocation, and the footpaths were more than usually crowded with thronging masses moving uneasily in quest of a

freer air. Through the whole length of Great Bourke-street a dozen incongruous streams and tides of humanity went surging to and fro. There were people hurrying painfully along, others sauntering as much at ease as the weather would allow, on various errands of business and of pleasure; others again strolling aimlessly about, or pacing with slow steps, now this way, now that, in front of the theatre, the arcade, or the Post Office. Amongst the latter was the well-known barrister, Ninton Staunle. Like a few other persons, who were apprehensive that the heat might give way suddenly before a chilling thunderstorm, he had provided himself with a light muffler, which served meanwhile as a partial protection against the eddies of thick dust that were whirled up every now and again from the roadway, reducing all inhalation to a series of spasmodic gasps.

As the huge clock overhead boomed out the hour of eight, a stealthy form disengaged itself from the obstructive group of idlers at the corner and beckoned, almost imperceptibly, to the barrister, who at once made a sign of comprehension and followed in the man's wake.

"Before doing anything in that matter," said Staunle's companion, as the two had reached a sufficiently secluded spot, "I thought best to ask you again, in case there should be any mistake."

"How? You are still game?"

"Oh, yes—but I don't know all you were saying; I wasn't quite 'there' last night. And I don't want to make a bungle of the business."

Staunle repeated his terms and instructions.

"But how if he were disabled?"

"No—there would be the same risk. I must know that he is dead, and you must do it quickly. Don't go to hark off at all—think of the villainy of the man who could do such things as I related to you. With the devil back in hell, earth would be heaven once more. Therefore be firm, and carry out speedily what you promised."

"Now I swear by my neck that I will do so. At ten o'clock tomorrow night, under the log-pile you shall see George Rylswick—than I shall earn my reward."

From the dim church steeple, gleams of reflected starlight shot erratically here and there, like the glaring of ghostly eyes strained to view, and gloat, and laugh in demoniac glee over the scene that was to follow.

Round the dark log-piles darker shadows flitted and flitted mysteriously, and stealthy footsteps grated all but inaudibly upon the still air.

In a grave whose walls were, at the sides, the massive stacks of lumber, at the ends two human forms, the coffin lay ready to be opened.

"Raise the lid!" The pale yellow light of a match shed momentarily a livid glare upon the wasted face within. It was a sickening spectacle.

Staunle peered curiously into the upturned countenance for a few seconds, and then turned away.

"Done at last!" he muttered, "the dread of exposure is over, and I can sleep without the fear of being unmasked by his resentment." Then turning his eyes towards the coffin, as his self-possession gave way to a burst of victorious exultation, he cried, "Yes! you held good cards in your hand, indeed, but you could not play against me! If you were only alive at this last moment to know of the final discomfiture of your hopes—to experience the abject humiliation of witnessing my triumph, my revenge would have a consummation sweet indeed!" And in the glee of his inhuman malice he bent forward once more to spit ferociously upon the calm forehead.

"A CONSUMMATION SWEET INDEED!" echoed a voice from the charnel-box, and with the words George Rylswick rose as from the dead to confront and startle his adversary. "This is the night of my triumph!"

Ninton Staunle moved as if preparing for a desperate—a murderous spring. It was too late. The man at the head of the coffin had divested himself of a false arrangement of hair and color, and revealed to the eyes of the guilty man the glittering physiognomy of Emil Wiener, the celebrated detective.

With a wild despairing glance, as though all the horror and anguish which he had during those long years been heaping upon his innocent victim were rebounding in an irresistible mass of woe to crush his soul to damnation, Ninton Staunle thrust his hand imploringly around and sank to the earth—another man! Yes—for the brain—the impulses—the whole nature had given way beneath that terrible weight, and the frightened groaning body was struggling hor-

ribly against a delirious paroxysm of agonising nerve spasms.

"He will have had enough by the time you have finished with him, according to what you told me two nights ago, when you asked me to take your place as the accomplice," remarked the detective, impassively.

"He shall," replied Rylswick vehemently, a gleam of fierce joy rekindling the light that had long gone out of his haggard features. And he lowered his gaze upon the form of his subdued enemy.

But as he took in the full import of that strange maddened look and that hideous writhing and moaning of the prostrate figure, a shuddering revulsion of feeling cowed his whole frame and he murmured painfully, "No—no—Heaven! no!—I cannot—not after this."

And as he felt the eyes of the detective fixed curiously upon him, he added, "Malignity and hatred were his crimes, and with the loathing with which they have inspired me, how can I be his imitator in practising them now he lies grovelling helpless before me?"

Ah! Ninton Staunle, it was a strange chance that led you to save the life of your wan unrecognised victim, that you might unconsciously bargain with him for his own death, and which gave him the opportunity of displaying to a skilled witness the festering blackness of your soul! Stranger yet that your quarry thus bounding at the advantage to bay had still remaining, after the debasement of your persecution, so much human sympathy as to let your sufferings hide your cruelties and his pangs even from his own inner sight!

To how many would it have been sufficient to receive, as did Rylswick, a letter from his former employer, stating that a gentleman had found the long-missing bank-note among some old papers that he had tied up in the merchant's office and had not looked at again for years; and offering by way of compensation to take him into service again should he stand in want of occupation?

Did you experience simple relief, or were your better feelings, so long kept sleeping, racked into renewed life, when you read in the Herald the paragraph headed, "A Noble Confession," which merely allowed Rylswick his due anent the old matter of the examination, whilst giving you credit for an upright and honorable after career, and even carefully screening your name from the public eye?

Perchance, God knows. But there was another whose bitterness could not be so easily assuaged; who treasured up her secrets and her wrath, and gave little outward sign that there was any need for fear.

"Like the heart of some crag volcanic,  
Whose crater lips compressed  
Hide a smouldering fire atonic  
That is swelling within its breast  
That seems to be sleeping mildly,  
But soon, like AVERGING HATE,  
Shall leap in its fury wildly  
To blacken and devastate!"

For there soon came the tidings that a fallen woman named Lily Emmers had placed in the possession of the police information affecting the character of a well-known member of the bar, and that the whole matter was to be probed to the bottom.

But the investigations were never made, or if so the result was concealed from all but official knowledge.

On the evening after the publication of that news by the press, Detective Wiener was making a round of inspection at the back of the wood-pile that had been the scene of the late dramatic denouement, when a strong smell of prussic acid greeted his nostrils, and at the same time his foot struck against a dead body that was lying on the spot where the coffin had been.

It was that of Ninton Staunle.

He was lying very peacefully, his hands clasped over his breast, his eyes gazing steadily up at the blue sky above him, and as the detective bent to examine him a silvery moonbeam crept through the lumber and rested beautifully upon his white face.

All the malice had left it now, pure and without blemish, the ideal face of the man who might have been. He had taken life at the flood, but his craft had failed to weather the gale, therefore the Master had taken it into that port from which it had gone forth. And the glorious moon swept onward in harmony with the spheres, unmindful of all of the little drama that had been closed in death: for men are dying and babes are being born, but Time stoppeth not in its passage to eternity.—From Temple Mystic, and Other Poems.

The number printed or written on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

### FREE SOCIETY'S AGENTS.

The following named persons will receive and receipt for donations and subscriptions for FREE SOCIETY:

**Chicago, Ill.** C. Fietzner, 469 Wabash Ave.  
**New York City.** I. Rudash, 808 Grand St.  
**Brooklyn, N. Y.** A. Levin, 555 Stone av.  
**Buffalo, N. Y.** G. Lang, 514 Hickory St.  
**Philadelphia, Pa.** L. Rabotnik, 526 Washington Ave.  
**Altoona, Pa.** H. Bauer, 73 Springgarden av.  
**Baltimore, Md.** B. Moritz, 1008 E. Baltimore.  
**Providence, R. I.** Bookbinder, 81 Robinson St.  
**St. Louis, Mo.** Otto Rinke, 3859 Kosciusko St.  
**London, Eng.** F. Goulding, 19 Meredith St.  
**Glasgow, Scotland.** Wm. Duff, 9 Carpin St.  
 Gowen Hill.

### PROPAGANDA FUND.

Please do not use private checks nor bank checks if you can avoid it.  
 The safest and most acceptable manner of remitting is by postoffice or express money order.  
 Week ending July 3.  
 V. S. Svornest, Dillonville, O., \$2.00  
 Wendel Phil. Ed. Club, Providence R. I., \$2.00  
 Shilling, Cook, Meyer, each \$1.00  
 Nevils, Schneider, Wagner, Melin, Livezey, each 50c.  
 Umbach, Davis, each 25c.  
 Beel, 80c.

### FREE READING ROOM.

The associated groups of the International Working Men's Association of Chicago have opened a Club and Reading Room at 642 South Ashland Ave.

The Reading Room is open for everybody. Hours, 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.  
 Revolutionary literature will be provided, especially newspapers advocating our cause.

The groups, in regular meeting, have decided to request all papers interested in the propaganda to send one copy each, free of charge, to be used in said Reading Room.

Radical papers should also announce that strange comrades, after legitimation, can receive information and the addresses of comrades, at said Reading Room.

THEO. APPEL.  
 1360 N. Rockwell St., Chicago.  
 N. B.—Anarchist papers please copy.

The idea designated as majority-rule today in the minds of most people, both Socialists and those who do not call themselves Socialists, is simply that the majority are entitled to take up their own attitude—to assert themselves and defend themselves; that as a matter of expediency it is often convenient to work by a majority decision; and that as a matter of fraternity it is often fitting that the minority should give way to the majority, whilst not overlooking the fact that the majority should also fraternally consider the minority. They fully recognize to-day that a majority has no more right to domineer over a minority than one strong man has to domineer over one weak man—and indeed, for those who look on the State as a combination to protect the citizen from any anti-social person who might abuse his superior strength, etc., the idea of any such right would be a most extraordinary inconsistency.—The Worker.

St. Louis society women have formed a league to help working women by refusing to buy sweat-shop products.

Colored coal miners at Cartersville, Ill., are being worked under stockade protection in the places of striking white miners.

## Free Society Library.

These pamphlets are issued monthly at 5 cents each or 50 cents a year:

- No. 1, "Law and Authority," by P. Kropotkin.  
 No. 2, "A Talk About Anarchist Communism," by Enrico Malatesta.  
 No. 3, "Emancipation of Society from Government," by Dallan Doyle.  
 No. 4, "Anarchist Morality" by P. Kropotkin.  
 No. 5, "Mating or Marrying, Which?" "A Lesson from History" and "The Problem of Criminality," by W. H. Van Ornum.  
 No. 6, "Essays on the Social Problem," by Henry Addis.  
 No. 7, "The Wage System" and "Revolutionary Government," both by Peter Kropotkin.

### IN QUANTITIES.

	10	100	1,000
No. 1, 30 cents	\$1.75	\$15.00	
No. 2, 25 cents	1.50	12.00	
No. 3, 25 cents	1.50	12.00	
No. 4, 30 cents	1.75	15.00	
No. 5, 25 cents	1.50	12.00	
No. 6, 30 cents	1.75	15.00	
No. 7, 25 cents	1.50	12.00	

### Addresses of Anarchist Lecturers.

Emma Goldman, 50 First street, New York City.  
 Henry Addis, Gen'l Del., Portland, Oregon.  
 H. Weinberg, 50 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Lucy E. Parsons, 1777 N. Troy street, Chicago, Ill.

## A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.

A NEW  
**Family Medical Work,**  
 IT IS THE BEST MEDICAL BOOK FOR THE HOME YET PRODUCED.  
 BY  
**DR. J. H. GREER.**

It has 16 colored plates showing different parts of the human body.

This book is up to date in every particular. It will save you doctor bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies. The book recommends **No Poisonous or Dangerous Drugs.** It teaches simple **Common Sense Methods** in accordance with Nature's laws. It does not endorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife. It teaches how to save **Health and Life** by safe methods. It is entirely free from technical rubbish. It teaches **Prevention**—that it is better to know how to live and **Avoid** disease than to take any medicine as a cure.

It teaches how **Typhoid** and other Fevers can be both **Prevented and Cured.** It gives the be known treatment for La Grippe, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Consumption, Appendicitis and every other disease. This book is **Not an Advertisement** and has **No Medicine** to sell. It tells you how to live that you may **Prolong** life. It **Opposes** medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising **War on Vaccination** and the use of anti-toxine. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases. The chapter on **Painless Midwifery** is worth its weight in Gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of **Air, Sunshine and Water** as medicines. This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for **Health** by the safest and easiest means, do not **Delay Getting The Book.**

This book is printed in clear type on good book paper, beautifully bound in cloth with gold letters. It has 800 Octavo pages.

PRICE \$2.75.

Send Orders To FREE SOCIETY

### NEWS STANDS

Where FREE SOCIETY can be obtained:  
**SAN FRANCISCO**—Paper Covered Book Store, 1208 Market St. Anarchist and Freethought literature also on sale.

**Boston**—Columbia Stationery Store, 935 Washington St.  
 Brigham's Restaurant, Washington St.

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—A. Levin, 555 Stone Ave. (26 Ward). He accepts subscriptions for all Anarchist papers. Sample copies of *London Freedom* will be sent to anyone enclosing a one cent postage stamp. Is also agent for New York.

**ALLGHEHY, PA.**—H. Bauer, 73 Springgarden Ave. Has also other radical papers, pamphlets and books in the English and German languages. Call or send a postal card.

**NEW YORK.**—I. Rudash, 363 Grand St. Radical literature of all kinds, including Englishperiodicals, on hand.  
 S. Friedson, 130 Attorney St.

### Radical Exchanges.

**L'agitazione**, an Italian Anarchist weekly. Address: Cialdini No. 10, Ancona, Italy.

**Libertaire**, a French Anarchist weekly. Address: 26 Rue Sainte, Marseille, France.

**Der Sozialist**, a German Anarchist weekly. Address: Elizabethstrasse 66, Berlin N., Germany.

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

**Discontent**, an Exponent of Anarchist Communism. Address: Lakebay, Wash.

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

**Anarkisten**, (Danish) Semi-monthly. Address: Kristofor Hanstsen, Vibes gate 8, 4, elg, Kristiania, Denmark.

**Volne Listy**, a Bohemian Anarchist monthly, published at 60 cents a year. Address: Franta Lehn, 43 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.

**Le Pere Peinaré**, a French Anarchist weekly. Address: 15 Rue Lavieville, Montmartre Paris, France.

**La Tribune Libre**, a French Anarchist weekly. Price \$1.00 a year. Address: Charierol, Pennsylvania.

**Germinal**, a Spanish Anarchist weekly. Address: B. Salbans, Casilla Correo 1034 Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic.

**Miscarea Sociala**, a Roumanian Anarchist weekly. Address: Matasarior 22, Bucharest, Roumania.

**Sozialistische Monatshefte**, a radical monthly magazine. Address: Marien St. 27, Berlin N. W., Germany.

**Deinliche Listy** is an eight page Anarchist weekly paper, published in the Bohemian language at New York City, 422 E. 71<sup>st</sup> St., by the International Workingmen's Association of America. Send for sample copy.

**The Altruist** is a monthly paper issued by the Altruist Community, of St. Louis, whose members hold all their property in common, and both men and women have equal rights and decide all their business affairs by majority vote. Twenty-five cents a year; sample copy free. Address: A. Longley, 2819 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

**WANTED:** Light on the Sex Question. This is humanity's greatest need. Read *Lucifer*, the Light Bearer, the only paper of its kind in the world. Weekly, eight pages, \$1 per year. Send 25 cents now and receive *Lucifer* three months on trial and these five thought stirring essays, which are worth an equal sum, as premium: "Subsistence and Justice," by Lucinda B. Chandler; "The Sexual Enslavement of Woman;" "Love and the Law;" "Variety vs. Monogamy;" by E. C. Walker; "Thomas Jefferson as an Individualist," by Gen. M. F. Trumbull. Address: M. Harman, 1894 Congress street, Chicago.

## WHEREFORE INVESTIGATING COMPANY.

BY  
**LOIS WAISBROOKER.**

An interesting book, written in story form, showing the inevitable and bad results which arise from monopoly in land. A splendid missionary book of 313 pages.

"LEND A COPY TO YOUR CONSERVATIVE NEIGHBOR."

"THE HOMELESS MILLIONS OF THE WORLD CRY LOUDLY FOR"—THE LAND.

This Book is Printed in Large Clear Type, and on Good Book Paper.

Regular Price, 50 Cents.

OUR PRICE, 25 CENTS.

### BOOK LIST.

In lots of ten or more, five-cent pamphlets furnished at three cents each.

"Appeal to the Young. By P. Kropotkin.	05
Anarchist Communism, its Basis and Principles. By P. Kropotkin.	05
Law and Authority. By P. Kropotkin.	05
Expropriation. By Peter Kropotkin.	05
Anarchist Morality. By Peter Kropotkin.	05
The Commune of Paris. By P. Kropotkin.	05
and An Anarchist on Anarchy. By E. Reclus (one volume)	05
Anarchism vs. State Socialism. By G. Bernard Shaw; 3 for	02
A Talk About Anarchism. By Malatesta.	02
Let us be Just. By W. Tcherkesoff. [An open letter to Liebknecht]	03
Social Democracy in Germany. By G. Landauer.	02
Socialism in Danger. By D. Mieuwenhuis	02
Social Conditions and Character. By "Ireland"	03
"God and the State. By M. Bakounin	03
Anarchism and Violence. By Beverton	05
Speech of August Spies in Court.	05
The Emancipation of Society from Government. By Dallan Doyle.	05
When Love is Liberty and Nature Law.	10
Wants and their Gratification. By H. Addis.	10
My Century Plant. By Lois Waisbrooker.	10
Wherefore Investigating Company, regular price 50c, but while present supply lasts "they go at"	25

\*The 8-cent rate does not apply to those marked with a \*

### Public Meetings.

**The New Generation**, 605 South Third St., Philadelphia Pa., open every evening.

**The Independent Educational Club** meets every Sunday evening, at 7: 30 P. M. at 1927 E St., Tacoma, Wash.

**Independent Debating Club**, St. Louis, 410 1/2 Market St., Room 7, meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock

**The People's Union**, a free discussion club, meets every Sunday evening at 935 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

**Social Science Club**, Leer's Hall, 61 E. 4th St., New York City. Free lectures and discussion every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

**International Workmen Association**, of Buffalo, N. Y., meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock A. M. at Blume's Schweizer Hall, 488 Broadway.

**Social Science Club**, of San Francisco, meets every Monday 8 p. m. sharp at sixth and Market sts. (No. 1191). Free discussion on all questions. Admission free. Everybody welcome.

**The International Group**, Chicago, meets every Thursday 8 P. M. at 642 Ashland Av., Cor W. 14th St. Also on every Sunday evening lectures will be made by eminent speakers. Free discussion. Admission free. The object of the group is to spread Free Society and other radical literature.

**Wendell Phillips Educational Club** will meet every Saturday 8 P. M. at 31 Robinson St., Providence, R. I. Pamphlets in English, German, French, Jewish and Russian languages on hand.

### DR. FOOTE'S PLAIN HOME TALK

EMBRACING

### MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

For the information of those who may be interested, I would call attention to the popular edition of this book, that has been a standard of information, and a source of knowledge to tens of thousands of families for many years. The popular edition has been brought out to meet the ability of the poor to buy, and is at the remarkable low price of \$1.50

Order of Free Society