

FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exposure 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. 37.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 173.

AWAKE!

I looked upon the world in youth's bright day,
And saw it lovely. Peaceful now, serene,
Save for the joys that danced like wavelets' play,
And swelled its lustre with their sparkling sheen;
Now glorious in the majesty of Right,
With worth resplendent, with achievements grand,
And honor's merit-guardian of its might—
A nobler paradise than Eden land
In fabled scriptures told.—Ah! vision fair—
A mirage in the air!

Few years have flown since then, nor aught of change
In things that are. But oh! for those that seem—
Vainly the universal scene I range
For one small remnant of their beautiful dream!
The majesty, the power, the moving might,
Sink to inglorious discord—wrong 'gainst wrong
In deadliest grapple, yet, against the right,
United, keen, and watchful—where the song
Of sin and infamy and fraud peals high,
And, godlike, sways the sky.

Ye—ye, too know how subtle thievish wile
And flitting meanness grasp the badge of pride;
How "rights" are but for vilest of the vile,
And Right and honest toil are thrust aside,
Impounded, chained, and fattened on, by lice
And vampires—gods to own our life! these deft
Foul pests, who steal our blood, and with a price
Of all, sell back a fourth to us, who rest
Of all, and bankrupt for twice all, must bend
And fawn them while they rend!

Anguish and horror! And is this the truth,
And that fairer dream indeed a dream?
At it is so! And yet, in sooth,
The vision who I be but a feeble gleam
Of real things—that might now be! Ay! what must,
When men will dare be brave in Freedom's cause!
Ye who now writh amid the trampled dust,
Ye may be free! Why longer shrink and pause?
Bring back young Nature's dream, and make it fact!
—How long ere ye will diversify?

How long? Let those who suffer make reply!
Were ye not blinded, numbed, by these same weights,
Which crush ye, should one single moment fly,
And all not leap to triumph o'er the Fates
That gather now, more ominous and dread
Moment by moment, while ye sleep and groan?
Even as ye dally, so your strength is bled!
Rouse now! If ever ye would have your own!
Haste! haste!—Oh! swooning mass of misery,
Where shall the Wakening be?

—J. A. Andrews.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

"They are slaves who will not speak, for the fallen and the weak
They are slaves who will not be in the right with two or three,
Is true freedom but to break fetters for own dear sake?
No! True freedom is to shatter all the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be earnest to make others free."

The continuous evolution of Nature and its creations, brings into existence new ideas and new conditions. Those who obtained happiness under old conditions, perceive in the propagation of new ideas an inevitable change, which they believe will destroy the permanency of the happiness they have won by past exertions.

Accordingly, those who have been successful under old, or existing conditions, are contented with such conditions, and in order to maintain their position and give stability to their success, they protect existing conditions by conserving all laws and customs which have proved beneficial to them while engaged in their successful undertakings. But every community has its successful and unsuccessful undertakings, and the success of one may prove the failure of another.

While the successful enjoy the fruits of success, they protect themselves by a conservative government. It is the unsuccessful protect themselves and emulate their more fortunate competitors against existing conditions, and, by new ideas, tend to accelerate a revolution, which will necessarily cause a change of government of the country and

change the condition of the people. So, the unsuccessful fight the laws and conditions which have proved favorable to the successful and, by harassing the government supported by the prosperous, they seek to destroy, or change, all that with which they are discontented, and every unsuccessful member of the community who finds his efforts thwarted by the rule of the successful, battles against existing conditions, accepts and propagates newer ideas, arrays himself against the government, and thereby becomes a Revolutionist.

Every age has its philosophers, every nation its heroes, and every creed or religion its martyrs. The studies of the philosopher causes a revolt in the world of thought, the valour of the hero inspires his fellows to deeds of daring, which completely changes the militant conditions of the nation; the enthusiasm of the martyr emboldens him to meet death with a calm and fearless resignation, which causes a revolution in thought, propelling those who gloried in his condemnation to think of his death with horror, and perpetuate his goodness and bravery by song or by monument. The philosopher propagates new ideas, and thereby encounters the opposition of those who earn a livelihood by adhering to existing ideas. The hero assails a position which is defended by his opponents, who battle against him for assailing their position. The martyr first enunciates a new theory and is then put to death by the priests and supporters of prevalent creed and opinions.

As with the philosopher, the hero and the martyr, so with the revolutionist. He battles against existing conditions which are pleasant to many, and while battling against laws and rulers, he is necessarily opposed by those who have made such laws, and who are in favor with the rulers. Every discontented member of the community is more or less revolutionary, but the true revolutionist is not satisfied with being discontented; he preaches the doctrine of discontent, he inspires men to acts of revolt by his unfaltering speech, he not only preaches but fights against prevalent conditions and government, thereby incurring the enmity of the government and its supporters.

So the revolutionist, driven from pillar to post, still defying the powers that be, preaches unhesitatingly the doctrine of revolt, arrays himself against the government, until exasperated at their repeated failures in attempting to crush the revolutionary propagandist, the gallows are built and the hangman of Chicago hurled into oblivion the foremost revolutionist of to-day; or the garrotter of Xeres performs the dastard duties of his hideous office, and chokes to death men who are compelled to hold in their hands the emblem of christian sublimity.

But the souls of the martyrs in the Revolutionary propaganda—that is, the teachings and writings of the murdered dead, remains behind; and as the martyrdom of the religious enthusiasts, added to the numbers of their adherents, so the martyrdom of the revolutionist of our day gives incentive to thought, add to the revolutionary ranks and makes the array of the discontented more formidable, compelling the government to oppose and thwart the aims of the discontented. Government has been too powerful for the modern revolutionist so far, but just as the ranks of the discontented multiply and become monopolized so will the government become less able to grapple with the iconoclasts of commercialism.

But the revolutionist of every age, of every land, have occupied a position similar to that of the revolutionist of to-day. The revolutionist battles against corruption, and tyranny, champions the cause of the discontented, grapples with the power of moneydom. Opulence and authority is arrayed against him who strives to eliminate want and misery from the midst of the community. Church and State, parson and lawyer, array themselves against him, but when the revolutionist carries on his propaganda, his bitterest enemy is ignorance, which dominates and turns against him the very people for whom he is battling.—From Gleanings, London, England.

A BATTLE FOR FREEDOM.

The war is on. The great assault on freedom is not in Cuba, but in England.

The strategy board of the Army for the Promotion of Ignorance has singled out the Legitimation League for its main point of attack. The arrest of George Bedborough, secretary of the league, on the nominal charge of selling an "obscene" book, is but the beginning of an attack on the liberty of the press in England.

The book he is accused of having sold is a scientific work by one of the foremost scientists of England. The object of the arrest of Comrade Bedborough was not to stop the sale of Dr Ellis' book, but the sale of the book was made an excuse for Comrade Bedborough's arrest.

This was made clear at the preliminary trial when the prosecutor announced that the Legitimation League was "really a conspiracy against the system of the legal marriage."

Freedom is on trial in a court confessedly biased against it.

The powerful machinery of the government is in the control of the enemy.

Some of the brightest and noblest men and women of England have joined in the protest against the outrage. Among them are George Bernard Shaw, the Socialist and most famous of London's dramatic critics, who has contributed \$50 to the defense fund; Walter Crane, the eminent artist, Socialist and poet; Robert Buchanan, novelist, and others of equal prominence.

The enemy is rich. It has power to tax even the friends of freedom to help pay for this prosecution for the suppression of freedom. Voluntary contributions must pay the expenses of the defense.

Every lover of freedom in America should feel an interest in the Bedborough case, for the cause of Freedom is one and is not divided by geographical lines. Come to the rescue. Give what you can afford to help fight the battle for progress. Money for this purpose sent to Lucifer will be forwarded promptly to the treasures of the defense fund in London.

FREE PRESS DEFENSE COMMITTEE.

An attack upon the freedom of the press has been made in the arrest of Mr. George Bedborough, honorary secretary of the Legitimation League, for selling a copy of Mr. Havelock Ellis's work on "The Psychology of Sex." Realizing the serious nature of this prosecution, I have been moved to call upon all friends of freedom to rally in defense of those precious rights which have been conquered at so much cost and sacrifice by reformers in the past. I am not concerned with the individual views of Mr. Ellis or those of Mr. Bedborough, or of anyone else on the subject of sex. The issue is plain. The book in question deals with

sexual inversion and discusses the causes of sexual abnormality from the most disinterested and lofty standpoint. More than this need not be said. Mr. Bedborough has an unquestionable moral right to sell such book (its price however, being prohibitive to the general public) and therefore, it is the duty of every right-minded person to stand by him in this critical juncture, to the extent of affording him that moral and pecuniary assistance which is so urgently needed to ensure an unprejudiced as well as an adequate legal defense. To this end, a Free Press Defense Committee had been set on foot, to hold a watching brief, as it were, in the interests of the freedom of the press, and the collection of funds for the defense, solely with a view to safeguarding those interests.

It is surmised that the attack upon the book in question is merely an insidious attempt to crush the Legitimation League, the active spirit of which Mr. Bedborough undoubtedly has been. Any subsequent change of tactics by the prosecution (calculated to prejudice the defense) will not affect, I apprehend, the principle involved. The Legitimation League claims the right to decently discuss the problem of sexual relationships from all points of view, and has no concern whatever with the opinions of its individual members. This is the broad fact, however much it may have been distorted.

Among those who joined the Committee, which is already numerically strong, are, Robert Buchanan, Herbert Burrows, Walter Crane, George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Robertson, Edward Carpenter, George Jacob Holyoake, William Platt, Oswald Dawson, Henry Bazett, M. A., Edward Temple, Miss Edith Lanchester, Thomas Squire Barrett, Messrs. Jaggard and Co. (Publishers), J. B. Askew, R. Braithwaite, barrister-at-law.

Remittances, which are urgently needed, should be sent at once to the Honorary Treasurer, Mrs. Gladys Dawson, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, W. C., cross-street London and Midland Bank, Cornhill, E.C.

HENRY SEYMOUR, Hon. Sec.

51 Arundel Square, London, N.

The above is reprinted from Lucifer. All our readers who feel able and inclined to aid our comrades in England to fight Comstockism may send their contributions also to the editor of Lucifer, Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago Ill, A. I.

A VOICE FROM CHICAGO.

In the issue of July 3 of Free Society A. I. stated in "Note and Comment" that my article "was published with repugnance, for it is hard to believe that a man like Debs, in whom the workers have so much confidence, could be so deceitful," and I am left to infer that "Reflections on Debs" was saved from the office cat only because I wrote it.

Now, my dear A. I., I never want you to place me under a like obligation again. It may be, and I think it is, a misfortune to scorn favors of all kinds, yet I believe I was born to do so, at least I have done so up till now, and I am determined to continue my impolite and imprudent course. If ever you discover a misstatement then close your columns, but while you remain in the field as an advocate of liberty I want your help, and I promise my co-operation in exposing adventurers, hypocrites and cowards.

In the same paper you wrote that "a few years ago it was almost a dangerous task to criticise T. V. Powderly in the presence of his dupes and worshippers, but times prove that those who sized him up as a fraud and fakir were correct." I was among the few who braved the "danger" then and want to share all responsibility for "Reflections on Debs" now. So far I have fired only pebbles, but I have rocks in reserve, and because of this I am thankful that you invited himself or his defenders to your columns. Indeed I have but sparred for an opening and all I ask is, that those who give it will not set up a wail if I take advantage.

Three more of the conspicuous characters in the Chicago tragedy of 1887 and the Haymarket protest of 1886 have passed away. The first was the infamous police Captain Schack who manufactured the

evidence and dispensed a large share of the money received by terrified millionaires to "protect society." Notwithstanding the fierceness of the political fight over the spoils of victory for the past decade, Schack, though an active republican and partisan, not alone held his position of captain, but received promotion while an Inspector. The democrats as well as the republicans kept him in office at the demand of an unseen power. What was this power? At present we can only deduce from a chain of circumstances, and there is only one deduction to be made, i. e. Schack not alone knew the capitalistic contributors to the hanging fund, but he was familiar with every detail of the conspiracy and the part played by each conspirator, and if he in the shuffle of politics, was reduced to the ranks or fired off the force, it was in his power to squeal on the gang and if he did we would now know more about our Marshall Fields and our Lyman J. Gages and the part these law abiding respectables played in the murder of Parsons and his comrades.

Schack has gone to rest with his secret, but there are many more and history may yet be able to reveal who raised the \$100,000 and what passed at the secret meetings that preceded the tragedy, which it was fondly hoped would end the labor movement here.

Grinnell the prosecuting attorney has also gone to rest. At the time of his passing away he was a corporation attorney, and no man could have worked harder for his reward than this creature.

Michael Schwab—poor gentle, delicate and philosophical Schwab has also passed through that bourne from whence no traveler returns. He was cremated two weeks ago. He left prison a physical wreck, but the economic conditions he battled against so bravely in years gone by met him at the threshold of his release and shadowed him to his grave. He leaves a wife and four children in almost destitute circumstances.

It looks as if the stereotypers of this city are doomed to defeat by the newspaper trust, but as usual in great strikes their worst enemies are "union men." The Typographical Union No. 16 has shown the white feather at a time when a bold sympathetic strike on their part was necessary. When will "the intelligent printers" get sense enough to understand the necessity of solidarity in contests of this kind.

T. P. QUINN.

Chicago, Ill.

A PERSONAL DEFENSE.

In No. 35 of Free Society Emma Goldman assays to criticise an article written by me, but instead of so doing makes a personal attack upon me, claiming it to be a defense against a covert "drive" at her by me. I would pay no attention to this and the other flings that are being made at me—(I do not favor personal quarrels and bickerings in a publication that is for propaganda purpose; these things could best be settled by letter or personal interview) if I did not consider it a matter of justice to the readers of Free Society to do so.

Emma assumes that she was the cause of my writing as I did, but in presuming this she only displays her own self-considering frame of mind, for thoughts of her played but little part in prompting me to write the article in question, or in determining the contents of said article.

"There are others," Emma.

It will be noticed that I do not use the prefix, comrade. If I am as vile as painted, and vile men cannot but hurt the cause they espouse, then I take it I am not fit to be a co-worker—comrade—of these zealous consistencyists, so I leave off the adjective comrade, so as not to mar the luster of others by my contaminating influence.

I did not mention the name of the one who told me it was not best for me to make a lecturing trip to New York and the East, simply because it was not necessary, nor expected, and the man who said it to me is quite well satisfied that I did not mention his name.

I not only can, but do most positively deny that I "did work for politicians" while Emma was here, and her memory is at fault if she aims to be honest.

What I told her was that a farmer who had come to town to "get even" with some politicians who he thought had wronged him, and who had got me to help him in another little affair, advised with me, and that I gave him pointers. I did so, however, just as I would if talking about his oat crop or hogs, and with no more interest, or expectancy of pay.

The truth is that only a few days before Emma got here, Joe Simon, the political boss of this state and city, stopped me on the street and solicited my aid. I told him I was "working for Emma Goldman." He offered me all manner of aid, and most anything I might want, if I would help him, but I simply replied, "You see how it is." Why did not Emma tell that? I mentioned it to her. If I would guarantee my assistance in the future, I could have a job in the Custom House, at \$125.00 per month.

I will say no more. Emma did not reply to my article, but tried to defend herself before she was attacked, and in so doing made a personal attack on me. I did not have her in mind when I wrote, in fact had no person in mind, only ideas. I have no more to say. When my theories will be criticised instead of my personality I will again enter the forum, but I positively refuse to mix in personal disputes.

HENRY ADDIS.

MENTAL AND MANUAL WORK.

In past times men of science, and especially those who achieved most in the department of physics, did not despise manual labor, and sometimes they even worked at a trade. Galileo made his own telescopes. Newton learned in youth to form the tools he needed. Leibnitz amused himself by inventing machines. Linnaeus became a botanist while helping his father, who was a gardener. On the other hand, although workmen then as now, had but little opportunity to become experts in science, the majority of them had their minds enlarged by the variety and scope of the work done in their shops.

We have changed all that. Under the pretence of dividing labor, we have made a great gulf between the mental and the manual workers. Most laborers receive no more education in science than did their grandfathers, they do not even serve a thorough apprenticeship in a trade. As for "scientists," they despise labor with the hand. How many of them could make a telescope or an elementary tool? Few of them know how to draw, and they can only in the vaguest way give a skilled artisan some comprehension of the apparatus they need, leaving to his inventive faculty the trouble of supplying the deficiency.

What is the source of the popular clamour for technical education in England, France, the United States, Germany, and Russia, if not the general discontent with that division of men into the categories: scientists, employers, workmen? Listen to those who utter a protest. What say they in substance? The workman, especially in the more complex trades, spends his life over some small and insignificant part of the vast work in which he collaborates, and consequently has lost all breadth of mind, and blunted his inventive faculty. Formerly the contrary was the case; it was craftsmen, and not savants or employers, who invented and improved the wonderful machines that during the last century have revolutionized industry. To-day a mere unit in a vast factory, the worker, demoralized by the sameness of his labor, invents nothing. What can a weaver discover who sees work done by a complicated mechanism he does not understand, of which he has never learned the history and evolution? What can be expected of a man whose life is spent in fastening ends of thread, and who has never made anything more elaborate than a knot?

Scientific education, general and thorough, which has up to now been withheld from the artisan, becomes necessary to the progress of invention. Let the instruction reserved for the savant be imparted to the craftsman, and not only will science advance by leaps and bounds, but the class antagonism will receive a peaceful solution. That is the meaning of the popular cry for technical education.

We are convinced that in the highest interests both of science and industry, indeed of society as a whole, the human being must, universally and without regard to rank or birth, receive such an education as enable him to combine the mastery of a trade with a thorough understanding of the sciences to which it is related.

Many will think that we ask too much. They will indulge in a dream that can never

hope to convince even those of little faith that we ask nothing preposterous, something indeed which is already in operation on a small scale, and which may yet be accomplished over a world-wide area, spite of the economic and social difficulties which hinder every serious reform of our badly organized modern society. In support of our contention we produce the results of twenty years' progress of the Technical School at Moscow, where several hundreds of pupils receive their training. That this experiment is a remarkable success was testified by the most competent judges at the exhibition held at Brussels, Philadelphia, Vienna, and Paris. L'Ecole de Moscou receives no pupils under 15 years of age. They must have on entry a fair knowledge of algebra and geometry, likewise of their mother tongue. Below that age they enter into preparatory classes. The school is divided into two sections: mechanics and chemistry. I shall say nothing of the latter, my acquaintance being confined to the first, which is besides the more interesting of the two, in illustration of our subject. After a sojourn of five or six years students leave the school with a thorough knowledge of the higher mathematics, physics, mechanics, and the cognate sciences. We may fairly claim that they are in no way inferior to the graduates of the best universities in Europe. When I was studying mathematics at the St. Petersburg University I had the chance to compare their work with our own, and the notes in geometry excellently drawn up by students of L'Ecole Technique for the use of their fellow-pupils. I saw reason to admire the ease with which they applied the integral calculus to problems in dynamics and I came to the conclusion that even if the university students were stronger in the abstract sciences, mathematics applied to astronomy, for instance) the pupils of the technical school were ahead of us in their mastery and in their use of the higher mathematics to most difficult questions with regard to the later theories about heat and electricity. Again, while we, the university men, scarcely knew how to use our hands in productive work, the technical students could make, without the help of artisans and by the use of splendid engines, all kinds of implements, from a heavy boiler to a delicately wrought screw, agricultural machinery, and scientific apparatus, all ready for use and easily finding a market. Moreover for these articles, the work of their own hands, they obtained the highest prizes at various exhibitions. These products of expert workmen with a university education were highly appreciated by Russian manufacturers, a class who are notoriously slow to adopt the novelties of science.—P. Kropotkin in Liberty, London.

VICTOR HUGO'S LETTER TO THE POOR.

Shall I now speak to the poor, after in vain having implored the rich? Yes, it is fitting. This, then, have I to say to the disinherited: Keep a watch on your formidable jaw. There is one rule for the rich—to do nothing, and one for the poor—to say nothing. The poor have but one friend, silence. They should use but one monosyllable: Yes. To confess and to concede—this is all the "rights" they have. "Yes?" to the king. The great, if it so please them, give us blows with a stick; I have had them; it is their prerogative, and they lose nothing of their greatness in cracking our bones. Let us worship the sceptre which is the first among sticks.

If a poor man is happy he is the pickpocket of happiness. Only the rich and noble are happy by right. The rich man is he who being young has the rights of old age; being old, the lucky chances of youth; vicious, the respect of good people; a coward, the command of the stout-hearted; doing nothing, the fruits of labor.

The people fight. Whose is the glory? The king's. They pay. Whose the magnificence? The king's. And the people like to be rich in this fashion? Our ruler, king or Croesus, receives from the poor a crown a piece and renders back to the poor a farthing. How generous he is! The colossal pedestal looks up to the pigmy superstructure. How tall the manikin is! He upon my back. A dwarf has an excellent method of being higher than a giant; it is to perch himself on another's shoulders. But that the giant should let it, there's the odd part of it; and that he should honor the baseness of the dwarf, there's the human ingeniousness.

Salute, reserved for kings alone, is the privilege of royalty. Let us be frank with the magistrates who steal the reward of labor from the man of blood. The king

mounts himself on the horse. The horse is the people. Sometimes this horse transforms himself by degrees. At the beginning he is an ass; at the end he is a lion. Then he throws his rider to the ground, and we have 1643 in England and 1789 in France; and sometimes he devours him, in which case we have in England 1649 and France 1793.

That the lion can again become a jackass, this is surprising but a fact.

What happiness to be again ridden and beaten and starved. What happiness to work forever for bread and water! What happiness to be free from the delusions that cake is good, and life other than misery! Was there anything more crazy than these ideas? Where should we be if every vagabond had his rights? Imagine everybody governing! Can you fancy a city directed by the men who built it? They are the team, not the coachman. What a godsend is a rich man who takes charge of everything? Surely he is generous to take his trouble for us. And then he was brought up to it; he knows what it is; it is his business. A guide is necessary for us. Being poor we are ignorant; being ignorant we are blind; we need a guide. But why are we ignorant? Because it must be so. Ignorance is the guardian of Virtue! He who is ignorant is innocent! It is not our duty to think, complain or reason.

Be reasonable, poor man. You were made to be a slave.

Not to be a slave is to dare and do.

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT.

The spirit of Revolt is the propeller of the world. There is no progress in science, industry, or ethics which does not recognize in it its initial motive force. Everything we see in this universe is a manifestation of this tendency.

The railroads which score the country, the steamers which plough the seas, the huge cities seething with life, the light-houses which illuminate our shores, the books which fill our libraries, the telegraph and telephone wires which unite nations, the newspapers bringing news to the population, the factories with their big chimneys vomiting clouds of smoke, the... in short everything is a manifestation of the spirit of revolt. Remove the spirit of revolt and humanity is no more. Organized beings, organic, even inorganic, are no more. Without this tendency to revolt we should have an indefinable state of indefinable things.

The spirit of revolt is inherent in a man as in every other being. A child is a perpetual rebel, subjected to education, which may attenuate but which cannot atrophy the spirit of revolt. Atrophy is impossible, for it would mean stationariness—death; no, not even death, which is but a moment in the evolution of beings, but something which cannot be expressed in words, which no mind can picture. Everything in society tends to crush this spirit of revolt, and it survives in spite of all. It is the very essence of the individual. It can be found at the bottom of every intellect. It sustains his constant struggle of a being against his likes, his unlikes, and his environment. It is this spirit which moves a regicide like Orsini, an inventor like Stephenson, a revolutionist like St. Just, a mathematician like Newton, a physicist like Galvani, a moralist like Jesus, a chemist like Scheele, a philosopher like Lamarck, a poet like Dante, a sculptor like Michael Angelo, and a painter like Holbein.

Every act of our life is a constant revolt against our surroundings. Where, in social life, do we find resignation? Where is the man who voluntarily bows down and resigns himself to circumstances without longing to modify his condition? It is useless to search for such a man, for he does not exist. The Christian, to whom the church preaches resignation, apparently resigns himself. He believes in a God who rewards and punishes, and who wishes things to be as they are; so he bows before this sovereign will, whilst praying that his will may change. Indeed he does not resign himself since he prays that what is may be changed. It is a very diluted form of the spirit of revolt but it certainly is a form.

No, there is no one who is truly resigned, not even the gentle author of "The Kingdom of God is within you." Tolstoi does not preach resignation as so many have said; he preaches refusal to obey the police, the magistrates, the soldiery, the governors whoever they may be, but he is against using any violence towards these people. Far from being resigned, and an apostle of resignation, the author of "Peace and War" is a

rebel and praiser of revolt. He wants it peaceful, not brutal, but he wants it, and preaches it. He thinks, and I agree with him, that violence necessarily breeds violence and thus maintains evil: that pacific action is more efficacious than violent.

Yes, the tendency to revolt is inherent in all, to try to extirpate it is a vain task. And yet it is the task which our governors have set themselves for thousands of years. They might as well have tried to make the rivers run back to their sources and prevent the sea being influenced by the wind. Destroy the spirit of revolt! What a mad hope! Especially as the government in its blind ignorance does everything to exaggerate this tendency, instead of atrophying it. There are never so many rebels latent or declared as when laws are made to prevent their existence.

Extirpate the spirit of revolt! Why, you could more readily extirpate the human race. The destruction of this innate tendency is impossible. You might as well try to fill up the sea with stones as preach resignation to men.—A Hamon, in Torch.

TO THE LOVERS OF LIBERTY!

The present critical position of governments, and the deplorable industrial condition of the toiling masses, make it imperative on those who love liberty to call into existence an organization to aid them in their propaganda. Our ambition is to bring together men and women determined to free themselves and their fellows from the craft of politicians, the hypocrisy of priests and the despotism of governments. Such an organization must be world wide and operate on the people of the globe. It must be secret, educational, revolutionary and devoid of every semblance of centralized power.

We, therefore, call upon the friends of human liberty, who are without reverence for Church and State, to write us a declaration of principles for such an organization. Friends who comply with this request will please forward all communications to L. S. Oliver, Sect'y, Maywood, Ill., with the understanding that all such declarations will be given over to a committee, consisting of five representative radicals, who have passed through the fire and have paid for their devotion to their fellow-men. The declaration of principles chosen by said committee will be published in all radical papers.

Respectfully,

L. S. OLIVER.

T. P. QUINN.

C. PFUETZNER.

Committee.

Radical papers please copy.

We carry faithfully what we are given, on hard shoulders, over rough mountains! And when perspiring, we are told: "Yes, life is hard to bear!" But man himself only is hard to bear! The reason is that he carrieth too many strange things on his shoulders. Like the camel he kneeleth down and alloweth the heavy load to be put on his back.—Nietzsche.

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. HEIBERT,
H. BAUER, } Secretaries.

73 Springgarden Ave.

Allegheny Pa.

"Physician in the House."

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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

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Some kind-hearted people are asking whether the miseries of the workingmen and the many lives destroyed as the result of our so-called civilization, is not too high a price for the benefits we derive from it. There is no doubt but what some of us enjoy things today which we would not like to give up. Nevertheless when a man reflects for one moment through what hardships and sacrifices of human life he obtains these enjoyments, his pains surpass the pleasures.

According to the letters we are receiving every week, the coal miners of this country are in the most deplorable condition, and scenes of distress and desolation can be witnessed among them that would make an image weep. Risking their lives every day, every hour, they cannot earn enough to feed and clothe their families. There is nothing that can cheer these workers up as their minds are constantly occupied with the thought how to keep their families out of the pangs of hunger, sickness and privation. Some have still a desire to read radical literature which gives them a glimpse of hope for a better future, but they are unable to pay for it. While these hard workers have nothing but hell on this planet, the christian mine-owners live in luxury and enjoy all the comforts they desire and can think of; they do not reflect for a moment for what price they enjoy life; the horrible condition of their dupes does not concern them in the least. What is to be the end? The miners must take charge of the mines and chase the so-called owners (parasites) to the devil.

In Great Britain alone 36,372 men and boys were killed in the coal mines between 1851 and 1887, and in the year 1889 the number of killed and injured in and about the mines reached the fearful total of 120,000! Men working under such conditions occasionally are driven to strike and then have to pawn everything to still the bitter pangs of hunger, while the mine-owners made \$6,365,950 profits in one year, according to the income tax statistics. Affairs in this country are the same or worse, at least more hopeless. The miners of England have had the courage during strikes to assail the "sacred" rights of property by helping themselves to such food as could be obtained in their neighborhood and demanding aid from well-to-do travellers on the road, while the miners of this country, that is the majority of them, will rather perish before helping themselves, for which attitude they reap the praise of Mr. Gompers, who never felt the pangs of hunger yet. "The strike of the future," said Landauer (Berlin), "will be successful only when the workers come out resolved not to starve."

According to the reports there are now again between eighty and one hundred thousand Welsh miners out on strike. Comrade H. Kelly says in "Solidarity" among other things the following concerning the strike:

"Six months before the strike, which is now in its fifth week, the men gave notice to the employers that they wanted to readjust the scale. The employers and the strikers' officials, several of whom are prominent "Liberal" M. P.'s, haggled the six months away without coming to any agreement, and when the men laid down their tools a few weeks ago, both the employers and the strikers' "leaders" raised a howl because the men didn't give them eight days' more time, but as one young miner put it: 'If they couldn't settle it in six months, then they couldn't settle it in six months and eight days.' Most encouraging to relate they repudiated their 'leaders,' and refused to give them plenary power to settle the strike."

That the strikers are trying to fight their battle without "leaders" is the most encouraging feature of

the strike. "The greatest obstacles to the labor cause to-day," says Nunquam in the London "Clarion," "as in the past, are not the Liberal and Tory statesmen, but the Labor Leaders."

"When I think of those impossible persons I want to put up the Clarion shutters and take to writing pantomimes."

"I was once trying to persuade William Morris to come back into the movement. I thought his influence would be good, that his honesty and manly good humor would clear the air. But he shook his head and smoked his pipe for a while, and then said, 'There are too many damned fools—and others.'"

Red-tapism of the Trade Unions seems to be the cause of the defeat of the Chicago stereotypers, as can be seen from the following, quoted from the Toledo Union:

"The printers, pressmen, mailers and other unions in the Allied Printing Trades Council refused to stand by the stereotypers because the strike was not declared in accordance with the constitution, which, to a man up a tree, in view of the stand taken by the publishers, looks like an action deserving the severest condemnation. The publishers now refuse to hire union stereotypers under any circumstances and the other trades are working with non-union men. Four dollars is little enough pay for stereotypers' work in a city like Chicago, where other trades are paid in proportion, and where two and three times the number of plates are necessary for a day's work than in smaller cities."

The union men raise a big howl when the U. S. Supreme Court declares any measure favoring the workers as "unconstitutional," but what about the "Supreme Court" in their own ranks? Constitutions in labor organizations are as much a stumbling block to progress than the constitutions of governments.

The editor of the Star comments on Francis B. Livezey's objection to the Single Tax and exposes his erudition thus: "As to 'anarchy' we don't care to comment on a word that has half a dozen meanings, and, therefore, none at all. Napoleon Bonaparte said: 'Impossible is not French'. Neither is 'anarchy' English—nor anything else." Well, Mr. Barry, I can inform you that Anarchy has only one meaning, and that is, 'no government.' No, Anarchy is not English, it is taken from Greek, neither are the words 'Single Tax' coined by the English, they are borrowed from Latin. When Napoleon went to Russia he found out that the word "impossible" played a very conspicuous part in the French vocabulary, and if the world keeps on moving, Mr. Barry, you will also experience that the word Anarchy will be in time considered good English.

The appeal "To the Lovers of Liberty," which we reprinted from Discontent as requested, puzzles me. Although knowing that the comrades who signed the call are sincere and experienced, I cannot perceive why we Anarchists should have a secret organization for educational purposes. Our ideals and aims are lofty enough not to fear the light.

SHAKESPEARE TEACHING UP TO DATE.

"Care for us? True indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will: and there's all the love they bear us."

These words of a Roman citizen, referring to the patricians, in the days of Carioleus, is a most striking illustration of the saying, "history repeats itself." America is following exactly in the steps of corrupt Rome. Will our end be similar, or shall we be wise enough, and determined enough to profit by the warning; learning in time, that, as every nation has been destroyed from within, and always by the same cause, the silent, perpetual motion of usury, we as a people can only be saved from disgraceful ruin by totally destroying usury.

Reader, you are being crushed by usury; or you are crushing someone by usury, there is no alternative; interest has got in its devilish work so that every person in the world who uses any article produced by the aid of machinery, or hired Labor, comes under its baneful influence.

History records no great man since Jesus the carpenter, and his greatest act was that of whipping the moneychangers out of the Temple. He did this single handed, and for this the money power plotted and accomplished his death.

The habit of calling men great is false. If the word is applied to Nero, it must be great brute; if to Napoleon—great ambition; Weyler—great butcher; McKinley—great fraud; even Garrison and Plimsoll—great mistakes: for the white slavery that has succeeded the black slavery is much more intensely cruel and heartless. Plimsoll's heart was stirred over the "coffin ships," falling to pieces, dangerously overloaded and insured for much more than the value of the vessel and cargo, that were sent to sea by owners reckless of the lives of the crews. He framed and presented a bill in Parliament, to save the sailors from the damnable greed of the shipowners. This Bill was rejected by a majority of three only. He then so aroused England that the government was compelled to bring in a Bill of its own, but on July 22, 1875 Disraeli the Premier, announced that for want of time the Bill would have to be dropped. Plimsoll shouted: "I am determined to unmask the villains who send these men to their graves," and disobeyed the Speakers' order to withdraw the word "villain," if applied to any member of the House, rushed to the table and laid a piece of paper beside the mace as his protest against the conduct of the government; then shaking his fist at Disraeli and the government he left the House saying, "Good God! Don't you know that thousands of men are sent out to drown!" This caused the government to pass the Bill.

These two noblemen failed to see the real cause of the evils they wished to prevent; they devoted their lives for the salvation of two or three millions, or two or three thousand; whereas if they had thought deeper they would have discovered that "legal tender," with legal interest-drawing attachments, was the sole incentive for holding slaves, and drowning sailors, and degrading men and women.

It is a mistake to keep on tinkering away at purifying society, by any plan, that leaves the spring poisonous. We have tried the metal standard of values long enough, and if we had any reasoning powers we could draw an inference from the Chinese, for they have been on the metal standard about 4400 years longer than we have and the prospect is not enticing to Americans.

We now await the coming of the second great man, or the second coming of the first great man, we care not which; and his mission is to throw out usury from the temple of humanity, and Heaven will be begun by Labor being the only right to life, therefore the only standard of value. The man that brings this about will be an Anarchist, because his motive power will be "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

J. ALFRED KINGHORN-JONES.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN DANGER.

A few days ago as I was reading an article in the Examiner concerning myself I thought surely the Examiner was very sick. I interviewed the city editor in order to diagnose the disease, and found it had a very bad attack of yellow fever. I hope by this time the Board of Health have taken all the necessary precautions in removing the afflicted one to the pest house.

I was "charged" with being a Spanish sympathizer. To be sure, it does not mean that I sympathize with the Spanish government, as we all know that is just as rotten as the government of the United States. I bow to NO FLAGS; I worship no idols—not even the ballot box. "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." Truly, I sympathize with the brave Spanish boys who are shedding their blood unfortunately for the sake of the capitalist monsters of Spain. I also sympathize with all my heart with our young men who are going to be butchered to satisfy the greed of American monopolists.

I remember when I contemplated for the time the beautiful Statue of Liberty in New harbor. I felt very proud. Not only as the noble sons and daughters of France all because it meant freedom and—Alas, imagine my disappointment

that even here in our beautiful city of San Francisco we have the worst form of wage slavery and the slaves asking food from the mayor. Those hungry men and women tramping the streets have been made your reconcentrados. How dare you boast of feeding the reconcentrados of Cuba when your own are starving?

You may talk of charity; this very word ought to be taken out of the vocabulary. We people do not demand charity, we want the opening of work-shops and factories; we want to possess our land and machines; we are the workers—the producers, therefore all this belongs to us. The capitalist who does not work has no right to possess anything, and unless he joins the rank of the worker he ought to be left to starve. What right has he to be lazy and have all the luxuries of life when the workers, the tillers of the soil, produce all the wealth and receive only starvation wages. Wake up brave workingman! See your brothers, the farmers, bent under the burden of their mortgages. Think of the miners who, when they demanded more wages so that their wives and children may not starve and asked for less hours work so they may come out of living tombs and enjoy the sunshine, were shot down like curs. May their blood fall upon their murderers' heads. Yet in the midst of all that we hear the "Reverend Gentlemen," armed with their bibles, preaching war and strife from their pulpits and their fanatical followers singing at the same time "Peace on earth and to all men good will," when their narrow degenerated minds mean only murder on earth and good will to none. If the bible can inspire such revolting teachings it is time that the "Holy Book" together with the yellow newspapers should be sent to the garbage crematory. We people have suffered and have not been shown any mercy. But hark! the voice of the people is going to be heard and will silence the noise of the cannons. For we will unite and sing the grand Hymn of Liberty and International Brotherhood.

MATTIE J. FERNANDEZ.

CLIPPINGS.

So far as a man thinks, he is free. Nothing is more disgusting than the crowing about liberty by slaves, as most men are, and flippant mistaking for freedom of some paper preamble like a "Declaration of Independence," or the statue right to vote, by those who have never dared to think or act.—Emerson.

While our American patriots are shouting the battle cry, "Remember the Maine," they ought to let their ponderous intellect absorb that "heroes of the Maine" sleep in an unmarked grave in the sands of Key West, and, that while we went to war to avenge them, this great and glorious government did not care enough for to give them a decent funeral, but buried them in pine boxes in a sand lot, without so much as a \$2 headstone to record their names. While you "remember the Maine," please remember also that the other day a poor old woman, the mother of one of the Maine's sailors, who was dependent upon the meagre support of her son's small pay died in New York from lack of food, and was buried in the potter's field. We were very indignant over the spectacle of starving Cubans—that's why we went to war with Spain. Starvation at home don't interest us at all. We are an extremely smart people, we Americans. So cute, are we.—Coming Era.

The Toronto, Canada, Telegram gives the following account of an honest man's misfortune.

"Well, sir, I'm guilty; but really, I've tried hard, and I cannot get work. I guess I'll take 60 days." spoke Brownlow Lucas, a middle-aged son of Erin, who was charged with vagrancy in the police court this morning.

"Very well; \$1 and costs, or 60 days," said the magistrate. Lucas turned to go down to the cell.

"said the magistrate, 'you remember you were just a little while ago?'"

"said Lucas. "Think that if I'd let you out soon you could have made the most of the harvest time out in the country?"

"said the prisoner, "perhaps I

could get work there."

"You will be committed to jail for 10 days then, and if you can't get work after that, why come back."

"All right," was Lucas' prompt response.

Youth's Department.

THIS IS STOLEN.

The wheat is talking to a child.

"It is a great joy to your people, dear, when the reaping time arrives: the harvest is a great joy to you when the thistle down comes rolling along in the wind. So that I shall be happy even when the reapers cut me down, because I know it is for you, and your people, my love. The strong men will come to us gladly, and the women, and the little children will sit in the shade and gather great white trumpets of convolvulus, and come to tell their mothers how they saw the young partridges in the next field. But there is one thing we do not like, and that is, all the labor and misery. Why cannot your people have us without so much labor, and why are so many of you unhappy? Why cannot they be all happy with us as you are, dear? For hundreds and hundreds of years the wheat every year has been sorrowful for your people, and I think we get more sorrowful every year about it, because as I was telling you just now the flowers go, and the swallows go, the old, old oaks go, and that oak will go, under the shade of which you are lying, Guido; and if your people do not gather the flowers now, and watch the swallows, and listen to the blackbirds whistling, as you are listening now while I talk, then Guido, my love, they will never pick any flowers, nor hear any birds' songs. They think they will, they think that when they have toiled, and worked a long while, almost all their lives, then they will come to the flowers, and the birds, and be joyful in the sunshine. But no, it will not be so, for then they will be old themselves, their ears dull, and their eyes dim, so that the birds will sound a great distance off, and the flowers will not seem bright.

"Of course, we know that the greatest part of your people cannot help themselves, and must labor on like the reapers till their ears are full of the dust of age. That only makes us more sorrowful and anxious that things should be different. I do not suppose we should think about them had we not been in man's hand so long that now we have got to feel with man. Every year makes it more pitiful because then there are more flowers gone, and added to the vast number of those gone before, and never gathered, or looked at, though they could have given so much pleasure. And all the work and labor, and thinking, and reading and learning that your people do ends in nothing—not even one flower. We cannot understand why it should be so. There are thousands of wheat-ears in this field, more than you would know how to write down with your pencil, though you have learned your tables, sir. Yet all of us thinking, and talking cannot understand why it is when we consider how clever your people are, and how they bring plows, and steam-engines, and put up wires along the roads to tell you things when you are miles away, and sometimes we are sown where we can hear the hum, hum, all day of the children learning in the school. The butterflies flutter over us, and the sun shines, and the doves are very, very happy at their nest, but the children go on hum, hum in side this house, and learn, learn. So we suppose you must be very clever, and yet you cannot manage this. All your work is wasted, and you labor in vain—you dare not leave it a minute.

"If you left it a minute it would all be gone; it does not mount up and make a store, so that all of you could sit by it and be happy. Directly you leave off you are hungry, and thirsty, and miserable like beggars that tramp along the dusty road here. All the thousand years of labor since this field was first ploughed have not stored up anything for you. It would not matter about the work so much if you were only happy; the bees work every year, but they are happy; the doves build a nest every year, but they are very happy. We think it must be because you do not come out to us and be with us, and think more as we do. It is not because your people have not got plenty to eat and drink—you have as much as the bees. Why just look at us! Look at the wheat that grows all over the world; all the figures that were ever written in pencil could not tell how much, it is such an immense quantity. Yet your people starve and die of hunger now and then, and we have seen the wretched beggars tramping along the road. We

have known of times when there was a great pile of us, almost a hill piled up, it was not in this country, it was in another warmer country, and yet no one dared to touch it—they died at the bottom of the hill of wheat. The earth is full of the skeletons of people who have died of hunger. They are dying now in your big cities, with nothing but stones all around them; stone walls and stone streets; not jolly stone like those you threw in the water, dear—hard, unkind stones that make them cold and let them die! while we are growing here millions of us, in the sunshine, with the butterflies floating over us. This makes us unhappy; I was very unhappy this morning till you came running over and played with us.

"It is not because there is not enough: It is because you people are so short sighted, so jealous and self ish, and so curiously infatuated with things that are not so good as your old toys which you have flung away and forgotten. And you teach the children hum, hum, all day to care about such silly things, and to work for them and to look to them as the object of their lives. It is because you do not share us among you without price or difference; because you do not share the great earth among you fairly, without spite and jealousy and avarice; because you will not agree; you silly, foolish people to let all the flowers wither for a thousand years while you keep each other at a distance, instead of agreeing and sharing them! Is there something in you—as there is poison in the nightshade, you know it, dear, your papa told you not to touch it—is there a sort of poison in you people that works them up into a hatred of one another? Why, then, do you not agree and have all the great earth can give you, just as we have the sunshine and the rain! How happy you people could be if they would only agree! But you go on teaching even the little children to follow the same silly objects, hum, hum, hum, all the day, and they will grow up to hate each other, and to try which can get the most round things—you have one in your pocket."

"Sixpence," said Guido. "It's quite a new one." —From "Saint Guido," by Richard Jeffries.

The Letter-Box.

O. F., San Jose, Calif.—Yes—have received it.

T. P. Quinn, Chicago, Ill.—Come again, comrade; I deserved the rebuke. I was inflicted with a fit of timidity at that moment, but fortunately it did not last long. Greetings.

W. S. A., Palmer, Mass.—You can have as many copies for distribution as you advantageously can make use of and pay for them according to your ability. Intelligible articles, not exceeding 3,000 words, are always welcome.

M. F., Taunton, Minn.—None of the Anarchists that were murdered in Chicago by "law and order" ever said that "We will dynamite society." It was Louis Lingg who said in Court: "If you cannonade us we shall dynamite you!" If we are unable to publish the Speeches you shall have a copy, even if you cannot pay for it.

S. W., Mayhill, O.—Glad to hear that the sample copies have disturbed your mind. "You must educate but not incite revolt." Why, my dear friend, education without action would not accomplish anything, and as soon as you attempt to live up to our ideas you must of necessity defy law and customs—you revolt. Read the article "The Spirit of Revolt" in this issue.

Mrs. E. T., Holyoke, Colo.—The fact is we cannot "take away from people religion and government" unless they perceive that both are fraudulent institutions. The anxiety that people cannot get along without a government is nothing but the old bugaboo. When some people commenced to doubt the existence of God, the believers argued that people would kill each other if it was not for the fear and reward of hell and paradise. Do you think that an atheist is more apt to kill than a catholic? Certainly not. The same argument was brought forth against those who repudiated the rulership of a king and proposed a republic. "People are not fit to govern themselves," it was said. Events have shown that a republic is as "fit" to oppress the poor as were the kings and emperors. And now many historians, who cannot be classified as Anarchists or Socialists, have come to the conclusion that governments have and always will be the disturbing elements in society, and that progress has been achieved in spite of the ruling powers. The Labor Exchange is all right as a means for temporary relief for some, but by no means a panacea for all our ills as it is claimed by its advocates. Before people will free themselves they must grow in intelligence—they must rid themselves of superstitions and prejudices. Why, the most advanced Labor Exchangers of this city would not even co-operate with us because we are Anarchists. Emma Goldman is prescribing no particular scheme as a panacea, but she advocates freedom, and freedom is what will bring us relief.

ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL.

BY
PETER KROPOTKIN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

In short, if certain economists delight in writing treatises on over-production, and in explaining each industrial crisis by this cause, they would be much at a loss if called upon to name a single article produced by France in greater quantities than are necessary to satisfy the needs of the whole population. It is certainly not corn: the country is obliged to import it. It is not wine either: peasants drink but little wine, and substitute sloe wine in its stead, and the inhabitants of towns have to be content with adulterated stuff. It is evidently not houses: millions still live in cottages of the most wretched description, with one or two apertures. It is not even good or bad books, for they are still objects of luxury in the villages. Only one thing is produced in quantities greater than needed,—it is the budget-devouring individual; but such merchandise is not mentioned in lectures by political economists, although those individuals possess all the attributes of merchandise, being ever ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder.

What economists call over-production is but a production that is above the purchasing power of the worker, who is reduced to poverty by Capital and State. Now, this sort of over-production remains fatally characteristic of the present capitalist production, because—Proudhon has already shown it—workers cannot buy with their salaries what they have produced and at the same time copiously nourish the swarm of idlers who live upon their work.

The very essence of the present economic system is, that the worker can never enjoy the well-being he has produced, and that the number of those who live at his expense will always augment. The more a country is advanced in industry, the more this number grows. Inevitably, industry is directed, and will have to be directed, not towards what is needed to satisfy the needs of all, but towards that which, at a given moment, brings in the greatest temporary profit to a few. Of necessity, the abundance of some will be based on the poverty of others, and the straitened circumstances of the greater number will have to be maintained at all costs, that there may be hands to sell themselves for a part only of that which they are capable of producing; without which, private accumulation of capital is impossible!

These characteristics of our economical system are its very essence. Without them, it cannot exist; for, who would sell his labor power for less than it is capable of bringing in, if he were not forced thereto by the threat of hunger?

And those essential traits of the system are also its most crushing condemnation.

As long as England and France were pioneers of industry, in the midst of nations backward in their technical development, and as long as neighbors purchased their wools, their cotton goods, their silks, their iron and machines, as well as a whole range of articles of luxury, at a price that allowed them to enrich themselves at the expense of their clients,—the worker could be buoyed up by hope that he, too, would be called upon to appropriate an ever and ever larger share of the booty to himself. But these conditions are disappearing. In their turn, the backward nations of thirty years ago have become great producers of cotton goods, wools, silks, machines and articles of luxury. In certain branches of industry they have even taken the lead, and not only do they struggle with the pioneers of industry and commerce in distant lands, but they even compete with those pioneers in their own countries. In a few years Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, Russia and Japan have become great industrial countries. Mexico, the Indies, even Serbia, are on the march—and what will it be when China begins to imitate Japan in manufacturing for the world's market?

The result is, that industrial crises, the frequency and duration of which are always augmenting, have passed into a chronic state in many industries. Likewise, wars for Oriental and African markets have become the order of the day since several years; it is now twenty-five years that the sword of war has been suspended over European states. And if war has not burst forth, it is especially due to influential financiers who find it advantageous that States should become more and more indebted. But the day on which Money will find its interest in fomenting war, human flocks will be driven against other human flocks, and will butcher one another to settle the affairs of the world's master-financiers.

All is linked, all holds together under the present economic system, and all tends to make the fall of the industrial and mercantile system under which we live inevitable. Its duration is but a question of time that may already be counted by years and no longer by centuries. A question of time—and energetic attack on our part! Idlers do not make history: they suffer it!

That is why such powerful minorities constitute themselves in the midst of civilized nations, and loudly ask for the return to the community of all riches accumulated by the work of preceding generations. The holding in common of land, mines, factories, inhabited houses, and means of transport is already the watch-word of these imposing fractions, and repression—the favorite weapon of the rich and powerful—can no longer do anything to arrest the triumphal march of the spirit of revolt. And if millions of workers do not rise to seize the land and factories from the monopolists by force, be sure it is not for want of desire. They but wait for a favorable opportunity—a chance, such as presented itself in 1848, when they will be able to start the destruction of the present economic system, with the hope of being supported by an International movement.

That time cannot be long in coming; for since the International was crushed by governments in 1872—especially since then—it has made immense progress of which its most ardent partisans are hardly aware. It is, in fact, constituted—in ideas, in sentiments, in the establishment of constant intercommunication. It is true the French, English, Italian and German plutocrats are so many rivals, and at any moment can even cause nations to war with one another. Nevertheless, be sure when the Communist and Social Revolution does take place in France, France

will find the same sympathies as formerly among the nations of the world, including Germans, Italians and English. And when Germany, which, by the way, is nearer a revolution than is thought, will plant the flag—unfortunately a Jacobin one—of this revolution, when it will throw itself into the revolution with all the ardor of youth in an ascendant period, such as it is traversing today, it will find on this side of the Rhine all the sympathies and all the support of a nation that loves the audacity of revolutionists and hates the arrogance of plutocracy.

Divers causes have up till now delayed the bursting forth of this inevitable revolution. The possibility of a great European war is no doubt partly answerable for it. But there is, it seems to me, another cause, a deeper-rooted one, to which I would call your attention. There is going on just now among the Socialists—many tokens lead us to believe it—a great transformation in ideas, like the one I sketched at the beginning of this lecture in speaking of general sciences. And the uncertainty of Socialists themselves concerning the organization of the society they are wishing for, paralyses their energy up to a certain point.

At the beginning, in the forties, Socialism presented itself as Communism, as a republic one and indivisible, as a governmental and Jacobin dictatorship, in its application to economics. Such was the ideal of that time. Religious and free-thinking Socialists were equally ready to submit to any strong government, even an imperial one, if that government would only remodel economic relations to the worker's advantage.

A profound revolution has since been accomplished, especially among Latin and English peoples. Governmental Communism, like theocratic Communism, is repugnant to the worker. And this repugnance gave rise to a new conception or doctrine—that of Collectivism—in the International. This doctrine at first signified the collective possession of the instruments of production (not including what is necessary to live), and the right of each group to accept such method of remuneration, whether communistic or individualistic, as pleased its members. Little by little, however, this system was transformed into a sort of compromise between communistic and individualistic wage remuneration. Today the Collectivist wants all that belongs to production to become common property, but that each should be individually remunerated by labor checks, according to the number of hours he has spent in production. These checks would serve to buy all merchandise in the Socialist stores at cost price, which price would also be estimated in hours of labor.

But if you analyze this idea you will own that its essence, as summed up by one of our friends, is reduced to this:—

Partial Communism in the possession of instruments of production and education. Competition among individuals and groups for bread, housing and clothing. Individualism for works of art and thought. The Socialistic State's aid for children, invalids and old people.

In a word—a struggle for the means of existence mitigated by charity. Always the Christian maxim: "Wound to heal afterwards!" And always the door open to inquisition, in order to know if you are a man who must be left to struggle, or a man the State must succor.

The idea of labor checks, you know, is old. It dates from Robert Owen; Proudhon commended it in 1848; Marxists have made "Scientific Socialism" of it today.

We must say, however, that this system seems to have little hold on the minds of the masses; it would seem they foresaw its drawbacks, not to say its impossibility. Firstly, the duration of time given to any work does not give the measure of social utility of the work accomplished, and the theories of value that economists have endeavored to base, from Adam Smith to Marx, only on the cost of production, valued in labor time, have not solved the question of value. As soon as there is exchange, the value of an article becomes a complex quantity, and depends also on the degree of satisfaction which it brings to the needs—not of the individual, as certain economists stated formerly, but of the whole of society, taken in its entirety. Value is a social fact. Being the result of an exchange, it has a double aspect: that of labor, and that of satisfaction of needs, both evidently conceived in their social and not individual aspect.

On the other hand, when we analyze the evils of the present economic system, we see—and the worker knows it full well—that their essence lies in the forced necessity of the worker to sell his labor power. Not having the wherewithal to live for the next fortnight, and being prevented by the State from using his labor power without selling it to someone, the worker sells himself to the one who undertakes to give him work; he renounces the benefits his labor might bring him in; he abandons the lion's share of what he produces to his employer; he even abdicates his liberty; he renounces his right to make his opinion heard on the utility of what he is about to produce and on the way of producing it.

Thus results the accumulation of capital, not in its faculty of absorbing surplus-value, but in the forced position the worker is placed to sell his labor power:—the seller being sure in advance that he will not receive all that his strength can produce, of being wounded in his interests, and of becoming the inferior of the buyer. Without this the capitalist would never have tried to buy him; which proves that to change the system it must be attacked in its essence: in its cause—sale and purchase,—not in its effect—Capitalism.

Workers themselves have a vague intuition of this, and we hear them say oftener and oftener that nothing will be done if the Social Revolution does not begin with the distribution of products, if it does not guarantee the necessities of life to all—that is to say, housing, food and clothing. And we know that this is quite impossible, with the powerful means of production at our disposal.

If the worker continues to be paid in wages, he necessarily will remain slave or the subordinate of the one to whom he is forced to sell his labor for the buyer a private individual or the State. In the popular mind—in the total of thousands of opinions crossing the human brain—it is felt that were to be substituted for the employer, in his role of buyer and over, it would still be an odious tyranny. A man of the buyer does not, in abstraction, he thinks in concrete terms, and that is why, in abstraction, the State, would for him assume the form of a tyrant, taken from among his factory and workshop comrades, and whose place he can attach to their virtues: excellent comrades!

unbearable foremen tomorrow. And he looks for a social constitution that will eliminate the present evils without creating new ones.

That is why Collectivism has never taken hold of the masses, who always come back to Communism—but a Communism more and more stripped of the Jacobin theocracy and authoritarianism of the forties—to Free Communism—Anarchy.

Now more: in calling to mind all we have seen during this quarter of a century in the European Socialist movement, I cannot help believing that modern Socialism is forced to make a step towards Free Communism; and that so long as that step is not taken, the incertitude in the popular mind that I have just pointed out will paralyze the efforts of Socialist propaganda.

Socialists seem to me to be brought, by force of circumstances, to recognize that the material guarantee of existence of all the members of the community shall be the first act of the Social Revolution.

But they are also driven to take another step. They are obliged to recognize that this guarantee must come, not from the State, but independently of the State, and without its intervention.

We have already obtained the unanimous assent of those who have studied the subject, that a society, having recovered the possession of all riches accumulated in its midst, can liberally assure abundance to all in return for four or five hours effective and manual work a day, as far as regards production. If everybody, from childhood, learned whence came the bread he eats, the house he dwells in, the book he studies, and so on; and if each one accustomed himself to complete mental work by manual labor in some branch of manufacture, society could easily perform this task, to say nothing of the further simplification of production which a more or less near future has in store for us.

In fact, it suffices to recall for a moment the present terrible waste, to conceive what a civilized society can produce with but a small quantity of labor if all share in it, and what grand works might be undertaken that are out of the question today. Unfortunately, the metaphysics called political economy has never troubled about that which should have been its essence—economy of labor.

There is no longer any doubt as regards the possibility of wealth in a Communist society, armed with our present machinery and tools. Doubts only arise when the question at issue is, whether a society can exist in which man's actions are not subject to State control; whether, to reach well-being, it is not necessary for European communities to sacrifice the little personal liberty they have reconquered at the cost of so many sacrifices during this century? A section of Socialists believe that it is impossible to attain such a result without sacrificing personal liberty on the altar of the State. Another section, to which we belong, believes, on the contrary, that it is only by the abolition of the State, by the conquest of perfect liberty by the individual, by free agreement, association, and absolute free federation that we can reach Communism—the possession in common of our social inheritance, and the production in common of all riches.

That is the question outweighing all others at present, and Socialism must solve it, on pain of seeing all its efforts endangered and all its ulterior development paralysed.

Let us, therefore, analyse it with all the attention in desperate Germany. —anopolis. —and good news. sympathetic people would live.

If every Socialist will carry his thoughts back to an earlier date, he will no doubt remember the host of prejudices aroused in him when, for the first time, he came to the idea that abolishing the capitalist system and private appropriation of land and capital had become an historical necessity.

The same feelings are today produced in the man who for the first time hears that the abolition of the State, its laws, its entire system of management, government, and centralization, also becomes an historical necessity: that the abolition of the one without the abolition of the other is materially impossible. Our whole education—made, be it noted, by Church and State, in the interests of both—revolts at this conception.

Is it less true for that? And shall we allow our belief in the State to survive the host of prejudices we have already sacrificed for our emancipation?

It is not my intention to criticise tonight the State. That has been done and redone so often, and I am obliged to put off to another lecture the analysis of the historical part played by the State. A few general remarks will suffice.

To begin with, if man, since his origin, has always lived in societies, the State is but one of the forms of social life, quite recent as far as regards European societies. Men lived thousands of years before the first States were constituted; Greece and Rome existed for centuries before the Macedonian and Roman Empires were built up, and for us modern Europeans the centralized States date but from the sixteenth century. It was only then, after the defeat of the free medieval Communes had been completed that the mutual insurance company between military, judicial, landlord, and capitalist authority which we call "State," could be fully established.

It was only in the sixteenth century that a mortal blow was dealt to ideas of local independence, to free union and organization, to federation of all degrees among sovereign groups, possessing all functions now seized upon by the State. It was only then that the alliance between Church and the nascent power of Royalty put an end to an organization, based on the principle of federation, which had existed from the ninth to the fifteenth century, and which had produced in Europe the great period of free cities of the middle ages, whose character has been so well understood in France by Sismondi and Augustin Thierry—two historians unfortunately too little read now-a-days.

We know well the means by which this association of the lord, priest, merchant, judge, soldier, and king founded its domination. It was by the annihilation of all free unions: of village communities, guilds, trades unions, fraternities, and medieval cities. It was by confiscating the land of the communes and the riches of the guilds; it was by the absolute and forcible prohibition of all kinds of free agreement between men; it was by massacre, the wheel, the gibbet, the sword, and the State that Church and State established their domination, and that they succeeded henceforth to reign over an incoherent agglomeration of subjects, who had no direct union more among themselves.

It is now hardly thirty or forty years ago that we began to re-conquer, by struggle,

by revolt, the first steps of the right of association, that was freely practised by the artisans and the tillers of the soil through the whole of the middle ages.

And, already now, Europe is covered by thousands of voluntary associations for study and teaching, for industry, commerce, science, art, literature, exploitation, resistance to exploitation, amusement, serious work, gratification and self-denial, for all that makes up the life of an active and thinking being. We see these societies rising in all nooks and corners of all domains: political, economic, artistic, intellectual. Some are as shortlived as roses, some hold their own since several decades, and all strive—while maintaining the independence of each group, circle, branch, or section—to federate, to unite, across frontiers as well as among each nation; to cover all the life of civilized men with a net, meshes of which are intersected and interwoven. Their numbers can already be reckoned by tens of thousands, they comprise millions of adherents—although less than fifty years, indeed, have elapsed since Church and State began to tolerate a few of them—very few, indeed.

These societies already begin to encroach everywhere on the functions of the State, and strive to substitute free action of volunteers for that of a centralized State. In England we see arise insurance companies against theft; societies for coast defense, volunteer societies for land defense, which the State endeavors to get under its thumb, thereby making them instruments of domination, although free societies would have already conquered the whole of the immense domain of education. And, in spite of all difficulties, they begin to invade this domain as well, and make their influence already felt.

And when we mark the progress already accomplished in that direction, in spite of and against the State, which tries by all means to maintain its supremacy of recent origin; when we see how voluntary societies invade everything and are only impeded in their development by the State, we are forced to recognize a question: If, five, ten, or twenty years hence—it matters little—the workers succumb, priests, judges, and soldiers; if the people become masters of their destiny for a few months, and lay hands on the riches they have created, and which belong to them by right—will they really begin to reconstitute that blood-sucker, the State? Or will they not rather try to organize from the simple to the complex, according to mutual agreement and to the infinitely varied, ever-changing needs of each locality, in order to secure the possession of those riches for themselves, to mutually guarantee one another's life, and to produce what will be found necessary for life?

Will they follow the dominant tendency of the century, towards decentralization, home rule and free agreement; or will they march contrary to this tendency and strive to reconstitute demolished authority?

Educated men—"civilized," as Fourier used to say with disdain—tremble at the idea that society might some day be without judges, police, or gaolers.

But, frankly, do you need them as much as you have been told in musty books? Books written, be it noted, by scientists who generally know well what has been written before them, but, for the most part, absolutely ignore the people and their every-day life.

If we can wander, without fear, not only in the streets of Paris, which bristle with police, but especially in rustic walks where you rarely meet passers by, is it to the police that we owe this security? or rather to the absence of people who care to rob or murder us? I am evidently not speaking of the one who carries millions about him. That one—a recent trial tells us—is soon robbed, by preference in places where there are as many policemen as lamp-posts. No, I speak of the man who fears for his life and not for his purse filled with ill-gotten sovereigns. Are his fears real?

Besides, has not experience demonstrated quite recently that Jack the Ripper performed his exploits under the eye of the London police—a most active force—and that he only left off killing when the population of Whitechapel itself began to give chase to him?

In our every-day relations with our fellow-citizens, do you think that it is really judges, gaolers, and police that hinder anti-social acts from multiplying? The judge, ever ferocious, because he is a maniac of law, the accuser, the informer, the police spy, all those interlopers that live from hand to mouth around the Law Courts, do they not scatter demoralization far and wide into society? Read the trials, glance behind the scenes, push your analysis further than the exterior facade of law courts, and you will come out sickened.

Have not prisons—which kill all will and force of character in man, which enclose within their walls more vices than are met with on any other spot of the globe—always been universities of crime? Is not the court of a tribunal a school of ferocity? And so on.

When we ask for the abolition of the State and its organs we are always told that we dream of a society composed of men better than they are in reality. But no; a thousand times, no. All we ask is that men should not be made worse than they are, by such institutions!

Once a German jurist of great renown, Ihering, wanted to sum up the scientific work of his life and write a treatise, in which he proposed to analyze the factors that preserve social life in society. "Purpose in Law" (Der Zweck im Rechte), such is the title of that book, which enjoys a well-deserved reputation.

He made an elaborate plan of his treatise, and, with much erudition, discussed both coercive factors which are used to maintain society: wagedom and the different forms of coercion which are sanctioned by law. At the end of his work he reserved two paragraphs only to mention the two non-coercive factors—the feeling of duty and the feeling of mutual sympathy—to which he attached little importance, as might be expected from a writer in law.

But what happened? As he went on analyzing the coercive factors he realized their insufficiency. He consecrated a whole volume to their analysis, and the result was to lessen their importance! When he began the last two paragraphs, when he began to reflect upon the non-coercive factors of society, he perceived, on the contrary, their immense, outweighing importance; and instead of two paragraphs, he found himself obliged to write a second volume, twice as large as the first, on these two factors: voluntary restraint and mutual help; and yet, he analyzed but an infinitesimal part of these latter—those which result from personal sympathy—and hardly touched free agreement, which results from social institutions.

Well, then, leave off repeating the formulae which you have learned at school; meditate on this subject; and the same thing that happened to Ihering will happen to you: you will recognize the infinitesimal importance of coercion, as compared to the voluntary assent, in society.

On the other hand, if by following the very old advice given by Bentham you begin to think of the fatal consequences—direct, and especially indirect—of legal coercion, like Tolstoy, like us, you will begin to hate use of coercion, and you will begin to say that society possesses a thousand other means for preventing social acts. If it neglects those means to-day, it is because, being educated by Church and State, our cowardice and apathy of spirit hinder us seeing clearly this point. When a child has committed a fault, it is so easy to hang a man, especially when there is an executioner who is paid so much for each execution—and it dispenses us from thinking of the cause of crimes.

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What! a hundred barrels of wine in the cellar of the master, and for the exhausted slave only water from the river?
What! a hundred mantles in the presses, and only rags for the groaning slave?

Who is it that planted the vine, gathered and pressed the grape? The slave. Who, then, has the right to drink the wine? The slave.

Who is it that sheared the sheep, spun the wool, wove the mantles? The slave.

Who, then, should wear the mantles? The slave.

Oh, ye poor and oppressed! Up! Rise!—[Eugene Sue.]

A little boy had been told by his mama that people who tell lies cannot go to heaven. After studying the matter, as boys will, he asked his papa if he ever told a lie. His papa had to confess that he had told more than one. Then he pursued his inquiry to his mama, his aunt, his big sister, and her beau, and some neighbors. In every case, without exceptions, the answer was in substance the same as that of his papa.

So, one day, after thoroughly turning the matter over in his mind, he said to his mama, "Mama, I don't want to go to heaven."

"Why, my son?" was the startled inquiry. "Because it would be so lonesome there—nobody there but Jesus and George Washington."—The Life.

The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world: every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. It is the whipper who is whipped, the tyrant who is undone.—Emerson.

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