

# 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. 48.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 184.

## ENGLAND'S NAVAL WAR.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,  
And she hails us, still unfed;  
There's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead.  
We have strewn our best to the weed's unrest,  
To the shark and the sheering gull;  
If blood be the price of admiralty  
Good God, we have paid it full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now  
But lifts a keel we manned;  
There's never an ebb goes seaward now  
But drops our dead on the sand—  
But drops our dead on the sands forlorn,  
From the Ducies to the Swin;  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Good God we have paid it in.

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
For that is our joy and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,  
Or the wreck that struck last tide;  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
Where the ghastly blue lights flare;  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Good God, we have bought it full!

—Rudyard Kipling.

## HOW THEY LOVE THEIR MASTERS.

The killing of the Austrian Empress Elizabeth by the Italian Anarchist, the grief of the "civilized world," the fortitude and dignity of Emperor Franz Joseph, and the ceremonials of the Empress' funeral have filled columns in the press in every country. The usual "thrill of horror" has been commented and enlarged upon; the sorrow of her "majesty's" subjects has been shown to be unfeigned by the publication of accounts of the murder of inoffensive Italians by the "lower classes," and the discharge of Italian laborers in Austrian municipalities because of public sentiment against the countrymen of the "dastardly assassin."

And now all "civilization" is sorry that there is a possibility that the Anarchist murderer cannot be murdered in revenge, and even the Swiss officials are said to have been conniving to find an excuse to pack him off to glut the vengeance of the Austrian dynasty. An Imperial rescript from the hand of the reigning Hapsburg, reads as follows:

The murdering hand, the instrument of frenzied fanaticism aiming at the destruction of existing social order, which was raised against the noblest of women in blind and purposeless hate, struck a heart which knew not hate but only for good. Amid the grief by which I and my house are stricken and in the presence of the unheard of deed which has sent a shudder through the whole civilized world, the voice of my beloved people first brings balm to my heart in affecting union with the resound of universal lamentation for our immeasurable loss, like a faithful echo of all that moves my own soul.

Our common grief weaves a new and intimate bond between the throne and the fatherland."

"The existing social order" means the right of the Hapsburgs to continue their infamous and bloody reign. The "good" for which the heart of the empress beat was the "good" of the Hapsburgs. This woman was born to leisure with every opportunity of the intellectual and moral development consequent upon education and travel. By marriage brought to a position where measures for the benefit of the workers could have been advocated and words of warning against industrial murder and military assassination could have been spoken and written, this "noblest of women" never uttered a protest against the wrongs heaped upon those helpless ones who support in power and luxury the kings and capitalists of the Austrian Empire. The "grief" of others has never moved Franz Joseph to rescript, nor his house to mercy, and "shudder" of the civilized world is followed by a determination to support by all means the reign of might over right. "Our" immeasurable loss? The absence of a useless toy, a social barnacle "immeasurable" indeed.

If the death of a woman who never spoke a word, wrote a sentence or did a deed to make the world better or the people happier be an "immeasurable" loss,

what words can apply to the death of a Franklin or a Marx?

"Loyalty and deep sympathy"—how they cling to their chains.

Touching proofs they are—the killing of inoffensive workers by the ignorant people and the cutting off from labor and bread some thousands of already half-starved Italians. Our "common grief"—"a bond between the throne and the fatherland."

But there are other bonds and other griefs.

The following from "The Crimes of Government" pages 20 and 21 will be of interest to those who are inclined to mourn with the House of Hapsburg:

Take one or two instances out of scores that might be given. At the close of 1845 the Austrian Government became aware that large numbers of the Polish landowners were in favor of the abolition of serfdom and a more extended freedom, and early in 1846, the Government determined on their extermination. The Hapsburgs were never particular as to the means they employed. Crimes so diabolical require means equally infamous. On this occasion it liberated a number of convicts, and placed at their head a convict of the name of Zeela, who had been condemned for a fearful crime on a child and for setting fire to his father's house. These scoundrels were spread all over the country, and the infernal work of assassination commenced. The plot was arranged by the Government, Prince Mitternech being the head of the Government, and they paid for every assassination at the rate of 1000 per head. The massacre took place during the months of February and March, 1846. The list of victims published contained thousands. Here are two or three samples of these assassinations:

Theodore and John Braminski were butchered in their homes. Theodore had his arms, legs and ribs broken before he was killed. John had his head skinned, his ears and nose cut, and then his murderers forced his wife to light them, while they tore out his eyes. He was then killed.

Charles Kotarski, known as the Benefactor of the People, had his lower jaw cut away before he was killed.

Sokulski was cut up in pieces and thrown to the pigs.

Mrs. Kempinski, who was born Countess Dembinski, was pregnant with twins. She was killed in a brutal manner with a pitch-fork, then cut open and the twins taken out to get the government reward per head.

Mr. F. W. Newman (p. 36 Crimes of the House of Hapsburg) speaking of this massacre, says, "Not a single Government protested against the massacre, or broke off diplomatic relations with the murderers."

In addition to this, to support the Hapsburg reign, slaughterings and massacres have been frequent. And the "executions" alone (from 1847 to 1893 only inclusive) in Lombardy and Venice were 4,120, besides hundreds in other states. A total of 4,719 murders of men, women and children, intent only upon any form of government to escape the murderers known to history as the House of Hapsburg.

In these murders "frenzied fanaticism" does not appear, but in its place cold, calculating premeditation of wholesale systematic assassination which has characterized the Hapsburgs throughout their long continued reign of infamy and destruction.

Murder is hideous in any aspect, scarcely less so when legalized as execution than when flashed upon us by the pistol or made horrible by the dripping knife; but a thousand times more shocking is the murder of helpless subjects in support of tyrants, than the killing of kings to revenge the results of centuries of oppression.

The singularly atrocious murders committed to continue the domination of the Hapsburg assassins are not to be held a sufficient justification for the killing of kings and queens. But, if the kings and queens, Hapsburgs and others, should be discouraged by these revengeful acts, they are at liberty to resign, and turn back to the people the powers they have so long usurped; powers never exercised in justice except by the active consent of the governed. \* \* \* \* \*

Socialists have tears for the honest, dead, and sympathy for the oppressed living. They have tears for the sufferings and death of the child in the factory; for the seamstress overworked and the prostitute ostracized; for the miner brutalized and robbed in his un-

natural toil; for the factory slave and for all the exploited producers and industrially murdered serfs of commerce, but not a tear for this dead queen of a race of assassins, or sympathy for the head of the band of usurpers. In this killing, the lesson to the people is the unwisdom of the deed; the lesson to the tyrants and the rulers of the world, "kill not, that ye be not killed." \* \* \* \* \*

But I leave tears of grief for a dead Hapsburg to be shed by those who through interest or ignorance assume to believe that rulers established in assassination and upheld by trained murders are objects of solicitude for the subjects of their tyranny.—G. B. Benham, in The Class Struggle.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HOW TO REFORM MANKIND.

I am real glad to learn that Francis Livesey is doing so much good, and hope it is as substantial as he thinks it is. I am far from meaning to say it is not. But I submit his being able to do so without dynamite does not prove that it is. I am no believer in compulsory education or compulsory anything else, but I have been in Maryland and Delaware some, and I am not sure but the reason compulsory education could be beaten in Maryland without killing anyone is that there are a good many people in Maryland who want no education for niggers and poor white trash at all. Similarly, I can quite easily imagine how a little Anarchistic aid would be enough to beat the Single Taxers in Delaware. But if Delaware were left to the Bourbon land owners, I may doubt if she would have any great reason to thank the Anarchists. Without question Anarchists can get themselves talked about a little, and patronized a little, and complimented by the clergy and other sets of pigs-in-clover a little, if they will make a business of simply aiding the fat-pig faction against all silly quack schemes for the benefit of the lean pigs—such as Single Tax and compulsory education. But will the Anarchists or any one else be better off for that? I had rather Anarchism should be in "the ditch" of rich men's "detestation" than of poor men's. It is, to my thinking, a graver difficulty in our own way that Single Taxers and compulsory educators, and Australian ballot boxers, and referendum-initiative people, and other well-meaning ignorammuses, think us in the way of their harmless "crazes" than that the plutocrats know us for more dangerous enemies than they.

I do not waste time in helping ballot-box reformers to vend their nostrums. I always tell them they will find success no profit, but if they must try I am willing. After trying and seeing the folly of it, they may like Anarchism better. If they get the idea that it is a tool of the common enemy, who can expect they will do anything but hate it?

I am afraid Mr. Livesey overrates the value of the praise his Quaker Anarchism wins from clergymen—hoc genus omne. I think it a bad sign for a reformer when he does get that kind of praise. Powderly used to get a good deal of it. But a reformer of a different type from his has said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of things against you falsely. So persecuted they the prophets who were before you. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for so did their fathers unto the false prophets." The value of reform writing is measurable by the abuse it wins.

Let me propose a dilemma. Suppose some of Mr. Livesey's clerical patrons should ask him what he thinks of the Chicago martyrs. If he speaks of them, I am afraid he might hurt his influence. If he said like Henry George that "they were justly hanged," he will not fool the minister after all. The minister will be fooling him. I should say, if it were my case, "Just see what an Anarchist can do! A single one knocked out sixty pets of the Clan-na-Gael at one shot and they have thought twice about killing strikers ever since."—C. L. James, in Lucifer.

# FREE SOCIETY.

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

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

We are informed that Comrade Berkman's case will not be brought before the Board of Pardons till October 19.

Admiral Dewey has been rewarded with a golden sword for destruction and wholesale murder.

According to the daily press the workers are now shooting each other in Pana, Ill., a spectacle that will create scornful laughter in hell. While the masters are feasting and expending the wealth produced by the slaves, the latter are fighting each other for the opportunity to become slaves. The chattel slave was bought, fed and clothed, but the wage slave fights and risks his life in order to obtain a master and endures starvation and degradation besides.

William J. Holland of New York will soon come to the conclusion that "civilization" is a failure. He married in 1894 and his experience in "sacred" matrimony led him to the belief that suicide was the only relief, but he failed in the attempt to shorten his own life and was sentenced to twenty-three months in the penitentiary. After the expiration of his sentence he found that ex-convicts are not given the opportunity to earn a living and became what is called a thief. He was then sentenced to three months for attempting to appease his hunger. The judge was sorry when he listened to the sad story of the unfortunate man, but "the law is inflexible" and did not permit him to indulge in sentimentalities. Such are the blessings of government; it perpetually adds one crime to another.

It is but natural that we would rather see such able men like Etievant among us, working for the cause of freedom, than to see him imprisoned or ending his life on the gallows, but to say that he ought not to have violently resisted the atrocious and unceasing persecutions of the French government is to encourage and to cultivate servility. Only a man of a submissive disposition would patiently endure the impositions Etievant had to forbear for no other reason but that he was a very able and uncompromising advocate of freedom. His writings show clearly that he did not believe the world could be converted through a dagger or a bomb; on the contrary, he explicitly shows that a complete reorganization of society cannot come about until the people alter their own ideas of rights and their whole way of looking at things. Yet he preferred death rather than submit to be permanently hounded by the police. Let us not deplore but rejoice that there are yet men among us who have the courage to resist the outrages of our oppressors.

Hallucinated!! In relating to the assassination of the empress of Austria some papers declare Lucchini demented. The murder of that old woman, who mournfully and tediously wandered through the world, cannot, they say, benefit the Anarchist propaganda.

It is the action of a fool—hallucinated. Hallucinated is the very word. Lucchini must have been, at the moment of his deed, the prey of a hallucination.

Having escaped the recent massacre of Italy, he thought to see under his file one of those Italian women who from their balcony shouted to the soldiers shooting the people: "Shoot well! Aim well!!"

From the country of death the folly of death shines on the world.—C. A., Les Temps Nouveaux.

Labor and Capital walked side by side on the highway of life. They were brothers, and between them walked their sister, Comfort, fair-faced and beautiful. But soon, as they journeyed, the brothers began to quarrel.

"Your clothing is shabby," said Capital.  
 "You keep it so," said Labor.  
 "Your shoes are worn with walking."  
 "That you may ride the offender."  
 "Your hands are rough with toil."  
 "Because you wear my kid gloves."  
 "Your manners are uncouth."  
 "I have neglected them in caring for you."

"And while they quarreled they forgot their sister, and when they turned to look for her, behold Comfort was gone."

And she never will return to them until again, as brothers, they walk hand in hand down the highway of life.—S. F. Examiner.

This is the kind of rot that is dished out by our "great dailies" to the intelligent reader. Our fourteen year old Anarchist could knock the props from under that logic.

Any one calling "shabby clothing, worn shoes, hands rough with toil and uncouth manners" comfort, lays himself liable of being taken for an escaped lunatic.

Well, Jimmie, if you can "walk hand in hand down the highway of life" with a fellow that holds you up every time you earn a dollar and lives high on the sweat of your brow and call him brother you are welcome to do so; we humbly decline.

Labor creates all wealth and is entitled to all of it. And the loafers you are pleased to denominate "capital," ought not even to have the shabby clothing and worn shoes your bogus "sister" so stingily bestows upon labor; they deserve being treated as the drones are treated by the bees.

The courage displayed by Charles Albrecht in being possessed of two wives at the same time will be without its reward. The law does not cordially recognize that sort of hardihood.—Examiner.

The probable difference between this penny-a-liner and Albrecht is that the former sneaks around all the roosts possible in the neighborhood of a hundred miles and sets as many chicks as possible into the world at some other fellows expense, without a licence, while Albrecht is satisfied with two roosts for which he himself takes the responsibility of support, with a license. Albrecht certainly was silly to lay himself liable by having his incubator registered and paying a lazy preacher or rotten politician for it besides, but he has at least the advantage over the penny-a-linner that he is a well-meaning fool while the other is a hypocrite.

S. D.

According to official statements made in the census of 1890 the national wealth of the United States amounted to 59½ billion dollars. Of this is held by the capitalists (about one million families or 9 per cent of the population) 42½ billions, i. e. 72 per cent of the entire wealth. The middle-class (about 5 million families or 39 per cent of the population) holds 14½ billions or 24 per cent of the national wealth, leaving to the working class (5,594,796 families or 52 per cent of the population) not quite 2½ billions or 4½ per cent, of the entire national wealth. In short, there is held by

Population.	Wealth.
52 per cent, (Working class)	4½ per cent.
39 " " (Middle-class)	24½ " "
9 " " (Capitalists)	71 " "

In 1850 the national wealth of the United States was 8 billion dollars and at that time 62½ per cent still belonged to the working class. In 40 years therefore the workers have added to the national wealth 51½ billions but their share of this by them produced wealth has decreased from 62½ per cent to 4½ per cent. At the same time the working class has greatly increased, so that in 1890 the 4½ per cent of the national wealth must be apportioned to many more millions of workers than was in 1850 the 62½ per cent.

These official figures are more convincing than long essays on the tendency of existing economic conditions: it consists to not only in increase the number of the poor, but also to make poverty more intense and more deeply felt. On the other hand a small minority grows continually richer and more useless in the producing and distributing process.—Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung.

## REPLY TO B. F. BRUKK.

My good friend, (and I appreciate her compliment) has not made her meaning quite clear, but as I must have failed to elucidate my own so that "he who runs may read," I dare not complain. I am glad however that the article in question has been thus publicly noticed, as it gives me an opportunity to correct a mistaken idea that people have read out of or into the closing sentences of the "Charity" article. Several friends have spoken to me of it and expressed their astonishment that I should be so hard-hearted. The sentences are as follows: "Should there be a single neglected person in the world, any one in whom no one took any kind of an interest, who had not a faculty

that appealed to a soul on earth—it would be evidence that he did not deserve it. But we know the spirit that keeps up the charitable institutions would not allow such a being to exist." Now I certainly did not mean that such persons might be living and that I hoped that they would not be allowed to exist, though my readers are perhaps excusable in taking it that way. I was unfortunate in my method of expression and for that I beg their pardon. I should have said that knowing the growing sense of brotherhood and love in humanity, there could not possibly be a person whom no one loved and saw no good in. Somebody loves the weak, the sick, the idiotic, even now, when the conditions make their support a terrible anxiety, and so much of the sweetness of human love is ground out of us by drudgery and struggle: why not all the more, when equal opportunities and wise co-operation have made their support a mere bagatelle?

My dear friend has "pied" her criticism badly by bringing into it a conversation she held with a mutual friend recently, a conversation which the reader of Free Society could possibly know nothing about. She has in her own mind, classed me, (because of the unpardonable vagueness of my expression) with this friend when she said "that she believed all imbeciles, and incurables ought to be chloroformed because they could not be happy themselves and were only a burden on other people." If she had read my whole article understandingly, she could tell by the general sense of it that I could not possibly have meant anything like that. She says, "If I must chloroform," when my whole argument for equal freedom would not permit any one, any state, church, association, or bureau to say she must do anything. A strange idea of equal freedom one must have who would think for a moment that a person could be compelled to kill one they loved! I suppose she meant to say, "but what if I am not able to take care of him myself and he must be a burden on the community?"

I have a great deal of faith in the real kindness of heart, that feeling which will not let us be happy while there is suffering near us, in humanity even as it is; infinitely more in that free humanity which will find economic production so easy as to be a pleasure. No one will be allowed to suffer; every one will be as uneasy to see a human being lacking the necessities of life, as we are to-day if a guest at our well-provided table should fail to get enough to eat.

My whole argument was for free, voluntary assistance, loving aid and encouragement, instead of the forced, inefficient, cold, cruel charity now dealt out to the helpless by the state and regularly organized charitable boards. I urged that under a regime of free opportunities and equal liberties, the helpless would be perfectly safe left to the loving care of people who knew them and saw the good in them. If that philanthropic sentiment does not exist in the breasts of the people, how can it be incorporated in the edicts of a state? Yet we know it is, badly carried out as the state does it, today and it will exist to the fullest and freest when all are free to act out their higher and better natures. We are social creatures; and the more we realize this the better we preserve our own powers, happiness and development. We are social beings, and therefore do not need to be forced to be social.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

## OPPOSES FORCE.

In the issue of September 18, there is an item in the "Peppery Pot" column that ends as follows: "Tell him (Etievant) that one living Etievant by the work of his pen and word of mouth is worth a thousand dead Etievants to the cause of progress."

Truer words than these were never written, and I hope all the men and women who are seeking to advance the cause of Anarchism—which is the cause of freedom—will ever bear them in mind when they are tempted to invoke the aid of force, as the best instrument to be used in the conversion of those around us. A case right to the point is that of Francis B. Livesey, the noted Maryland writer and author, whose name is becoming a household word throughout the country.

Only a few months ago he was condemning Anarchism and advocating Anarchistic ideas in the same article, for the simple reason that no genuine work on the subject had ever reached him. At last, however, the writer sent him some papers and among them was a copy of the Detroit Sentinel, which contained a brief article on the matter that instantly caught his attention, and caused him to investigate the—to him—new doctrine. Now note the result of the conversion of this one man!



No person in this land has a better method of propaganda work than Mr. Liveey, which has been acquired by years of experience as a writer. In the past few weeks city dailies and country weeklies have published many letters from his pen, and his private correspondence is something wonderful, and today he is arranging a movement against the tyrant Comstock that will strip him of his power to imprison men and women for giving expression to their honest convictions, if the reformers throughout the country will only stand by him. Now, how was this man won? Not by reading of the murder of the president of France and the premier of Spain by alleged Anarchists; not by reading strong articles urging men and women to avenge the deaths of their comrades with dagger and dynamite, but simply reading a little item from the pen of an unknown writer, who has always opposed the use of force at this stage of our progress.

Our thoughts and ideas can be made more effective if we will so conduct ourselves that those around us can have our living presence and living words, rather than the memory of the martyr.

J. T. SMALL.

Provincetown, Mass.

### BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

Comrades,—I know a bed-rock thinker who has invented a power that will run a sewing machine, a woman only adjusting the work. The principle is demonstrated, a combination of wheels that run something like a clock, but it needs \$150 or \$200 more to so perfect it as to command attention. All who know me know that if I could secure money it would be devoted to human freedom, and the inventor is like me in this respect, but he is poor and sick. Now comrades, what can be done to keep this invention out of the hands of monopolists and thus make it serve the cause of human emancipation? An eighth share can be had for a reasonable sum, divided between two or more persons if one cannot purchase. Please tell us what you will do. Address the undersigned with stamp for reply.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

28 Eight St. San Francisco, Calif.

P. S: Only think what it will be to thousands of women who are now destroying their health by treading a machine from morning till night.

L. W.

### A HALF-BAKED REFORMER.

The two following letters appeared in the Examiner September 1, under "Some letters from the people:"

W. H. Stuart, Los Angeles: For heaven's sake ask Silverhorn-Jones to kindly let up and give us a much-needed rest about his "money power," "scientific money," "the fundamental monopoly," etc., etc. ad nauseam. Even a Greenhorn-Jones ought to know by this time that there is no "money power" outside of those who own the means of production and distribution.

Kinghorn-Jones, San Francisco: The Bank of England issues eighteen million pounds sterling more notes than it has gold. Each note promises to redeem in gold. Great (robber) Britain forced the gold standard on free America, and now desires closer alliance. Put in plain language—fearing we shall soon realize that American labor is robbed of four hundred and fifty millions annually by England through this wicked standard of values, she wishes to tighten her grip round labor's throat and despoil the workers of one thousand millions annually. America has yet to emancipate herself from foreign entanglements.

Stuart having undertaken the mission of proving Stuart or Kinghorn-Jones a fool, or "a half-baked reformer to indolent or to stupid to learn the truth" [quotation from a subsequent personal letter in which it so pleased the writer to sum up K.-J.], not knowing that yet another letter from Kinghorn-Jones would appear in the same column with his abuse on the old subject, that affects him as a red rag does a bull. K.-J. wrote him as follows: "If you can spare the time and postal card, it would interest me to know your age, how you get your living; and who instructed you as to manners. Now, pray, don't apologize because none is needed."

Stuarts reply to this will be explained by the following:

"My dear Mr. W. H. Stuart,—I return your volume just to hand, and have read the first page, and really no time to wade through the rest, but if you will condense the fourteen pages into four I will do so, to oblige you. In the first page I gather: 1) you are too old to get rid of any superstition you may have; 2) you are so unreasonable as to hate anyone that bears the name Jones in any form; 3) you shuffle out of stating your mode of earning your living, and consequently I think fatten on usury.

"One great cause of slow progress is long-windedness." Some ancient philosopher said, "a great book is a great evil." I would add, "a great letter is a great nuisance."

A few extracts from Stuart's next letter, in addition to the one quoted above may help to bring out the brotherly love of some Socialists towards all Anarchists. He says: "I voted for W. J. Bryan, but he is an ignoramus on political economy outside of the money question, consequently he is ignorant of the fact that if the money question was settled scientifically, the relations between the laborer and the capitalist would not be altered by an iota. The large aggregation of capital under skillful management would drive the smaller concerns to the wall, no matter what charge might be made in our fiscal or monetary system." He admits he voted for an "ignoramus" to govern him, he fails to realize that "large aggregations of capital" are simply robbed Labor, and that the robbery is only possible through the unjust medium of exchange, which permits the capitalist to live and accumulate without producing. "I see you are an Anarchist. Anarchy is the product, or rather its advocacy is, of a small brain attacking great ideas—I do not believe in it." Does he realize that the Nicaragua Canal is at present only a "great idea," but that it will soon be a great factor? "I would abolish competition, and private ownership of land and capital, under such conditions money would be unnecessary. I do not believe in Communism." Before he can abolish private ownership of land, he must take the power out of money; and as money governs, he must first refuse to ballot away his freedom to govern himself. Anarchists know money is unnecessary, but think their mode of reaching that condition is more reasonable, than that of asking for still more government.

"The only fundamental monopoly is that of land and capital." As capital is wealth employed in, or available to production, and wealth according to Henry George is chiefly legalized robbery, it would be well if reformers devoted their energies to prevent the robbery of wealth and land, and this can only be accomplished when Labor is the only recognized standard of value; this is the first step towards "absolute individual freedom."

"Under a proper organization of the industrial forces of society the labor required to produce the necessary subsistence would be three or four hours daily; that done, the citizen would be as free as air to spend his time or income as he pleased, those too lazy or too proud for this 'compulsory' service be allotted land where they could live or starve as they pleased in Anarchist 'freedom'."

Anarchists would reduce the daily hours of labor to one and a half or two, and this would provide not only "necessary subsistence," but luxuries of the choicest variety; their aim, their "ideal" is free production, free land and water, as well as air; and absurd, or "half-baked" as it may be, for the "small brain of an Anarchist to attack such a 'great idea'—it is free consumption."

KINGHORN-JONES.

### UNDERGROUND POST-OFFICE.

Some time ago a comrade was criticized quite severely for his supposed inconsistency, his actions were said not to be in conformity with his public utterances. Since consistency has been made one qualification of a simon pure Anarchist according to the gospel as laid down by some of its apostles, I wonder how these comrades still patronize the post-office. After denouncing government, they seem to feel no compunction in using a governmental institution to further their ends. But I will be told that it is a matter of compulsion, that the government has a monopoly and protects its privileges by severe measures, and that after the revolution—or since that expression seems too harsh for some of the tenderfeet in the movement—after we have evolved government and all other tyrants out of existence, we will form a voluntary association for the purpose.

But why wait? Our whole propaganda, so far as it is carried on through literature and letters, is at the mercy of our deadly enemy. If our theory of voluntary association holds good, we should be able to put it in practice to some extent anyway, in spite of restrictions placed upon us.

It is not in order to be consistent that I advocate this measure, because I consider inconsistency impossible—a person's actions are always in harmony with his ideas at the time being—but for several other reasons.

There has been a propaganda carried on in this country before the civil war, under conditions similar to our own. The Abolitions had to counteract the same disapproval of government and public opinion. Their editors have been killed and imprisoned, their journals suppressed, their meetings broken up and, I dare say, if they had confined themselves to theory alone, their cause would not have progressed very much. But they found a way of actively demonstrating their abhorrence of chattel slavery and that was through their "Underground Railway."

Comparatively very few are gifted with the talent to carry on the agitation through speaking or writing, and the majority of the adherents of our ideal in this instance can only show their appreciation by attending meetings, subscribing for our journals and sometimes paying for them. We know that this is not sufficient. Many of us cannot join or care not to join a colony or form a new one, but the most of us can take part in this "Underground Post-office," which I propose. It would also satisfy this craving for secrecy which seems to be so dear to the hearts of the average American. And then again revolutions, be they peaceable or otherwise, are the effort to remove the restrictions which hinder the full development of new institutions, which to some extent have supplanted the old.

The French Revolution, and those of '48 in other countries removed the restrictions which the feudal system placed upon the commercial class, whose holy trinity, rent, interest and profit, could not gain full control until firmer institutions, which hindered its free development, had been removed. So in our case, voluntary association will not supplant compulsory combination and competition until the former has shown its vitality. It is in this case a matter of survival of the fittest. I am aware that the government does not permit competition with its institution, neither did the government sanction the efforts of the Abolitionists to aid the fugitive slave to gain a comparative liberty in the British possessions.

I submit this proposition for discussion to the comrades at large. The active participation of a great number of comrades in the propaganda and to demonstrate the practicability of voluntary association, is my object in suggesting the "underground post-office."

Portland, Or.  
Sta. C, Box 24.

CHAS. DOERING.

### COMMON SENSE vs. INGENUITY.

Friend James' ingenious definitions of work and play are only another way of saying that play is that which we enjoy and work that which we do not—i. e. play is happiness and work unhappiness. Then if the object of work (which in common sense language is simply the effort to accomplish that which we desire) is to get rid of work, according to his definition is to get rid of unhappiness. Seeking to gain leisure for play, then, is seeking happiness. The happiness-seeking advocate does not need to worry about "these statements" when a little common sense is applied to them. I fear the love of controversy has imposed a great deal of useless work on my friend, who does not know that the search for happiness prompted the effort.

The labor imposed upon me by my search for happiness prevents further consideration of this question in these columns, further than to "challenge" C. L. James' "statement" that no one knows what will make him happy, which is equivalent to saying that all experience comes to naught (advocate of idiocy!), otherwise to accommodate him to the fullest extent would be mere "play" (enjoyment) to me.

J. H. MORRIS.

### SHE IS SURVIVING.

Disliking controversies, and newspaper controversies above all others, because one cannot "talk back" so well, and feeling that every one has a right to their own opinion and to the expression of that opinion, I rarely pay any attention to adverse criticism, but friend A. L., you have not done me justice when you take one sentence out of an article and so prove your side right and mine wrong. That is too much like the orthodox Christian who takes single passages from the bible to prove his own creed the only right one when perhaps the next verse will prove him wrong. You say, "that less can be accomplished through united effort is a new discovery, and I dispute its logic."

Yes, I also dispute its logic, if it was "united effort."

The article referred to, viz., "The Survival of the Fittest," was written to prove the rule of the dominant mind, and colonies were incidentally mentioned. It is true I used the sentence you quoted but there were sentences immediately before and following it which explained my meaning. I cannot give them all as it would make this article too long, and it was sent to the Autonomist, for I knew you would not publish it.\* But I will give a sentence explanatory of the one quoted: "The need of the work of one individual does not seem so great because there are more to do that work; the feeling of individual responsibility is less and it shows in the amount of work done. And in the community life it is shown very clearly that the supreme mind rules. Sooner or later it is seen that one mind is dominating others and then comes trouble. No one likes to be ruled."

Yes, we were surrounded by "monopoly and government," but the failure of the colonies was always caused by the members themselves and not by the outsiders. In the last colony we had no law, no rules and no regulations, every one doing as seemed to him good. One of the members said, "I would like to go to Dixie today, but don't like to leave the work;" another answered, "Oh, that will be all right; that is the beauty of living in colonies, one can go away and the work goes on just the same." There you have it in a nutshell.

You very kindly spoke of the writer as "he." All right—that makes no difference—we are equals you know, but I will answer your questions, "I wonder why he does not prove himself the fittest, why he does not survive, why he does not conquer poverty before advising others to survive." I am surviving and that very fact proves that I am the fittest, and I am conquering the poverty which I did not know until I became a colonist. We have had a wealth of experience, had some joyous times and witnessed some pathetic scenes while we were colonists. Let me give you one of the latter.

In the pine woods of Northern Michigan a number of people had united their efforts to make a home in the wilderness. We saw the cloud of dissolution daily becoming larger and darker, but refused to recognize it. One of the number, a young girl, was slowly dying of that dead disease—consumption. I had become acquainted with her only after the disease had almost conquered her, but she must have been a beauty when in health. Brilliant black eyes, abundant and glossy black hair, tall and slender. It was the same old story—loved—trusted—betrayed, (what a history in those three words!) and trying to rid herself of the evidence of her shame (?) she ruined her health and as she lay on her bed day after day and night after night suffering tortures, mentally and physically, no one would go to see or watch with her, the loving faithful mother alone doing the painful duty. Hearing of the need of help a friend and I agreed to watch every night one alternating with the other. Those long nights! Almost endless, they seemed to me as I sat by E—in the cold frosty room. She could endure no heat. There are no lovelier nights than those in Michigan, looking out of the open window at the beautiful sky. All nature seemed to be perfect, but the silence was broken by the hacking cough of the sufferer. It was then that the cruel injustice was made known to my innermost self. At last when the end drew nigh offers of help came from the members of the community. E—had pride and would have refused them, but I begged for a little rest.

I called one afternoon and found a visitor there telling E—how to prepare to die. The mother not wishing to offend had been quiet though much distressed. "Will you tell her to go away?" was the pitiful request.

"It is better to prepare to live than to prepare to die; you had better go now Miss R—," I said, and she went leaving the poor sufferer in tears.

Bending over E—, petting and comforting her, I hid my indignation as best I could. E—whispered, "Dear Mrs. Jerauld, I am going to die tonight, can you stay with me?"

"Yes, I will stay as long as you wish."

"One more favor, and the last I will ask, will you hold my hand till I die?"

Mr. J—, Mrs. S— and I were with her to the end. We thought she would leave us by midnight, but she lingered conscious to the last until 3 a. m.

\* We would have been glad to publish the article, because an article which appeared in Free Society was criticised and consequently would have given the writer an opportunity to defend his position.

I have not words at my command to describe my feelings that long cold night with the silence of death all around us and that hand in mine growing so cold and clammy. Afraid? No, for I realized that death was but a part of life and consequently nothing to arouse fear; but all through that night, the bitter sense of the injustice, the horrible iniquity of it all surged through me, for the one-time lover was just across the street seemingly happy and contented with wife and baby. As I placed the cold hand back upon the now lifeless body I firmly resolved that never again should any one have to ask me "Will you hold my hand till I die?" but that always, at every time, I would take the hand of the unfortunate and by precept and practice promulgate a truer, freer gospel of equality.

E—died; the coffin was made of rough boards, an old lady gave her only black dress to cover it. And the funeral? Oh yes, of course, the funeral was largely attended and the loving (?) friends and relatives wept over her; flowers were there in profusion, and the lover, his wife and baby were there too. Mr. J—conducted the simple services and I felt impelled to say a few words upon the subject, "Will you hold my hand till I die?"

No, friend A. I., there is very little that could be called "sentimentality" in what I write or say, but it is based upon the hard, practical experience of life, for I realize that from many come the pitiful cry for help and too many hear no answer. Let us all be ready and willing to do our part toward making life brighter and happier for every one.

NELLIE M. JERAULD.

Hustburg, Tenn.

## Various Voices.

Nellie M. Jerauld, Hustburg, Tenn.—No, comrade, I did not care in the least for you calling me "Nellie," and I would really like to know what readers took it upon themselves to reproach you. Can you tell me who so concerns them about me? I have no use for titles and only use them when the people prefer to be called "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss," but they mean nothing to a real radical.

W. J. Kent, Norman, Okla.—Enclosed find \$1 for Free Society. I like your paper, but I think I am more of an Individualist than a Communist. Everybody ought to be able to hold what he earns, and nobody should conceive the idea that others will make a living for him. It seems to me that if individuals combine for a certain purpose some one will strive to be the boss, and so to be entirely free you must be tied to nobody. Still I am enough of an Anarchist to let everybody seek his own pleasure.

I think you have a curious set of subscribers who will not even pay the little amount for subscription.

[We claim that when people can produce without restraint value (price) must naturally disappear, and nothing but free consumption can be the result. This we call Communism, a condition in which the greatest scope of freedom is attainable, for the individuals may then co-operate or work all by themselves just as they please.

A. I.]

H. J. Weeks, Ventura, Calif.—"Brown" is getting more convinced every day of the uselessness of the ballot, which seems to be a rotten institution to perpetuate rotten government. A socialist friend of Brown's is much upset at this new attitude of Brown, and asks him how he ever expects to get anything without "organization". He points Brown with pride to the splendid results of organized effort in Germany and France, saying government will forever dominate as it has the power and wealth which ever comes from organization. He (Socialist) says "the demoralizing influence of Anarchy consists in this: that it would leave the people forever helpless and unarmed in the face of every armed and powerful organization that might wish to exploit the unarmed millions." I have always observed that the blindest organizations have been effected, and the most brutally powerful where the blindest and blindest ignorance reigns. What do you think?

I am glad you wrote on the Empress of Austria and the sickening stuff the papers of this country foisted on us about that affair. Here are women and men murdered every day, and their murder is attended with economic consequences to those depending on them, involving murder by slow starvation. Of these cases these rascally idiotic editors take no notice, but

because a woman that is called "Empress" goes they all have spasms.

[As protestants and rebels against prevalent evils the State Socialists are doing some good work, but by upholding the prime cause of all social iniquities, which is government, they paralyze their own efforts. One would suppose that it should at last dawn upon these reformers that the "unarmed millions," the down-trodden had never to resist the unorganized, and that it was organization—government—which trampled and robbed them. But history and experience seems to be of no avail to them; they cannot see that the summary of the history of mankind has been a painful and continual struggle against that "divine" monster—government. No sooner have the people established a new government, than the people have to combat its imposition, no matter under what name this monster appears. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and the ballot is the very means to destroy vigilance.

A. I.]

All Europe has been shocked and thrilled by the murder of the Empress of Austria.

It was without doubt, a cruel and dastardly crime. It is impossible for any healthy man to think of it without poignant sympathy for the sorely-stricken old man who has lost now wife and son and all his near kin, and knows that his remnant of lonely life is his Empire's only defense against disruption.

It is natural and proper and true that our Press should express our people's grief for this forlorn old man's overpowering afflictions; but—oh, those dreadful columns of sickly, sycophonic slobber and foulness gush of "heroic fortitudes," "angelic resignation," "unparalleled beauty," "unheard-of condescension and kindness," etc., etc., till one's gorge rises at this flapping of depraved tongues over the poor murdered lady's corpse, and scarcely any feeling remains except one of intense disgust.

It is all so evidently insincere and untrue.

Would the "thrill of horror" have been as intense had the hapless victim been a sailor's or a collier's wife? Would the able editors have been as deeply stricken had the poor lady been the hard-working mother and bread-winner of a large family of little children?

If there were no other sorrow in the world except that of princely mourners, one might stand this piling up of gushy agonies once in a way. But—look around. See what suffering prevails everywhere under the sun, and how much of it is as cruel, as wanton, and as abominable as this Geneva murder itself.

In our "Notes to Clarionettes" a correspondent tells of a factory girl's suicide in Manchester because she had been dismissed from her work and knew she could get no other. That experience, as Katharine Glasier was telling me the other day, is common throughout Lancashire, and especially in Blackburn.

But the gushers have no tears to spare for that. Their grief is all for the Courts, and none for the rows and alleys. The pain of one king who dies is more to them than the agony of a million men and women and children who cannot live. Their Archimedean lever would stir the world and fill it with groans for the death of one privileged person, and it hasn't a strain left to help the white slaves of civilization to exist!

A great engine! A glorious institution! Ay, honest Bulbuls, you have much cause to be proud of "the excellent tone of the British Press." It is as snobbish and genufloppey as yourselves.—The Clarion.

A poor woman in Australia was recently sentenced to two month's hard labor for "stealing wool from dead sheep, the property of the Hon. R. H. Roberts." Relating to this awful crime of the poor woman, the Sydney Worker says:

It seems that a few hard-up old women and enterprising small boys have been raiding the exceedingly honorable gentleman's paddocks in search of sheep that have given up the ghost, and have, with a profane disregard of the sanctity of property, divested the corpses of the wool which would otherwise have been left to perish on the bones, and secured a few pence for themselves at odd times by selling these gleanings. The station manager was horrified to observe dead sheep rotting here and there with the wool gone off them, and invoked the majesty of law and order against the accused as a warning to all and sundry.

It is always imprudent to steal such trifles, especially if you don't belong to the legalized robber clique.

## RECEIPTS.

Week ending October 1.

Pinetzer, \$3. Crank, Goldman, Hyland, Queckboerner, Kent, each \$1. Price, Schuman, Wielander, Rodebush, Blacketer, Woody, each 50c. Hoff, Silverman, Danilowicz, Barnes, Levy, each 25c. Reid, 15c. Behrman, Maisel, each 10c.