

# FREE SOCIETY

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST WORK, THOUGHT, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 3.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 345.

## The Belfry.

This is the Nuns' bell: harsh-toned, like their creed,  
It clangs its call to worship; on the ear  
It smites like Peter's sword; wakes rage and fear  
In those whose love-force is not crushed indeed;  
Five hundred years this bell made Nature bleed,  
Ringing whilst women found a living grave  
In shame of their fair bodies which Jah gave,  
Priests said, to lay on an untimely bier  
Of passion's suicide; it did not scream  
Aloud to waken when the nightmare shed  
Its terrors round their sleep, and in dream  
They bribed a phantom God; it might have said:  
"Die, Sisters, rather than take vows which bind  
The body when the soul's outgrown that mind."

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

## Radical Reflections.

I shall not vote in the coming election. I am fully aware that this will be of little consequence so far as concerns the general result of the impending contest; and that, perhaps, is my chief reason for not voting. But I have other reasons, chief among them is that I do not believe in government by the majority, nor by the minority either.

I do not believe in government at all.  
I am an Anarchist.

But, even if I were not an Anarchist, I would not vote. In the first place, our ballot system of government is a dismal failure—even if we concede it to be right in theory. There is no honesty in it, no sense manifested in the results; and no good has ever, so far as I know, come out of it. Most of those who seek office are actuated by purely self-considerations. They want the offices for the emoluments attached thereto. Men who seek an office simply to advance their own interests will not sacrifice their interests for the public weal. They will not even go very far out of their way to serve the interests of their constituents, simply because there is nothing in it for themselves.

Most of those who become candidates are, in the beginning, fairly honest, so far as regards their motives and intentions. But the moment a man enters politics as a candidate, he discovers that fraud, cunning, hypocrisy, and trickery are methods freely used by his opponents; and to successfully cope with them he must adopt their tactics. He thinks he is justified by expediency in so doing; besides he perhaps honestly believes he can use these weapons in an honest cause without any tarnish to his motive and his integrity. But he is mistaken. Fraud and falsehood cannot serve a righteous cause. You may vanquish the devil with his own fire, but you will be pretty sure to come off from the contest with some of the devil's own odor of brimstone about you. The man who resorts to trickery to carry his point, even against wrong, is already a trickster, and is no better, so far as the morality of

his conduct is concerned, than he who uses trickery with less honorable motives.

But, unfortunately for the candidate who seeks office with honest intentions, and who refuses to sully himself with the practice of deception and fraud, the political forces are all against him. By refusing to be all things to all men, and failing to pander to the ignorance and errors of the social herd, he fails to secure popular favor; and the votes go to the unscrupulous demagog, who wins approval by pandering to popular prejudice. Hence, the honest politician ever plays the role of an unsuccessful candidate.

Political corruption and dishonesty is so notoriously apparent that even believers in government, advocates of political action, are fully conscious of it. Yet they go on voting, with the vague hope that, in some mysterious way, conditions will be changed, and that, after a while, enough pure men will be elected to office to ensure an honest administration of public affairs. Their hopes are never realized, tho new men are put in and new parties given control. The trouble is with the system and not with those who administer it. The very nature and principle of government, of human authority, is demoralizing and corrupting. No man can possess the power to rule over others without using that power to his own advancement; and the spirit of selfishness would certainly be non-existent in the man who did not do so. Therefore, as long as human nature is what it is, we cannot expect men in power to disregard their individual interests, nor will they fail to make use of their power to exploit their fellows for their own personal gain.

The man who votes gives a certain degree of approval to the result of the election, even tho he be on the defeated side. And that is precisely why I, as an Anarchist, have no business at the polls. I do not wish to be governed; I do not wish to govern others, consequently I shall act consistently with my professed principles by declining to vote.

Of course, those who take this view will contend that, in declining to vote, I become in a measure responsible for the election of bad men, who, by my vote and influence, might be defeated instead. But I do not think so. In the first place, a thoroly honest man has no business to be a candidate for office, and nothing worse could happen to him than to be elected. When a man becomes a candidate, he is confronted by one problem: How to secure the largest number of votes. This overshadows all else. To secure the votes of the majority he must of necessity pander to the whims and prejudices

of the majority. If he happens to entertain an opinion, of which he knows the majority disapproves, he must be silent—and there he surrenders his independence, and becomes false to himself. He is then no longer honest. That is the first step.

Suppose we admit it to be possible for an honest man to be elected. We know, in the first place, that in the administration of any public office, there is continually arising a conflict of interests; and new cases constantly appear, wherein the official must go against the wishes of one person or class of persons, in order to satisfy another person or class. In such a case, the official knows very well that, take whatever side he may, he is pretty sure to array the defeated side against him. Here he is again exposed to temptation—he must choose often between his convictions of right, and the certainty of political retirement by offending some powerful political element. Can a man so situated remain honestly true to himself and his convictions? Hardly.

But, supposing the possibility of a conscientious official, another question arises. Can a public official be really a servant of the people who elect him? Does the elevation to official power carry with it an endowment of superior wisdom? Are we sure in electing our "servant," that he will know just what is and is not good for us, even tho he be willing to act in the interest of his "masters"? If we place our social welfare in the hands of a government, we are compelled to rely upon the wisdom as well as the honesty of those who constitute the government, to do the right thing with the power granted them. But the welfare of society is chiefly a matter of individual opinion. Society is merely an aggregation of separate individualities, in which, aside from those common interests upon which all agree, the vast majority of issues and problems that are constantly arising, are largely matters of individual concern, upon which there is at all times diverging opinions, as conflictingly various as the individuals themselves. In this state of affairs, how is it possible for a man, invested with administrative power, to so conduct public business as to give either "justice" or satisfaction to all concerned?

It simply cannot be, and that is precisely why I am an Anarchist. I do not believe that any scheme of government can be devised under the operation of which the interest of all would be subserved. This is because each individual must live his own life, and pursue his happiness in his own way. To the extent that men and women are left free to pursue their ideals and to follow their natural bent are they satisfied and



friction is avoided. The strife and dissension in society, in every instance, is the outcropping of the spirit of authority. I want for every man, woman, and child the right to govern themselves, to direct their own affairs, to live their own lives. Therefore I have no use for the government official, and will not aid in his election.

I am an Anarchist, therefore I will not vote.

ROSS WINN.

#### Present Factors in the Struggle for Ideal Social Conditions.

It will be disputed by few who are in touch with modern thought that the present is emphatically a transitional period in social conditions. We stand at the parting of the ways, and across the ever widening chasm conservatism and radicalism are measuring forces and gathering strength for the impending conflict. Rumors of change are flying thru the air and a decided ferment of thought is perceptible in the minds of men. "Cranks" of every sort are more in evidence than in any preceding epoch, and each herald of a new dispensation gathers to his "cave of Adullam" an army of malcontents. A long lists of Messiahs and "inspired" leaders, each with a considerable following, might readily be cited. These will pass away and their creeds will die with them, but as manifestations of the thought movement of the day, their advent is of a striking significance.

Scarcely less numerous are the schools of social and economic thought. Nothing is any more taken for granted, and the anathemas against the removal of ancient landmarks fall on deaf ears. Institutions are being sternly re-examined. The plea of prescription is no longer considered as valid in the domain of ideas. The relativity of standards is everywhere boldly proclaimed. It is the era of man, and he demands that customs cease to assert an *a priori* prerogative, and become moulded to his needs. Only that is to survive which can abide the sharpest criticism and prove its adaptability to the varying and increasing wants of human beings. We are passing from an old world to a new; and nothing, however long held sacred, is exempt from the threat of change.

Amid the apparent chaos of conflicting views it may be worth while to note certain streams of tendency, as constituting factors of no small importance in the movement toward social change. Without pronouncing on the merits of the ceaseless conflict between conservatism and radicalism, we can hardly deny that the latter presents the most varied and interesting study. There are many ways of moving, but there is only one way of keeping still. Conservatism should be used as a rudder, not as an anchor; while radicalism is the engine, which often performs a great deal of superfluous puffing, but, after all, is needed to keep the boat in motion.

The desire for ideal social conditions has always been the favorite dream of humanity. In its religious aspect it is the kingdom of God on earth. In speculative philosophy it has given birth to Plato's Republic, and later to Utopia and the New Atlantis. It has created the political visions of Jacobinism, Fourierism, and St. Simonism. Descend-

ing to our own day it has become the mainspring of a host of reform and more or less revolutionary movements. Despite its frequent vagaries, it is a healthy symptom of the human mind, betokening that divine discontent which makes the present ever a stepping stone to a larger future. It demands sympathetic study, not hasty and wholesale condemnation.

The Populist movement, earnest and conscientious, despite its incoherence, has been greatly misunderstood. Such a tremendous and wide-spread wave of thought does not take place without an adequate cause. No chance word of a popular leader could awaken so tremendous a response, if the conditions were not ripe for the new doctrine. Populism was unscientific and emotional, hence only transitory in its influence; yet it, as well as the New Democracy of Bryan, bespoke a far-reaching desire for a radical change in social conditions. It was a cry for relief. The increasing concentration of wealth was felt to be a menace which must be resisted. Immediate help was sought, with only small regard for remoter consequences. It was the effort of the farmer and the small business man to form a break-water against the rising tide of large commercial combinations. Its remedies were of a specific nature; but its cohesive force was small. To engraft its proposed legislation on the body of existing conditions would, in the minds of many, both radicals and conservatives, be an attempt to harmonize the incongruous which could only produce "confusion worse confounded." Nevertheless, its main proposition, slightly toned down, forms the basis of the Bryan Democracy. Thru the free coinage of silver, it is hoped to increase the volume of the currency and to relieve the congestion of the money market. Government ownership of the means of transportation and other public utilities is expected to break the power of the trusts. Direct legislation and simplified forms of election are relied on to place the government more fully in the hands of the great body of the people. These and other measures are ardently championed by the "reform" element as the means of preserving the fundamental characteristics of primitive democracy, as adapted to the more complex conditions of today.

Meanwhile, the labor organizations are busy on other lines. They have interests distinctly their own which they seek to protect. It seems to them that, as civilization is founded on labor, those who do the work of the world should receive greater consideration than is ordinarily meted out to them. They seek a higher relative position, with better opportunities for culture and intellectual development. They insist that no civilization can thrive where labor is not duly honored. Their persistent contests for higher wages, shorter hours and recognition of their unions, are not mere wilful attempts to stir up trouble, but deliberate steps toward the attainment of an end by which they believe the entire level of society will be raised. While occupying a distinct sphere, the work of the trades unions is frequently found to coalesce with that of the various schools of reform, and the issues of the day can never be properly understood by any who have not made close and sympathetic

study of the present status of the labor movement.

The Single Taxers form a connecting link between the reformers and the revolutionists. They range all the way from moderates like Tom L. Johnson, to intense radicals such as Bolton Hall and Ernest Crosby. One class of Single Taxers puts forth the confiscation of ground rent as a complete panacea for the social evils; while the other supports it vigorously as the necessary first step in a peaceful but effective social revolution. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is still the Bible of the propaganda, altho a considerable body of subsidiary Single Tax literature has been put forth. A tax on land values, as a substitute for all other taxes and made equal to the rental value of the land would, they claim, destroy rent, speculation in land values and all the evils of landlordism. It would break the vital monopoly from which all the other monopolies draw their sustenance. The enlargement of opportunities thus afforded would prevent excessive combination of capital, rob competition of its most destructive feature and afford a healthy stimulus to individual effort. These claims are vigorously sustained by an energetic press, and a corps of able writers and lecturers. Whether their doctrines be ultimately adopted or not, they have certainly contributed in no small measure to a clearer understanding of the relation of man to the land from which all his wealth is drawn.

The more radical idealists of the day are mainly Socialists or Anarchists. Both of these schools of thought deserve far better consideration than is given in the conventional caricatures of their teachings. In both are to be found as fine types of intellect and character as the human race has yet produced, including a large percentage of the greatest artists, scientists and men of letters of the present day. In certain respects, the two philosophies are closely allied; in others, they differ very widely.

The Socialism of today boasts of having advanced from utopianism to a strictly scientific standpoint. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and similar dreams of the future are not seriously considered by modern Socialists. A thoro study of the writings of Karl Marx is necessary in order to obtain a clear conception of the Socialist position. Its cardinal tenet is what is known as the materialist conception of history. Briefly stated, this asserts that man is led to act solely by the primary necessity of satisfying his material wants. From this mainspring of action have evolved his various characteristics, and all social and political institutions. Change the economic environments, and you change the man and all that pertains to him. This is claimed to be the inevitable corollary of the doctrine of evolution, when applied to history and sociology. From this conception follows that of the class struggle, which is looked upon as the sociological equivalent of the struggle for existence of the biological formula. History appears to them as a struggle between classes, each great epoch being marked by the dominance of a particular class. This struggle can only cease with the triumph of the proletariat—the class on which all the others rest. Hence it is of paramount im-



portance to infuse a spirit of class consciousness into the wage workers of the world, until, standing together as one body, they possess themselves of political power thru the ballot, and transform the social organization into a cooperative commonwealth. This result is inevitable, from the certain working of economic law; and the only office of propaganda is to accelerate it, that the intermediate steps may be taken in a more orderly and intelligent manner, and with the minimum of chaos or suffering during the transitional period. The constantly increasing momentum of the tendency to large industrial combinations is cited as a proof that a nation must own the trusts, and that an industrial commonwealth must inevitably succeed the present political State. Their arguments merit careful attention, even tho they may not carry complete conviction. The Socialist propaganda is growing with great rapidity, and must be reckoned with as destined to be at least one of the prominent factors in shaping the social conditions of the future.

The Anarchist movement is still less understood by the average citizen. While it is eminently a gospel of peace and fraternity, and some of its prominent advocates go so far as to preach absolute non-resistance, it is still looked upon in many quarters as merely an incitement to plunder and carnage. The Anarchist is simply a disbeliever in the validity and efficacy of government. He holds that the history of mankind shows the worthlessness of restraint as a social force. Society is based on the individual. Its growth must be from within, according to the laws of organic life. In the words of Walt Whitman: "Produce great persons; the rest follows." Man is naturally a social being. Our artificial social conditions choke out his spontaneity, and place him in an attitude of hostility and aggression toward his fellows. Given equality of opportunities and freedom of action, his normal faculties would speedily gain the ascendancy. Our mutual interdependence is such that self-interest must bind us together in fraternal cooperation, and teach each one the necessity of respecting the rights of others, in order to secure the respect to his own rights. Liberty and responsibility are the great school masters. Cooperative industry, or more probably complete Communism, is expected to be the natural outgrowth of perfect freedom. There would be peace and harmony, not because men would become perfect, but because they would have no possible motive for feud. The Anarchist abstains entirely from political action, believing the true remedy to lie in awakened intelligence. His propaganda is mainly educational, and passive resistance is his most potent weapon. The so-called Anarchist assassins are individuals who act on their own responsibility. Some Anarchists admire them, while others entirely disapprove of their acts. In any case, they have no connection with the propaganda, and the Anarchist philosophy is in no way at the bottom of their acts.

The foregoing synopsis of some of the factors in the process of social changes now going on is indeed woefully incomplete. Each of the schools of propaganda deserves long and careful study. The future of hu-

man society is a problem which concerns us all, and it is well worth our while to determine our own position among the contending forces. Wherever we take our stand, we cannot afford to be ignorant of the real nature of the different factors involved; for it is out of these that the course of social evolution will be shaped.—James F. Morton, Jr., in the *Pacific Monthly*, July, 1901.

#### Some Ideas and Inferences,

I am an Anarchist.

I believe in absolute individual liberty. Everybody believes in liberty for themselves, but only the Anarchist believes in universal liberty. The Anarchist believes in liberty as the principle of right action. Restrictions react to the detriment of all. If "all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as our Declaration of Independence affirms, it seems to me the only logical position is that of the Anarchist. In the light of Herbert Spencer's exposition of his researches, we know that government was never organized to secure these rights to men; but was born of aggression and lives by aggression. The Anarchist's proposition that government is essentially an invasion is too self-evident to deny. Then we have the right, according to the Declaration of Independence, to alter or abolish government.

"It is a matter of self-protection that moves government to stamp out Anarchy." It was a bad oversight in the author of the Declaration of Independence to advocate such revolutionary doctrines. I can understand why the politician has such a horror of Anarchy. He doesn't want to lose his job; and the press and pulpit conservators of fashion and custom dread a change. But for the citizen or subject of government, I must believe that their opposition is due entirely to their ignorance of its principles.

The Anarchist is only the consistent advocate of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Their liberty is not "a mere party shout," not a watchword to be placed upon battle flags. It is a principle applicable to human nature. Their equality is the logical conclusion that all men were born free and equal, hence all authority over one's fellows must be a usurpation—a crime. Their fraternity proceeds from their liberty and equality. There can be no perfect love except between equals. It matters not if it be based upon the fatherhood of God, or upon the thesis of Evolution.

I am an Individualist.

Of course, being an Anarchist, and rejecting all authority, I regard the individual as supreme; and I hold it to be his right to do whatsoever he wills at his own cost. There would be very little invasion under freedom. It is government that teaches men to invade. I deny the proposition of the State Socialist that the individual is indebted to the community, as Mr. Joseph Wood puts it: "We talk about our right to our own? What is our own? We are bankrupts every one except by the grace of the community, and our one right is the right to serve." What wonder Herbert Spencer should write of Socialism as the "coming slavery." Community, society, government, God,—words

to conjure with, but as meaningless as the "social organism." It is the individual we can serve, injure or benefit. Individuals create wealth and individuals should enjoy it. Commonwealth as an institution would enslave the individual, yet I would have wealth in common.

I am a Communist.

I believe that liberty and equality will usher in a fraternity that will annihilate commercialism and the greed of gain. With the land and opportunity free, the laborer will no longer work for others, but supply his own needs with his labor. With the wonderful facilities for manufacturing, the immense aids inventive genius has placed at our disposal, but usurped by government agents, every man could be independent, and the fear of poverty would be unknown, the incentive to accumulate wealth for any other purpose than use, would be gone. Rent, interest, and profit would pass away. It is a mistake to suppose that money consideration of itself is an incentive to labor or invention. When competition dies, emulation will survive. When men labor for the love of their works, art and beauty will be in evidence.

I am an Egoist.

I believe the motive of every action is the satisfaction of self, self-protection, self-advancement, and the glory of man is self-reliance and self-maintenance. This principle of selfishness has brought man up from brutehood to manhood, from ignorant self to intelligent self, from gluttony to epicureanism. "He that conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." Let man govern himself.

I am an Evolutionist.

I believe in those laws so ably presented by Darwin and others, "the struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest." In the realms of Nature these laws were relentless before reason dawned. Man's intelligence gave evolution a new direction. Competition had ruthlessly destroyed the unfit. With reason mercy tempered the law. With man's advancement the unfit was to be gradually made fit, not thru altruistic motives, but association engendered sympathy, and it became a pleasure to advance the unfortunate. Commercialism has greatly retarded this sentiment. There is no friendship in trade; and yet love has proved a mighty factor in civilization.

The Anarchist is scientific.

It is a well known fact that our leading scientists are largely Anarchistic. Science and literature are our greatest allies. Science has destroyed the power of religious authority; and it will surely undermine the State. Inductive reason from fundamental facts will prove man's sovereignty of self. All forceful authority is a fraud, a usurpation and a crime. When man assumes to be his brothers keeper he invariably develops a tyrant. No two can see alike or think alike. Hence when one governs, the other is forced against his will, which renders one a tyrant and the other a slave. Again there is a principle in human nature and it may be seen thruout the animal kingdom—that rebels against the authority. "A still small voice," assures us we are free, we want no governor, and liberty like love "worketh no ill."

(Continued on seventh page.)



## FREE SOCIETY.

(Formerly The Firebrand.)

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

Published Weekly by..... A. ISAAK.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered October 29, 1901, as second-class matter, Post Office at Chicago, Illinois. Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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.

The publishers as such are not responsible for any opinions expressed by the contributors.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1902.

## History of the French Revolution.

BY  
C. L. JAMES.

Probably no historical period has commanded so much attention as the French Revolution. This history needs no commendation to those readers who have been following the serial in FREE SOCIETY.

It begins with a rapid sketch of history from the earliest times; the decline of the ancient empires, and the rise of the French monarchy; and traces the causes which made the Revolution inevitable. The action of the Revolution is narrated in detail: the most careful attention has been paid to chronology giving the events in their correct relation. The mass of partisan evidence is carefully sifted to get at the facts as they are, and the author relates them impartially, not having made himself the champion of any faction. The traits of the people are portrayed in a simple manner, without prejudice or extenuation.

The prevalent idea that "the terror" was the result of Anarchy is most effectually exploded. The philosophic conclusion is unsurpassed; and the position taken, laying a foundation for the philosophy of Anarchism, is bound to attract the attention of thinkers; and makes the book important to students of history and the social question.

It is proposed to issue the history in book form. It will be printed on good paper in large type, and neatly bound. For this purpose advance subscriptions will be received, at \$1 for cloth bound copies and 50 cents for paper. Send orders to Abe Isaak Jr., 515 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A history of the French Revolution, by C. L. James, is now running serially in its [FREE SOCIETY's] columns, which should be published in pamphlet form; it is concise; it is accurate, and above all, it deals with essentials; the author has entered into the spirit of the Revolution.—Justice, Wilmington, Del.

In vain you tell me that artificial government is good, but that I fall out only with its abuse. The thing—the thing itself is the abuse.—Edmund Burke.

## Notes.

A number of friends have urged us to obtain the union label for FREE SOCIETY. We wish to announce that, after having waited nearly six months for the necessary formalities and investigations, and complied with all other attendant conditions, we were finally refused admission into the union because we do not pay ourselves the scale of wages established by them.

We call attention of the New York comrades, that the Radical's Reading Room is now located at 84 Orchard St. The library is at the disposal of visitors every evening, and all day Saturday and Monday.

## Current Comment.

When FREE SOCIETY and Discontent were under the ban of the postal officials, there was a perfect hurricane of Socialistic silence; not one wee bit of a protesting yelp against the dangerous encroachments upon the freedom of press and speech appeared in the newspaper organs of the various Socialistic parties. But when Wayland's *Appeal to Reason* and H. Gaylord Wilshire's *Challenge* commenced to get it where the chicken got the ax, the Socialistic pencil-shovers suddenly awoke to the fact that American liberty was trembling in the balance, and a howl went forth from Androscoggan to Yubadam. Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden found himself engulfed in a perfect maelstrom of indignation, that threatened to float his official bark upon the breakers, and send him after the lamented McGinty. The suppressing business is all right with our political Socialist brethren so long as it is the other fellow who is being suppressed.

I like to advertise a good thing when I see it, and for this reason I take occasion to inform the universe that Chicago has one weekly newspaper that is worth reading. That is, by sensible people who prefer real news to the literary hogwash of the average Great Religious and Moral Daily. I refer to *The Public* whose editor is Mr. Louis F. Post, a gentleman who is broad-gauged enough to admit occasionally that he hasn't a lead-pipe cinch on the world's entire stock of wisdom. Although Mr. Post is a Single Taxer his paper is good enough for even a class-conscious Socialist; and I dare say an Anarchist could read it six months without having his morals corrupted—which is not the case with any of the Chicago dailies.

The political Socialists, who propose to drag in the millennium by the ears, and to establish the Brotherhood of Man with a club, are giving the world an edifying exhibition of the "brotherly" love and millennial harmony that is to reign under their domination. When one of their conventions gets down to business, the fraternal harmony of the proceedings mostly resembles a feline serenade on a back-lot fence under the midnight stars; and yet they are eternally chiding the wageworkers for their failure to harmonize and unite. They cry "Unite, workmen of the world!" and their own various parties are "busted" from Becky's house to breakfast. Rodents! Likewise,

rats! Better revise Marx, and put it: "Socialists of all countries, unite; you have only your bad temper to loose; and the world's political pie-counters to gain."

An Anarchist, whose name I must suppress, comes to FREE SOCIETY with his little tale of woe, because a local branch of the Socialist party recently planted its official boot under the tails of his prince albert, and freed itself of his unscientific presence. When this sad case first came to my notice, my sympathetic nature asserted itself, and I was getting ready to uncork my best sample of tearful grief, when the thought struck me that an Anarchist hasn't any business in a political party anyway, and that a fellow who has the gall to inflict himself on a crowd for no other purpose than to combat their most cherished hobby doesn't deserve more than he gets; so I can only advise our unfortunate comrade to poultice his lacerated feelings, and keep away from those naughty Socialists in the future.

The universe will now proceed in its regular order. His Imperial Majesty, William the Second to None, has cabled his dear friend, His Presidential Majesty, Theodore the Terrific, his appreciation of the great pleasure that his German nibs has experienced over the intelligence that his American bumpiousness will permit his daughter to christen "my imperial yacht." After this interchange of courtesies between these mighty personages, the human race can resume its regular breathing, and the material universe return to its *statu quo*.

It warms my patriotic American heart to read in the daily press that the workmen of Homestead, Pa., have given \$10,000 to the McKinley memorial fund. For a long time the workers of Pennsylvania have been puzzling their brains over the problem of how to dispose of their rapidly accumulating surplus of wealth, but at last they have hit the right idea plumb center. They will emulate their good friend Carnegie—give it away—not to other wealthy working people as Carnegie did, but to the poor but honest, hard-working plutocrats. How appropriate for the workmen of Homestead and Hazelton to contribute their idle, useless cash, for a monument to McKinley, who did so much for them when president! The gratitude of our American wage-workers will never again be called in question—never.

Teddy, the only Teddy, our very own Tip Top Teddy, who is rattling around in the presidential chair like a navy bean in a tin wash boiler, thinks his personal safety requires a body guard, and so he allows himself to be followed about by a number of detectives, who, we are informed, are in constant attendance. It seems that Teddy is afraid of the Anarchists, but, land sakes, we never thought he took that Anarchist part of his message seriously—nobody else did. I have heard of people telling ghost stories and then getting frightened at them, but I hardly expected the non-hearted Teddy would scare at the horrible monster he conjured up in that great literary effusion of his, which he recently dedicated to con-



gress. But I admit the monster was a whopper—likewise the imagination that conceived it, but I really thought Teddy was joking—hope I may live thru another Republican administration if I didn't. Is it possible that Theodore the Terrific is rattled?

I notice that my friend Eugene V. Debs is stumping around over the country in the interest of some one of the numerous Socialist Parties (capitals always used); also in behalf of a prospective boomlet of his own, doubtless. Away back in the long ago, Eugene dreamed one night that the ballot was the only remedy for the wrongs of the American working people. A dream is an inspiration with 'Gene; he would no more think of ignoring one than of offending a sable feline, or beginning a journey on Friday. Accordingly he cast his lot with that small but galling crowd of scientific class-conscious Socialists who, individually and collectively, believe with religious fervor, that they have a lead-pipe cinch upon the world's entire stock of wit and wisdom. Since then, Brother Debs has agitated the lambent atmosphere at stated intervals, with the gentle prattle of the politician, but he is not in a congenial element—at heart he is a thoroughbred revolutionist, and above all, a philosophical Anarchist Communist. We love him still, and long to clasp him to our Anarchistic breast; and for him the latch-string hangs on the outside. He will come, and we will be happy again. ROSS WINN.

#### Here and There.

P. Calcagno, an Italian Anarchist, recently left the United States for Italy, and on his arrival there was arrested and banished to an island prison.

The Spanish government has presented to the Cortes a bill to regulate strikes, that is to suppress them. The same measures have been employed in France under its socialistic ministry. All governments are united in dealing with the class struggle. But every effort at legal suppression only makes clearer to the wage-slaves that their only hope for emancipation is represented by the red flag of Anarchy and the Social Revolution.

Maxim Gorky, the popular novelist of the Russian masses, has been banished by the government to Nijni Novgorod. He took a ticket at St. Petersburg for Moscow, and the government accomplished its purpose without giving him the benefit of publicity, by quietly uncoupling the carriage he was in and attaching it to a special engine, which whirled him off to the far east.

The re-elected officers of the United Brewery Workmen boldly declare that there is but one party which is willing or capable to do something for the workingmen, and that is the Socialist party, therefore advising political action. Thus are men duped!

What slaves the above attitude produces, the editor of the *Brewer's Gazette* gives a striking illustration. In the "Letter-Box" he says: "The affair has been before the executive board, and consequently you cannot expect a reply which would express my personal opinion on the matter. No, no, we

keep our hands off." Such is the result of organization and discipline. How fortunate to be an Anarchist editor who always dares to express his personal opinion, even when it concerns the President of the United States.

"The French Women's Suffrage Society has issued an edict," says the *Truth Seeker*, "that women shall retain their name after marriage, and suggests that children take the name of the mother." This is another step of the advanced woman. Let us hope that she will not pause until she reaches true freedom.

#### Chicago Meetings

Lawyer Heckman addressed the Chicago Commons Tuesday evening on "Law, and why we need it." Mr. Todd also spoke on "Thrift." Heckman outlined the growth of the American system of government. Todd advised the workingmen to better their conditions by saving up "for a rainy day."

Comrade Myers said that such advice, if acted upon, would send us all to hades, as it violated the command of Jesus: "Take no thought for the morrow." In the free discussion, the Anarchists and Socialists severely criticised the ideas advanced by both of the first speakers.

Dr. Woods, in his address before the Anthropological Society, January 12, took for his subject: "Life, and its Purposes." He made the following points: Truth is eternal. Any law binding people prevents growth. Progress is endless: the higher man walks the greater is his impulse to reach still higher planes. The purpose or impulse of all life is the desire for self-gratification or pleasurable sensation. Man is simply what his environments make him.

In the discussion which followed the lecture, the speakers were Mr. Brown, Dr. Juliet Severance, A. Isaak, Mrs. Parsons, Ross Winn, Moses Harman, and several others, all of whom agreed with the first speaker in the main, but strongly dissented from some of his conclusions.

Mr. George A. Schilling spoke at the Philosophical Society, Sunday evening, on the "Conflicts in Economic Thought." He briefly sketched the differences between the economic schools of Socialism, Individualism, Anarchist Communism, and Single Tax. He objected to State Socialism as being destructive of individual liberty, and quoted Herbert Spencer to show that the regime of political Socialism would make of society a vast machine, wherein the State officials would exercise unlimited power over the individual units composing the machine. The speaker confessed his sympathy for the ideals of Individualism, but announced himself a Single Taxer, which he considered the most practical school of economic reform. He objected to Anarchist Communism because it made no provision for public enterprises, especially in cases where one person could obstruct the wishes of the entire community. He also quoted John Most as saying that under Anarchist Communism private property would not be permitted, which the speaker considered despotic. He admitted that this last proposition was re-

pudiated by most Anarchists, and that Most had probably abandoned it.

In the open discussion, a red-hot debate was waged between the Socialists and Single Taxers, in which the honors were about even.

Friday, January 10, Prof. Jackman lectured before the Daughters of Revolution on "The Schools of the Future." Mrs. Springer presided, and in her introductory remarks she made the sweeping statement that "economics are the basis of all thought." The speaker of the evening pointed out that while industry had been completely revolutionized in the last century, the schools had hardly been touched, as they were still complying with ancient methods of teaching, and burdening the minds of the pupils with rubbish which modern schools ought to abandon. He thus proved that, altho economics had been revolutionized, the mass of humanity was still adhering to ancient traditions and customs. His school of the future is an ideal institution, located outside of the cities and its slums, surrounded by lawns and trees, where pupils and teachers alike can study from life and nature. The future school must be free—free from all impositions as to discipline and programs. Nothing but love and talent ought to guide the schools.

An animated discussion took place, in which it was agreed that with the abolition of the present school system, commercialism would have to follow suit. A. Schneider maintained that not only should schools be free from punishment of any sort, but the pupils ought to be free to act, and to disagree with the teachers; for, if the pupil is to excel the teachers, he must have the freedom to disregard old customs and the theories his teachers hold on given subjects. A. Isaak pointed out that the future school of the speaker was the ideal and hobby of those who were soon to be deported to an island, and was glad to know that some of the professors of the Chicago University will be among the Anarchists on the island.

Comrade Hermann spoke before the German Freethought Society on "The State and a Free Society." He gave a short review of history, showing how the State has ever been an instrument of oppression and a stumbling block to progress; while in freedom a natural development would take place, and the economic misery forever be absent. Altho a lively discussion followed, only the statement that "in a free society everybody would be free to do as he pleases, provided he would not invade others," was severely criticized as a mere metaphysical phrase which means nothing. The critics pointed out that a proviso implied restriction, and judges to decide when and where invasion begins. Man is subject to the same forces as everything else in the universe, and all man-made laws must necessarily be detrimental to his development and growth. If a man "infringes upon the right of others," he must take the consequences, and as man is not desirous either to receive or to inflict pain, he will follow the line of least resistance and live in relative harmony with his fellows, if not hampered by government and monopoly.

REPORTER.



## The First Revolt.

"Oh, how I love Elena!" cried Darya Vasilievna.

"She is impossible," returned Boris Alexandrovitch.

"Ah, I do not think so! I could do as she did," and Darya looked across at Boris wistfully. "I wish I could know her."

"Well, you are not going to know her, or to do as she did; and that is a comfort. Dushenka, toss old Turgenieff aside and give me a kiss. You look so pretty in your new red gown. When we are married—"

"Ah, yes, when we are married," sighed Darya, gazing thru the window, her eyes resting on the far-away horizon.

Darya was eighteen, and her father, rich Vasil Bakunin, had betrothed her on her last birthday to Boris Alexandrovitch Mezkhoff. Neighbors congratulated Bakunin on this match, for the young man was well-to-do, his own master, good looking, and popular. The girl had readily accepted him, and her trousseau was already half completed. She felt herself in luck to find a desirable husband so early. On her nineteenth birthday she would be married, and go away from the rambling old country-house where she had been born, to reign in the beautiful cottage that Boris was building on his estate eighteen versts away. Then would the field be clear for Tania, the younger sister, and how Darya would advise the child when her turn came, and how she would help with the wedding clothes!

Darya Vasilievna was small and plump, and her eighteen summers had been passed in happiness—all except the sad time when her mother sickened and died. Darya had wished to die herself then. To follow in that mother's footsteps grew to be her dearest wish, and she asked no happier fortune than to be the same industrious housekeeper and cheerful wife. Darya looked forward to married life with placid fatalism, and Boris Alexandrovitch was the open door thru which she was to attain the fulfilment of her dreams of domesticity.

Once in every seven days Boris rode over in his smart droschky to see his betrothed. Together they laid plans for the future, talking a great deal about the new cottage, or walking hand in hand around the farm, where Darya pointed out the fruits of her own labor, and boasted gleefully of her achievements.

And the lover tenderly smoothed the braids that crowned the head of his little Dolinka, and swore that he was the most fortunate man in all that district.

Why should not the girl be perfectly happy? It frightened her to hear herself asking this question one day, for it meant that certain forebodings, restlessly twisting and turning down in the deepest recesses of her heart, had suddenly taken shape, definite, tho as yet very tiny.

There were certain subjects of deep interest to Darya that she had found she could not talk about to Boris Alexandrovitch. One concerned the muzhiks that tilled her father's land, those lazy, good-natured fellows, whose improvidence tore her heart. And she loved and cared for two babui, sisters, who had grown too old to work, carrying soups and cakes to them during the winters, and what is more, giving them her

own bright sympathy. And then, too, she loved the little children. But all peasants were alike to Boris Alexandrovitch, and they were all "animals."

"My beloved Dolinka," he would cry impatiently, when the girl threw herself into plans for their comfort, "let these animals go their own way. You will have quite enough to attend to when you have me."

Darya was perplexed and grieved. But Boris was very kind and did not permit these little clashes to disturb his serenity.

"I shall want one of our rooms fitted up as a study," she had said one day.

Boris stared at her.

"Yes, really," said Darya, with a catch in her breath as she realized that she must beg for it. "Because—because, Boris Alexandrovitch, I desire to be wise."

"Ho, ho, roared he, "what have you to do with books! Just keep your little noddle for my accounts."

Two tears started into Darya's eyes, in spite of an effort to laugh the matter off. Boris Alexandrovitch did not see them, for he was caressing her soft brown hands.

That evening she was startled to see the face that looked out of her mirror.

"What! Can it be that I am unhappy? Bah! I will be happy!"

But the eyes of Darya Vasilievna were no longer the clear, laughing eyes that had sparkled at Boris Alexandrovitch when Vasil Bakunin put her hand into her lover's.

Yet she went singing about the house as she had always done, and not even Tania guessed that anything had gone wrong.

Now this particular day of Boris' visit fell in a week that was cold and wet. So the walk a-field must be foregone. Darya had dressed herself with especial care, smiling to herself as she donned the red frock that she and Boris had bought, with much gayety, at the great fair in the summer. Running into the warm, cozy sitting room, she dropped into one of the window-seats with a sigh of satisfaction, and opened the book she held in her hand. It was "On the Eve," and she had read it thru during intervals of leisure snatched through the week. Now she was turning back to the scenes that had most deeply roused her; her cheeks flushed, her breast heaving. So it was that Boris found her, and kissing the damp curls clinging to her forehead, he vowed she was the prettiest and the dearest girl he ever saw.

"Listen to this, Boris Aleksandrovitch," cried she. "Sit down at once, and just listen! I have so wanted to read this book to you.—Now, isn't that grand?" as she finished a scene of three pages.

"Partly,—yes," said her betrothed. He really did not know what to say. He was not used to things people wrote. "But those people, that—that Elena—they are ridiculous. Now see here, Darya Bakunina, I think you are in bad company there."

"But I love Elena," cried Darya.

It was the same old story, and this time the girl actually sighed. She felt an iron band tightening around her heart.

"Dushenka, little bird," said Boris, "leave that old scribble-body. The story has upset you. Indeed, I shall have no books in my house, when we are married. Your head must be kept clear for my cooking, for my

servants. Come, Dolinka, sing me one of your dear little songs."

His words rasped painfully. Darya was stung beyond control. She turned toward Boris Alexandrovitch, rising slowly from the window-seat, her eyes glittering, her cheeks now ashen white.

"Your house? Your servants? Ah, and your children, I suppose!"

Never before had Darya looked tall, threatening. The abrupt change struck Boris aghast.

"What are you talking about," he stammered.

But the girl could speak no more.

It was frightful. Doubts of the future entered his soul. Anger at Darya filled his heart.

"See what a fool you are getting to be," he said, in a low, harsh tone. "I do not wish for a spoiled woman. Get your crazy notions out of your head—the Lord only knows what led you to them—or you may lose me!"

Darya turned to go, sobbing. Her soft round body quivered with pent up-emotion. He saw only the tears that hung on her lashes. He could be generous now. He caught at her hand, and kissed the tips of her rosy fingers. But Darya passed on, sobbing.

"What was the matter?" asked old Vasil, who sat in the opposite corner.

Boris Alexandrovitch, barely answering, "Nothing," strode angrily out of the room.

HELEN TUFTS.

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## Literature.

## THE LITERATURE OF ROMANCE AND OF REALISM.

It has been remarked that the tendency of literature in all countries today is towards what is called realism, or that method which deals with human life and action as it is rather than as it should be, as under the method of the purely romantic. This is especially true of the literary schools of Germany, France, Russia, and America—if we can properly say that America has any literary school.

This tendency is not the result of fashion, fad, or the impulse of imitation. Literature is a reflex of the general state of the public mind. This does not deny the great truth that literature is itself the most powerful factor in moulding the human intellect, nor do I question that all intellectual advancement of the masses is due entirely to the genius of the writers and thinkers of every nation. But genius itself cannot escape the influence of environment.

The literature of romance has always flourished in that country and that age where and when no great problems and revolutionary issues occupied the public mind. But when a transition period appears, and the general mind is occupied with material questions of social growth, either religious, political, or economic, we find always this tendency towards realism manifesting itself in the literature of every nation. For proof take the literature of China, a nation which has been stagnant for centuries, and her literature has less of realism and more of the romantic order, than that of any other people.



The agitation of economic questions and especially what is termed the class struggle in Germany, France, and Russia, has exerted a powerful influence upon the literature of those countries, resulting in the present predominance of what is called the school of realism. Today, in France, the under-current of thought which forms the basis of the popular and general literary productions of that country, is essentially individualistic, or rather Anarchistic, while in Germany the same under-current of literary thought is strongly Socialistic. While Germany is the home of Socialism, the Anarchist philosophy is strongest in France, hence the contrast between the German and French schools of realism.

In Russia, where the agitation of political liberty overshadows the economic question, this same spirit of Anarchism pervades the national literature, while America, I am sorry to say, in so far as it has a literature either of realism or romanticism, inclines towards Socialism, and the materialism of the German school.

I cannot go into a lengthy dissertation of the subject here, but merely call attention to an important fact. Those who can see in the Anarchist and Socialist movement nothing but a blind spirit of discontent upon the part of the less-favored classes, will find, in the literature of today, a refutation of that false conception. These rival forces are throned upon the world's brain, and live in the philosophy of the age. They are not merely social theories; they are living principles of human thought that slowly but inevitably are pushing towards universal recognition.

ROSS WINN

#### Propounds a Poser.

Editor of the *Times*.—Will some learned man, versed in the science of psychology, kindly explain why the *Tribune* can never tell a straight consistent story? In its account of the execution of Czolgosz the unfortunate man is represented as being completely unnerved at that trying ordeal; yet, according to the same account, he answered all the questions asked him intelligently, asserting that he had no accomplices in the murder of President McKinley. This showed a manly principle, whether he was telling the truth or otherwise. Under certain unusual conditions, a lie may be more to a man's credit than the truth. However, a man's last words, as a general rule, are not of such consequence one way or the other as people in general superstitiously suppose.

But what I want to call attention to at this writing, is the fact that a certain portion of the well-to-do, forehanded, prosperous portion of the whole body politic understand absolutely nothing about Anarchy and Anarchists, except that an Anarchist is a man who occasionally emerges from obscurity with a revolver or dynamite bomb to murder a czar or a president. "When I think of my mother and sisters starving then I cry, cry, cry." These words from the pen of Caserio, the murderer of President Carnot, will show an Anarchist in the light of a suffering human being, of like passions with his so-called betters, the superior classes, who have no experimental knowledge of hunger and cold. The various govern-

ments of the world have been trying for ages to suppress what is called Anarchy by physical force, and today Anarchy is about as much alive as ever it was. Anarchy in its violent manifestations is merely a desperate protest of outraged human nature against an intolerable condition of affairs in the body politic, and for one Anarchist executed there will always be many left to carry on the work, good or evil, according as one views it from the viewpoint of a capitalist or a human being.—Frank Fox, in Tampa (Fla.) *Times*.

#### Two Socialisms.

Most of our State Socialistic friends with whom I am acquainted, have a very bad habit of claiming that State Socialism is the only Socialism, and only those who believe in governmentalism and compulsory co-operation have a right to call themselves Socialists.

Now there are two schools of Socialism, namely State Socialism and Anarchistic Socialism; and while both seek the same end, the abolition of all exploitation of man by man, yet in their methods are extreme opposites. The first proposes to utilize the rotten old institution called government, and thru it get possession of all the means of production, transportation, and distribution, and inaugurate a so-called cooperative commonwealth. The government would select each person's occupation, and reward each according to his deeds, that is, each would receive all he or she produced or its equivalent, minus of course a fraction which would go towards the cost of operating the government. This in my opinion would be devilish high, and therefore would defeat the end sought, the abolition of all exploitation of man by man.

The second proposes to abolish all government of man by man, and leave him free to cooperate with his fellow man as he sees fit; and as in freedom there would be no necessity for man to try to exploit each other which in fact would be a waste of energy, then would be a mutual cooperation for the purpose of exploiting nature, which is very bountiful and has plenty in store for us all. Therefore I believe Anarchist Socialism to be true Socialism, and we should not acquiesce in the State Socialist claim of being the only Socialists.

H. W. KOEHN.

#### Cry of the Unfortunate.

These burdened ones are silent; they know nothing, they can do nothing, they think nothing. They simply endure. They are hungry and cold. Their indelicate flesh appears thru their tatters. Who makes those tatters? The purple. The nakedness of virgins comes from the nudity of *odalisques*. From the twisted rags of the daughters of the people fall pearls for the Fontanges and Chateaux. It is famine that gilds Versailles. The whole of this living and dying shadow moves; these spectral forms are in the pangs of death, the mother's breast is dry, the father has no work, the brain has no light. The group of the little one is wan. This whole mass expires and creeps, not having even the power to love; and perhaps unknown to them,

while they bow and submit, from all that vast unconsciousness in which Right dwells, from the inarticulate murmur of those wretched breaths, mingled together, proceed an indescribable, confused voice, a mysterious fog of expression, succeeding, syllable by syllable in the darkness, in uttering wonderful words: Future, Humanity, Liberty, Equality, Progress.

The future presses. Tomorrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a minute to lose. Quick! quick! let us hasten. The wretched have their feet on red-hot iron; they hunger, they thirst, they suffer. Alas! a terrible emaciation of the poor human body. There is too much poverty, too much privation, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many houses of shame, too many tatters, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools; too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace—and that is the most misery; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Go, all of you, in this search! Where are the promised lands? Civilization must march forward. But before all, above all, let us be lavish with the light. All sanitary purifications begin by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects; let us supply souls with air.

Quick, quick, O thinkers! Let the human race breathe. Shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quit of obligation. To perform is to promise. Today's dawn pledges the sun for tomorrow. Oh! poor wretched humanity, one is tempted to shout for help in the forest, one is tempted to claim support and material assistance from vast and somber Nature. Can this mysterious union of forces be indifferent to progress?

We supplicate, we call, we lift our hands toward the shadow. We listen, wondering if the rustlings will become voices. The duty of the springs and streams should be to babble forth the word "Forward!" and one could wish to hear the nightingales sing new Marseillaises.—Victor Hugo.

#### Some Ideas and Inferences.

(Continued from third page.)

"But Anarchy is dangerous!" Yes; dangerous to vested wrongs; dangerous to ill-gotten gains; but a bow to humanity. For Anarchy means peace.

"And Anarchists have killed governors!" It is true that under the name men have struck back at sovereign authority; but it in nowise invalidates the truth and beauty of Anarchy. Where an Anarchist has taken one life, government has killed millions. It is ludicrous to hear the governmentalists prate of force on the part of Anarchists. Anarchists do not advocate force, and tolerate it only in self-defense. Anarchism means brotherhood, a "dwelling together in unity." Anarchism means liberty, equality, and fraternity.

A. LEROY LOUBAL.



345

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The Chicago Anthropological Society meets every Sunday 3 p. m., at the Masonic Temple, Hall 913.

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Daughters of Revolution, 203 Michigan Ave., meet every second and fourth Friday night of the month. Subjects:

Jan. 24—What is the Real Emancipation of Woman? by Wm. M. Salter.  
Feb. 14—The Blight of the Army, by M. C. Wentworth.  
Feb. 29—The Newer Ideals of Peace, by Jane Addams.  
Mar. 14—Man and Machine, by Lloyd Wright.  
Mar. 29—The Coming Society, by Prof. Albion Small.  
Apr. 11—Charity or Justice, Which? by Prof. Emil G. Hirsch.

Apr. 25—The Future Militarism, by Prof. Edmund J. James.

Freisinnige Gemeinde, (German), Schoenhofers Hall, Cor. Ashland and Milwaukee Aves., meets every second and fourth Saturday night. Thema fuer den 25. Januar: „Die Kinder-Erziehung.“

Debattir Club No. 1, (German), meets every 1st and 3rd Wednesday nights at Freyman's Hall, Halsted, Cor. North Ave.

## FOR NEW YORK.

Comrade H. Grossmann speaks every Sunday evening in Brooklyn, Watkins St., cor. Belmont Ave. Subjects:

Jan. 19: Die Theorie der Entwicklung.

## The Letter-Box.

J. W. B.—From now on your friend, Mr. F. will receive the paper regularly. Glad to hear the "affair" gave you some advertisement. We cannot complain either. The newspapers have "boomed" us quite successfully. Greetings.

F. P. V.—Thanks for new subscriber. Back numbers for distribution have been mailed.

F. G., City—Hanish is perhaps no better than Dowie in his motives, as you suspect; but he is surely more rational in his teachings, and if people do not become thoroly hypnotised, as some already are, they may profit from it.

G. E. Lind, City—From your letter it appears that you are a constant reader of FREE SOCIETY, and if you have not yet found "the bugaboo against the State" we give you up as a hopeless case.

Tom Saunders: No, Tom; the Anarchists are not in league with the capitalists, as some Socialist papers charge. The misconception probably arises from the benevolent desire of congress to donate a nice island retreat for the benefit of our propaganda; but we are not asking state aid just now—we are opposed to such paternalism, you know. We have no doubt that a Socialist government would be even more generous in providing us with the quietude of seclusion, but we modestly prefer to take our chances with "the common herd."

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Silnitzer, Argaiz, Ross, Britain, Phrinacy, each \$1. Gustavson, Welker, each 50c. Cravello, Poggi, Grosueth, each 25c.

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