

FREE SOCIETY

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST WORK, THOUGHT, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 347.

The Spinner.

Eluding words, eluding all things, yea,
Eluding love and hate, the Spirit stands,
And out of dust and darkness with strong hands
Weaves for herself a garment like the day,
Holding the threads of all results to lay
Across the loom of life in bars of gold.
Uncontaminated, passionless, and cold,
Ever she works and dreams not of decay;
But, when arrayed in consciousness complete,
Resting from toil, she sees with strange sad eyes
A bridegroom hastening toward her with swift feet
Resistless with the will to make her wise.
Death is his name, and he unravels light
Once more the naked soul is lost in night.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

Radical Reflections.

Some one has said that every man has a religion. My religion is liberty. I want no creed, I will accept no social system, I will bow to no political philosophy, that does not begin and end with the word, LIBERTY. Erase from human record that word, and all that man has wrought and won, all that he has struggled to attain; all the glory of his victories and the grandeur of his defeats, will become a measureless void—an incomprehensible jumble of causeless contradiction. Strike from the future the word liberty, and the march of social progress will cease.

Turn the ear to the past, and from every age comes back, like a whispered refrain, the deathless throb of human aspiration framed in that word—liberty. Lean toward the future, and like music sweeps in thru the lighted portals of the dawn one strain—one vibration of humanity's heart-strings—liberty. And so today, around the world rings this battle-cry and watchword, at the sound of which, in every land and in every clime, leap forth the unconquerable battalions of the vanguard of the on-sweeping army of human advance.

And who is it today that constitutes this vanguard of social advance who march to the measure of liberty beneath the banner of revolution? It is those men and women who, for the larger part springing from the ranks of the "rabble," have, by their mental grasp of the intricate problems of life and social action, become themselves an intellectual class; but whose class feeling has not separated them from that "rabble" whose cause they champion. I mean the Anarchists—that proscribed class in all countries, who, like the Christians of the first three centuries, are looked upon with such general fear and even hatred, by certain classes.

Anarchism, like all new ideas, is generally misunderstood. The Anarchists, like the early Christians, are the victims of ignorant prejudice; and to be an Anarchist today requires as much moral courage as to have been an avowed follower of the carpenter's

son, in the days of Nero. The mass of mankind in all ages have invariably opposed and persecuted those who sought to introduce new thought along social, religious or political lines, and human progress has been attained only by a contest, some times bloody, and always bitter and relentless, between the few advanced thinkers and the thoughtless mass lagging behind. This is true of any new idea. The inventors, the explorers, the discoverers, from Columbus to Robert Fulton, were laughed at and often persecuted by the conservative stick-in-the-muds, whose empty minds could comprehend nothing but demonstrated facts. The grandest truths have been spurned with contempt by the majority, and facts as plain as the noonday sun have been ridiculed for years, until forced upon general acceptance by the tireless efforts of a few brave and progressive minds.

The reason of this is that the vast bulk of mankind do not think. They find it more convenient to leave this mental labor to their accepted leaders, the priest and politician. Led by these two—the priest and politician—the people naturally oppose any innovation, any movement that threatens to change the established order of things, because in all countries and in all ages the priest and the politician are beneficiaries of the existing order; they constitute its favored class and that which promises to subvert this order is a menace to their privileges, consequently they hate innovation, abhor change, and abominate those who champion innovation and change.

Anarchism being a social philosophy that challenges the right and reason of the accepted social ideas of today, and that demands a very radical change in our present social arrangement, rises upon the startled vision of the privileged class like a hideous phantom of evil, and, fearful that they will be hurled from their positions of power and profit, naturally look upon the cause of their alarm with inveterate hatred, and seek, by every means, to stifle and destroy it. For this reason they try to prejudice the masses against Anarchism and Anarchists, by means of misrepresentation and violent denunciation, pretending that Anarchism is all that is vile and wicked, and that Anarchists are depraved and criminal wretches, deserving neither mercy nor toleration at the hands of society. For all this a pretext is afforded by an occasional act of violence by some individual Anarchist.

If all Anarchists are criminals, why are they not locked up? If Anarchism is the doctrine of murder and plunder, its suppression by legal prosecution would not necessitate the enactment of a single new law. The fact

that Anarchists cannot be punished by the existing laws shows how false is the cry against them. Anarchism must be made criminal by special legislation—by laws that will in effect make wrong that which is now right, and declare right that which is now wrong, as the right and wrong is a mere matter of legislative enactment. Consistency compels our enemies either to vindicate Anarchism from their own aspersions, or to confess that their vested system of law does not protect society from crime. If Anarchists are criminals and yet there is no law to punish them, where is the law's protecting arm between society and the criminal?

The world does not understand the Anarchist philosophy, therefore condemns it. It does not comprehend the Anarchist, therefore denounces him as a criminal, or pities him as an impracticable dreamer. It is strange that the two popular views should be so completely divergent. It is incomprehensible that one set of critics should find fault with the Anarchists as advocates of a philosophy so lofty that it is impractical except to a higher state of civilization to be yet attained; while another set of critics—equally conservative—should assail it as the synonym of violence and denounce its advocates as destructionists and terrorists. But it is by no means strange—rather the contrary—that these two extremes should recede equally far from the actual truth. Anarchy is neither vague utopia nor annihilative terrorism. Sickly sentimentalism and ferocious savagery are alike foreign to its real character. And since there is nothing in the public and general character of the Anarchist propaganda to lend color to either of these popular superstitions, the persistency of the delusion becomes one of the psychological hysterias of modern intellectual conventionalism.

Those who charge Anarchists with being dreamers of utopian ideals, are no more conversant with the groundwork of the Anarchist philosophy than that far more numerous class of critics who can only see in Anarchy the outcropping of social abnormality. These say that Anarchy, or no government, is a social condition attainable only in a society of morally perfect men and women; that, so long as what they are pleased to term the criminal element exists in society, a restraining force will be necessary to protect the non-aggressive, and that restraining force, of course, is government.

But it has yet to be proven that government is really a restraining force, so far as regards this hypothetical criminal class. It appears to me that the only function which governments perform in the matter is to punish the criminal after his criminal acts

have been performed. But unless the State can prevent the commission of crime, it cannot in any sense be considered a restraining or protective force. To be plain, if government allows me to be knocked down and robbed by a footpad, and then, after I am invaded, it simply, by way of retaliation, inflicts a punishment upon my invader, I cannot see in what manner I am protected or benefitted. And in order to really protect society from its so-called criminal element, the State or its agents would have to be endowed with the ability to read the mind of the criminal, so that his act could be forestalled. As a matter of fact, the criminal or invader is never restrained, except by his intended victim. I go about my affairs every day without so much as a thought for my personal safety; not because I rely upon the protection of the police, but because I know that I do not have any occasion for their protection.

While government does not prevent crime, it is itself the greatest of all criminals. Only a comparatively small number of people fall victims to footpads and highwaymen. But the whole people are robbed by the State continually. True, this robbery is called taxation, which does not sound bad, but it is no less robbery; for under it you, I and everybody are compelled to hand over to the tax gatherers a part of our earnings, for which we get nothing in return,—except a paper receipt. And tho it is pretended that the State exists for the protection of life and property, it is constantly fomenting wars, in which millions are slain. The United States government has destroyed enough lives in the Philippine Islands during the past year to counter-balance the number of murders committed in this country in ten years. And yet people cannot realize that government is a gigantic superstition—a bloody delusion—a monstrous imposition upon human credulity.

So, when the Anarchists propose the abolition of the State, the conservatives are alarmed. They think that such a philosophy must be the creed of madmen, or a cloak for criminal designs. We must show them their mistake. We must prove to them that the State is an unnecessary evil, and that Anarchy is the mother of order and the evangel of peace.

ROSS WINN.

Government or No Government—Which?

If anyone is to doubt the fact that there is a demon in man, he need only look at the tyrants that have from time immemorial ruled the human race. Surely it is an evil spirit that drives man to subject his fellow-man to his will.

There was a time when people thought that every human being must believe in some supernatural being,—be he God, Angel, Ghost, Devil, or Satan, and that anyone who did not entertain such beliefs must of necessity be incomplete and immoral. Hence they used to actually destroy one another because some happened to disbelieve in the inspired being, or to believe in a different God. Crusades, inquisitions, the thumb-screw, the rack, and the auto-de-fe were inaugurated to bring the heretic—religi-

ous, political, and social—to his "senses." Even little children have always been compelled, by sheer force, when necessary, to think, believe, and act just as their parents did. Pupils were chestised and tortured for not believing just as their teachers and all the "good" people believed.

The most intelligent judge in the community used to condemn to death any poor woman accused of witchcraft; and every civilized country burned at the stake legions of such innocent men and women, having tortured them beforehand so as to make them confess that they had intimate relationship with the devil.

Nowadays we know that the real devils of those times were the judges and executioners themselves, who destroyed their guiltless fellow beings at the altar of ignorance and superstition. They alone were the devils incarnate, and until their wretched victims had come in contact with them, they had never had any business with demons at all.

We, the proud children of the twentieth century, sit in judgment upon witches no longer. The Jew and the religious heretic can no more be devoured by a Torquemada with impunity; altho blasphemy or sacrilege are still punishable by most States of our civilized world. But in our age we nevertheless still cling desperately to a superstition, which is far more fatal to human happiness and liberty than the one of religion—the superstition of organized invasion, or government of man over man.*

Foolish man created a Frankenstein with his own hands, and cannot get rid of him; is, in fact, a veritable slave to him. Thousands of years have passed and we are still continuing to hanker and fight for those very same wretched superstitions in the

* "The German anthropologist Bastian tells us that a sick native of Guinea who causes the fetish to lie by not recovering, is strangled, and we may reasonably suppose that among the Guinea people anyone audacious enough to call in question the power of the fetish would be promptly sacrificed. In days when governmental authority was enforced by strong measures, there was a kindred danger in saying anything disrespectful of the political fetish. Nowadays, however, the worst punishment to be looked for by anyone who questions its omnipotence, is that he will be reviled as a reactionary who talks *laissez faire*."

(Herbert Spencer has evidently had in mind the English government only; for in countries like Russia, Turkey, Spain, or Germany, to question the authority of government means imprisonment or exile. Nor has he foreseen the time when the president of this "glorious" republic of ours will urge congress to pass repressive laws against people, who happen to think with Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer, Henrik Ibsen, William Morris, Whitman, Emerson, Jefferson, Kropotkin, Warren, Edward Carpenter and others, that that government is best which governs least. Roosevelt calls all Anarchists criminals, and urges all mankind to unite in their extermination, and this not because of crimes committed but because they hold and utter ideas which are disrespectful to the authority of all government.)

"That any facts he may bring forward will appreciably decrease the established faith is not to be expected: for we are daily shown that this faith is proof against all adverse evidence. . . .

"This worship of the legislature is, in one respect, indeed, less excusable than the fetish—worship to which I have tacitly compared it. The savage has the defense that his fetish is silent—does not confess its inability. But the civilized man persists in ascribing to this idol made with his own hands, powers which in one way or other it confesses it has not got."—Herbert Spencer, "The Sins of Legislators."

name of gods, devils, priests, kings, and rulers. Why should men hate, damn, and destroy one another for the sake of some savage creation of his phantasy! As if it were possible or desirable for every man to think, believe and act just as his neighbor does! And not satisfied with the God-and-Devil monsters beyond the clouds, we are crushed down by the Law-and-Order Monster here below.

What is government?

Government, in this sense of the so-called political science, is organized invasion, one or more men claiming either a divine or electoral right to coerce the people into submission. Government means brute force, the exercise of commanding authority in the administration of public affairs by statutes or legislative acts that extend their binding force to ALL the subjects of the State.

God is the supreme being in heaven; government is the supreme power on earth.

All the edicts, decrees, ordinances, rescripts, statutes, and man-made-laws originate from and are based upon organized force. Everybody must yield obedience to the rules prescribed by those in power; disobedience is severely punished. But those in power can never be reached by the law. "No redress from the State," says the law made by the State.

Those in power compel you to act just as they think is fit and proper, or else just as it is in their material interests that you should act. Government is not an agreement, expressed or implied, between the rulers and ruled, since an agreement must needs be agreeable to both parties and absolutely voluntary. If I am compelled to support a body of people in idleness, crime and luxury for no other reason than because they pretend to be my shielding angels, where does the "contract social" come in?

No government is possible without an executive power to enforce its laws. The judiciary and legislature are null and void without the sheriff, gaolers or hangman standing ready to carry out the verdicts of the judge or the edicts of the emperor.

The State protects, not its citizens or subjects, but itself. It has always curbed the natural rights, privileges and opportunities of the nations, in its favor and for the benefit of a handful of greedy usurpers with whom it divides the spoils of exploitation and oppression.

It will always be thus under government. Give a man—the best man—power over another man, and he will surely abuse it, since power is infectious, even more so than is cholera. Power breeds power, just as dirt breeds disease. Domination is demoralizing both to the dominator and the dominated. Does not the hangman become more brutalized the more he murders?

"Why then," you will ask, "do the people believe in czars, kings, and rulers?" Because they are duped and deluded. The priest—that eternal twin of the gendarme—has always managed to attract the attention of the people to the business of heaven and hell, so that the State could safely shove its hands into our pockets, grinning at the solemn face of the gentleman in black.

Slavery was at one time a sacred institution of society, sanctioned and sanctified by

the Church and the State. The people had to battle hard against the Bible of the one and the bayonet of the other, before the chattel slave was set free. So was witchcraft an holy institution; and so is government with all its wars, crimes and repressions.

The priest says: "Confess, pray, fast, crush your passions and desires; obey the Lord in Heaven and Me, His missionary on earth." And the policeman says: "Behave, crush your individuality, obey your Lord on the Throne and Me, His representative." One holds out a hell above for the disobedient heretic, the other a hell below for the disobedient rebel.

It is surely the brute in man that urges him to lord over his fellow man; as it is the dupe in man that makes him cringe before a master.

Is there still a rational human being in existence who doubts in the light of our twentieth century civilization, that the time is fast coming when this fatal superstition of government will be no more, when there will be no lords and no slaves, and all will live in peace and harmony, like brothers and sisters of one and the same human family?

M. A. C.

Sharps and Flats.

It is said that a fool is born every minute. Most of them appear to be endowed with considerable longevity. The world has been called the fool's paradise. At any rate it seems to be the witless wights who get the most enjoyment from life in the world of Things As They Are. It may be that the fool is wiser than the philosopher. Again it may be that these terms are interchangeable—perchance synonymous. Who knows that it is wise to be wise, or foolish to be a fool? As the Mexicans say, in their soft Spanish lingo, *Quien sabe?*

There are seven kinds of fools, besides those who vote the Republican ticket, and saw the air with their senseless chatter about the national prosperity; people who boast of the Republican good times, the badge of which they carry in display headlines across the western elevation of their anatomy when they face the rising sun to lace their shoes. The number seven was, among the ancients, the symbol of completeness. For this reason I limit my classified list of fools to that number. By so-doing I am compelled to omit Teddy Roosevelt, Tee Dee Witless Talmage, and the German kaiser, who utterly defy classification. With the exceptions noted, the genus fool may properly be classified as the simple fool, the smart fool, the fool natural, the educated fool, the fool positive, the thoughtless fool with the unloaded gun, and the plain, everyday damn fool. Of the last, it may be added, in classic language, that his number is legion.

Fools, like eternity, have ever been and will be. Like the poor, we have them always with us. Since Mother Eve fooled with the serpent, and her lordly spouse acted Adam fool in Eden's garden, by which he foolishly swapped Paradise for one little miserable sour apple, the race of fools have multiplied upon the face of the earth, until the United States have become safely Repub-

lican, and the re-election of Teddy the Ter-magant to the presidency a remote possibility.

We also have the purely simple—the non-developed mentalities—as the very small boys who fish in rain-barrels, and the very reverend ministers, who seriously inflict their prayerful tommyrot upon an imaginary deity—honestly believing that the finite can hold communion with the infinite, and that the Author of the universe would allow himself to be governed by the whims of the Baptist Church, or influenced by the eloquence of a Methodist deacon. Imagine the force that governs the universe being swayed by a Campbellite argument, or stopping three quarters of an hour to listen to the instructions of an enthusiastic Salvationist! Prayer is the arrogance of absurdity. If I want anything, why tell God to give it to me? Does he not already know my wants and, better than I, my needs? Why should I ask for that which he will give me anyway, if it is best? True prayer does not consist in words, but in desire; and the longings of the soul, tho unvoiced, are the real essence of prayer. And if there is, within the universe, an infinite intelligence that receives and answers prayer (and I do not know whether such an intelligence exists or not), to my notion the only way to communicate with it is to let our thoughts and impulses have unhindered sway. I do not think God needs a dictionary to comprehend the wants of his handiwork.

In discussing the subject of fools, I run eminent risk of being considered personal. Fortunately no one will think of taking the allusion to himself. It is so easy to discover the cataract in the other fellow's optics while totally oblivious of the sawlog in our own. Quoting scripture—that reminds me that the Bible says, somewhere: "He that calls his brother a fool shall be in danger of hell-fire." But the good book itself has used that epithet quite extensively. For example see Job: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." This habit of calling a man a fool because he does not agree with your politics, is very foolish. It was Socrates or some other old gentleman of the sweet long ago, who said: "Children and fools speak the truth." I am not sure it was old Soc who said this—perchance it might have been Termagant Teddy. I confess I know but little of the classics. I have read only a few. The best that I recollect was entitled: "Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Whoop-up; A Romance of Blood and Blazes," by Buckskin Bob, profusely illustrated—I mean the book, not Bob.

I was talking of fools. There is C. C. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., who, in the last issue of his *Blue Grass Blade*, emitted this gentle refrain:

This Anarchy racket has made a mighty change in my views of the "free press." I am now of the opinion that no man should be allowed to edit a paper until he has been examined by a competent board, and pronounced morally and intellectually fitted for it.

Charley is away off. Were Mr. Madden to adopt his foolish suggestion, Kentucky and the universe would loose the star jour-

nalistic freak of the age. I very seldom or hardly ever indulge in an intellectual debauch, but I can prescribe Charley's literary effusions for those anxious to take on a mental jag. I prefer to read the *Blade* on the installment plan. Even then it is not up to the standard of Kentucky's staple product.

There are others. A smart young marm, away down in southeastern Missouri, the front elevation of whose name is Minerva, breaks forth in poetical warble, as follows:

OUR MARTYRED CHIEF.

Oh, say not that our chieftain dies, slain by a coward's dastard hand.

With aching hearts we strive to say, "All's well, thy will be done!" But weeping we cry, "Is there no other way?"

Alas! too true, beyond recall a savior's voice has whispered, Come home, my own!

to mark the grief of this sad blow which robbed us of a chief so true.

Now, it seems to me that Minerva is a trifle mixed—that her poetic muse has slipped its trolley with regard to harmony of conception. In short, she has allowed fair fancy to confuse her facts. How does she reconcile "All's well" with "a coward's dastard hand"? Does Minerva honestly believe that God employed "a coward's dastard hand" to execute "his will"? What are hearts aching for if "all is well"? Why "the grief of this sad blow," when "a savior's voice has whispered, Come home, my own"? If God willed the assassination of President McKinley, what does Minerva want to call his agent a cowardly dastard for? A lot of people accused Czolgosz of being the tool of Emma Goldman. But Minerva seems to think that God has gone in to the propaganda-by-deed business—that is, he is a terrorist. Go to, thou sweet singer of the Missouri wildwood, or you will be getting your God, Jehovah, into trouble with the Chicago police. ROSS WINN.

Law-Makers.

The average proletariat labors under the delusion that our rulers and law-makers are very wise men, very great men, and such very good men that he regards them somewhat with awe and reverence. In this he is encouraged by the capitalistic press and pulpit, which are continually prating about the intellectual and moral superiority of the ruling classes.

As a matter of fact, the average ruler and law-maker is a very common-place individual, without any idea or opinion of his own; and is successful because he obeys his party's dictates without even thinking whether they are right or wrong, as W. S. Gilbert shows in the following verse, spoken by Sir Joseph Porter in the play "H. M. S. Pinafore":

"I grew so rich that I was sent by a pocket borough into parliament. I always voted at my party's call;

"And I never thought of thinking for myself at all. I thought so little they rewarded me by making me the ruler of the queen's navy."

H. W. KOEHN.

The best place in the world is the saddle of a rapid courier; the best friend in the world is a good book.—Arabian Author.

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.

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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.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1902.

Notes.

Comrade A. Hamon would be pleased to receive any papers, pamphlets, or reviews dealing with Socialism or Anarchism to carry on his studies. They should be addressed to M. A. Hamon, professeur a l'Université Nouvelle, 9 rue Garnier, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

The Home Case.

All our readers are aware of the numerous prosecutions that have taken place in the United States, for violating a law prohibiting the circulation of "obscene matter" thru the mails. The law is a heritage from the Credit Mobilier congress, of memorable fame in American history, during the last hours of which it was passed. A monstrosity named Anthony Comstock, leading spirit of the Vice Society of New York, has the credit of "lobbying" the bill thru. "Obscene matter" has usually been interpreted to mean plain language on the subject of sex; and hence social reformers who discussed this important question in the utmost seriousness, tho in unconventional terms, have been subjected to harassing persecutions and imprisonment. The cases of Ezra Heywood, D. M. Bennett, Dr. E. B. Foote, Moses Harman, the *Firebrand* publishers, Emil F. Ruedebusch, and Charles Moore are perhaps best known to our readers. There is no thought of that suggestive and flip manner so noticeable in several widely circulated periodicals: the dissemination of useful knowledge has been the actuating motive in most of these; and they are simply the victims of reactionary hate and prejudice.

In Pierce county, Washington, a group of individuals several years ago founded a colony, Home, in order to live their own lives in their own way. Their enterprise attracted others of similar ideas; and some of them have been publishing a paper, *Discontent*, for over three years. The paper owes its existence almost entirely to their own energy; for the receipts have been small from the start. It is therefore impossible to charge them with any sinister motive. Believing in a free press, they opened their columns for discussion on social prob-

lems; and the sex question was treated in the same manner as the others.

Last September, during the great public excitement, the newspapers of Tacoma had a severe fit of moral spasm; and as a result the district postal inspector procured indictments on the charge of mailing "obscene literature." Three members of the association, James E. Larkin, Chas. L. Govan, and James W. Adams were arrested. Their trial has been set for March in district federal court. A defense committee has been formed; and a vigorous defense is to be undertaken. Funds are needed for this purpose. It is also necessary to arouse an intelligent interest in the case, which makes a victory more easy. *Discontent* is devoting considerable space to the battle for free mails in this country; and those wishing to be more fully informed, if they do not care to become permanent subscribers, should send in an order for a short time. Oliver A. Verity is treasurer of the defense committee, to whom all contributions should be sent at Home, Wash.

Current Comment.

The committee in charge of the McKinley memorial fund complain that the big capitalists are not contributing sufficiently. The plutes no doubt think that their contributions to the McKinley campaign funds in the past are sufficient testimonial of their appreciation. McKinley alive was worth more to them than his memory.

We have it as rumor that the Chicago officials intend to place *FREE SOCIETY's* office force under arrest during the visit of Prince Henry to this city. We are to be locked up as a matter of precaution for the prince's safety, because it is assumed that we wish or intend to do him some personal violence. So you see, we are considered altogether a bad lot. Perchance the Bible is true when it says that "The guilty flee when no man persueth."

All England is rejoicing over the glad tidings that Lord Kitchener has actually caught a Dutchman—not the Flying Dutchman of marine myth—but a fighting Dutchman of the Boer ranks, General Viljoen. The Afrikaner warrior was ill, and his name betrayed him to the British.

Brother Wakeman, editor of the *Torch of Reason*, has no encyclopedic fund of knowledge, in matters Anarchistic, but the fact does not weigh sufficiently upon his conscience to prevent him from spilling nearly two columns of editorial ink in the last issue of his paper, in what is evidently intended to be a humorous contribution to the current discussion of Anarchy. He thinks it would be an excellent idea for Anarchists to accept the island scheme proposed by Senator Hoar—the fossilized political freak from the land of baked beans, codfish and culture. He overlooks the fact that one small island, tho it were the largest Uncle Sam has, would not be large enough for us. We want a nice big island, with plenty of room for immigration; because, where Anarchy prevails, thither will set the tide of progressive humanity; and we would soon have with us

the world's philosophers, poets, humanitarians, and all other good people.

That which is false cannot be true. There are some things as well as others. If George Washington never had been born, he would never have been the father of his country. Good is never evil, and in the absence of light we have darkness. I make these observations with the faint hope that they will not be questioned by any of my critical readers; for the habit of criticism seems to impell the average reader of a radical paper to find fault with every thing he sees in it, and *FREE SOCIETY* falls into the hands of that class quite occasionally.

Beef versus sauerkraut. Our British cousins are at outs with their German neighbors. The prince of Wales has been snubbed in Berlin, and Kaiser Wilhelm will not attend the coronation of his Uncle Eddy. By and by England will lay an embargo on beer and bologna, and Germany will retaliate with a Berlin decree against beef and bad manners. The crisis may go to the point where the warlike kaiser will turn up his imperial Hohenzollern proboscis at English herring, and his royal uncle will place a boycott on the fragrant limburger, but there will be no war. Modern governments do not go to war, except with an inferior in strength and resources. For this reason England and Germany will shed oceans of diplomatic ink over these international complications, but not one drop of blood.

The American nation is suffering from an acute attack of chronic swellhead, aggravated by a complication of enlarged gall and ossified cheek. We like to go around bragging about our ability to lick anything this side of Lucifer's winter resort, with one hand tied; and this in the face of the fact that a handful of half-civilized Filipinos have, for four years, defied the army and navy of the United States. When Uncle Sam inserted himself into this East Indie racket, as Spain's successor, he had a vague notion that he had annexed himself to a soft snap, and when the anti-imperialists predicted trouble, he merely winked the other eye. We were simply going to frail hell's bells out of the puny Filipino in two motions and a punch. But somehow these confidential expectations appear to have slipped their trolley. And current reports from the theater of war indicate that the struggle has not reached its Appomattox stage by a considerable majority. It seems to me that the time has arrived for Americans to come down a few in their estimate of their military prowess. It wouldn't hurt for the flag-raunting jingoes to put a soft bran poultice on their bump of self-esteem. ROSS WINN.

International Topics.

Since the deed of Bresci a new policy has characterized the Italian government. The radical element is left alone more or less, or the new king carries on a flirtation with them when possible. This making of petty concessions has apparently procured the reigning dynasty a new lease of popularity. The press censorship is less strict, and our contemporary *L'Agitazione* appears with

its columns full of printed matter, instead of blank space. Still newspapers are occasionally confiscated. Notwithstanding the conditions of the laborers are acutely miserable, and strikes are of frequent occurrence. In the middle of last June Signor Giolitti estimated that since the beginning of the year there had been 511 strikes, involving 600,000 workers. The seamen and dock laborers of Genoa, the masons of Milan and Rome, the railwaymen of the Northern Route of Sardinia, tramway employes of Rome, Naples, and Milan have struck, as a rule successfully. It is true that the distinctly revolutionary spirit of the Spanish workers has been absent, and the results of no lasting benefit; but it illustrates the deep-seated discontent. Perhaps this also explains to some extent the attitude of the government, which has declared its neutrality in labor disputes.

The agricultural laborers have struck in large numbers. For years spasmodic strikes occurred in the lower Po valley, Mantua, and Cremona. This year they have spread extensively to the north in Italy. The demands included the improvement of conditions for the small tenants, as well as higher wages. A congress of peasants representing over one hundred thousand members, held in Bologna last November showed a decided Socialistic tendency. Trade Unions have increased in large numbers, having been organized mostly by the Socialists.

A number of comrades were arrested at one swoop during a recent celebration held in Pisa. They received varying sentences from six months downward, besides various fines.

There is great excitement over the papers and documents of the late minister Crispi. It seems that these documents greatly compromise King Humbert and his personal policy. It appears that the African colonial enterprise and the war with Abyssinia was brought about by himself, in spite of and against the national will and the opinion of his ministers, including Crispi himself. The reactionary policy and cruel persecution of Republicans, Socialists, and Anarchists, were due more to Humbert than to his government. The court, with the aid of Crispi's widow, is endeavoring to suppress the scandal by hindering the publication of the papers, which demonstrates that Bresci's bullet reached the real vital spot of the national government. The daughter of Crispi declares that she is resolved by all means to "rehabilitate the calumniated memory of her father," and will surmount all obstacles.

The growing popularity of Maxim Gorky seems to be causing the Russian authorities a great deal of anxiety. Plays founded on his romances are enthusiastically received in the theaters of Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is feared that his influence may become greater and more harmful to the government than that of Tolstoy. He was therefore ordered to St. Petersburg, and smuggled off.

La Huelga General (the General Strike) is a new publication that appears weekly in Barcelona, Spain. *Tierra y Libertad* (Earth and Liberty) will be issued as a weekly publication in Madrid. It is to take the place

of the present supplement of *La Revista Blanca*.

News from England is of a generally pessimistic character. Jingoism reigns supreme. *Freedom* appears with only four pages, and announces that it cannot promise a regular publication owing to financial stress. The Socialist reports are equally disappointing.

The Bucharest police arrested eleven comrades in a search raid. There was much searching, and little found. Eight of them have been released.

A new German Anarchist paper appears in Graz, Austria, *Der Freie Sozialist*. About half of the paper is confiscated by the censor, so we judge that it originally contained some excellent articles.

La Emancipation, of Brussels, Belgium, makes its appearance three times a week. We wish our comrades a hearty success in their bold venture of publishing a paper more frequently than any other Anarchist paper of the world.

The Presbyterian Creed.

Human progress is no longer a theory; it is a demonstrated fact. For two centuries Presbyterianism has stood in refutation of this elemental proposition, but at last its followers have yielded to the irresistible influence of civilization. They are going to revise their creed. They have made some intellectual advance since Calvin; they cannot longer subscribe to the doctrine of total depravity. Infant damnation is a proposition that is a trifle too tough for the Presbyterian conscience of today, and so it is to be banished from the creed. In fact the entire declaration of Presbyterian faith is to be overhauled and critically scrutinized thru twentieth-century spectacles. The Presbyterian Church is thus going to make a rather tardy effort to overtake civilization—to shake off some of the moss and mold of the barbaric past, and to get in touch with the living present.

In taking this step Presbyterianism makes a confession that its champions would gladly have avoided. By this action they are compelled to admit that they have been mistaken, that the Church was founded upon doctrinal blunders, and that they have in the past, imposed and fostered fraud and falsehood as divine truth. By this act of revision they proclaim that every Presbyterian from John Calvin to the present day who subscribed to these false doctrines were heretics, who, according to the Church doctrine, have as their fit punishment, the endless torture of quenchless flame. This is certainly an unenviable position in which the Church is placed, but from it there is no logical escape.

As a matter of fact, the Presbyterian Church, in seeking to escape from one blunder has unwittingly tumbled into a greater one. By this admission of past mistakes, they prove their present fallibility. They can no longer say that they have an unshakable grasp upon divine truth. If the past contains a doubt, they must face the future with uncertainty. If time has proven one part of their creed false, future time may expose still greater errors in their articles of faith. The orthodox Church has cut the anchor rope of religious certainty and is

drifting out upon the great ocean of theological speculation, where many a frail bark floating the Christian banner has gone to the bottom upon Rationalism's rugged reef.

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Voices.

Side by side across the open Bible lie the sword and fagot.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Later on the postoffice department may decide to exclude the *Congressional Record* from the mails. It is largely an advertising scheme, and much of its matter is deceptive and deleterious.—Kansas City Journal.

This is a strange world. Because Anarchists do not want any kind of government we are talking about forcing them to occupy an island, and because the Filipinos want a government of their own we are taking their islands away from them.—Iberia Enterprise.

To mind your own business and do the square thing by your neighbors is an extremely high order of patriotism.

If every man were to do this, flags, governments, powers, dominations, and thrones might all take an indefinite vacation.—Puck.

An inquisitive man said to Dumas: "You are a quadroon?" "I believe I am, sir," said Dumas. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "Negro," hastily answered the dramatist. "And may I inquire what your great grandfather was?" "An ape, sir," thundered Dumas; "yes, sir, an ape; my pedigree commences where yours terminates."—The Book World.

Emperor William, in his speech from the throne in 1888, said it was one of the tasks of the German empire to open up the Dark Continent to Christianity. Well, we have some curious details to hand of how this interesting work is being carried on. The famous (or infamous) Dr. Peters was dismissed from the colonial service in 1897 for hanging a servant suspected of intercourse with his concubine, and, after many other barbarities, executing the concubine herself. German after German has had to be punished since for cruelties in the Cameroons. Herr Witenberg got into trouble for playfully impaling Negroes with his ramrod. Another Christian gentleman, from Cologne, had the habit of pouring petroleum over the hands of Negroes and setting fire to it. Merciless flogging and "unbridled immorality practised on native women," seem to be the order of the day. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* expresses the mild belief that such acts "can only have retarded the progress of Christianity." But why so? History shows that Christianity was often spread and established in that way.—London Freethinker.

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The Naked Truth.

Among writers there are people who mistake their calling for the trade of the tailor: inasmuch as they use their pens like a needle, and sow garments for the Truth with the webs of fancy, that her nakedness may be hidden. Such writers are necessary, because to many readers the Truth is the only woman, they do not desire to see naked, as they believe she must be old and ugly.—Maxim Gorky.

Pity.

At the base of the precipitous cliff upon which stands the chateau of Lord William S—, near Nice, the sea begs ceaselessly, like a mendicant who has received alms in the past and hopes for more. What prey, one asks, did the ancient chateaux throw to their insatiable neighbor?

Lord William S— is tall, with clear, blue, straightforward eyes, and a complexion which tells of good living. He is the type of the English lord, whom nothing can or ought to disconcert. Intellectual, philosophic, and positive, he has theories of his own which he maintains in a voice distinct, slow, and cold, yet with emphasis and spirit.

About ten years ago I had a conversation with him which I have preserved in my memory as one might keep a bit of hangman's rope in his pocket-book; and of which the following is a substantial reproduction:

"It is inexact to say that torture is abolished in France. Torture is not abolished in a country where capital punishment exists, unless the sentence is executed as soon as pronounced. I allude not only to the moral sufferings of the condemned, but also to the much more atrocious tortures endured by his relations.

"You remember the famous X—, who was condemned to death at the age of twenty, and awaited execution for fifty days. Perhaps you recall his mother's desperate attempts to save him, with which the newspapers were filled. The poor woman was like a frightened animal defending its young—running hither and thither, striking against obstacles, struggling violently, never giving up. They told of doors inexorably closed, upon which she left the bloody marks of her nails—but, after all, that is nothing.

"At last, when all other efforts were exhausted, some one told her that I had rendered the French government a certain service which would give great weight to any request I might make, and induced the poor frightened creature to hope that I might take a fancy to ask, or even demand her son's pardon.

"At the end of her resources, she did not take time to beg for money, but came on foot from Paris to my chateau at Nice. She was turned away by the servants; and I have never understood by what ruse she finally reached me. I was in my study, where the windows open to the floor, a hundred feet above the sea. I like to sit at the edge of that precipice, which would be so convenient in a fit of spleen! She entered brusquely, unseen by the domestics, and without knocking, so hideous a sight that I sat wonder-struck. Her skirt, torn by watch-dogs, doubtless, scarcely reached her knees. Her legs seemed two dark sticks like rolled umbrellas. The bottoms of her shoes were entirely worn away, and her feet bruised and bloody. Her neck, brick-red, appeared unnaturally long, the carotid was like a cord, and the larynx almost piercing the skin. Beneath her eyes the tears and dust had made what seemed like two bleeding wounds. She carried a little bag filled with dirty papers.

"She spoke. Ah, if Shakespeare could have listened! In superhuman words she told the sufferings of mothers, and for the first time in my life my heart contracted. I had visions of disembowelment, of insufferable agony, of

flesh rent apart. Then she told of the mother's love for the new born, and for the growing child; and I felt something ineffably sweet, stronger than laws or men that make them, greater than all else. Her supplications seemed like the great world prayer of motherhood.

"Her voice even came caressingly from her parched and dust-burned throat. It was a marvellous transformation; that hideous rag of a woman could inspire something besides horror. Her clothing torn by dogs, by stones, by blows, fluttered as she spoke of pardon, pity, and charity. She smiled! Imagine that! And I felt myself softened by her gestures and her voice—"

Lord William S— stopped for a moment and stared before him, as if he had lost the thread of his story. After nervously stroking his mustache, he continued:

"I could do nothing. Her son had been executed that very morning. I had never wept, but at that moment my emotions were almost beyond control. For one brief instant I saw in its immensity the infinite extent of a mother's love, and felt that I had not revered my own mother enough.

"A great pity seized me, ardent and profound; I felt a commanding impulse to real kindness.

"Without rising, I opened a drawer, and pointing to a portrait of the president which hung upon the wall, I said softly to the poor mother: 'Look at that, do not move!' and blew out her brains."—Léon Frapié.

La Plume, 1895.

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Drudgery.

We live in an age in which it is a disgrace not to want to work. I have sometimes shocked people by saying that I do not like to work. It is commonly supposed that the highest blessing you can bestow is to give people an opportunity to work. In this regard the Genesis myth-maker was more enlightened than we. In the Garden of Eden work was considered a curse. The reason of our view is that under our social system if a man will not work some one else has to support him. That proves that our system is wrong.

Let me define work as: That which we would not under other circumstances choose to do. It is different from occupation. Occupation is: What we like to do. Everyone likes to be employed. Occupation is a blessing. It develops one. But work is degrading.

I have made a study of people who work, and found them uninteresting. The grocer. The mechanic. The shop girl. The millionaire. Workers all talk shop. This is because they have given themselves over to the acquisition of that which is least valuable—money; things. These possessions should come easy, so as to give us time to get the really valuable things—learning, wisdom, development of mind.

Drudgery is the monotony of work—doing the same thing over and over. Working on the same machine every day, doing the same thing. Washing the dishes, only to have them soiled again. Sweeping, dusting. Going up and down town on the same car calling out the same stations. This is the killing thing, and this is the indictment against our civilization

It is absence of this that makes barbarism and the middle ages so picturesque to us. Everything then was done by hand. Every workman was an artist. And to this condition the world will come again. All our appliances for speed will pass away. Why do we wish to go tearing thru the country on an express train? There is plenty of time. Why do we want a dozen editions of a newspaper each day? Why try to get Europe in five days? Why all this hurry?—Hugh O. Pentecost, in *Fred Burry's Journal*.

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Trade Union Battles.

The trade Unions of Los Angeles have had, and are still having, some very interesting experiences this winter with the police and courts. In the early part of November last, the planing mill workers "struck" for the eight hour workday. The building trades proffered their aid to the extent of refusing to handle any material brought to a building from a non-union mill. A stockholder in one of the mills, who positively refused to concede the eight-hour workday, is also the proprietor of a beer saloon located in a quarter of the city that is inhabited chiefly by the working class. The striking unionists placed a boycott against this saloon; and to acquaint the general public of that fact, employed one of their members to carry a banner on the street in front of said saloon, bearing upon it a notice that the saloon was being boycotted, giving the reasons. The carrying of advertising banners heretofore have not been interfered with by the police. But this was the first that labor, in defense of its interest, ever raised on the public streets of the city. Immediately after its appearance on the street, the chief of police issued orders to the effect that the carrier of the banner should be arrested, unless he ceased operations. This the carrier refused to do, and consequently was arrested. A police court judge was sought and bail to the amount of one hundred dollars was accepted by the judge, who thereupon issued an order to the chief of police to release the prisoner. Upon presentation of the order to the police authorities, the chief ordered that the prisoner should not be released and left his quarters. This was a surprise to the strike committee, as they were men who till then never had thought otherwise than that the law operates impartially toward all persons; and that officials, especially the police, are the most obedient of all persons to the law's decrees. The arrest having been made in the early part of the evening, the unionists found themselves at midnight unable to release their co-unionist for whom they had deposited a cash bond, all on account of an autocratic police chief. So they retired for consultation. Finally they determined to visit the mayor, have him come to the police station, drag the police chief from his place of hiding and discipline him. About half past one o'clock in the morning they arrived at the house of the mayor, routed him out of bed, and succeeded in inducing him to go to the police station with them. At first the police on duty at the station refused to obey the orders of the mayor—namely, to immediately bring the chief into his presence; but they finally thought better of it, and obeyed orders. The chief soon

came out of hiding and turned the union man loose.

When the case came to trial, none but property owners were eligible to sit as jurors on the case. And these were closely examined on the following points: were they members of labor unions; if not, did they to any extent sympathize with them? If to either question they answered yes, they were excused from duty. The result was that when the jury was secured it was one composed entirely of property owners, none of whom were union men, and all of them opposed to unions of workmen. This is equality before the law with a vengeance. To make conviction of the trade unionist on trial doubly sure, the prosecuting attorney in closing his address to the jury expressed himself as follows: "If they" (the unions) "can set up an obstruction in front of this man's place of business, such as will cause fighting turmoil and trouble, then they can do so in front of your place. Would you like it? That is the idea." Judging from the verdict, they did not like it. To help convict the prisoner, the judge in his instructions to the jury used the following language: "If you find that the defendant carried the banner with intent to harm the business of the complaining witness, then you must find the defendant guilty." They found the defendant guilty. A fine of sixty dollars or sixty days in jail, was the penalty imposed.

Immediately after the courts and the police finished this case, the city council passed a law against the carrying of advertising banners on the streets. Soon after the passage of the law a religious body wanted to do some advertising in that way, and waited on the chief of police to learn if they would be interfered with if they did. He pointedly told them that the law was not made to be applied to them. Those engaged in various kinds of businesses who had been using this method of advertising previous to the creation of the law, were also told that it was not made to be applied to them. Then to whom is it intended to be used against? Labor unions of course. The unions recognize this. And to show their contempt for the law, the courts, and the police force, they have determined to bid defiance to the law and the authorities; and are arranging for a monster street demonstration. All the unions in the city have decided to participate. Many unions from neighboring towns are preparing to participate also. Scores of boycott banners will be carried on that occasion. It will be a night demonstration.

A magnificent new hotel was recently opened for business here. There is a city law forbidding the selling of liquor on Sundays. Liquor was sold over the bar of this hotel to a city detective the first Sunday the hotel was open to the public. The proprietor was arrested by the detective who bought the liquor. He appeared for trial before the same judge who instructed the jury to convict the union man. The language of that judge on this occasion was entirely different. "I regret," said the judge, "that the pleasant auspices of the opening of your hostelry have been marred by this unpleasant episode. The offense is merely a technical one. There is no evidence that

Mr. — intended to wilfully violate the law, [the hotel proprietor pleaded guilty, but is wealthy]. I impose the nominal fine merely to carry out the law. It is more a formality." How nice!

The effort of the Anarchist to deaden respect and fear for authority is not in vain.
Los Angeles, Cal. CON LYNCH.

Chicago Meetings

At the Chicago Commons, January 23, Rev. Jenken Lloyd Jones lectured on "Anarchism, its Cause and Cure." The speaker made a difference between "philosophical Anarchism" and what he termed "violent Anarchism," and confined his remarks to the last. He claimed that deeds of violence, such as the act of Czolgosz, cannot be restrained or prevented by legislation, but that education is the only remedy. He argued that the more government we have, the more freedom we enjoy, and that the higher civilization advances, the more need have people for a strong government.

A. Isaak wanted to know if the speaker considered Russia more free than America, as it certainly had more government. A. Schneider denied that Anarchism was synonymous with terrorism, and pointed out that Tolstoy and many other Anarchists today were non-resistants. He said that he was not a non-resistant, but denied that methods had anything to do with the principles of Anarchism. Lucy E. Parsons said that no one knew whether Czolgosz was an Anarchist or not. He had gone to the grave unheard. The law itself was the essence of violence, and five innocent men were sleeping today in Waldheim as a testimony of the murderous violence of government. Jas. Myers argued that the government which the lecturer defended was guilty of more crime and violence than all the so-called "violent Anarchists" who ever lived. He cited South Africa and the Philippines as examples of the sort of peace guaranteed by the State. He was an Anarchist and believed in peace and justice, which was impossible under government.

January 28, members of the Union Labor League spoke at the regular Tuesday meeting on the importance of the union label. But the speakers exhibited such gross ignorance of social and economic affairs, that the meeting was rather tedious.

Friday, January 24, Wm. M. Salter lectured on "Henrich Heine, a Soldier in Social Progress," before the Daughters of Revolution. The lecturer pointed out that Heine had seen a freer spirit reigning during Napoleon's invasion, and could not silently endure the reactionary measures which were introduced after Napoleon had been driven from Germany. He loved his people and his fatherland, and scoured the bureaucracy in prose and poetry. Like all who hate tyranny and love freedom, he was exiled and lived and mourned his country in France.

The audience had little to criticize. Comrade Pfuetzner said that, altho Heine had yet many enemies in Germany and some cities had refused to erect monuments to his memory, the "free ruffians," as Heine called the Americans, had shown themselves worthy of the name; for a beautiful Heine monument—a masterpiece of art—which

had been erected in New York was mutilated by these "free ruffians."

Dr. Emil Schreiber lectured at the Society of Anthropology, at the Sunday afternoon meeting, his subject being "The Sociology of the Jewish Prophets." The speaker proved, by numerous quotations from the Jewish scriptures, including the old Testament and the Talmud, that the ancient teachers of the Hebrew nation were more or less students of sociology, and that their efforts were to a large extent directed towards the betterment of the industrial classes. He claimed that the Jewish people had played a very important part in the development of the economic movement of modern times, naming Marx, Lassalle, and other Jews as prominent leaders of this movement. His discourse was able, instructive and interesting, and evidently appreciated by his hearers.

Franklin H. Wentworth, editor of the *Socialist Spirit*, Chicago, on Sunday, January 26, addressed the Philosophical Society, his subject being "The Victory of Failure." Wentworth is a word-painter of rare talent; and in beautiful language he traced the lives and achievements of some of the world's great seers and sages; those prophets and leaders who rose above their environments, and scaled alone the rugged steps of new thought, giving to humanity new light to guard its onward advance. He showed that all of these men were, from the view-point of their own generation, failures, but that from the martyrdom of their failure arose the after success and victory which ultimately crowned their efforts. He mentioned Buddha, Christ, Warren, Marx, Proudhon, Bakunin, as men who, tho judged from the standpoint of their contemporaries, were all failures, yet today their life-work is bearing the fruit of victory. He said that Henry George, Tolstoy, Kropotkin and hundreds of others of our generation, must be considered failures, so far as the present is concerned, but the future would crown them with laurels of victory. On the other hand, he said, were those who, achieved a present and temporary success. Napoleon was a great success in his time, but his success was narrowly selfish and perished with him. The achievements of Napoleon will be forgotten when the world is working out the great thoughts and paying the tribute of its appreciation to the services of the Buddhas, the Christs, the Georges, Kropotkins, Marxes, Tolstoys, and Bakunins.

In the discussion which followed the address, several Socialists severely criticized the speaker for claiming that men could rise above their environment, and considerable rhetoric was expended upon the subject of "Scientific Socialism," and the "material conception of history," etc. A. Isaak and Mrs. Ames, the only Anarchists to participate in the discussion, agreed with the lecturer's line of thought, and ridiculed the Socialists for their inability to appreciate any thought that was not duly labeled "Scientific Socialism, Marx brand, warranted thoroly class-conscious." It was pointed out, by Comrade Isaak, that there could be no progress unless men rose above their environments.
REPORTER.

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Chicago Philosophical Society meets every Sunday evening, 8 p. m., at 26 E. Van Buren St., Hall 202. Lectures on all questions now agitating the public mind will be delivered. Subjects:

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Feb. 9—"New York Conference Between Capital and Labor: Its Significance." G. A. Shilling.

Feb. 16—"Competition," T. J. Morgan.

Feb. 23—"The Heritage of Humanity." W. F. Barnard.

Mar. 2—"Economic Question." Walter L. Sinton.

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Mar. 16—"Single Tax." J. R. Gummins.

Mar. 23—"Liberty." A. W. Wright.

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

Feb. 2—"Hereditry." Dr. Albert Schneider.

Feb. 9—"Browning's Caliban." Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, University of Chicago.

Feb. 16—"Law as an Anti-Social Institution." Prof. J. M. Clark.

Feb. 23. "The Law of Property." Geo. W. Warville, LL. D.

Chicago Commons, Cor. Morgan St. and Grand Ave., every Tuesday night. Subject for February 4: "Trades-Unionsism."

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

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 first Saturday night and every Sunday afternoon, at 3 p. m. Thema fuer Sonntag den 16. Feb.: „Kindererziehung."

Debattir Club No. 1, (German), meets every 1st and 3rd Wednesday nights at Freyman's Hall, Halsted, Cor. North Ave. Thema fuer Mittwoch den 5. Februar: „Giordano Bruno und sein Wirken." Referent: Herr Ahren.

The Letter-Box.

Tom Saunders.—Yes, trades unionism is a good thing, but it could be better. Its usefulness is largely nullified by the ignorance of its leaders—we mean on economic questions. Just at present, many or most of these leaders seem to be afflicted, more or less, with the government ownership lunacy. But, aside from this, the ignorance of some of them on social economics is somewhat astonishing. It is constantly proclaimed by State Socialists that what they term "pure and simple" unionism is a failure, but this is not true. In so far as trade unionism is educational it has an important mission.

M. F., City.—Social Democracy may be "scientific," as you assert; but will you kindly inform us how a scientific proposition can be demonstrated by a majority vote? We are willing to learn.

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