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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 353.

The Strikers' Funeral.

[The following poem was written by Ada Negri, the Italian poet, on the occasion of the funeral of one of the striking stone-masons of Milan. The translation here given was done by Melbourne Greene of Berkeley, Cal., and printed in the *Advance* of San Francisco.]

A sordid car that, lowest of the low,
Barest ungarlanded
The mason's humble bier approaching slow
The dwelling of the dead,
Like to a king's car on to that repose
Thou goest, that is for aye:
The train is glorious that with thee goes
Far more than man can say.
Ten thousand are they, yet serene and clear,
Almost as one they seem.
Upon the serried crowd one grand idea
Shines like a lightning gleam.
Intrepid mates of hunger, strife and toil,
(Powerless their will to dull)
Despite their faces' pallor, vestments' soil,
Superbly beautiful.
These unharmed soldiers in a new Crusade
Follow the aged dead;
Let no wild cry, no shouting shrill upbraid
That silence calm and dread.
"O Comrade, thou who in our passion's flood
Within the arms of thine,
Merged with us all in conflict harsh, yet good,
Diedst, hoping in that Sign—
"Turf back thine eyes—behold thy comrades here
Attendant on thy pall.
They never can destroy us, brother, where
We stand together all
"Linked fast by faith in the Ideal we seek,
We shall renew the world.
Not ours the birthright of the crushed and weak—
The dead stone, blindly hurled;
"Furibund gesture, fire's blood-red gleam.
The howl of maddened glee!
We are the silent, the majestic stream
That flows on to the sea!
"We are the glacier lifting, still and white
Its front against the sky,
That, inch by inch rending the mountain height,
Glides on inexorably,
"Our only penny and our last poor lot
Tomorrow will have sped;
But fear not, Comrade, for our hearts faint not,
Altho we want for bread.
"What tho our wives and little children faint?
The ever holy Right
For which we strive is far above their plain,
Their misery. Let us fight!
"How distant still—alas, the long remove—
Toil's victory untold,
Mid songs of children radiant with love
Beneath a dawn of gold!
"How many victims must the way endure
From stone and thorn ne'er free,
In this unequal warfare, this obscure
And endless agony.
"Of weariness that seeks a comfort sped
Of paltry earnings' scathe.

Of hard dry loaf—alas, O Comrade dead,
Sleep, sleep thou in thy faith!

"We are ten thousand told about thy form—
Tomorrow millions more:
An this our wrath is no mere passing storm,
Heavy with flash and roar.

" 'Tis an advance in slow and ceaseless power,
Shoulder to shoulder bold,
Undaunted, day by day and hour by hour,
Tranquil and uncontrolled!

" 'Tis breathless beating of the living mass
With heavy hammers' shock,
Disintegrating as the moments pass,
The backbone of the rock.

"Austerely above the fallen in the fight
Strew violets, one by one,
And forward, forward thru the murky night,
On toward the rising sun!"

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Radical Reflections.

I do not know how Anarchy will be achieved. That is to say, I am not a prophet. But, while I cannot forecast exactly the manner in which the order of Anarchism will supplant the disorder of authority, I can, at least, designate some of the factors that will play a part in bringing about this transformation. Some very good people, who imagine themselves extremely practical, and who are really very impractical, think that Anarchism is vague and indefinite, on the question of tactics and methods, because it has no published "plan of campaign," like the political Socialists and other innovators. This leads me to attempt a few observations upon this question of methods; and it may be that I shall be able to give a little light to those friends of Anarchism who have been unable to see the way to its realization.

In the first place, all human action is the result of thought, and thought precedes action. Before any change in the established social order can be effected, a very large number of people must be induced to think. The number need not embrace the majority, for changes are never brought about by the conscious actions of majorities. It is the few who think, and move the mass to action by the power of thought. The mass ever follows its leaders, and the real leaders in all great movements are the thinkers. So in our case. We are striving to bring into existence a new order. We wish to expand the horizon of civilization, to bring the human race forward upon the endless road of progress. And to do this our first task is education.

In this work of education, it is important that we teach by example as well as by precept. A movement is liable to be judged by the character or conduct of its representatives. And everyone who avows him or herself an Anarchist is at all times a representative of the movement. People unacquainted with new theories are always inclined to judge them by the moral and intellectual standard of their advocates. So we, who profess ourselves as the exponents of a higher civilization, can give more force to our arguments, if we live a life in harmony with our philosophy.

I do not contend that we can live a truly Anarchistic life in the here and now. Our individual or social conduct cannot always be consistent with our teachings. But, to some extent, we can give expression, in our everyday lives, to those grand principles which we advocate, and which we would have the world adopt. We have, in our generation, seen the great power and influence of Tolstoy, an influence truly wonderful upon the ignorant masses of Russian peasantry, and that influence is due to the one fact that Tolstoy practiced his own teachings; he lived himself the life he sought to induce the rest of humanity to live.

Now, we cannot all follow the example of the illustrious Tolstoy, but we can do much along the same line. Anarchy, as we understand it, stands for liberty, equality, brotherhood. Some of the attributes of these grand ideas are friendship, kindness, courtesy, tolerance, honesty, liberality. The spirit of our ideas go forth in the practise by us of these attributes. We, who preach the glorious gospel of liberty, can impress the world with the honesty of our convictions only by showing that we possess the genuine spirit of liberty; and that can be demonstrated by showing tolerance towards those who differ with us; by respecting the feelings of those we come in contact with; by fair dealing with all our fellows; and by measuring our conduct by the old rule, so often professed but little practised: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

This is what I understand by the term, "propaganda by deed," that something is done, individually or collectively, that is not in harmony with conventional conduct, by the doing of which attention is directed either to the evil we wish to abolish, or to

the good we desire to establish. This deed may be destructive or it may be constructive in character. It may be one of violence, such as the throwing of a bomb, the removal of a tyrant, or one of passiveness, such as the refusal to vote, to take interest, to pay taxes. But whatever the character of the deed, the doer should be sure of his motive, for deeds which violate the existing routine can only impress the conservative public because of the clearness of their motive. If I refuse to pay taxes because I do not like to part with my money, my motive renders my act contemptible in the eyes of the public. But if I refuse to pay the tax because I do not believe in compulsory taxation, my motive makes my act an impressive protest, and invokes the sympathy of fair minded people. So with those who resort to violence. The man who slays a bad official may be condemned for his act, but if his motive be understood, such an act tends to direct public action to the evil against which it is directed.

I confess that I am not partial to that form of propaganda by deed that uses methods of violence. Especially when it is carried out by assassination. To me life is a sacred thing, even that of a tyrant, unless that life stands in the way of the life of a better man. We Anarchists who condemn government because it destroys life, should be careful how we approve deeds of assassination, even when directed against the representatives of government. The spirit of retaliation, of revenge, is the most ignoble of those savage instincts that have survived the barbaric age that gave them birth. Assassination is a form of justice that, when analyzed, is not very different from the legal idea of capital punishment.

Anarchy can never be brought about by aggressive violence. Violence and aggression, when they go together, constitute the essential spirit of authority. But I would not have Anarchists to be non-resistants. Against the violence of aggression I would oppose the violence of defense—the only question being that of expediency. For a Canovas, who individually is responsible for the death and torture of human beings more valuable to society than himself, death. That is simply defense of human life. But in this struggle between Anarchy and government, let each blow for Anarchy be one of simple defense, not of retribution or revenge. We cannot avenge the crimes of government by doing the thing we condemn the State for doing. In the noble words of Thomas Paine, let us destroy the king but spare the man.

After all, it is not the lives of individuals that support the existing order, but their power. And the basis of all power today is property. In our warfare against the class privilege, our point of attack should not be the individual but the thing that makes the individual a power—private property. That is the real vital spot. A refusal to pay rent, if carried out on a large scale by the tenant class, would very speedily abolish all rent. A refusal to pay taxes, if persisted in by a large number of people, would tend to

weaken the taxing power, and the taxing power is the life of every government.

These suggestions do not fully answer the problem I set out to discuss, viz., how shall we bring about the realization of Anarchy, but they at least offer something on the problem of methods, which continually presents itself. I give them, not as an Anarchist program, but as my individual opinion of the methods revolutionists of the libertarian school might find most effective for propaganda purposes. ROSS WINN.

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The Paris Commune.

The Commune is held up as the personification of misrule and destruction. Communists are represented as that worst element of city life that delights in blood and conflagration, and Paris of 1871 is described as a scene of frightful dishonor, submitting to Anarchy, pillage, and murder.

I was present in the city of Paris during the entire period that the Commune held sway. I was there from the day of the entry of the Germans till the army of Versailles destroyed the Commune, and the experiment of communal government was wiped out of existence by the death of forty thousand citizens, who fell in battle in the streets of capital of France.

I saw that great city of central Europe held for five weeks by the men of Villette, Montmartre, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, by the artisans and laborers, who for the first time in seventeen years had the opportunity to bear arms. There was the Bank of France with its hoarded wealth of coin, the House of Rothschild, the Bank of the Hopes of Amsterdam; there were the great magazines and storehouses filled with costly fabrics; shops with jewels of untold value; palaces with costliest gems of art; pictures and marbles of inestimable price. There was a vast population which had for months endured privation, hunger, and distress. The gendarmerie had been driven out, and there was no other government than that of the Commune.

And yet during five weeks—weeks of menace from without and suffering within—I saw or heard of no single act of pillage or murder.

For five weeks the great forts of the *enceinte* sent their destructive missiles to the heart of the city. From the Trocadero of a Sunday afternoon to the Pere Lachaise, the Commune soldiers contended against the Versailles troops. From barricade to barricade, from one open space to another, fighting inch by inch, in desperation, the soldiers of the Commune, with their wives fighting by their sides, sullenly disputing every stone, block, and curbstone, retreated to the cemetery, and there amid the graves of the dead, the last of the Communists laid down their lives in hopeless desperate valor.

They may have been wrong and misguided, but that they were thieves, murderers, and incendiaries, I most indignantly deny.

During five weeks I saw no act of vandalism; I saw no plunder. I saw organization and order.

During the week of government victory I saw scenes of unparalleled brutality. I saw a hundred inexcusable and bloody acts. I

saw a well dressed matron stabbed to death in the back, and flung like a dead beast into an open port cochere in the boulevard Hausseman, because she lagged behind in the train of prisoners. I saw five little girls lying dead in a heap near the Palace d'Industrie, with their little petticoats thrown over their faces, shot as pétroleuses by Versailles soldiers. I saw a man torn from his carriage and killed by a hundred deadly bayonet thrusts. I saw hundreds and hundreds of Communists fusiladed and burned in a trench near the river Seine. I saw every sub-lieutenant of the army of France armed with the power to arrest, try, and execute citizens, and this after the fight was over. I have read the death decrees of exile that for five years followed this communal uprising.

I do not believe that the Communists either burned or attempted to burn Paris. I believe that the whole petroleum story comes from an absurd scare.

The war of the Commune was to the great revolution what the mad raid of John Brown was to the civil war. It was the first electric burst from overcharged clouds. It will ultimate in the adoption of all the great principles for which the Commune contended.

The Commune was composed of the scholars and thinkers of France. It was a band of patriots. If it had in it the mad element of fanaticism, it may be excused. If oppressed labor classes looked to it for relief, it was but natural. If fanaticism and disorder enrolled themselves to fight under its banner, it was the first and only flag where they might enlist. If poverty, distress, and desperation looked to it for a change, it was but rational.

The history of the Commune is written by its enemies. Like all lost causes it will be misrepresented. What there was of good in it will be suppressed. What there was of bad in it will be exaggerated.

The effort of an eye-witness, at this late time and in these columns, is but a feeble effort at stemming the tide and current of opprobrium running against the Communists of Paris. Nearly all the press of America and England, nearly every pulpit in Christendom, has denounced the Commune. The press has thundered its anathemas against it, and the throne of God has bombarded it from every Catholic and Protestant priest and preacher's desk with unstinted censure.

Why the Roman Church should do so I may guess. Why the Protestant should I do not understand.

This little fragmentary scrap of observation may be gathered up for history, and may help to swell the protest that in the interest of truth may some time be made.

To the facts of which I speak I bear the testimony of a living witness. Of the Commune I was a part. I helped to build the barricade at the Place de l'Opera. It was begun by a woman in a purple frock, and a lad of perhaps fourteen years of age. The rule was that every passerby should add a stone from the Belgian pavement of which the boulevard was made. I made occasion to pass often. From my window in the Hotel de Hollande, Rue de la Paix, I saw the bloody fight of the Place de l'Opera. At this barricade I saw this woman bring wa-

ter, load the guns, and bear away the empty ones; and when the soldiers of the Commune were beaten off, I saw this purple-gowned Amazon, with disheveled hair and bloody arms, alone defend the ramparts that she had aided to raise, till she was stabbed to death with bloody bayonets.

I rode to two midnight sorties with Dombrowski, and I breakfasted with Ockelowitz in the Place Vendome—for the Americans had the universal pass with the officers and soldiers of the Commune. I treated a regiment of Villette to half a cask of red wine. It was cheap, and I was paid in hearing them cheer the toast I gave them in very bad French—"The Two Republics—the Republic of France and the grand Republic of America."

I shall live to see its realization.

I rode in an open voiture at midnight to the heights of the Butte de Montmartre to witness the artillery duel between it and Valerian. I met with polite attention; I was not robbed.

Let London, or New York, or San Francisco fall under the control of its worst citizens, and we should see scenes of pillage, rape, violence, drunkenness, theft, and murder. Yet in this great, rich city of Paris, given over to the Commune for five weeks, with all its wealth and wine, I saw order, sobriety, and respect to persons and property.

Hence I feel it my duty to say that Communism does not mean a forcible and unlawful distribution of property, nor is the word Communist a synonym for every crime.—Frank M. Pixley, in the San Francisco *Arognaut*.

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Monkeys -- Men.

Those who accept Darwin's theory of man's descent from monkeys must admit that the descent has been, from the ethical standpoint of monkeys, awfully low and degrading, it not being their law and custom of their societies that certain of their fraternities should be compelled to gather ten coconuts, and take nine of them to another monkey, before the gatherer would be allowed to retain peaceable possession of the remaining one coconut for his own use.

Christians today would see more brotherly love and less selfishness among a tribe of monkeys than can be found in any church in Christendom.

Christian civilization has made man, in his relations with his fellows, the most irrational of all animals. The lion does not go on killing day and night, week-days, Sundays, holidays, all, as Christian usury does—the noble lion kills only to satisfy his needs—ignoble Christians go on coining money out of the blood and lives of their brothers and sisters, after their needs are provided for, millions upon millions of times over.

No four-legged hog attempts to corner all the "swill" of a country side; he takes a large quantity it is true, but he does arrive at a satisfied point; our irrational two-legged hogs never do that; they control the food, the clothing, the oil, the iron, and the coal of the world by the aid of their Christian-usury-drawing-gold—the standard of the values of human bodies and souls, if the bodies may happen to have souls.

Christians agreeing with Darwin must also logically admit that their God—the Almighty—the Eternal—the Always Was—murdered his son to save monkeys, as well as their degraded descendants, men.

If the aim of existence is to attain the greatest happiness, then the monkeys are to be envied; if, on the other hand, it is to reach the heights and depths of folly, man has reached that most pitiable condition.

Monkeys have no money, and there lies the secret.

Money is the root of all evil; you may have heard this before, but if you were forced when young to attend to church, you know the parsons put "the love of" before "money"—falsely stating that money is good, only the love of it, is the devil. Nevertheless, Christian civilization has commanded that, those who love life—who follow the first law of nature—shall love money.

There is only one question before the world today—MONEY—the summum bonum—the necessity-of-life—the CHRIST; for this men and women lie, cheat, steal, murder; from lack of it suicide; *what a man is goes for naught, DOLLARS are now the only mark of worth.*

KINGHORN-JONES.

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Influence of Public Schools.

Seeing that children are also given an opportunity of expressing their ideas freely and openly in FREE SOCIETY, I hereby wish to say something concerning the public schools.

In my opinion the teachers of the public schools have a powerful influence over the children. They lecture to them for hours, and speak so pathetically that I do not blame the children for being shocked at the word Anarchy; and were I not brought up among radical people who talk and explain to me, I would no doubt be of the same opinion as they are.

At the time of McKinley's death, compositions were written, children were dressed in mourning, special receptions made, his favorite hymns sung; and all because he, a tyrant, was shot down by a man who could not look on calmly at the sufferings of the working people. But in the tunnel accident in New York, so many lives were lost, and yet they would not think of writing compositions about them, oh, no! for they were only the common working people; but they forget that it is these "common people" who support the country and its heads.

Another thing, in speaking of Alice Roosevelt christening Emperor William's new yacht, our teacher told us that it was a great honor to all the American people (I wonder if she includes the Anarchists?). The Americans say they are against monarchy, and here Alice Roosevelt will christen the yacht, and they will welcome Prince Henry here, and give fetes and dinners in honor of him. But no need in speaking of that, for I think I may safely say that the United States is becoming as despotic as any European monarchy. Thus the children are taught to honor those "superior individuals," and to consider themselves inferior.

Meanwhile let us hope that Anarchy will cease being misrepresented, and our teachers acquire some more knowledge as to what Anarchy really is, so that their influ-

ence in the public schools will change from worse to better. I doubt whether their influence can ever be good so long as they are the tools of government. ANNIE FRITZ.

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Bigotry at Work.

While the Committee of Fifteen, which was appointed to deal with the social vices in New York, has come to the conclusion that nothing short of better conditions and a more rational education in sexual relationship will eliminate this social evil, Comstock and his tools continue to persecute those who try to shed light upon the subject. The last victim is Mrs. Ida Craddock, who has been arrested for "spreading indecent literature."

We are not familiar with the details of the case; the fact that Dr. Foote, the untiring champion of free press and free mails is appealing for funds to defend the case, will be sufficient for our readers to lend Mrs. Craddock a helping hand. All who are able to do so, can send their "substantial sympathy" for Mrs. Craddock and her defense to E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.

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For New York.

To commemorate the Paris Commune, a mass meeting will be held on March 17, 8 p. m., at Apollo Hall, 126 Clinton St. The speakers are Comrades M. Cohn, Wm. MacQueen, Jay Fox, and C. Grossmann.

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Sunday, March 23, 8 p. m., at New Irving Hall, 216-222 Broome St., a concert and ball will be given for the benefit of Bresci's family. Admission 25 cents. Friends and sympathizers are cordially invited.

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The Letter-Box

J. Buchi.—The Socialist Reading Room at Portland Ore., has been taken off the list. If they are so fearful of new ideas that they find it necessary to burn our paper upon its arrival, they are rather to be pitied.

P. A. City.—The number on wrapper has been changed. No, fortunately we did not have to endure the misery to see the lickspittles crawling around the prince.

C. R., St. Paul, Minn.—The story that you copied may appear in the near future. Your kind effort is duly appreciated. Greetings.

A. J. P., New York.—From your letter it is not quite clear to which sentiments you take exception. The writers for the paper have generally expressed their own opinions, which were various. The testimony of Leon Czolgosz's murderers is certainly to be rejected, except that which bears upon its face the probability of genuineness.

A. H. Simpson, Boston.—Your suggestion to print Comrade James' "Origin of Anarchism" as a leaflet will have to be delayed for a time, as the state of our treasury renders it impossible to bring it out just now. With a few advance subscriptions from comrades who desire it the work could be easily gotten out.

S. R., Lawrence, Mass.—Ada Negri did not "give up everything" after her marriage to a rich man; the beautiful poem in this issue was written by her since that event. Her inconsistency is due to an earlier poem, in which she expressed a desire to have as companion a man of toil, whose heart beat in unison with humanity, instead of an exploiter of his kind. At present she is residing in Milan.

B., Philadelphia.—Comrade J. L. James had a severe attack of sickness about two months ago, and is not yet well. This is why your questions have remained unanswered for so long a time. We hope to have him among us again in the near future.

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. ISAAC.

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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 individuality.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Notes.

The 5th annual Russian Tea Party, consisting of concert and ball, participated in by Misses Mawson, Earle, Tolockhs and Pissokovitch, will take place on Friday evening, March 28: 7.30 sharp, at Pennsylvania Hall, 8th and Christian Sts. Dancing till 3 a. m. Tickets 25c.

All friends of liberty and progress are cordially invited.

It is with great satisfaction that we are now in the position to announce the appearance of Comrade Peter Kropotkin's books, "Modern Science and Anarchism" (10c.), "Reports of the International Revolutionary Congress" (25c.), "Bread and Freedom" (50c.), in the Russian language. We sincerely wish that all Russian speaking comrades will do their utmost to sell the books among their friends and thus aid Comrade Kropotkin in defraying the expenses. The books can be ordered from FREE SOCIETY, or M. Maisel, 170 Henry St., New York, H. Maisel, 637 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Natasha Notkin, 242 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Current Comment.

Sam Gompers, of the A. F. of L., is one of the "influential" labor fakirs of the country, and a bigger rascal never made a track. I. T. Powderly has deservedly been scourged with the scorpion lash of scorn, until his name is a stench in the nostrils of labor; but there was never a time that Sam Gompers couldn't give Terry cards and spades, two aces and the jack and beat him clear light at any game of rascality. Sam's chief aim in life is to sell his uncertain quantity of "influence" as a labor leader to the highest bidder; in fact, Samuel is as saleable as a five-year-old mule, and about as uncertain. Whenever plutocracy requires the service of a traitor in labor's ranks, to do its dirty work, it whistles softly for Gompers. It has only to mention the size of the missionary fund to fetch him a-running. Why any body of men, and especially workingmen, should

permit themselves to be made merchandise of by such a transparent fraud as Gompers, surpasseth understanding.

I notice that a number of ministers of the gospel of Christ according to Mammon, have lately been warning their congregations against the damnable doctrines of Anarchism, which is perfectly consistent with the Church, for that organization stands today, as she ever stood, a barrier in the path of progress, the eternal foe of freedom, and the consistent friend of privilege and oppression. The Methodist Westley was an active royalist and Tory in 1776, while the Free-thinker Paine wrote those flaming words that helped to achieve American independence. The Church, Catholic and Protestant, has always stood united in its hostility to struggling freedom; and today its sacred altars are a bulwark in front of the hosts of tyranny and privilege, and the thunder of its pulpit eloquence is directed against Anarchism and reform. Its supposed founder, himself a social reformer and revolutionist in his day, was preached against by the sanctimonious hypocrites of the established priesthood, and his fate was as universally approved by the Jerusalem pulpites as were the deaths of the five Chicago martyrs, over whose unjust fate a thousand peans of exaltation were raised by the robed and revered rascals of Christian orthodoxy.

Those reformers who advocate passive resistance, whether at the ballot box or thru methods of industrial cooperation, are ignorant of human history. No established power ever yielded to the persuasion of peace. The moment reform lays its hand upon Vested Right, swords flash, bayonets gleam, and the earth trembles beneath the armed tread of war. Let labor marshal its hosts on strike, and behold how quickly the oligarchy assembles its police, its militia, marshals its muskets and trains its cannon; see how soon the frowning front of armed force appears, how readily the sword leaps from the scabbard, and then—dare anyone assert that this force will yield to the arguments of peace?

An Indiana Republican, who is loyal to his party, his country, and his god, writes me an indignant letter of protest. A sample copy of FREE SOCIETY smoked him out of his hole. He wants me to stop writing for FREE SOCIETY and join the Church; but I shall have to disappoint him. He says, among other things, that I have slandered "the noblest statesmen of America" by charging them with falsehood and double dealing. In the eloquent language of the Arkansas barrister I "deny the allegation and defy the allegator." In fact, I never uttered one harsh word of the dead, and if there are any statesmen in America today they will be found in our cemeteries—certainly not in the halls of congress. I do not charge even the politicians with falsehood. My Indiana friend has simply misinterpreted the import of my language. What I did say was, that the politicians are ridiculously poor marksmen when they use their rhetorical pop-guns with truth for a target; that they circumnavigate the universe in dodging facts; and

that their aversion to the truth is so great that they would rather negotiate a ten days' loan on mendacity than handle truth in a strictly cash transaction. I have remarked that these political prostitutes are extremely careless in handling facts, and that they manipulate words with the bewildering skill of a thimble-rigger or thru card monte sharp, and with the same end in view—to confuse the gaping auditors. But I never accused them of lying. Certainly not. The politician loves the truth; but he prefers to view it thru the reverse end of a telescope.

The American people are a nation of chumps, regular moss-covered greenies from Pumpkin Hollow, whose verdancy would lure the lowing herds of Bashan; and who, for genuine monumental asininity, take the cake, bakery and all. With the shadow of slavery upon the homes of the wage workers, a mortgage upon the taxing powers of the government in the interest of bondholders; the reins of political authority in the greedy clutches of as corrupt a moneyed oligarchy as ever enslaved a people; with the powers of federal courts trampling representative government under foot, and the wealth producers rapidly approaching the starvation level, while a law-created, class-privileged banditti riot in their looted luxuries, the average American, sometimes with a stomach as empty as his skull, is seriously offended at the idea that anyone should presume to tamper with our blessed "insti'ooshuns"; and he is dead sure that we are the greatest and truest nation under the arc of heaven. How often do we hear some poor ragged, half-starved cuss gabbling the puerile tommyrot some corporation-bribed politician has pumped into him; repeating the foolish falsehood that this is the land of copyrighted liberty, when, as a matter of fact, if old Diogones were to go hunting for liberty anywhere in Roosevelt's republican empire, tho he used a searchlight, he wouldn't scare up enough for breakfast. As I said at the beginning, we are a nation of rainbow chasers, fake worshipers and chumps.

The Reverend Sam Jones, who has for some years been playing a star engagement as champion pulpit comedian, ministerial mountebank, and all-round ecclesiastical ass, and who has conveniently located "the mouth of hell" just one mile from the corporation limits of each town in which he has preached, albeit his avowed mission is to pilot life's weary wayfarers to a different hotel, has delivered himself of the opinion that all Anarchists and Socialists ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered and otherwise summarily disposed of. Jesus, whose gospel Jones falsely professes to teach—when he doesn't even comprehend it—was an Anarchist. The trouble with Sam, however, is that he mistakes himself for his master—imagines that his senseless gabble is the voice of God. In spite of his egotism this clerical gentlemen very clearly perceives the buttered side of his hot-cake, and tickles plutocracy's ears, that wealth's reward thus may follow fawning.

R. W.

Divinities, who need a Doctor, are frauds.

Men, assuming to Doctor Divinities, are frauds.

KINGHORN-JONES.

The Workers and the Strike.

I wish to discuss some of the points brought up in Comrade Winn's reflections on the general strike. In the first place, I do not think the "workers themselves understand that they are the victims of an unjust and undesirable social order," as Comrade Winn declares. The workingmen who do understand that slavery exists are the exceptions—it is not true of the mass. But even if it were the case, there would be no occasion to blame them for inactivity, for then they would not be inactive.

As soon as a goodly number of workingmen realize that the wage system is slavery, and that property in land is the basis of slavery, something will break loose. It will not be necessary to awaken all the workers to such a realization, nor even a majority of them. The next change in our economic system will come as all other changes have come, that is thru the action of an intelligent minority. It seems to me that all that can be done is to teach the masses of the people that they are slaves. When a sufficient number get that in their heads, they will throw off the yoke without asking advice or direction.

The ideal of the average workingman at present is living wages and a good boss. He has so much respect for property rights, that he will see his family famine-stricken and not repudiate that respect. What is more, in a strike they will let starvation walk in and break the strike and destroy the solidarity of their union, send them back like whipped dogs to their masters, and a lower scale of wages. They will allow all this rather than *take bread*. In short, a workingman will sacrifice his liberty before he will do that awful thing which will label him a thief. And until he does take bread, the general strike will be impossible. Labor has ever paid the expenses of strikes. When one section of workers win an advance in wages, it means their employers have robbed Peter to pay Paul. Even the reduction of the hours of labor have been brought about more thru improved methods of production owing to mechanical inventions, than thru the demands of labor unions.

The one grand thing about labor unions and strikes is that by these methods the infant Labor is learning to walk, to feel his power.

The main question is not "how to lead men to emancipation," but to teach them to desire emancipation; and when they learn that the cause of their sufferings is slavery, they will take liberty. Before the general strike can come the workers who participate must possess the qualities outlined by Comrade Winn, namely, "determination, a total disregard of the laws of the State, the lies of the Church," and not hesitate at destruction if they cannot hold possession. When we consider the above necessary qualifications for the general strike, it is easy to see we are a long way off from that most desirable object.

If the cause of human misery and in equality is slavery, and if the cause of slavery is government, as Tolstoy has set forth so vividly in his writings, the only remedy is to abolish government. There exists a well defined movement against all government, world-wide in its scope. Every

land furnishes tributaries that are slowly forming into a strong human current that will in time sweep away the props of the State. While it is possible that those reformers who wish only to reform the State, not abolish it, might unite on some plan of action, which if carried would amount to nothing, for the State reproduces every evil that is scotched, if not in the same form, then in another. The movement against all government cannot possibly unite with the reformers of government.

No one need be discouraged over the war of contrary ideas. Agitation forces men to think; and human thought will in time kill government. But it is well to recognize all that the people must unlearn before they can question the all-powerful State. They, in common with their masters, consider property rights more sacred than life. As long as they do, they disarm themselves and arm their foes.

KATE AUSTIN.

Pétroleuses and the Commune.

..... All the time that the conflict was raging, Paris was burning. In the delirium of the moment this was attributed to the Commune's incendiarism, and the idea grew with feeding upon itself, until the crazy notion was evolved that "Paris brûlé" was the handiwork of *pétroleuses* and *pétroleuses*. I have not seen anywhere one iota of evidence that there were such beings. The only testimony is *on dit*. I heard a man minutely describe how the contents of a certain house that was burning were all washed with petroleum, the furniture painted with it, the curtains steeped in it. "It seems to me," said a bystander, "you know too much about this affair. I shall inform." On this the first one shrugged his shoulders and explained that his only authority was *on dit*. Mr. Archibald Forbes, after twenty years' reflection (see *Century Magazine* for November, 1892), produced no higher authority for his assertions that the Tuileries was in flames "kindled by damnable petroleum." It is known that the terraces of the Tuileries were well battered and breached with shells from the Versailles guns, and as shells do not always fall within a few yards of the mark intended, there is cause enough in that fact for the conflagration. Here is Mr. Forbes again: "They [the Versailles] had a field-battery in action a little below the Arc, which swept the Champs-Élysées very thoroughly. I saw several shells explode about the Place de la Concorde." The Louvre, naturally a part of the same building, but facing the opposite way, was not fired. Why? Simply because it did face the opposite way, and shells were directed against it. I was in the Tuileries the day before the entry of the Versailles, and I saw no signs of petroleum or *pétroleuses*. The place was deserted, and the only person I encountered was a Federal soldier carrying away from the cellars an armful of horse-pistols.

The Ministry of Finance is another building often spoken of as fired by the Commune men. As already stated, I saw the building thrown into flames by Versailles shells, and corroboration of this fact will be found on reference to the first number of *Galignani's Messenger* that appeared after the entry of the regular troops into the city, and no one

will accuse that paper of printing a single sentence in favor of the Commune. Again, why should devilish means be invoked to account for the burning of the Hotel de Ville, when Mr. Forbes himself informs us that on it "the Versailles batteries were concentrating a fire heavy enough to be called a bombardment." A house under the eaves of which Mr. Forbes sought shelter was fired by a shell while he was standing there, but from which side is not quite clear; while in "What an American Girl Saw of the Commune" (*The Century Magazine*, November, 1891) I read: "A shell went down our street without touching anything until it struck the last house, which was set on fire." Indeed, there is abundant evidence everywhere that many of the conflagrations were produced by the ordinary process of cannonading, and naturally most of the many would be caused by the offensive and not by the defensive batteries.

There was no burning where there was no fighting. In Belleville and La Villette there was hardly any conflagration, and prejudiced persons at once said, "See! these wretches burn the wealthy parts of Paris, but spare their own wretched hovels." Is it not a more reasonable thing to say that, as there was but little fighting in Belleville and La Villette, in consequence there was but little conflagration? If the Versailles battery before the Corps Législatif, which, as is pointed out by Mr. Forbes, was vigorously directed against the Communist battery at the foot of the Rue Royale, be not sufficient to account for the great conflagration in that street, then on this particular occasion the laws of cause and effect were suspended. It was in reference to this street that the wild canard was telegraphed to England that the very firemen were pumping petroleum on to the burning buildings to feed the flames, instead of sending water there to quench them; and altho high scientific authorities in England warned English readers that such an act was an impossibility, yet, in the maddening banquet of blood that was being daily served, few cared to trouble themselves about scientific truths. I have already indicated what caused the conflagrations in the west of Paris. Here are Marshal MacMahon's own words in his official report on the taking of Paris: "Les canons du mont Valérien, les batteries de Montretout, et toutes les batteries de Boulogne, Issy et Vanves, dirigent sur la place un feu tellement violent que l'enceinte ne répond que faiblement."* This had a deal to do with the beginning of the burning of Paris, as hundreds of shells fell far beyond *l'enceinte*, a word which in this instance had a wide meaning, while *la place* should be translated "one of the best quarters in Paris."

Often when buildings burn, floor after floor falls down with all upon them, followed by the roofs, and the structure is gutted. This is usually accompanied by an up-roaring of flame and sparks, by dense volumes of smoke, by loud detonations, and by peculiar odors. In ordinary circumstances there is nothing unusual in these phenomena; but in a city where at the same time is raging a deadly conflict, with the roar of cannon, the grunt of

* ["The fire of the batteries of Val-rien, Boulogne, Issy, and Vanves, was directed against the place with great force, so the besieged responded very feebly."]

the matraillouse, and the rattle of musketry, where all around is dismal and doleful with the dying and the "to die," then indeed horrible ideas are born in the whirl of a terror-haunted imagination. Thus we read at the time of buildings undermined, of cellars filled with explosives, of the barrels of gunpowder in the catacombs, the monuments and public buildings ready to be blown into the air, of fiendish devices to burn a fair city. No one believes in this portion of the story now. The crash of falling buildings, the marching of the flames, the blood-red smoke, are all set down to "hellish petroleum," with no more evidence in the one case than in the other.

Says the author of "What an American Girl Saw of the Commune": "I am obliged to confess I never saw a pétroleuse. I heard my sisters talk of them, and say they had seen them going to be shot, and literally pulling their hair out by the roots." That is the experience of us all. Letter-box slits, cellar windows, and ventilators were stopped up with lime to prevent petroleum being conveyed thru them; an imaginative English artist has depicted wrinkled hags in the act of pouring the liquid down chimneys; everything that excitement could suggest has been formulated; and a huge black crime has been created. Thousands of persons were mercilessly shot on the most flimsy pretext; hundreds of others were marched off to Versailles (Mr. Forbes saw two thousand in one batch) to be tried, as a justification, as I have said, for shooting the others who were not tried. And with what result? Stand aside, you young cigarette-smoking colonels; be silent, ye butchers of the Marquis de Gallifet type; hush your screams, you children of delirium; and now that the fumes of hell that distorted man's vision have cleared away, listen to the report of the proceedings of the not unprejudiced but yet sober-minded Tribunal at Versailles: "The French police are unable to discover a single case of incendiarism. They therefore withdraw the charges and substitute one of general complicity in the acts of the Commune." Is it astonishing that the so-called pétroleuses arrested in Paris and led out to be shot "literally pulled their hair out by the roots"? Again, the English newspapers, from the *Times* downward, have all admitted that the story of the existence of pétroleuses and pétroleuses had no foundation in fact, and this on the authority of the very same correspondents that first sent forth the reports they subsequently had the candor and honesty to contradict. All the subsequent discoveries bear out the statements made by a writer in *Macmillan's* (September, 1871), who, altho opposed to the Commune, had been pressed into its service, and exceptional opportunities for knowing its innermost workings. He says that there were no pétroleuses or pétroleuses, or any organized incendiarism. As an instance of the widely spread beliefs in their existence I may mention that while I was spending a night in a cell at the Conciergerie, having been inadvertently sentenced to death by Commissaire Berillon, one of my fellow-prisoners was there under a charge of being on the Seine in a boat, attempting to skim off petroleum floating on its surface. The only ground for so wild a story was the vivid re-

flection from the bosom of the river of the blood-red sky that hung over burning Paris, that gave to the flowing stream the appearance of incandescence, and led to a belief that the stream was being used as a means of carrying burning petroleum on its mission of destruction. In face of what is above written, I deny the existence of these fiends of the Commune. I know it is difficult to prove a negative, but it should be remembered that there is no positive evidence to the contrary; and in such cases negative evidence is not only admissible, but valuable.—William Trant, in *The Century Magazine*, August, 1901.

Unpunished Crimes.

Under the above title a daily exchange inveighs largely and at length against "pistol totin." Now, it is a fact that the constitution of the United States declares that the right of the citizen to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed, and it is further true that pistols were carried in the pocket or "concealed" when the constitution was adopted. But this is not the point we are making. It is our purpose to note here a few of the "unpunished crimes" not mentioned by our contemporary. And the petty offense that moves the ponderous thunder of our exchange is a very small particle of dust compared with the colossal mass of unpunished crimes passed over by this journal. We mention a few of these crimes, which so far from having been punished have been condoned and approved by the plutocratic press and in all plutocratic circles. Among these are the following:

1. Judges Gary, Grinnell and Royce, and their accomplices and co-conspirators, who murdered Spies, Engel, Fisher and Parsons, under the pretext that they were the ring leaders of the Haymarket riot in Chicago, have not yet been made to expiate their crime by a judicial sentence.

2. The judges who have perverted the law to grant injunctions against working men at the instance of the corporations have not been impeached for corruption in office.

3. The three New York judges who twisted a statute against an indecent exposure of person into a meaning under which they vainly hoped to send Johann Most to the penitentiary, are still unwhipped of justice.

4. The Pinkertons who have murdered innocent workmen on numerous occasions have never been even arrested.

5. The deputies hired to shoot down strikers while peaceably walking on the highway have received the encomiums of the corporation press.

6. Tom Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, told Governor Hartranft that he wanted the militia "to give rifle diet to the strikers for a few days and see how they liked that kind of bread." Scott died highly honored as a member of the Democratic party.

7. The *Chicago Times* said, at the time of the sailors' strike: "Hand grenades should be thrown among those union sailors who are striving to obtain higher wages and less hours." There was no objection made by "respectable" citizens to this incitement to murder and assassination.

8. The *Chicago Tribune* said that tramps should be given strychnine with the food that was given to them, and this sentiment was applauded by the pillars of society, and there was no talk about incendiary language.

9. The Pinkerton men who blew up the street cars in St. Louis in order to charge it upon the strikers have remained unmolested.

10. The assassins hired by the railway pool who shot to death seven men and one woman walking peacefully along the railroad track in East St. Louis were sent home after their murderous deed with pay and honor.

11. The conspiracy to arrest and hang, for political purposes, innocent men and women for complicity in the assassination of McKinley has never been brought to the attention of a grand jury by any State's attorney.

12. The offer by a government official of the bribe of his liberty to Czolgosz if he would accuse innocent blood of complicity in his crime, has not been noticed, and the foiled would-be briber still holds his official position.

13. The desperate efforts made by the plutocratic press to stir up a mob to kill Mr. Hearst and dynamite his newspaper plants by charging him with being in a conspiracy to assassinate McKinley have been approved by all "good citizens."

14. An ex-president, judges and members of congress have taken bribes and robbed with impunity.

15. More than ten thousand millionaires and corporators swear lies annually to escape just taxation and none of them are sent to the penitentiary.

These are a few (and only a few) of the enormous crimes leveled at the existence of society itself which should be classed as "unpunished."—*Southern Mercury*, Dallas, Texas, January 23, 1902.

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How the Doctors at Last Agreed.

A patient with a rope twisted tight around his feet was brought to the Sociologic Hospital. His skin was chafed and bruised by the cord, and fever burned him so that he was like to perish outright.

Said Dr. Divine: "We must first make you and your fellows religious, so that you won't come to such dreadful straits."

"No," said Dr. Socialis; "first do away with competition, which makes men enemies, then if the patient needs religion, it may be administered."

Dr. Charitas said: "Good homes would prevent this. Now here is a plan for improvements—"

"Too much animal food," said Dr. Vegetaria; "he must learn to live on oatmeal; then wounds will readily heal—indeed, no one will inflict them."

Says Dr. Monomet: "Take the gold cure, my good man—one pill after—"

"That's just the matter—too much gold now," remarked Dr. Coin. "But here are some silver-coated pills. Take sixteen—"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Ballot. "When the complexion is all right, your whole body is well. I have here an Australian wash which will fix you right up."

"First take this aqua pura to steady your head," said Dr. Prohib. "Here is a prescription, the effect of which combined with—"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Legis, "he needs a law forcing him to have less of that fever which is eating him up."

Cried Master Freedom: "Cut the rope which causes—"

Then all the doctors united in yelling: "Anarchist, Visionary, Crank, Quack, Radical, Utopian, Revolutionary, Fool!"

Meanwhile the patient died, and the coroner's jury decided that his death was due to natural causes.—From "Even as You and I," by Bolton Hall.

— o —

A Dream.

Allow me to relate a dream. One night an angel carried me on its flight to heaven near the Creator. I felt myself being lifted to the space above the earth. As we slowly arose a sad and continuous sound reached me from the earth below, a sound which resembled the monotonous ripple of a stream that is heard on silent mountain tops. But this time I distinguished human voices: sobs mingled with prayers, groans resounded with benedictions and despairing supplications, sighs of dying hearts exhaling frankincense; all these sounds blended into an immense voice, such a sad symphony that it filled my heart with pity; the skies darkened, I no longer perceived the sun or the harmony of the universe. I addressed my partner and said: "Do you hear?" The angel stared at me with a calm and serene look, and said, "They are the prayers of men directed to God." While he spoke his wings glittered in the sunlight, but appeared to me in a horrid color. "If I were God I would burst into tears," I exclaimed, and I really wept like a child. I abandoned the angel's hand, and lowered myself to the earth, thinking that there was too much humanity in me to live in heaven.—M. Guyau.

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Persuasion.

There have always existed three ways of keeping the loving and loyal. One is to leave them alone, to trust them and not to interfere. This plan, however, has very seldom been practised, because the politicians regard the public as a cow to be milked, and something must be done to make it stand quiet.

So they try plan Number Two, which consists in hypnotizing the public by means of shows, festivals, parades, prizes, and many paid speeches, sermons and editorials wherein and whereby the public is told how much is being done for it, and how fortunate it is in being protected and wisely cared for by its divinely appointed guardians. Then the band strikes up, the flags are waved, three passes are made, one to the right and two to the left; and we, being completely under the hypnosis, hurrah ourselves hoarse.

Plan Number Three is a very ancient one and is always held back to be used in case that Number Two fails. It is for the benefit of the people who do not pass readily under hypnotic control. If there are too many of these, they have been known to pluck up courage and answer back to the

speeches, sermons and editorials. Sometimes they refuse to hurrah when the bass drum plays, in which case they have occasionally been arrested for contumacy and contravention by stocky men in wide-awake hats, who lead the strenuous life. This Plan Number Three provides for an armed force that shall overawe, if necessary, all who are not hypnotized. The army is used for two purposes—to coerce disturbers at home, and to get up a war at a distance, and thus distract attention from the troubles near at hand. Napoleon used to say that the only sure cure for internal dissension was a foreign war: this would draw the disturbers away, on the plea of patriotism, so they would win enough outside loot to satisfy them, or else they would all get killed. In case they got killed it really didn't matter much; and as for loot, if it was taken from foreigners there was no sin.

A careful analyst might here say that Plan Number Three is only a variation of Plan Number Two—the end being gained by hypnotic effects in either event, for the army is conscripted from the people to use against the people, just as you turn steam from a boiler into the fire-box to increase the draft. Possibly this is true.—Elbert Hubbard, in "Little Journeys," August, 1901.

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Random Thoughts.

One Elbert Hubbard, a man who can organize for good, is worth more to the world than ten thousand theorists. Booker Washington has done more for his race than Fred Douglass, who would establish Negro supremacy. Is it not true that all tyrants have been *practical* Anarchists? They have been egotists and disregards of all law. Most of them assume to be gods on earth. Nature proceeds in a systematic manner—call it what you please. The government of Socrates, Mills, Hugo, and George is nothing but an attempt to find out and apply a natural rule. Remember the old tale of the Red and White Knight. The shield was red on one side and white on the other. If the radical movement would follow men like Winn it would make more progress.

A PLAIN DEMOCRAT.

[To say that tyrants are "practical Anarchists," is the veriest absurdity. Tyranny is always fostered by and parades under the mask of the law—not Anarchy.—J.R.]

— o —

Our Salutation.

We, the individuals whom this little paper represents, are unorganized, creedless, homeless (from the ordinary standpoint), and moneyless, for there is more depth of union in a harmonious group of unorganized individuals than in a board of self-limited ones; more fidelity manifest among a group of freed individuals than a church of creed-bound ones, a more spacious and harmonious home in the hearts of generous beings than in the gilded mansions of slavish exclusiveness, and more wealth among the empty purses of liberal hearts than among the fat, sealed purses of the avaricious.

We come then as a voice in the wilderness; a joyous cry amidst chaos. A voice that breaks the great, dark solitude with gladsome accents. It is not a wailing or

plaintive voice, but simply one that speaks and sings because of its fullness and gladness; because of its vigor and its strength; because of its pleasure in awakening a gladsome response in all things, until by and by the solitary places will sing out of themselves, and all things will radiate the warmth and life within them. . . . —Wilhelmina Geiger, in *Alpha and Omega*, Chicago, Ill.

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If we study what times are, the most anti-social, most common, and against which the code is chiefly directed, we shall soon discover that outside of crimes of passion, which are very rare, and concerning which judges and physicians agree that leniency should be used, attacks upon property furnish the largest contingent of crimes or misdemeanors. Hence arises the question to which only those who studied society in its nature and effects can reply: "Is property just? Is an organization which creates such a number of crimes defensible?" If this regime involves so many crimes as an inevitable reaction it must be very illogical, it must crush out many interests; and the social compact, far from having been freely and unanimously agreed to, must be distorted by arbitrariness and oppression. This is what we have undertaken to prove in this work; and the fundamental vice of the social organization being recognized, we shall show by the evidence that in order to destroy criminals we must destroy the social conditions which beget them. Let society once be so arranged that every individual shall be assured of the satisfaction of his needs; that nothing shall fetter his free evolution; that in the social organization there shall be no more institutions of which he may avail himself to enslave his fellows, and you will see crime disappear.—Jean Grave.

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John P. Altgeld.

Just before locking up our forms, the news of John P. Altgeld's death reaches us. But a moment before he was raising his voice in protest against the brutality of England in its warfare against the heroic Boers, and almost in the midst of his prophetic words the Great Reaper claimed him as its own. That he was a man, with a strong love of justice and his fellows, is the least that can be said of him. The radicals of the world will always remember him for his act of justice in pardoning Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe, and in ably and vigorously exposing the monstrous farce which resulted in the Chicago martyrdom. Probably no one knew better than he that this act would bring down upon him the babbling mob of aristocracy, but he did not fail.

ABE ISAAK JR.

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Financial Statement of Kropotkin's Meetings in New York.

Receipts from two meetings and one social.....	\$966.45
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History of the French Revolution.

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