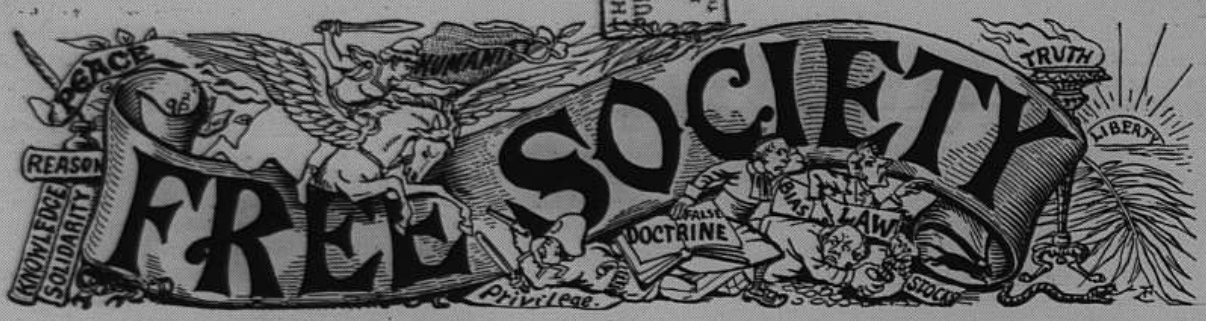

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 15. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1902. WHOLE NO. 357.

Life and Death.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we 'll talk of the life he led.
Never mind how he died.

—*Ernest Crosby.*

—o—

Cowardice.

It has been remarked by some of the greatest thinkers of the day that cowardice, and not cruelty, is responsible for most of our existing social evils. This remark struck me as an irreproachable truth. After a little investigation into the nature of cowardice, and some meditation upon its influence, I found that not only is it responsible for *existing* social evils, but that it also accounts for a horde of social evils of the past.

Now, then, what is cowardice? According to some scanty definitions provided by standard dictionaries, I inferred that it means this: A lack of courage to face danger, which proceeds from base fear. Thus cowardice is the opposite of courage, a stranger to fortitude, and on terms of the bitterest enmity with valor or heroism. "Cowardice alone is loss of fame," says Dryden, and he is quite right. For, no matter how otherwise virtuous or meritorious a person may be, if possessed of cowardice, he will, sooner or later, lose his fame. Nay, "A coward does not always escape with disgrace, but sometimes loses his life," says another famous writer.

Fear is the origin of cowardice. But fear, the apprehension of danger, is a natural instinct in man, indispensable to the great law of nature—self-preservation. Fear often puts us on guard against an impending danger, and makes us run from harm. It frequently affords us security, when the slower operations of deliberate reason would be too late. When in danger, before there is time for reflection, the impulse of fear often places us in safety. "So little," says Lord Kames, "doeth this passion, in such instances, depend on reason, that it often operates in contradiction to it: a man who is not upon his guard, cannot avoid shrinking at a blow, tho he knows it to be aimed in sport; nor avoid and closing his eyes at the approach of what may hurt him, tho conscious that he is in no danger." Thus much for fear, but what is meant by base fear? Let us see.

Fear, I presume, becomes morally base at the moment when it begins to predominate over all the other good and moral instincts of man. That is, in other words, at the moment a man yields more to his instinct of fear in his own behalf, than to his instinct of fear, in behalf of others; at the moment he is moved by fear to sacrifice the welfare of others, in order to avoid the slightest possible injury to himself,—in short, at the moment his fear obscures his reason and hushes all his fine feelings, thus taking possession of his very soul,—at that moment, he becomes a basely fearing man, or a coward.

Hence the difference between timidity and cowardice—between the timid and cowardly individual. The latter generally implies the former, but the former does not necessarily imly the latter. For cowardice proceeds from fear—i. e. timidity; but timidity, fear of danger, does not proceed from baseness—i. e. cowardice. The timid man who will flee before a coward possessed of a stronger body, may, nevertheless, have the courage to face an adversary, whose weapons are only reason and logic, and not the art of pugilism. That is, in other words, when assured that no serious harm will straightway befall him, then the timid man will have the courage to speak the truth for once, in public, and will thus experience the extreme delights of its charming influence, after having uttered it. But the coward is of a different stamp. He hates to fall into the slightest displeasure of his superiors. He will cringe and crawl before them, at all times. If perfectly assured that what he will say, will be acceptable to them, he will say it; otherwise he will keep his peace. Thus the timid man may sometimes show courage—the true courage of the mind, while the coward may often show bravery,—the bravery of the brute. Hence we understand how a cowardly policeman sometimes has the temerity to club to death a poor offender, for a slight violation of the law! . . .

The coward always adheres to the strongest party. He sticks to the majority for the same reason, tho in the latter case, he will hasten to make the excuse that he is merely adhering to his moral sentiment, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." . . . A certain New York newspaper, while President McKinley was still alive, had had the temerity, on different occasions, to call him down as a "pig, pitiable tool of Mark Hanna, and abominable hireling of the criminal trusts," feeling sure that it would fall into no disfavor with popular feeling (a newspaper's superiority), the majority of the metropolis at that time being Democrats. But when poor McKinley was unjustly assassinated and popular feeling ran wild over the gross injustice of the act, that worthy newspaper almost lost its breath in running ahead of all popular feeling; prononncing the deceased president one of the noblest and greatest statesman that ever lived on this earth. It compared him with Lincoln, whose mental courage, intellectual sincerity and heart's devotion, McKinley never dreamed of emulating, and it made him superlative to Jefferson, whose revolutionary mind and extremely democratic habits, he despised to emulate. It wept in tears of the biggest type over the loss of such noble hero, and prosecuted and haunted in still bigger type all those whose political opinions the unfortunate "assassin" was alleged to have shared.

Cowardice, as a rule, is full of aversion to new ideas. And no wonder,—for if it runs from any old idea which does not happen to be conventional, how much faster should it flee before a new idea, which, far from being conventional, is opposed to the very existence of our state of society! The coward's aversion to new ideas is so complete that you can never see a coward preaching any new idea for the betterment of mankind, except as a government's spy. For how can it be otherwise? New ideas generally point out the depravity of man's system of living, which it is the business of the coward to praise in the loudest voice—so as to reach the ears of his mighty masters, whom he is eager to show how loyally and faithfully he serves their interests! Besides, new ideas, which have as their aim the betterment, enlightenment, enhancement of mankind, are scarcely comprehended by cowardly individuals; for, as Ralph Waldo Emerson says—"God will not have his work made manifest thru cowards!"

The individual yielding to the poisonous effects of cowardice, willingly or unwillingly, becomes a liar, a narrow-minded bigot, and directly or indirectly, also a criminal. The coward begins in faint-heartedness, and ends

in heartlessness! Hence the effects of cowardice upon society, on public institutions, and on progress are, indeed, deplorable! Society, an aggregate of individuals, is exactly what the individuals, its components, will make it. And since the great majority of men are—some to a greater and some to a lesser extent—*cowards*, then society, to our great sorrow, is the biggest coward. Society, encouraged by the faint-heartedness of its constituents, enacts such a strict and absurd etiquette, which, when at home, even cowards laugh at, but when in society, even the courageous are frequently obliged to comply with. Thus society is not only a coward, but a preacher of cowardice!

The effects of cowardice on public institutions are equally sad. Take any public institution,—a public school, for instance, and see how much it suffers from cowardice. The teacher, if a Freethinker, cannot—must not give the right answer to the boy's questions in religious matters, lest he lose his position. The Board of Education, on the other hand, is incapable of introducing a more liberal system of education, lest it displease the mayor, or the governor, etc. The teacher, furthermore, if a true student of history, dare not tell his pupils that Thomas Paine was a greater man and a greater factor in the revolutionary war, than even George Washington, tho the latter happened to come out the more popular of the two. Alas!—he dare not tell this, for if he did, he would get an unconditional dismissal. . . . And the result is that the children's minds are thus poisoned by the many lies taught in school. They are directly, or indirectly, taught therein to be cowards. . . .

But human progress is what is most affected by that plague! For cowardice, base fear, is an important factor of servitude and slavery. By its very nature, it is always an obstacle to progress. For instance, had it not been for the cowardice of so many millions of soldiers, who alone help the tyrants rule over this world, how far ahead would progress be from where it is today?

The coward is servile in spirit, bad in his performance, and dangerous in his character. He is afraid of his master, of his master's associates, of his own friends, and above all —of his own skin. . . . In fact, he is literally enslaved to his physique. He sacrifices his intellectual to his bodily wants. He thus deprives himself of his meager, scanty intellect that he was born with, and retains only his swelling corpulency.—Nay, he gives his soul to the devil, in order to keep his body in hell— i. e. in a hell of extravagant luxury. What Lord Bacon said of vainglorious men, might with equal force apply to cowardly men. Thus cowards, herhaps more than vainglorious men, "are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts." Alas,—cowardice is a curse upon society, and the most contemptible attribute of man!

MORRIS WOLFMAN.

—o—

Government or No Government--Which?

V

The American citizen lives under not less than five institutions called government. He is a member of a school district and of a civil township. He may subject to a town or a city government. He is ruled over by a county government, a State and a federal government. Each of these governments performs separate, special work, and all for the good of the people, of course.

The township is the oldest governmental institution under which we live. Before our German ancestors invaded England, in A. D. 449, according to the chronology of our text books, they lived on the continent of Europe, in Denmark and the neighoring country to the south. On the banks of a river or near a spring they would build their houses, and, for purposes of defense, surround them with a hedge, which they called a *tun*, whence we derive the name town. They were wont to meet in the open air and transact all the business of common interest, such as admitting new members, settling disputes between townsmen, punishing minor offenses, and distributing lots of land to the various families for the year's tillage.

Many of these ancient townships were not free. A chief man, either because he was descended from the founder of the village, or because in times of violence he had gained control of the land, was looked upon as the *lord of the township*. There were centuries of violence after the coming of the English into England. They contended long and fiercely with the Britons for possession of the island. Finally, in 1066, England was conquered by William of Normandy, and all the lands had become subject to lords; there being no longer free townships, but manors or lords' estates.

As the feudal lords fortified their dwellings in the country, and erected castles to increase their power, towns and cities increased their defenses and built walls to preserve their liberties. The Saxons who came into England were heathens, but in course of time the Roman missionaries established the Christian religion, and the Church was organized on the Roman model of church government, being supported by taxation and attending to many things now belonging to the civil government. The Church divided the country into parishes.

At first the English were not subject to the rule of kings. In time of war a leader was chosen from among the chiefs, and the war being over he ceased to be ruler. But when in England a state of war came to be the common condition, the leader of the army became a permanent ruler, and received the name of king. Various tribes of the English conquered different parts of England and founded little kingdoms. The petty kings fought against each other for supremacy, and finally all were subjected to one king. The little kingdoms formed parts of a united kingdom, and were called *shires* (shares).

The kings of England did not rule alone, but had with them a body of men called "The Wise." And here we come to the origin of parliament.

After the coming of the Normans, in 1066, that body of "wise men" came to be called the king's council. It was composed of all the great lords of the kingdom, and the bishops, who represented the Church. In the earlier times, when the king and his council wished to secure funds to carry on the government, a message was sent to the sheriff of each county, who was directed to arrange with the members of the county court for the collection of the tax. Often the court, before agreeing to the king's tax, would insist upon the grant of some favor or privilege from the king.* Later, the king directed the sheriff, who was ordinarily selected by the king, to have the county court appoint two men to represent the shire in the king's council. These members of the council were lords of a lower rank than the other lords of the council.

At first they all sat together, but during the reign of Edward III (1327–1377), the lesser lords from the counties and the members from towns and cities formed a habit of meeting in a separate place, and the body was called the House of Commons. The older part of the council was then named the House of Lords, the bishops being the lords spiritual, and the others the lords temporal.

The chief object of the king in adding to his council members from counties and towns was *to secure taxes*, without which neither he nor the whole gang of officials could exist.

During the century in which colonies were founded in America, there was a fierce contest between the king and the parliament. The Stuart kings claimed the right by royal decree to set aside laws passed by parliament, and to collect taxes without its sanction. In 1649, Charles I was condemned to death by a special court created by act of parliament. In 1688, James II was driven out of England. The following year William III was made king of Englaud, and James and his heirs were excluded from the throne. By these and other acts the parliament has gained supremacy over the crown.

From these facts we may deduce some very instructive conclusions. Firstly, that government, like everything else in nature, evoluted from the simple and infinitesimal to the complex and immense, not vice versa. The township, as already mentioned, was the oldest governmental institution under which we live. These small villages were living a life of comparative freedom and welfare, until lords were created,—when the townships had lost their freedom for good.

Secondly, that all these lords, kings and rulers were the product of war and mutual bloodshed amongst the tribes and peoples. Occasional wars called for occasional lords. Steady wars necessitated permanent warlords or kings. And when the wars ceased, the lords refusing to abdicate their lordly positions, the inevitable clash between them and the townsmen occurred, the former fortifying their castles in the country, and the latter strengthening the walls of defense around their towns and cities to preserve their liberties.

Thirdly, that only institutions and estates can be represented, but men never. As long as the king's council was composed of lords and bishops, representing the feudal estate and the organized Church respectively, it was perfectly consistent in its function and congenial to the atmosphere of the kings. But no sooner have the members of the shires begun to participate in matters of the State, at the same time trying to preserve the interests of the common people, their constituents, than the terrific clash began.

* See Bryce's "The New American Commonwealth," and Macy's "Our Government."

serving two masters at the same time,—the government and the people. At first they tried to prevent a clash by meeting separately in their House of Commons—they could not stand the brazen haughtiness of the lords and bishops, but even this did not help matters. The collision came. The kings attempted to put aside all the laws passed by parliament and to get to the people's pockets without the ceremony of parliamentary sanction, when the nation at last arose and asserted its rights.

Now, after such bitter experience one would think that the people will nevermore permit new tyrants to oppress them; that they would do away with their feudal lords as they chopped off the wretched heads of their kingly usurpers, and would return to their peaceable town meetings of old, where all matters of common interest had been transacted without pomp and ceremony, but in a plain common-sense manner to the satisfaction of the whole community.

But no. This is not the way of the people. The following year William III was made king of England. "Death to the king!" "Long live the king!" in the same breath. How slow we are in learning the bloody lessons of history. How reluctant in throwing off the governmental shoe so full of holes and patches.

Is it not about time for us to know that all the governments are here for is *to collect taxes* so they might live on the fat of the land, in luxury and idleness, even like old Pharaoh, bathing in the fresh blood of Israel's infants, while their weeping fathers and mothers were working away their lives at Pissom and Ramsoss under the cruel lash of the Egyptian slave driver? M. A. C.

—o—

The Discontent of Slaves.

I admit Comrade Winn's assertion that the workers "are dissatisfied"; but it is a slave's discontent, that desires only an extra holiday, or a few more crumbs that fall from the master's table. The fact that the people are widely divided in a choice of political parties, proves that they are not divided as regards the idea of the necessity of having rulers. There is unity among them here; they are only divided when it comes to choosing bosses, to a question as to which political party will furnish the best rulers and most equitable laws. While this struggle for political supremacy shows discontent, it also shows that it is not an intelligent discontent and that the masses, with the exception of a small minority, fail to recognize the *cause* of their troubles. They do not even know they are slaves; they call themselves free men; and as a class are completely hypnotized by the idea that Americans have the grandest government on earth, and that the sole cause of the injustice suffered by the people lies in bad, dishonest men who have been elected to office. Every man who votes will tell you that if a majority of men bearing his favorite label are elected to represent the people, we will have an honest administration of our affairs.

A few of us recognize that to delegate authority to certain individuals, is to give them a legal license to invade their fellows —an opportunity to gratify their personal ambition at the expense of the people. Government is a medicine that produces the same effect, despite the change of label, which is only a change of masters.

This fact the mass of the people today fail to grasp. They are satisfied with and strenuously uphold the institution that enslaves them, that is, the State. Just as fast as individuals recognize that government is the cause of human slavery, that fast do they add to the strength of the movement against it. In the intelligent comprehension of each unit that goes to make the mass, lies the only force that will destroy government. So long as they believe in a capitalistic oligarchy, no power can lead them against it.

When they develop mind enough to repudiate the divine rights of property, they will need no leaders to show them how to take possession of the earth. I detest the very sound of the word leader. Men cannot attain liberty thru leadership. Its divine spirit is only born of an awakened intelligence. The people need teachers. Minds under the agitation of conflicting ideas evolve new thoughts, broad views. Leaders of every description have been man's curse. Often, without doubt, they assume leadership thru honest motives; but as Herman Eich once said, "their job is a thief." They end by making personal ambition the goal of their desires; and the inert mass of human beings, who have religiously trusted to their superior (?) abilities pay all the costs and still more firmly rivet their chains.

You who believe in the power of leadership as a good method to use against government, how can you look for good in the very principle that is the strongest support of human slavery? The basic principle of liberty is to rely on yourself. The basic principle of slavery is reliance on some power outside of yourself.

Reliance upon leaders has built up every tyrannical power of the past as well as the present; and it never destroyed one phase of slavery but it built another more deceptive and subtle than its predecessor.

It is not because "social reformers are but a handful that they are powerless at the ballot." Were they as numerous as the sands of the sea, they would be powerless to emancipate themselves thru a slave breeding, crime breeding factor; but they might evolve a new and alluring plan of slavery. This action of intelligent leaders moving the masses as a "blind force" can have but one effect: to line the nests of a privileged class with feathers plucked from the backs of the masses. Like causes produce like effects always.

What is there so different in the nature of a man calling himself a reformer, that I should trust him to lead or to rule, any more than if he bore the label of Democrat or Republican? A man never gains ascendancy as a leader, only in so far as his followers deceive themselves as to his true characteristics and abdicate their own sovereignty.

So we see the very means that make leadership possible corrupt both the leaders and the led. What man is there living, no matter how good and great he is, who, if his whole nature was bared to the light of day, the man as he really is would show faults, virtues, weaknesses, and strength? Who among us would agree to be led? I dare say no one.

The general strike can only come thru the conscious, intelligent action of the workers. It is self-evident that such a movement cannot be law-abiding, (in fact it would be wasted energy if it were,) therefore mental emancipation from superstitious reverence for the laws must precede any action of a lawless nature on the part of the strikers. That class of reformers who are striving to reform government, not abolish it, can utilize that blind force contained in large numbers of ignorant men who are led like sheep by the silken chord of sophistry. But those who know that the evils of slavery can only be destroyed by the death of slavery, have nothing in common with this element. The Anarchist movement can only grow thru the addition of self-reliant individuals, who will neither lead or be led.

We cannot progress one step towards the realization of Anarchy thru the use of means that are a negation of the principles of Anarchism. Everything we do or say must be against authoritarianism, not with or for it. The cause that gave life to and sustains this evil principle is ignorance. To dispel that ignorance is the only means that will accomplish the end we seek, namely the destruction of government. Men must not be cajoled into following leaders; but encouraged to rise from all fours and walk erect on two legs before the beast of authority. It seems to me the work necessary to be done on this line gives ample room for action as well as talk. Agitation includes much hard work and much sifting of words to get right ideas. KATE AUSTIN.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

—o—

A Question.

Do you believe that you are as good as anybody else? Have you needs and desires to satisfy the same as anybody else? Do you believe that you have an equal right to live your life and a right to apply your labor to the resources of nature in order to satisfy your wants the same as anybody else? In other words, do you believe in freedom, equality of opportunity, and being yourself, and associating with your fellow man in any way you see fit? If you do, then you are an Anarchist; and should subscribe for FREE SOCIETY, which is fighting your battle; and which stands unequivocally for freedom in all that the name implies: the liberation from industrial slavery of the entire human race. H. W. KOEHN.

—o—

Cecil Rhodes.

Liar by false things which thou hast said;
Trickster by the snares that thou hast spun;
Thief by treasures vast which thou hast won;
Hypocrite by the mouths that thou hast fed;
Tyrant by the cause which thou hast led;
Murderer by the war thou hast begun;
Monster by all deeds which thou hast done;
Thou later Cæsar, thou art foiled and dead.
Now may the horde of tyrants learn and see
The due reward that falls to monstrous lust,
While yet the peoples struggle to be free.
Tho hired swords in streams of blood should rust,
Defeat at last shall come to all like thee;
Whom death hath choked and flung into the dust!

—William Francis Barnard.

—o—

Errata.—Last week, first page, third column, line 10 from bottom, read "comparing" for "composing"; p. 2, first column, line 24 from bottom, read "dedicated" for "directed".

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

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

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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

Entered at the Chicago post office as second-class matter, October 29, 1901.

The publishers as such are not necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors.

ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of orderwith the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individua liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1902.

357

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

Notes.

Dr. C. J. Lewis will speak on "The Reign of the People," before the Philosophical Society, 26 E. Van Buren St., Hall 200, April 13.

—— o ——

Splinters.

A story of atrocious cruelty comes in the news dispatches about the court-martial trial of Major Waller. He is charged with executing natives without trial, and pleads that he had received orders to shoot "everything" over ten years of age. So the charges are not denied, but the soldier pleads that he "obeyed." Language is inadequate to make any commentary. It is the "white man's burden" which these soldiers teach to the uncivilized brown men.

* * *

Newspapers report an attempt that was made last Sunday to enforce the law concerning the closing of saloons on the holy day. New York went "dry," that is, patrons at saloons nominally bought a meal, and had to pay for sandwiches or crackers before they could get beer. This is the dignity of the law; at least the policemen made themselves ridiculous in attempting to enforce it.

* * *

There is nothing in this world so ridiculous or absurd as a Prohibitionist. I would like to know by what right Tom, Dick or Harry can tell Peter and Paul they shall not drink beer, wine, whiskey, or cider or anything else on Sunday or any other day? Those good and misguided ladies who join the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and plead that drinking must be stopped because it is so injurious to young men, had better look closer to home, around their own bodies along the waist, and they will find something quite as injurious "even unto the next generation." When these busybodies begin to mind their own business, instead of always looking at their neighbor's plate, such senseless exhibition as was furnished in New York last Sunday will cease.

* * *

The Chicago *American* has recently shed many tears on the hard lot of policemen and mail carriers, who work so hard at small pay. It may be appropriate to give the words of one of the latter, when reminded that they had an affinity with policemen since they wore their tops hats. "Don't compare us with policeman," he said indignantly; "we *earn* our money."

* * *

It will be recollected that Tolstoy donated the proceeds of his book "Resurrection" to help the exiled Doukhobors. Aylmer Maude, who had charge of the work in England, sent a sum of money to the secretary of the committee in Canada, John Bellows. After some time this money was returned on the astonishing ground that "Resurrection" was an immoral book, and hence the Doukhobors could not accept aid from the sales of it. In explaining his views, the secretary states that the scene which describes the seduction of a girl, by going too fully into details, will have a more powerful effect on the reader than the final "awakening," and therefore will not aid the cause of morality. While we cannot but admire the earnest sincerity of these suffering people, we cannot help dissenting very strongly from their views. That this may be the case in some morbid individuals may be true enough; but has it not been urged against them with equal force that their mode of married life has the same effect? They depend upon the integrity of the individual that this shall not be so; and may not Tolstoy answer them that in portraying facts, he expects the reader to follow the righteous course? While it is true that Tolstoy's book may have certain defects, it is hard to see how such a charge can be held against it.

* * *

The best protection that any young girl can have against "seduction" is knowledge. Let her not be kept in ignorance, let her have full access to the psychology of her sexual and emotional nature, and no man will be able to "seduce" her. Nor would any but an ignorant man "seduce" a girl. And yet under the existing standard of morality it is both morally and legally criminal to disseminate such knowledge. Here is where a terrible indictment can be brought against our moral code. Anything that bares this enormity leads the way to a purer morality. Danger always lies in ignorance. The Doukhobors have made a very deplorable blunder in condemning Tolstoy's book. JR.

—— o ——

False Modesty.

One of the most mistaken and harmful notions that exist among the women of today is the notion that maidens should be kept in ignorance of their bodily functions. Nothing is more conducive to evil than ignorance. A girl ought to know all about herself that her mother can teach her. There should be no room left for curiosity or imagination. The instincts and impulses peculiar to her sex begin to manifest themselves at the age of puberty. This age varies in different temperaments and climes from 14 to 18 years. The girl ought to be acquainted as soon as possible with the exact meaning of the sexual instincts. Her own bodily functions and her relations to the opposite sex should be made known to her in a cautious but truthful manner. It is false modesty and mistaken judgment that impels a woman to either deceive her daughter or allow her to be deceived upon such vital questions. All the questions prompted by her budding maidenhood will be answered by someone; if not by her mother, then by someone less wise and conscientious person. It seems, indeed, a pity that each girl must find out by bitter experience the truth of her own nature and functions, instead of being instructed by her mother in a natural and wholesome way.

In the savage state sexual diseases are unknown among women. This is because the natural impulses are obeyed without delay or hindrance. But so-called civilization has put many obstructions in the way of the gratification of the normal impulses. Marriage is delayed in the majority of cases several years beyond the development of the sexual nature. This leaves these instincts without a natural, healthful activity. So-called chastity, properly perverted morality, demands their restraint; abnormal desires or functions soon take the place of the natural impulses. So-called vices and nervous derangements follow. In the midst of all these liabilities, to keep the girl in ignorance of herself, to give her no information as to the meaning of these curious and contradicting emotions, is very unwise and disastrous. Every mother should look back over her own girlhood, and remember how ignorant she used to be; she should remember how very, very many things there are that she would do differently if she had a chance to do them over again. She should endeavor, then, to give her daughter a better chance than she had. She should remember that her daughter is just as ignorant as she was; that she is doing the same foolish things she did; thet her daughter is in need of the same wise counsel and parental guidance that she was when she was a girl. Mothers! please remember that ignorance is not virtue; that stupidity is not prudence; that childish artlessness is not chastity. Teach your daughters to know themselves. Teach them all that you know yourself, and strive to inform yourselself for their sakes.—Unknown.

[The above is, of course, equally applicable to boys.]

—— o ——

Political Alphabet.

A stands for Ananias,
  The politician's patron saint.
B is for Boodle, which
  Doth all legislation taint.
C stands for Congress, D. C.,
  Where all kinds of laws are invented.
D stands for Democracy,
  Whose dupes are somewhat demented.
E stands for Expansion, which
  Stands for piracy and plunder.
F stands for Freedom, a word
  Mostly used for political thunder.
G stands for Gall and Gab,
  The politicians' greatest essentials.
H is a sulphurious place
  Where lawyers need no credentials.
I is the personal pronoun
  That the candidate uses most.
J 's for a four-legged rascal,
  Prototype of a political host.
K stands for Kansas State,
  Where Mrs. Nation smashes things.
L 's for Lying, a habit
  Never discouraged by political rings.

M stands for Militia and Muskets,
The props that uphold every State.
N stands for National Spirit,
That divides all humanity with hate.
O stands for Oligarchy,
That rules with a scepter of gold.
P stands for People, whose rights
By the political shysters are sold.
Q stands for political Quacks,
Who would cure every ill with a law.
R stands for Republican rule
That's supreme from Maine to the Kaw.
S stands for Stupidity, the same
That fills so completely the dear people's heads.
T stands for Teddy, our onlyest Ted,
Who would so strenuously stamp out all the "Reds."
U is for the Union,
A venerated fake.
V is for Violence,
That governments make.
W 's for Washington,
Where the law makers revel.
Z 's for the Zeal
That statesmen serve the devil.

Ross Winn.

—o—

A Letter to Senator Hawley.

Senator Hawley,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—I see by this morning's paper that you are reported to have said you would be willing to "give $1,000 to have a good shot at an Anarchist." I wish you either to prove that you were in earnest, or to make you retract the utterance as one unworthy of—I will not say a *senator*, but a *man*.

I am an Anarchist, have been such for fourteen years, am publicly known to be such, having both spoken and written much upon the subject. I believe the world would be far better off if there were no kings, emperors, presidents princes, judges, senators, representatives, governors, mayors, or policemen in it. I think society would have great profit (and more in the omission than the commission) if instead of making laws, you made hats—or coats, or shoes, or anything of some use to someone. I hope for a social condition in which no man restrains his fellow but each restrains himself. I refer you to the catechism enclosed, an expression of the principle of the Anarchists of Philadelphia.

Now if you desire to have a good shot at an Anarchist, it will not cost you a $1,000.

You may by merely paying your carfare to my home (address below) shoot at me for nothing. I will not resist. I will stand straight before you at any distance you wish me to, and you may shoot, in the presence of witnesses.

Does not your American commercial instinct seize upon this as a bargain?

But if the payment of the $1000 is a necssary part of your proposition, then when I have given you the shot, I will give the money to be devoted to the propaganda of the idea of a free society in which there shall be neither assassins nor presidents, beggars nor senators. Voltairine de Cleyre.

Philadelphia, 807 Fairmount Ave.
March 21, 1902.

Why Equality Exists Nowhere.

Here we have some great cast iron works with a multitude of immense smoking chimneys, rattling chains and wheels, great furnaces, railway tracks, and a small town; beautiful villas for owners and high officials, dirty, low cottages and cabins for the people. In the factory and nearby mines laboring men swarm like ants, some digging ore hundreds of feet below the surface in dark, narrow, damp, and dangerous galleries, others carting the metal or dirt. They work ten, twelve, or fourteen hours, from morn till night, or vice versa. They work every week day.

The same in the factory, where men are wearing out their lives either in murderous heat or in dampness (which is just as dangerous to life), or by overtaxing the strength God gave them to use wisely. On Saturday night they get their wages, wash, and fill up on poisonous liquor in the saloons and taverns established near the works to destroy them, their customers. They swill all Saturday night, and on Sunday either continue their spree or sleep, or fight, or do both. On Monday morning they begin anew.

Leaving the factory grounds or the chain of ill-smelling saloons we come across peasants tilling a stranger soil with the aid of miserable, hungry looking horses. These men arise with the sun, unless they spend the night looking after their cattle in swamp lands, the helot's pasture, for which they pay dearly in labor and health.

And we walk on. Presto: The lowest kind of work people, assistants to roadmakers, men who keep body and soul together by breaking big stones into little ones. Their feet are sore, their hands a mass of horn and dried blood; their whole body is dirty, their face, their beard, their hair, their lungs are fillled with the limestone's murderous dust. Like the peasants, they assuage their hunger with bread and water, or bread and fusil, according to the day of the week.

And this is the lot of the average factory worker, miner, farmer, and stone-breaker in most parts of the world. They live as described from their earliest youth until put under the soil. As to their mothers, sisters, and wives, they work as hard as the fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, and get as little to eat. Likewise they suffer from "professional" illnesses—female complaints.

Suddenly—sound of bells and clatter of hoofs. A beautiful troika is coming—the sale's price of the least valuable of the horses would buy the entire estates of three peasants. In the carriage, two young girls with picture hats and colored silk umbrellas shading their pretty faces. You could buy yonder peasant's nag for the price of one umbrella. Opposite them a lieutenant in white uniform fresh from the laundry. Ah! how his gold buttons and shoulder straps glisten in the sunlight. On the box a doughty coachman, velvet coat, blue silk shirt sleeves, coins and saints' pictures decorating his cap.

"Can't you look out?" he demands of a peasant driving ahead. The brute's whip cracks dangerously near poor Ivan's ears. The peasant grabs the line with one hand and his cap with the other.

After the carriage a parcel of byciclists, two young bloods and a lady. The peasant women run from them, crossing themselves. From the nearby forest emerges a nobleman riding an English stallion and a woman on a dancing Arab. Her black hat and the veil cost more than the stone-breaker earns in two months. The factory hand whistling with joy because he procured a job would be glad to sell twelve weeks' labor for the price of the nobleman's stick. But that doesn't prevent him from admiring the fine figures of horses and riders and the imported hounds running behind.

Now the carriage stops and the officer jumps out. "A thousand thanks," says the prettiest of the young ladies when he hands in her favored spaniel. "The poor thing worked too hard—two miles' running wouldn't do for dear Caro."

The question suggests itself: What crimes did the factory hands, peasants, and stone-breakers commit to warrant the awful punishment they are suffering? And again: What are the peculiar merits of the ladies and gentlemen driving and riding by that they should have such a pleasant time of it?

None that I can discover! Neither have the work people a right to complain of the situation they find themselves in, because society approved it, adjudged it natural and consequential. Who is society? Our best, our most Christian men and women belong to it, every civilized person swears by it.

I am reporting conditions observed in a certain part of Russia, you say. Granted, my pen-pictures photograph a corner of the government of Tula; but the same thing exists everywhere in Russia from St. Petersburg to Batum, and in France from Paris to Auvergne, in Italy from Rome to Palermo, in Germany, in Spain, in the United States of America, in Australia, yes, even in India and China.

In all these countries two or three out of a thousand persons spend a in day what would suffice to keep hundreds of their brothers and sisters for the space of a year.

The price of their modish garments would clothe a tenement house full of men and women; the palaces they inhabit are big enough to accomodate an army of homeless. The day's work of millions of busy hands pays for the whims of a few select.

And the 998 or 997, *pro mille?* They overwork themselves without sufficient sleep and food, ruining their bodily and mental health for the benefit of a handful of strangers.

Reflect on the prevailing fashions for entering this world. Two or three out of every thousand mothers can afford a physician and a baby's outfit, linens and silks, swaddling clothes and jackets, silver spoons and golden rattles, feather beds and carriages with springs. Two or three out of a thousand women take their time about getting well, have the best of nourishment and excellent nurses to wait on them, while their less fortunate sisters (998 or 997 out of a thousand) must do their day's work before and after. Who would milk the cow, prepare dinner, or wash clothes if they didn't?

The babies of a few mothers grow up surrounded by playthings, amusements, and educational measures; 998 or 997 out of every thousand spend the first years of their lives crawling over dirty floors on their stomach and knees, and unless they die before must go to work when they are five.

A few children have the benefit of excellent schooling, the others learn nothing but cuss words and superstitions.

A few young girls fall in love, have a romance or two, and marry; 990 out of thousand are forced into matrimonial captivity for economical reasons.

A few people change their linen every day and never soil it, while the overwhelming majority of men and women wear their clothes two weeks or longer, or until they fall off in rags. Yet this latter class of people is working day in and day out—for others.

The select few are forever speculating how to kill time, the rest don't get leisure enough to clean themselves properly, to sleep as long as their constitution demands, and to visit a friend or relative once in a month.

In Russia live a few thousand persons who learn to read and write in four languages and a hundred millions who can't read and write and know no other amusement but to get drunk. The first know everything and believe in nothing; the others know nothing and believe in every rot they are told of.

While a hundred persons travel from place to place to find the climate most agreeable to their health or their whims, ten millions of sick people lie in smoky cabins, the air of which is made rank by a host of human beings and cattle sleeping there; their wounds are undressed, their aches are unalleviated. They rot or die or do both.

Yet we are Christians—the factory owner, the princess, the thieving collector, the mill hands, the starving peasants, the stone-breaker, the sales people and their noble customers, you, and I—are all Christians, professing to believe in the evangelism of love that proclaimed the brotherhood of men, and taught us to love our enemies—the evangelium fundamentally opposed to arbitrary power, to violence and bloodshed.

It is grand, divine, this evangelium—the trouble lies in its interpretation, or rather misrepresentation, because the powers that be use Christianity as the bacteriologists use baccili: After creating "culture" of "non-dangerous" religion they inoculate the people with it, and it 's this falsified Christianity that is at the bottom of all evil.

Its worst fault is that it permits murder—murder not only for the protection of life, but for the protection of property! Indeed this monstrous Christianity teaches people to kill their own kind; it sends vast armies to the front.

Abolish this non-Christlike Christianity and you wipe out the profession of soldier. And when the minority has no soldiers back of it, it will cease to be awe-inspiring to the majority, which means nothing less than the end of oppression and demoralization, for, as things are now, the people must be demoralized before they can be robbed with impunity.

Reforms? Yes, there are many sorts of reformers. Some enter the government service and try their level best to better the people's lot in the capacity of parliamentarians, officials, military men, or priests. But there they stop. They don't attempt to reform our non-Christian Christianity.

Next come the revolutionists, who endeavor to set up another, better, government by the means that disgrace the existing ones: Fraud and violence. Finally we have Socialism, good for creating strikes and discontent, but powerless to spread education and abolish false ideals.

What, then, ought to be done?

All good men and all good women should lend their best efforts to purify religion and to make Christianity conform to the teachings of its founder, Jesus Christ.—Leo Tolstoy.

—— o ——

Atrocities.

. . . When the Boer woman had been reduced, in an hour or so, from comfort to beggary, and her household treasures had been looted and her cherished possessions burnt, there was still the concentration camp—the awful invention of Weyler, the Spanish butcher of Cuba—as a place of alleged refuge for her and her daughters. There the food was bad and scanty, the shelter insufficient, the surroundings foul and unwholesome, and the death-rate worse than in the worst days of the plague—but still there was a semblance of shelter. The cablegram states that even this is now being denied. It sets forth that the army of humane and chivalrous Britain now pursues the cheaper policy of burning the houses, the outhouses, and crops, the furniture, clothing, and bedding and all other supplies that can't be carried away, and leaving the women and children to perish in the blackened wilderness. The nights are bitterly cold, even at this season, on that tableland, from 3000 to 6000 feet above sea-level: it was in this region that the well-fed Australian soldier almost mutinied at being only allowed two blankets. It is the wet season; there is no fuel; the very occasional passing of a Boer commando, which itself cannot find food in that desolate land, is the only chance of assistance. It is a horrible story, and Europe has heard nothing much worse of any European race since Tilley captured Magdeburg, in the days of very long ago. Even Paskievich, whom no one suspected of mercy or charity, treated non-combatants more kindly in Poland.

This is the sort of literature that comes now from the seat of war, and is published with tacit approval by the papers of an English-speaking community:—

> Ah! here's open country at last. Johnny Boer won't follow us here, for we are superior to him in point of numbers, so we halt for half-an-hour, and burn a stray farmhouse as some slight relief to our feelings. It is now raining steadily—a rain that is like melted snow—and the unfortunate women and children, whom we found in the farmhouse, are left behind in the wet, without blankets or shelter of any kind. Forward once again into the rain and darkness; it's too cold for us to ride, so we sling our rifles to our saddles and trudge forward.

It was so wet and so bitterly cold that even sturdy, well-clothed men, with food and a prospect of shelter ahead of them, could not sit in their saddles without freezing. And the British soldiery deliberately threw children out into that fearful night to perish in the rain, without provisions or blankets or any place of refuge. And this, according to the cable intelligence, is *not* an isolated instance, but the regular mode of "warfare" now adopted by Butcher Kitchener's battalions—with no serious protest from the bulk of the British nation! . . .

* * *

And Australia is invited by a crawlsome minister to send *another* 5000 men to help at burning the Boer woman's house—there are practically none save women and children left in these farmhouses now—and casting her out with her daughters and her infant in arms to perish in the bitter nights on the Transvaal tableland. There is no longer even a semblance of the silly pretense that "the empire is in danger." . . .

As for those who are trying to engineer the undertaking, *they* don't propose to go and expose their well-cared-for skins to the chance of a Boer bullet, nor do they propose to pay—the bill will merely make another addition to the deficit, which is constantly being handed down to posterity. They will annex what glory they can get, and any title that comes their way, and go to church regularly, and still put their faith in a gospel which says that we should not do evil that good may come. And if there is a hereafter—but on second thoughts it will be a great deal better for many Australian politicians if there is no hereafter. It may be very long and very lonesome if there is nothing ahead but countless ages of lying still, and flat, and silent under the loam, but even that should be better than meeting the long array of the ghosts of little children who died homeless in the cold and rain up on the veldt, while the farm-burner rode away to burn out more helpless mothers "for the Glory of the empire."—Sydney *Bulletin*.

—— o ——

Chameleon: A Scene.

Adapted from the Russian of ANTON CHECKOFF.

A few days ago, while I wandered around the town at dusk, I noticed a crowd of about twenty people near a grocery store, which bore the appearance of a second-class establishment. In front of the gathering stood a policeman in uniform, club in hand. The background was filled with chefs in petticoats, house maids, a few black boys and five or six white lads. The officer held a dog by the collar and the poor beast with his tail between his legs was shivering under the piercing glance of so many eyes.

The conversation was carried on so loudly that there was no need of crossing the street to hear the arguments.

"Who is the owner of this dog?" questioned the policeman.

"The dog belongs to the butler in Captain Cook's house," said one of the white boys.

"No he does not," rejoined one of the women who had all the signs of being a mistress in the culinary art; "I know that Mr. Owen, the shipping agent, owns him; I have seen him following Mr. Owen many a time."

"I 'd better take him around to Mr. Owen," remarked the policeman.

"Mr. Owen does not own this dog," put in a young colored girl, "the dog carries a market basket every morning for the cook who stays in Mrs. Peabody's house,—I know."

"I see that he is mad," the policeman said decisively, "and I will shoot him."

"Better not shoot him," advised a little white boy, "Colonel Tryo will be down on you."

"Does he belong to Colonel Tryo?" asked the policeman. "Then I 'd better take him there."

"No, sir; he doesn't belong there any more than I do; Captain Porter's man brings him down with him every morning; he is the owner of the dog," quoth one of the women.

"There is only one thing to do, that is to shoot him," replied the policeman. "Help me drag him along, boys."

"Why, I am sure this dog is always lying at the door of Captain Cook's house, he belongs to Captain Cook himself. What do you want to do with him?" remarked a white boy, approaching the crowd.

"Let me fetch him there," the thick voice of the policeman resounded.

"He doesn't stay at that house, captain; the driver of the grocer yonder is his master," responded a strange voice."

"No use of wasting time, I 'd better shoot him before night," the policeman muttered.

"Stop, what are you doing with that dog?" asked a passer-by. "Colonel Shipp is looking for him everywhere. The dog is old, he has stayed in Colonel Shipp's yard for years, take him over. The last house on this street."

The policeman pulled the dog towards the house at the end of the street; a few of the mob followed,—the others walked slowly away.—L. N. Ornston, in *The Comrade*.

—— o ——

Poems in Prose.

THE DOG.

We sit in the room, us two: my dog and I. Outside a furious storm is howling.

The dog sits close before me—he looks me straight in the eyes.

And also I look him in the eyes.

It is as if he wished to tell me something. He is dumb, has no words, does not understand himself; but I understand him.

I understand, that in this moment the same emotion dominates him and I, that there is not a particle of difference between us. We are equal creatures. In each of us burns and glows the same flame.

Death hurries hither with the flapping of his broad, damp, cold pinions. . . .

And all is at an end.

Who will then establish the difference between those lights, which have glowed in us both?

No! It is not a beast and a man, who exchanged those glances.

They are two equal-created pair of eyes, which are directed toward each other.

And out of each of these pair of eyes, out of those of the beast as of those of the man, speaks plainly and clearly the mutual necessity for unity.

THE BEGGAR.

I walked along the street. A beggar, an infirm old man stopped me.

Inflamed, tearful eyes, blue lips, torn, ragged clothes, ugly sores—oh, how horribly had want reduced this miserable creature!

He stretched out his swollen, red, dirty hand. He groaned, aye he wimpered formally for help.

I began to rumage in all pockets. But I found neither purse, nor watch, nor even a handkerchief. I had taken along nothing.

But the beggar was still standing and waiting there, and his outstretched hand slightly jerked and trembled.

Embarassed and taken aback as I was, I vigorously grasped this dirty, trembling hand. . . . "Do not be angry with me, brother. I have nothing with me."

The beggar directed his inflamed eyes at me, his blue lips began to smile, and he pressed my cold fingers.

"Very well, brother," he lisped, "for this also I thank you—this also was an alm, brother!"

I felt that I also had received from my brother an alm.—Ivan Turgenieff.

—— o ——

A Fable.

A Workingman had a bit of ground on which he lived. It seemed to be worth very little, so, after a while, he gave it to the Thinkingman. Nevertheless, the Workingman had to live on the land, so the Thinkingman charged him rent. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman a Monopolist.

The Thinkingman thought and made a law; then he nominated law makers and the Workingman voted for them—the law makers adopted a Constitution, to prevent any change.

The Workingman worked and made a gun; then he gave it to the Thinkingman for the rent. The Thinkingman said, "What good is a gun to me unless I have a man to use it? I can't risk my own life." So the Workingman voted an appropriation out of his wages to the Thinkingman to hire a man to use the gun. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman an Aristocrat.

The appropriation set the Workingman behind with his rent, so the Thinkingman sent the hired man (with the gun) to turn the Workingman out of his tenement. The Workingman called the Thinkingman an Oppressor.

Now the question is, Who really dispossessed that Workingman?—Bolton Hall.

—— o ——

Macaulay on Liberty.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her hideous aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But wo to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day, he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. The remedy is to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery they may indeed wait forever.—T. B. Macaulay.

—— o ——

Listerism.

I am glad to see Dr. Leverson speaks much more respectfully of Listerism than he did Instead of "the bacterial fad," "an exaggeration of the doctrine of cleanliness taught and practised by every good surgeon," etc., it has become "the very great advance the last 35 years have witnessed in surgery." Such is the difference between addressing a crowd whom he supposes know nothing about it, and an individual whom he perceives does.

What has it to do with vivisection? Well, I assert, and I refer for proof, as before, to the nearest half dozen surgeons, (1) that Lister's methods are founded on "the bacterial fad"; (2) that "the bacterial fad" was raised from a plausible conjecture to a branch of positive science by inoculation of a great many animals with carefully sorted germs; and that this could have been done in no other way; (3) that Lister's "exaggeration" consisted in proving, by experiments, requiring others of the same nature, after this was done (for before it would have been impossible) that certain harmless antiseptic fluids will destroy all known pathogenic germs, which "soap, water, towels," and other substitutes of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance will not.

As to anesthetics, which Dr. Leverson has chosen to bring in; I submit (1) that to introduce them was made possible only thru experimental proof that they would render an otherwise very painful operation painless; (2) that this proof was necessarily furnished by experiments, either on the operator, his patients, or dumb animals; (3) that we may safely leave the two first alternatives out. Very few patients would submit to chloroform without experimental proof of its virtues; while the inventor's chloroforming himself and then amputating his own leg, would be much like the lord high executioner's qualifying to cut off other people's heads by first cutting off his own. It would not only be unpleasant, but involve some physical difficulty. Not only medical history but common sense must teach all this. Common sense accordingly teaches that the greatest victory of humanity over pain was effected thru vivisection and could have been effected in no other way.

C. L. JAMES.

AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

The following named persons will receive and receipt for subscriptions fo FREE SOCIETY.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—H. Bauer, 73 Springgarden Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—M. Kisluck, 1108 Baltic Ave.
BALTIMORE—M. Kahn, 1139 Granby St.
BOSTON—K. A. Snellenberg, 54 Haskins St., Roxbury.
CHICAGO—T. Appel, 1228 Milwaukee Av.
CLEVELAND—E. Schilling, 4 Elwell St.
COLUMBUS, Ohio—H. M. Lyndall, 416 E. Mound St.
LONDON, Eng.—T. Cantwell, 127 Ossulton St., N. W.
PHILADELPHIA—Natasha Notkin, 242 N. Second St.
SAN FRANCISCO—R. Rieger, 322 Larkin St.

FOR BOSTON.

The Liberals meet every Sunday evening, 8 p. m., at Phoenix Hall, 724 Washington St. Free discussion and free admission. All interested in sociology are cordially invited.

April 13—"The Basis of Anarchism." A. H. Simpson.

April 20—"The Relation of Anarchism to Religion." S. Press.

RECEIPTS.

Myers, Albrecht, Deardorff, Day, Koplowitz, Eisenman, Berkowitz, Task, Mikol, Snellenberg, Vella, Rosenhouse, Finkelstein, Dinowitzer, Schwarz, Lee, each $1. Jensen, Weisslander, Baginsky, Dissel, Riedel, Sparling, Nigh, each 50c. Smith, Braff, each 75c.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY

PETER KROPOTKIN.

This interesting autobiography of the well known Anarchist and scientist, is one of the most important books of the Anarchist movement, as well as one of general interest. "He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself," says the noted European critic Georg Brandes. "One finds in his book the psychology of official Russia and of the masses underneath, of Russia struggling forward and of Russia stagnant. And he strives to give the history of his contemporaries rather than his own history. The record of his life contains, consequently, the history of Russia during his lifetime, as well as the history of the labor movement in Europe during the last half-century."

The book contains two portraits of the author, and one of his mother. It is excellently printed and well bound; 519 pp.

Price $2.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

THE FAMOUS SPEECHES OF THE EIGHT ANARCHISTS IN COURT

AND

ALTGELD'S REASONS FOR PARDONING FIELDEN, NEEBE AND SCHWAB.

This book contains a half-tone picture of our eight comrades and one of th monument erected at Waldheim cemetary to the memory of those murdered by the government. This is the best edition of the book ever printed. It containes 168 pages.

Price 25 cents.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

BOOK LIST.

ALL ORDERS FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

Essays on the Social Problem.....H. Addis	05
The New Hedonism.....Grant Allen	05
Plain Words on the Woman Question..... "	05
God and the State.....Bakunin	05
The Same. (London edition.).....	10
The Proletarian Revolt, a History of the Paris Commune of 1871.....G. B. Benham	25
Prodigal Daughter; or, The Price of Virtue.....Rachel Campbell	25
The Worm Turns.....V. de Cleyre	10
The Emancipation of Society from Government.....Dallan Doyle	05
Hilda's Home. Cloth $1.....Rosa Graul	50
Moribund Society and Anarchy. Cloth 60c.....Jean Grave	25
A Physician in the House.....Dr. J. H. Greer	2.75
The Education of the Feminine Will.....Harlor	05
Motherhood in Freedom..... "	05
Government Analyzed.....Kelso	1.00
How to Dispose of Surplus Products and Employ Surplus Labor.....Kinghorn-Jones	05
Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal.....Peter Kropotkin	05
An Appeal to the Young..... "	05
Anarchist Morality..... "	05
Field, Factory and Workshop.. "	45
Law and Authority..... "	05
Memoirs of a Revolutionist..... "	2.00
Paris Commune..... "	05
The State: Its Historic Role..... "	10
The Wage System. Revolutionary Government..... "	05
Social Democracy in Germany.....Gustave Landauer	02
History of the Commune. Cloth.....Lissagaray	75
The Economics of Anarchy.....Dyer D. Lum	25
Anarchy. (Is It All a Dream? James F. Morton, Jr.)..... "	10
A Talk about Anarchist Communism between two Workers.....	05
A Chambermaid's Diary.....Octave Mirbeau	50
Commune of Paris.....Wm. Morris	05
Monopoly..... "	05
Responsibility and Solidarity in the Labor Struggle.....M. Nettlau	05
God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition...W. Nevill	05
The Pyramid of Tyranny.....F. Domela Nieuweuhuis	05
A Cityless and Countryless World. Cloth.....Herman Olerich	1.00
The Slavery of Our Times. Cloth.....Leo Tolstoy	75
Mating or Marrying, Which?.....W. H. Van Ornum	05
Evolution and Revolution...Reclus	05
Direct Action vs. Direct Legislation.....J. Blair Smith	05
Helen Harlow's Vow.....Lois Waisbrooker	25
Perfect Motherhood. Cloth..... '	1.00
The Temperance Folly..... "	10
Wherefore Investigating Co..... "	25
Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses.....E. C. Walker	15
Revival of Puritanism..... "	10
Vice: Its Friends and Foes..... "	15
What the Young Need to Know "	15
The Ballad of Reading Gaol.....Oscar Wilde	10
Life Without a Master. 336 pp. Cloth $1.50.....J. Wilson	1.00
The New Dispensation. Cloth. "	1.50
The Coming Woman...Lillie White	05
The Chicago Martyrs: The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court; and Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab.....	25

History of the French Revolution.

— BY —

C. L. JAMES.

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

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

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

It proposed to issue the history in book form. It will be printed on good paper in large type, and neatly bound. For this purpose a certain number of advance subscriptions are necessary, and will received at $1 for cloth bound copies and 50 cents for paper. Send orders to

ABE ISAAK Jr., 515 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.

IT IS THE BEST MEDICAL BOOK FOR THE HOME YET PRODUCED.

— BY —

DR. J. H. GREER.

IT HAS 16 COLORED PLATES SHOWING DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY

This book is up to date in every particular. It will save you doctor bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies. The book recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs. It teaches simple common sense methods in accordance with Nature's laws. It does not endorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife. It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods. It is entirely free from technical rubbish. It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure.

It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both prevented and cured. It gives the best known treatment for La Grippe, diphteria, catarrh, consumption, appendicitis and every other disease. This book is not an advertisement and has no medecine to sell. It tells you how to live that you may prolong life. It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising war on vaccination and the use of anti-toxine. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases. The chapter on painless midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of air, sunshine, and water as medecines. This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting the book. It is printed in clear type on good book paper, beautifully bound in cloth and gold letters. It has 800 octavo pages.

PRICE $2.75. **SEND ORDERS TO FREE SOCIETY.**

MORIBUND SOCIETY AND ANARCHY.

Translated from the French of

JEAN GRAVE

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

CONTENTS:

The Anarchistic Idea and Its Development.—Individualism and Solidarity.—Too Abstract.—Is Man Evil?—Property.—The Family.—Authority.—The Magistracy.—The Right to Punish and the Savants.—The Influence of Environment.—"The Country."—The Patriotism of the Governing Classes.—Militarism.—Colonization.—There are no Inferior Races.—Why We are Revolutionist.—As to What Means follow from the Principles.—Revolution and Anarchy.—The Efficacy of Reforms.—The Experimental Method.—What Then?—Anarchism and its Practicability.—The Unvarnished Truth.

The book is printed in large type, and consists of 176 pages.

Price, paper cover, 25c; bound 60c. Five copies $1.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

FIELD, FACTORY AND WORKSHOP.

BY PETER KROPOTKIN.

This interesting work has now been published in a popular edition. No student of social and economical affairs can do without it.

The book contains the following chapters: The Decentralization of Industries.—The Possibilitits of Agriculture.—Small Industrial Villages.—Brain Work and Manual Work.—Conclusion.—Appendix

Price, paper cover, 40 cents, postpaid 45 cents.

Order from FREE SOCIETY.

DER ZIGEUNER.

Eine Wochenschrift fuer Alle und Keinen.

Das Leben geliebt and die Freiheit gekuesst,
Und den Frauen das Herz gegeben,
Und den letzten Kuss auf das schwarze Geruest,
Das ist Zigeuner-Leben.

Geschäftsplatz: Gustav Sturz, 519, No. 85 Dearborn, Chicago.