

MY 6-1902



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 18.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 360.

### Armageddon.

We sit here and whisper and wonder  
Of the woes that are coming on earth,  
When the stooped, silent toilers in thunder  
Shall ask what the ages are worth.  
There'll be curses and cries for the reasons,  
And a tempest of feet on the stairs;  
And kings will turn white in their treasons,  
And prelates grow pale at their prayers.  
There'll be cries—there'll be beating of hammers,  
For anarchs will gather again;  
There'll be knocking at gates—there'll be clamors  
By night—there'll whirlwinds of men.  
—Edwin Markham.

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### The Evil of Militarism.

The deplorable outbreak of war in South Africa makes the present a suitable time to study the evil of militarism. Like all human phenomena, war is produced by causes varying both with regard to quantity and quality. If one analyses these causes, just the same for the wars of wild tribes and barbarian races, just the same as for those of the civilized nations of our own times, one sees that the principle generative causes are economic causes. It would be easy to demonstrate this fact if it were allowable, in this article to bring forward proofs, but it is sufficient for each one to recall to memory the most recent wars in order to perceive this truth at once. It is clearly apparent to all that the motives that inspired and gave rise to the Spanish-American war, were not in any way the wish to set men free, to help those in revolt to gain their liberty—their autonomy. These motives were simply those of the material interests of a small portion of the North American nation—that is to say, the desire to acquire command of the mouths of navigable rivers for commerce, to keep down or suppress unions, to take possession of rich and fertile countries for the sake of their products. What has been taking place in the Philippines is a startling proof of this. Even more striking is the present war between the British and the Boers in South Africa. If the Transvaal were not the country where the gold is, the veldt would not be stained with blood of brave men today. The moral and political causes of war only exist in appearance. I do not mean to say that they are not the origin of all war, but I say that they are only so in a very secondary manner. In fact, by way of analysis all these political and moral causes may be summed up as economic causes, which are primary causes. The conquest of power, of political preponderance, is only, in short, the desire to

acquire wealth. Motives of justice and love of humanity are put in front, "to set going" and give reason, or excuse, for hundreds of struggles; these resolve themselves into purely material motives, and, if one takes the trouble to examine with care the originating causes of these struggles, one comes back always to economic causes. Sometimes historical conditions necessitate militarism. They would cause no war if they kept within the bounds of simply the abstract result of recovering lost prestige, but these conditions sometimes have the appearance of engendering war. In reality economic conditions alone give rise to these wars. The amelioration of economic conditions, in fact, always takes place among the nations whose arms are victorious. It is important to notice that victory always brings in its train an amelioration of economic conditions. I only speak of improvement in the affairs of the governing bodies, and the class possessing riches, or monied people. It may happen, and it has happened, that victory has aggravated the economic situation of the governed classes of the proletariat, slave, serf, or salaried.

One of the secondary causes of war is militarism. In order to have wars, there must be professional soldiers. Whenever and wherever professional military men exist, war must necessarily exist too. The effect reacts on the primary cause, and becomes itself a cause. Militarism engenders war because professional military men desire it most ardently to take place. They want it, and stand in need of it. There is a general saying that the soldier, the professional military man, takes up soldiering from love of his country. This notion is a very false one. As we wrote in 1893, in our "Psychology of the Professional Military Man," the military profession is a trade—a calling followed, like any other. It is followed, like all trades or employments, simply and solely for individual ends, in a purely selfish interest, that of the individual engaged in it. The military profession brings to those who follow it certain drawbacks and certain advantages, as is the case in all professions. Every professional military man becomes a soldier, not from patriotism, or love of his country, but simply in order that he may succeed in the career that he has embraced, and acquire riches, honor, and glory; in a word, from personal interests. The end in view is the same to all men—for the scientist, the literary man,

grocer, engineer, merchant, or soldier. The only difference consists in the means adopted for arriving at this same end. They vary, according to the calling. The end sought after by each professional soldier is simply the material benefit of the individual. The private correspondence of officers allows this to be, more or less, clearly seen. We have brought up thousands of examples of this in our works, and it would be easy to find numerous others to quote from, by pursuing our researches among letters, books, and memoirs. Besides, is it not the custom in England to give very large rewards to victorious generals? and did not Napoleon I follow the same custom? Listen to the comments made by young English officers today. What makes them so keen to go to South Africa? What makes those left behind so sad? Is it not the desire for promotion to which active service leads quickly? All this shows clearly that it is mainly solicitude for the advancement and success of purely individual and selfish interest, that inspires the professional soldier in the exercise of his duty, and not any care for the glory and greatness of his country. In form of analysis one falls back still on economic causes, and it may well be that, if one analyzed still further, one would find, simply and purely, physiological causes. Man, in fact, acts so as to procure the satisfaction of his wants, and these wants are the effects of his organs. In this century, militarism has perfected its organization; it has got hold of a greater number of individuals than before, and, on this head, it seems to have developed greatly. Every phenomena acts on the individuals who undergo it or are conscious of it, or have knowledge of it, and this action is all the greater to each individual, the more this phenomena is repeated, the greater the number of the human beings it acts upon. It therefore follows that the military profession influences those who follow it, either temporarily or permanently. This influence produces in those who follow a military calling permanently—that is to say, in military professionals, moral and intellectual effects peculiar to, and specific of, this calling. We studied them nearly six years ago, in our "Psychologie du Militaire Professionnel." We summed up this study of the mental condition and attitude of the military professional mind in plain terms. The professional soldier is affected with a state of moral anestheticism and of profound infatuation; his morality is defaced, and analogous, in many points, to that of sav-

ages. Passive obedience destroys his individuality, breaks it down, and turns him into a mere automaton. He is servile to his superiors, and by a natural reaction, arrogant to his subordinates. The army is the school of crime. It was in 1893 that we wrote these deductions from our observations, and it made a disturbance in most places, for our writings stirred up anger, having lifted the veil that sealed from view the essence and reality of "military life."

Today in France, at least, it would be both superfluous and stupid to repeat the views that we then set forth. In gazettes, in reviews, even in books, they meet us in every page. These views have certainly spread and gained ground, but their progress have been made with much noise—very stormily—in consequence of which the lowest strata of the population has not been reached. They have only been breathed over, and lightly touched. In fact, this noisy awakening rather caused a reaction among the masses of the populace (I speak of France alone), and gave a fresh impulse of vitality to their love of the soldier, surrounded in imagination by a halo of victory and glory, or simply admired by them for his disregard of life. However it be with regard to the penetration of these ideas deducted from facts, among the masses of mankind it is a certain fact that, to look upon militarism as having deplorable effects from a moral as well as an intellectual point of view is now common ground. In an inquiry that *L'Humanité Nouvelle* undertook to have instituted into this subject, and to which one hundred and thirty-six of the cleverest and most eminent scientists and men of letters of the day replied, one can see that four-fifths of the answers affirmed their belief in the injurious effects of "militarism" on the "morals and minds" of men. It must not, however, be forgotten that every phenomenon has varied effects. Militarism has good effects as well as bad—rare it is true—but still existent. To individuals of the country proletariat, it does good, as it throws them into surroundings very different to those where they usually live. In consequence their horizons are widened out, and their mental powers developed. For certain members of the governing class, and of the town proletariat, militarism when it only acts in a transitory way for a few years, inculcates habits of order and discipline into the mind, and in consequence, accustoms the individual to practise self-control and self-discipline. Other means would no doubt produce similar effects on men, but we must, nevertheless, acknowledge that military life produces these good effects in certain characters—sometimes. But still, these good effects are not sufficient reasons to prove the necessity or utility of the existence of militarism. It is enough for us to concede that militarism does not act only in an injurious way, but that it acts also for good—the good done by it being considerably less than the mischief. To sum up—war and militarism then have bad effects. Violence, which is one of the essentials of war, is repugnant to most minds nowadays. The stronger individuals become psychically, the weaker they become physically, and the more they shrink from and abhor the brutality of fighting and the horrors of the battle. This, then, ought to

be modified in accordance with, and follow on, physiological modifications.

Consequently, despite the present trouble in the Transvaal, it appears to us that M. de Molinar is right in his views when he says that war is gradually dying out. The military battle is giving way slowly and surely to the struggles of industry and commerce. We do not think that this last, or commercial struggle, is less death-dealing than the military battle, perhaps it is even more so. In any case, races are more enfeebled by this last than by military warfare. Women suffer from the depressing and degenerating influences of the factories and shops where they work. Their children, whose fathers are weakened by their way of living, are themselves weak, miserable creatures—degenerates, dedicated to a life of suffering, or an early death, happy if they leave no offspring still more sickly and degenerate than themselves. Drink, this "necessity" of the conditions of life and of labor among the inhabitants of towns, and its awful misery, increases these degenerating conditions, and engenders individuals and races that are daily growing weaker and wasting away. Certainly a military battle sometimes does the contrary, by destroying the strong and the robust, but this "opposite selection" never has the same intensity as the struggle for industrial work. Before being killed in battle the strong robust man often leaves a family to perpetuate the race, all the stronger and more robust, from the fact that the wife has not suffered the unhealthy influences of work in a factory. In the industrial struggle things are not, and cannot be, the same; for one thing, a child from its earliest years is consigned to mines and factories where he develops, vegetates, and dies, or gives to the world a race of weak and feeble men—an easy prey to all the elements of destruction. For the proletariat, the industrial struggle, as necessitated by our economic conditions, is more murderous, more destructive, than any military battle. For the ruling class, on the contrary, it is less weakening, less killing, than a military battle. War did not spare the lives of the rich, the powerful, and the strong. Oftentimes, even if they were not killed, their power melted away and they in their turn became degenerates, slaves, serfs, toilers! For the majority of the wealthy class, a state of military warfare is a less satisfactory condition of life than that of industrial and commercial strife. In the first form of strife the risks run were greater for benefits evidently similar. War, then, or military strife, shows a tendency to disappear. Its movement in this direction is very slow, impeded, as it is, by such a crowd of material and personal interests. One of the causes of this slow progress is the continual transformations and changes in armaments, the trying without ceasing, to attain to perfection. It is to the interest of all those who reap benefits from these armaments that they should continue in existence, and they will continue to exist, for many a long day yet, without any need for war to break out to call for them to be renewed and improved, for the inventive genius of the human mind can make excuses enough in order to render constant changes necessary. Besides, war frightens rulers, who do not know what consequences might entail,

or what it might result in. A war between European powers would set in motion immense crowds of humanity. What would be the result of these startling upheavals? Would not the power of the capitalist be overshadowed by them? Would not the fighting instincts of the masses of the people be awakened by such a gigantic strife? Becoming thus conscious of their own power, would not these masses break into revolt? Might they not triumph over their rulers? This fear on the part of the rulers prevents war, and for a long time may keep back the break down. This time of total extinction is kept still further off by the fact that colonial wars, such as the war in South Africa today, against peoples notably inferior in strength and therefore less dangerous to encounter, ensure certain gains, and, as we have said, changes of armament become necessary.

Humanity is tending towards democracy. All impartial and observant minds must perceive, and can verify the fact of this tendency, which is distinctly opposed to the spirit of militarism. The spirit of the army is essentially one of authority. It is impossible for the army, therefore, to become democratic. Napoleon I stated this very clearly and directly in saying, "Armies are essentially monarchical," and undoubtedly this is the prevailing spirit in England. From the opposition existing between this tendency to democracy, on the one hand, and the spirit of militarism on the other, a strong antagonism has sprung into being which has produced as its results outbursts of strife more or less violent. This feeling against, and opposition to, militarism, is growing, but from having been forced on too rapidly, a reaction has set in, the result of which is an increase in the tendency to support militarism, and its consequent acquirement of fresh vitality. The military profession is, as we have said in the conclusion of our "Psychology of the Professional Soldier," a medium by which we are shown undoubted proofs of the original descent of our civilized nations from savage ancestors. It is, as Professor Giard wrote in 1899, "a monstrous survival of barbarous ages," a "relic of barbarism," and in the language of biologists, a "microcosm." This living proof or microbe will exist for long years to come, in civilized life, just as in animal organisms microbes have a prolonged and tenacious existence, parasites more or less injurious to the organism they inhabit, more or less inimical and opposed to the general tendencies of their victim's nature. It may even happen, according to circumstances, that these microbes become endowed with increased vitality, more or less, for a long time. This condition of things exists in the present day; the present display of militarism shown in the United States, and by Great Britain, furnishes undeniable proofs of this. The United States have commenced to form colonies, and to make conquests—by reason of these things they will be drawn into a state of militarism if they continue to follow the path in which they have started. Already they have raised an army, and increased their "expenditure for purposes of war." In Great Britain exactly the same thing is taking place. Certain economic conditions favor the spread of "imperialism," of which one

fatal consequence, as Mr. John Morley has said, is militarism. The first fruits of this imperialism are now being gathered in the Transvaal. In England also, the military spirit is on the increase, and we shall not be surprised if, before very long, conscription is decreed by law.

Another symptom of the strong vitality of militarism was shown in the czar's proposition with regard to disarmament, and the views expressed in Count Muraviev's pamphlet. Had these views been acted upon, militarism would increase rather than diminish. Any limitations to, or interdictions of explosives, balloons that can be steered, sub-marine boats, and other engines of warfare, such as those proposed at the abortive peace conference, far from putting a stop to war, would only, by rendering it less deadly, increase its frequency. The disappearance of war means the disappearance of militarism. Capitalism does not wish for this disappearance, because it is favorable to its own interests to keep up both war and militarism, particularly the latter, which, by enabling capitalism to have a standing army, ensures the maintenance of its power. War can never be totally abolished until, by the inventions of the human intellect, it has been rendered so deadly that men will refuse to engage in it. The proposition of the czar to limit the soaring of the powers of human genius tends to the conservation of militarism, to its preservation, and not to its destruction or annihilation; any attempt to arrest or limit the flights of man's inventive genius would indeed prove futile. Its wings cannot be clipped, the bare idea of such a thing is absurd and childish. Just as an animal that places itself in front of an express train is swept away like a wisp of straw, so will autocracy and capitalism seek their own destruction if they seek to stand in the way and impede the march of progress as decreed by fate. Capitalism, as we see it in our midst, demands militarism, if not war; not necessarily war between nations equally matched in any way—it does not ask for that, the risks are too heavy. No, the alterations and improvement, in armaments are sufficient for capitalism, with a few colonial wars thrown in, and a goodly share of the Continents inhabited by black or yellow races—those human creatures so easy to conquer because so badly armed. Militarism is needed besides to "preserve order at home," which means the oppression and overworking of the greater masses of the population by a limited number of rulers—the ruling of the many by the few. A force of police are an absolute necessity. On account of these requirements, capitalism wishes to keep up militarism, seeking, like the czar, to strengthen it, under the pretext of disarmament. Militarism bears within itself the germ of death. All that exists is constantly undergoing change—all that is must some day cease to be. The more intensified militarism becomes, the sooner its end must come. The fatal hour approaches—it must surely arrive—for what may seem an age to men is but a moment to humanity.

A. HAMON.

To support government, is to aid tyranny. To become a part of it, is to join hands with organized murder.—Henry Addis.

#### Who are the Philosophers?

I observe that there is no little friction just now among those designated under the general name Anarchists as to whom the designation properly applies. J. F. Morton, editor of *Discontent*, has defined the matter down to a very plain thing! Some of us more rudimentary ones have supposed that Anarchy was a social state in which there would be in all our social and personal conditions absolute individual liberty—at least as far as the possibilities of humanity would permit. We had supposed that all that stood in the way of this, law, Church, custom, or government, any restraint by any other person is contrary to Anarchist theory; that the means taken to attain this end, either the passive resistance methods of Tolstoy, the revolutionary theories of the "reds," as commonly called, the assassinate violence of a Bresci or a Czolgosz, have nothing to do with the question of whether a person is an Anarchist or not. Some of us too had the temerity to suppose that as individuals, we were philosophic to a degree at least in maintaining our separate ideals, differing tho they might, each with the other. But now it seems we were all mistaken, we rudimentary ones: there is a cut-and-dried "philosophical" that just fits to real Anarchy and all other kinds are "no good." Love, taffy, goody-goody non-resistance, gentle cooing with our opponents as a whole, who are "obeying their convictions of duty," etc. Anarchism is also, we have found out, to "obey the law while it exists"! O wonderful philosophic Anarchy! This kind is doubtless simon pure, it out-Tuckers Tucker himself. It relegates "Instead of a Book" to a back seat, and in its stead places absolute, unquestioning obedience to law, for when it does not "exist" is the only time that we must not obey!

Seriously, is it not about time for us Anarchists to have done with such quibbling evasions? Let us manfully acknowledge there are Anarchists and Anarchists; that some do believe in assassinating tyrants, some in non-resistance, some in self-defense, some in collective effort, some in purely individual effort; but all in absolute individual liberty, believing that results will be the best guide to a normal use of the same. I am a believer in such action as shall in the light of my own reason, aided by my own instinctive expression, seem the truly advisable in the conditioning of the hour. One cannot say one method or another is best independently of circumstances of the case. Anarchists acknowledge no ukase, acknowledge no pronouncement. We have certain ideas: we propose to live them each for himself. We do not propose to have anybody, not even a comrade, define us out of our individuality by allowing anybody to judge for us whether we are "philosophical" or not!

J. M. CLARKE.

#### The Social Revolution.

While I may not be a glittering success as a soldier in the army of revolutionary radicalism, still I imagine I am an Anarchist, and know something about the social revolution.

As I view it, the Social Revolution is not a thing of the future to be constantly prat-

ing about; but a thing which is and exists, in other words as my old chum and comrade Dyer D. Lum used to put it, we are in this Social Revolution now.

The great railroad strike of 1894, the Homestead riot, the late general strike in Belgium, and a thousand other things of a similar character, are manifestations of discontent and social unrest. This together with constant spread of Socialistic ideas (I use the word Socialistic in its broad sense) to which we constantly give expression, constitute the Social Revolution, which will ultimately achieve Freedom and make the world a better place to live in.

H. W. KOEHN.

#### Medical.

I should not deem it worth while to take any further notice of Mr. C. L. James but that the boldness of his assertions might perhaps mislead a good many persons if not refuted. It is a strange fact, that every advocate of vaccination and its kindred absurdities, falls into the vice of making bold assertions without knowledge, and as a consequence often contrary to the truth.

If instead of referring "to the nearest half dozen surgeons," either imaginary or as uninformed as himself, Mr. James had taken the pains to study the history of anesthetics, he would have learned that vivisection had absolutely nothing to do with its discovery, and that it was its discovery and not vivisection, or the nonsensical germ theory, which furnished the groundwork of Lister's successes in surgery.

Furthermore "the bacterial fad" was the source of the errors committed by Lister; his antiseptic sprays, to which the sham science of bacteriology led him, killed many patients and injured many of the assistants at his operations. I positively deny that there is any "science" in the germ theory of disease.

As was proved by Béchamp—it is not the cell, but certain minute bodies within the cell that are the LIFE UNIT. That when the cell becomes diseased, these minute bodies—to which Béchamp gave the name of microzymas—become diseased, and are thus the consequences not the causes of diseases.

Pasteur first denied Béchamp's discoveries, and then impudently tried to appropriate them as his discoveries; but in so doing grotesquely transformed them and gave currency to the fallacy which for some time has dominated the medical profession and the public who, unfortunately but too often accept in blind faith all "the statements of the medicine men" exactly as do savage tribes.

But of all this doubtless Mr. James and his "nearest half dozen surgeons" are as uninformed as are the Chinese medical men. Indeed I have heard of one of these who after graduating in England has gone to Montpellier to learn there from the successors of the great Béchamp—now over eighty years of age and living in dignified retirement in Paris—the great facts discovered and elucidated by Béchamp whose name will shine as one of the greatest suns in medicine when that of the charlatan Pasteur will be forgotten or remembered only for infamy.

M. R. LEVERSON.

# FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

Published Weekly by..... A. ISAAC.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 331 WALNUT ST., 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 order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 4, 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.

## Notice.

Correspondents and exchanges will please take note that we have moved from 515 Carroll Ave., and change and direct their mail accordingly. Our new address is 331 WALNUT ST.

Also all mail intended for LA PROTESTA UMANA should be sent to the same address.

## Notes.

We are able to announce that the volume of Helena Born's writings, "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," is almost ready, and will be published on her birthday, May 11. About that time, the subscribers, whose pledges have made possible the publication of this book, will receive their copies. A biography of Helena Born, with an account of her gifted friend and co-worker, Miriam Daniell—examples of whose works have been appearing in FREE SOCIETY—is included in the book, and a fine portrait will face the title-page.

As the subscriptions already raised pay only the mere cost of printing, it is hoped that additional copies will be sold to defray the expenses of mailing, etc. The edition consists of 500 copies, and is strictly limited. FREE SOCIETY will receive orders at any time.

Subscribers to C. L. James' "History of the French Revolution," are requested to send their remittances in as soon as possible. The serial which appeared in FREE SOCIETY has been carefully revised and corrected, and will be without those errors that inevitably slip in unnoticed in newspaper work.

The appellate division of the New York Supreme Court confined the sentence against John Most some time ago. Now the august judges of the Supreme Court are revolving in their minds the question whether he has grounds for further appeal.

We ask our friends for a little patience as

## FREE SOCIETY

to orders and correspondence. Our moving necessitated some unavoidable delay.

### The Home Case.

Discontent renews its appeal for funds that are necessary to defend the cases of Lois Waisbrooker and Mattie D. Penhallow, as the response has been rather slow. We hope that friends of liberty will not fail to contribute a small mite each, so that the burden will not fall on a few. Send money to the treasurer of the defense fund, Oliver A. Verity, Lake Bay, Wash.

News reaches us that the postmaster general has ordered the postoffice at Home to be abolished. This action is taken in response to the recommendation of the grand jury which asserted that the residents of Home were misusing the office for unlawful purposes. Altho a court decided that the accused were not guilty, the postmaster acts against them notwithstanding! The infamous usurpation of power by the postal officials seemingly knows no bounds.

### By the Wayside.

The idea to celebrate the first of May as a workingmen's holiday, to demonstrate to the exploiters the power and the magnitude of the exploited originated in Paris, in 1889, being proposed by an American, and was hailed enthusiastically among the toilers in Europe. There the idea gained prominence, and alarmed the capitalists greatly. Hundreds of thousands of slaves laid down their tools and enjoyed their own holiday. But corrupted leadership, especially the leaders of the Social Democracy in Germany, soon perceived that such rebellious spirit would jeopardize their success of "political action," and the duped workers were induced to celebrate their holiday the first Sunday in May, which, of course, did not arouse the animosity of the employers, but reduced the idea to a puerile farce; and thus it is that the first of May celebration at present has no significance whatsoever in the labor movement, only creating a complacent smile on the face of the employer.

In Russia the people are "awakening," and the "religious teachings" of Leo Tolstoy terrifies the government. Over thirty army officers have been arrested because they politely but positively declined to read the instructions to their soldiers that they would have to shoot demonstrating students and workingmen on the first occasion. What a reflection this is on the American army officers, who pride themselves on shooting and perpetrating cruel brutalities upon the "free" American worker.

The American government rather glories in the emulation of the methods of the Russian government than in the humanitarian and democratic actions of the Russian army officers. The fruits of imperialism are the same everywhere. Even the American ambassador in St. Petersburg testifies that the policeman in this country is as brutal as the Russian Cossack.

The reign of terror inaugurated by the

American troops in the Philippines equals, if it does not excel, the atrocities known in the history of Russian warfare. Even the censorship and the persecution of editors in Manila, who still labored under the illusion that they were "free American citizens," are more stringent than those of the monarchies of Europe.

"Thruout the South the illiterate Negro sends his child to school, the illiterate white man sends his into the mill," says Commissioner Lacey of North Carolina. This is, perhaps, an explanation of the bigotry and cruel lynchings in the South.

"Messages of presidents and mayors are not always superfluous," says the editor of the Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung. "Chicago, for instance, learned from the mayor's last message that it could be a tolerable city if all that he proposes and heartily wishes existed, or could be fulfilled. The document shows at least this much: If the beloved Lord would take the whole city administration to heaven, exterminate all tax-dodgers with a thunder-bolt and send instead able and genuine angel administrators and rich citizens with generous tax-paying proclivities, Chicago would be on its right track to be transformed into a good and honorably conducted commonwealth."

"How much did we workers expect from the invalid and old age pension laws in Germany," said an old Socialist the other day, "and what has been the result? Previous to the enactment of the law the State, the city, and the village had to take care of its poor and helpless, and now the worker carries the whole burden on his own shoulders, while our opponents smile sarcastically when the 'reform' measure is mentioned." Yes, and no matter what law may be made "for the benefit of the laboring classes," the latter will pay the bill as long as government and inequality exist.

Not long ago Comrade Winn assured the readers of FREE SOCIETY that even the life of his enemy was sacred to him—a noble trait which I appreciated. But when he wishes that the "fashionable swells" of the Parisian boulevards be supplied with hemp instead of leather neckties, I am somewhat puzzled regarding his consistency. There was a time when I walked on boulevards with fashionable neckties. Earnest people supplied me with books which made me conscious of my parasitical existence; but I don't think hemp would have made me a better and more useful man.

Robinson Kemp, of Indian Territory, has been "pardoned" by President Roosevelt after sixteen years' imprisonment. It has come out that the old man, now eighty years of age, is not guilty of the murder he was charged with. Broken down in health, the old man has now the freedom to walk the streets looking for work, or enter another prison—the poor house. Such is "justice" administered by law.

Discontented people there are many, but only few are real Anarchists and Socialists.

INTERLOPER.

## The Uses of Fool Laws.

Everything, says Artemus Ward, was made for some wise purpose; tho, in case of the measles and New England rum, their purpose is not easily discovered. St. Augustine, defending a similar thesis against the Manicheans, some time before Artemus was born, admitted a difficulty about vindicating the ways of the Creator when it came to mice. Fool laws are not mentioned as Manichean arguments, either by saint or clown; but this I suspect is because their grand efflorescence occurred later than Augustine's time or even Ward's. It is a product of Democracy, and attained full vigor only after the triumph of democratic ideas—that is, in this country, after the civil war. Nevertheless, a few sagacious individuals, reformers principally, have had occasion to study fool legislation with a special view to its function in the Universal Scheme, and orthodoxly concluded that it does not prove the existence of an independent Principle of Evil, but that, as with the old woman's firewood, "the Lord sent it, if the devil brought it." William Lloyd Garrison thanked someone—whether God or John Mason, is not clear from his letter, for the Fugitive Slave Law; because the Fugitive Slave Law—Providence per John Mason—gave occasion to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A like indefinite feeling of gratitude—good Lord, for sending, good devil, for bringing—came over me when I read the New York anti-Anarchist law. Before that, I was afraid that, as Comrade Morton expressed it, "the labors of the anti-Anarchist mountain had ended in the proverbial *ridiculus mus*." Yes, I was afraid. I do not believe in building a wall on purpose to run one's head against it, tho it is a glorious truth that sufficiently hard heads, even without much brains inside, can get thru any wall—as was proved at Sebastopol. But if the labors of the anti-Anarchist mountain had absolutely failed, fizzled, and flattened out, then Anarchism would have been confronted with a new and serious danger. The position of a tolerated, patronized, mildly criticized eccentricity of a few, has been fatal to many a promising movement which had grown like a weed under the hot sun of persecution. The Quakers, we all know, were more like the Anarchists than any previous sect; but they quit coming to church in Adam's garb and doing anything else interesting—when? When the world's people found out that they thrive on persecution, and quit persecuting them.

Thanks to the Lord,—the devil, and the fool-legislator, there is no longer any immediate fear of Anarchism's retiring on its laurels in that style. If the New York anti-Anarchist statute does not arouse the New York Anarchists to unprecedented activity, or if it does not, as foretold by the *Virginian-Pilot*, make converts to Anarchism faster than anything since the French law (passed in consequence of Carnot's fate) from which it was imitated for a like occasion, then human nature has changed recently, or Anarchists do not represent human nature as much as their neighbors. Neither of which propositions I believe. It seems as if others saw the probability as well as I. The absence, in the bourgeois press, of anything much about the most revolutionary statute

in American history, except here and there a strong condemnation, does not suggest that even "the little creatures whom Providence, for some mysterious purpose, permits to edit the majority of Republican newspapers," regard it with as much enthusiasm as might have been their case during a short period in September last. In truth, the folly of this statute, signed by Terrified Ted's late lieutenant, forcibly suggests that the United States contain only one relation to Belaam's quadruped of sufficient magnitude to have originated it. If you don't know who he is by his blinkers—never mind. That such a law can come to a test without being declared unconstitutional is too much to believe; but if it should,—so many the more speedy converts to Anarchism, *voida tout*.

The fool law likely to be passed at Washington, can do no harm to Anarchists or anyone else, except those innocent individuals who exercise their ancient and constitutional privilege of abusing "public servants" in a way which at once shows they mean no mischief. But the number of such people is considerable; and the position held by some of them is high. One of them is General D. B. Henderson, now speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1893, General Henderson entertained a soldiers' gathering at Chicago with one of those tirades against war (and therefore government) which mean nothing particular. He said, among other things:

"Young as we are, as a nation, we have spent eighteen long years in battle—four of them in deadly fratricidal strife. Today, the genius of our country, indeed of the world, is bending all its powers to increase the capacity for destruction of all the terrible engines of death. . . . The wretches that have wrought this desolation are the panthers, the hyenas, and the ghouls of humanity." Whom did General Henderson mean by "the wretches that have brought this desolation"? Scarcely the old soldiers, whom he was addressing, and of whom he himself was one. He meant "those who make the quarrels"—the kings, presidents, diplomats, and *sich*. That is evident on perusal of his speech as a whole; which will also show that I have not garbled it—that the passage denoted by periods would give no suppressed meaning to the last sentence quoted. This sentence comes pretty near to advising the assassination of a president who may at any time have plunged the country into war! He must be a man of many tears who has any to shed when a panther or hyena gets knocked over. Ghouls I know nothing about; but they have the reputation of being mean critters. It is, indeed, a consideration for persons of such judgment and humanity as Anarchists like Tolstoy, that killing one hyena, panther, or king, hurts him, and can only in exceptional cases sensibly reduce the number or mischievousness of his kind. I remember to have offered this myself, as a reason why monster slaying cannot be indiscriminately recommended. But the rough common sense of average men dismisses the dead panther, hyena, and of late it seems him whom General Henderson likens to them; with some such remark as this, "D-n 'em, there's one less at any rate." General Henderson should use his influence in congress against the pro-

posed fool law. To me it is nothing; but it might inconvenience him. Also, the author (if still living) of that popular Sunday school poem beginning with the words

"How big was Alexander, Pa?"

Anent Frank D. Blue, and all advocates of fool laws (against physiological instruction, vivisection, vaccination, etc.), without which advocacy the Movement in Favor of Ignorance would be fixed like Othello, I say—they do after their kind to quote scripture, carefully selecting a verse whose application is whatever you please. Compare Proverbs, xxvi; 16.

C. L. JAMES.

## Let the Punishment Fit the Crime.

No punishment can be too severe for the arrested editor of the *Manila Freedom*. The water cure punishment is altogether too good for him. He should be drawn over the wheel and quartered and his head put on a pole in the most conspicuous portion of the city of Manila.

Here are his awful crimes: Last December he printed an article from William J. Bryan's *Commoner* in favor of free speech, and in the following January he declared that the time had come to give the Filipinos a promise of ultimate independence.

Of course he deserves nothing less than death for such Anarchistic ideas. Free speech and independence in the Philippines.

How absurd!

Murder, arson, rapine is all right. That is what we are in the Philippines for, and no newspaper man who advocates these sensible measures will ever get himself into trouble.

Crucify the man, even turn him over to Smith and Waller, who dares to preach liberty and free speech under the stars and stripes in the Philippine archipelago.—*Boston Traveler*, April 16, 1902.

Compromisers, traders, and neutral men never correct abuses, never found or save free institutions, and never fight for human rights. We seem to have been slowly and unconsciously losing our personal independence. Thru the scramble for the dollar, the longing for position, political or social, the fear of the press and the dread of criticism, we are all becoming cowardly; cowardly in conscience, in thought, in speech, and in action; and we are losing our birthrights. Cow the nobler instincts of man, and he becomes first a slave and then a brute. Independence is the mother of all human progress. It lifts the human soul; it clears the human mind; it ennobles human speech and exalts human action. Independence inspires confidence and elevates purpose; it searches nature; it measures the stars; it spans the rivers; it tunnels the mountains and it covers the continent with cities. We are trying to establish a higher justice and bring mankind a day's march nearer to the great high plane of human brotherhood. Two centuries ago the world struggled for religious liberty, a century ago for political liberty; today it is in the birth throes of industrial liberty. Religious liberty could not live amid superstition but demanded liberal institutions. Political liberty could not live amid kings and aristocracies but demanded republican institutions. Industrial liberty cannot live amid monopoly and injustice and it is calling for higher standards.—Altgeld.

## A PUFF OF WIND.

He opened his front door with a latch-key and let himself in. It was blowing hard outside, and as he held the door ajar a puff of wind rushed in. It was a strong capful, and it swayed the curtains and fluttered the long leaves of the hardy palm in the parlor archway. Then it caught up a bit of note paper that lay on the little table in the hall and whirled it away beneath the bookcase in the corner. The man who was entering did not see this fluttering note. He shut the door quickly and turned about.

"Nellie! Oh, Nellie! Where the deuce can she be?" he muttered. "Never left me like this before. What did she take with her?" He opened the clothes closet of the bedroom, and looked at her garments hanging in an orderly row. He let his hand fall lovingly on the familiar folds and pass down them with a gently smoothing pressure. Her dresses seemed so eloquent of her presence. Was she hiding behind these dangling frocks? He poked his way into the closet, up one side and back on the other, but no Nellie was concealed within its limited area.

"Funny," he muttered again. "Seems to be gone without a word. Wonder what she did with her jewelry?" He thought he knew where she hid it when she went away, but he didn't. At least, it wasn't there.

"May have taken it with her," he murmured, and stopped short. The idea was an ugly one. "You're a fool, John Austin!" he said, and scowled at himself in the glass.

There was a pleasant aroma arising from the interior of the dresser. It seemed a part of her. There were two of her hair-pins lying on the dresser top. He picked them up carefully and laid them on the little china dish where a dozen or more of their brothers were stretched at full length. Her old shoes lay beside her low sewing-chair, small and slim. He knew she had gone in a hurry. She would never have left this mark of untidiness if she had not been pressed for time. But what could have drawn her away from home so suddenly?

John Austin was not a thoroly well man. He had worked too hard; he was nervous and irritable. Evening after evening he had come home and unloaded into his wife's keeping as much as he could of his burden of daily vexations. For the first time in their eighteen months of married bliss, his wife had left him without a word of warning.

He came slowly down the stairway, and dropped himself into a big chair in the library. His eye wandered about the apartment. It was growing dusky outside, and the books about him were dim and misty. He shook his fist in a sudden fit of frenzy at the tiers of volumes.

"She's been reading harmful books," he sputtered. "Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and who knows what all? They are dangerous and degrading. They corrupt the soundest mind with their pessimistic sophistries. What's this?" He picked up a newspaper clipping from the table, and, lighting the gas, read it aloud:

"The souls of women knock sometimes at the bars of convention, of tradition, of marriage, and clamor for freedom—even if it be the briefest of respites. Sometimes when they least expect it the desire to fly grows strong upon them, and they are ready to

throw down all that is at hand and strike out boldly in the direction of the luring voice. Who can blame them? Do you blame the captive brutes in the arena for beating their breasts sore against the cruel bars that cut them off from the delights of liberty? All women have the same instinct. It flares out at times when least expected, and the woman goes forth heart-hungry and longing, too, for that blessed boon that men call—and monopolize—freedom."

John threw the clipping down.

"Absolute rot," he snarled. Then he quickly said: "And she must have been reading it just before she started out." His voice sank on the last words; then he briskly added: "Don't be a fool, John. Everything will come out all right. You know it will. Here you are worrying over what is probably a trivial incident. Be a man."

Nevertheless, his hand trembled when he picked up the obnoxious clipping and tossed it into the waste basket.

He leaned back in his chair, and taking out a cigar, lighted and smoked it.

He thought of the first time he saw Nellie; of how little he imagined she would become so dear to him; of the gradual growth of love; of the day that he asked her to be his wife. Queer that he had never gone over the romance before. How vividly it all came back to him. And this was the first time he had recalled it. He had been too busy to think of such trifles. Trifles! Too busy to think of aught save his own plans and hopes and ambitions. Had his wife no hopes and plans—no ambitions? Was her life so indissolubly linked with his that she was individually effaced? He had never asked himself this question before. It was time it was asked. How supremely selfish he had been! He had never recognized the fact until now. He passed his hand wearily over his forehead. He wasn't well. He had the blues. He needed a strong bracer. He went to the sideboard and poured out a half-tumblerful of whisky. He picked it up. Then he pushed it back. It seemed cowardly. Why should he be afraid of his thoughts? He remembered, too, how reproachfully she always looked at him when he drank. He knew that it was a temptation he ought to avoid. And yet her reproachful glances never stopped him. He would laugh at her, and drink in a spirit of bravado.

He went back to the big chair in the library. What confoundedly disagreeable companions a man's thoughts can be! They come uninvited, and they haven't the grace to leave when they find they are not welcome. Did Nellie ever sit and think? She had plenty of time for it—much more than he had. Did she look back as he had been looking back? Did—did she regret?

A great many people had admired Nellie. All the men who knew of his domestic affairs considered him a very lucky man. He took their compliments as a matter of course. He felt complacently that this was complimentary to his good taste and his admirable home discipline. Fool!

There was one man in particular, his friend, whom he had reason to believe had loved Nellie, and would have made her his wife. He was a fine fellow, a popular man, and he was worth a good deal of money. He would have made life easier, perhaps hap-

pier, for her. He contrasted himself with this man. Was there any possible balance in his favor? And yet Nellie had preferred him. Was it love, or was it pique? Did the occasional sight of this old admirer ever arouse regret?

He got up slowly and looked at the clock. He had been dozing and dreaming for he knew not how long. It was past midnight. He would go to bed. She certainly wasn't coming home. Besides, she had her key.

He turned off the gas, and went up the stairs, slowly and wearily. He felt old. When he reached their room, he did not light the gas. He knew that almost every object in the apartment would remind him of her.

When he was in bed, he stretched his arm slowly and tenderly across the vacant place beside him, and fell asleep.

He awoke with a subtle odor in his nostrils, faint, yet pungent—a delicious odor. He sat up quickly. It was broad daylight, with the sun pouring thru the window, over which he had forgotten to draw the shade. He looked about. No, Nellie had not come home.

"John, John, you lazy boy! It's eight o'clock, and the coffee is getting cold."

Was that her voice, or was he dreaming? Can you dream the odor of coffee? He dressed in a wild hurry, and then added the finishing touches more slowly.

She was at the foot of the stairs, her face beaming, her eyes sparkling.

"Hello, Johnnie," she cried.

"Hello," he answered, and stooped to meet her kiss.

"Miss me?"

"Yes, a little."

"That's right. Where did you get your dinner?"

"Dinner?"

"You great goose, I don't believe you had any! Did you miss me as much as that? But you'll enjoy your breakfast all the more. Of course, you got my note?"

John started slightly.

"Of course."

"Why, what's this by the bookcase? Here's the note now. A puff of wind must have blown it from the table where you dropped it. There, there; sit down. You'll find your butterfly wife hasn't forgotten how to cook. How's the coffee?"

"First class," answered John, with a great gulp.

"Thank you, dear. You see, Mabel sent for me in such a hurry I just had time to scribble that note and jump in the carriage. And, oh, John, they've got the sweetest little girl baby there you ever saw! And, John, do you know, Mabel wouldn't let me out of her sight for a moment; just clung to me and didn't want anybody else to come near her; kept me holding tight to her hand for hours and hours. It touched me deeply, John. I never dreamed Mabel cared so much for me."

He looked up. Her bright eyes were full of tears.

"Can you blame her?" he asked, with a lame attempt at jocularity. Then he added, "Been up all night?"

"Yes," she answered. "I couldn't get away until Mabel fell asleep. But I hope I don't show my late hours as you do, John. You look quite bleary."

As he went down the street to the car a little later he felt quite as bleary as he looked. He had passed a hard night, and he hadn't the marvelous recuperative powers of his wife. He was irritable and angry at himself. "Confound that puff of wind," he said.—*San Francisco Star*.

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#### Who is to be the King of America?

Who is to be the king of America? According to press reports this question is beginning to agitate the minds of the royalty. They hold that it will be soon necessary for the capitalists to have an emperor here in order that his strong hand may grapple "the unruly" in the labor troubles that are sure to come, and so they are tracing lineage to see who is the "rightful heir" to the "throne of America." One faction thinks the private property in governing America belongs by right to the descendants of King George of England. Another faction declares that the private right in the government of you and your children lies in the children of the old Spanish kings, or the Don Carloses. You have no right to object to this argument, or smile at it, as it is exactly the same logic you employ in showing that the Goulds and the Vanderbilts have the right to boss you in industry. But kindly notice that these money lords don't even deign to consult you "voting kings," but complacently take it for granted that whenever the money lords want an emperor they will get him. Why shouldn't they think so? Don't they see that you go at their will who by employing or refusing to employ you have the power of life and death over you? If the capitalists can do this now—and you bow and scrape and lick their boots for them—how much do they lack now of having the power of the emperor? They have five-fold the power. If we had an emperor who taxed you one-fourth of what you produce you would revolt at once, but you look at the piles of wealth capitalism has stolen from you, smile at your half-filled pail of cold dinner and whimper "Prosperity!"—*Push*.

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#### Voices.

"Miners seek gold in vein of the mountain. The capitalist gets his gold from the veins of workingmen."—*Iconoclast*.

To speak as Pitt spoke a century ago is to be a traitor. To stand up for liberty as Burke stood up is to be a renegade. England, once the free voice of Europe, is on the eve of conscription.—*John Burns*.

The cost of living among the workers of Manhattan is being investigated by the United States labor bureau. Why not have an investigation of the living expenses of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, Schwab, and the other great employers of labor? Such data, if given publicly, would raise such a furore that the wage-earners employed by these men would have the sympathy of the public when next they asked for an increase in wages of ten cents a day. By all means let us investigate what the employing classes expend for their living. A comparison is only just.—*Railroad Telegrapher*.

And by the way, what Anarchist will the law deter from killing anybody?

All the men who have killed either public servants or public parasites in the last century have been men who were prepared to give their lives as the penalty.

Do gentle, loving, simple-minded persons like Mr. Hawley of Connecticut believe that when he is prepared to hang for the things he does a man will be frightened at the possibility of twenty years in prison?

Such funny, funny gentlemen!—*Socialist Spirit*.

At an interview in the White House, duly heralded by the press, between Mr. Roosevelt and Helen Keller, the young woman who in spite of having been blind and deaf from infancy has become an intellectual wonder, Mr. Roosevelt entertained his sensitive guest with a story of how one of his boys enjoyed a rabbit hunt in the White House grounds. Does this man ever think of anything but killing?—*The Public*.

"Why do you kill me?" "What, do you not live on the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be wroag to kill you thus; but since you live on the other side, I am a brave man, and it is a lawful act."—*Pascal*.

Government commenced in usurpation and oppression; liberty and civilization, at present, are nothing else than the fragments of rights which the scaffold and stake have wrung from the strong hands of the usurpers. Every step in progress the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that all the great truths relating to society and government have first been heard in the solemn protest of murdered patriotism, or the loud cries of crushed and starving labor. The law has always been wrong. Government began in tyranny and force; began in the feudalism of the soldier and the bigotry of the priest; and the ideas of justice and humanity have been fighting their way like a thunderstorm against the organized selfishness of human nature. It is no argument to my mind, therefore, that the old social fabric of the post is against us.—*Wendell Philipps*.

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#### In their Own Coin.

A little girl from an east end of London slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the west end of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house.

After a moment's pause the miniature queryist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions:

"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?"

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions."—*Ex*.

#### Altgeld Memorial.

On Sunday, April 20, an immense audience gathered at the Auditorium to attend a memorial in honor of John P. Altgeld. Several speakers paid tribute to the dead advocate of the people. Captain Wm. P. Black opened with a brief address, paying a tribute to Altgeld as an orator and man.

Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding delivered a long address, dwelling on the absolute sincerity of purpose and honesty of the dead man. To be known as Altgeld's friend, he declared, was to incur the suspicion of not being respectable. This, however, never deterred him. When he referred to Altgeld's last speech, and said that he advocated the rights of the Filipinos just the same as for the Boers, he was cheered to the echo.

Clarence Darrow delivered the chief address of the evening. He gave a brief sketch of Altgeld's life. Altgeld, he said, came to America as an immigrant boy. According to the desire of the plutocrats, he would have been denied a landing on these shores. This they would probably regard as an additional argument for the restriction of immigration. They hated and feared him, and were glad he was dead. Altgeld did not have a college education—thank God! It was probable, tho, that so great a man as Altgeld could survive a college education, and still be a great man. He became a judge, but he resigned before his term was out. Sometimes justice and law go hand in hand; but judges were usually not on the side of the people. When King Alfred promised to restore liberty to his subjects, he found it necessary to hang sixty judges in one year. Altgeld, he told us, found that with each year he had to subordinate himself to the judge, and become a smaller and smaller man. So he resigned. It was impossible to discuss Altgeld's life without dwelling on his two noted official acts as governor—the pardoning of the Anarchists and his protest against federal troops in Chicago. He gave a short history of these acts and their causes. It was not the pardon which had aroused the indignation of the plutocracy, but his reasons for it. Do whatever you wish, but don't tell the reason why. The capitalist press has never allowed the truth of this affair to enter its columns; and Altgeld would not be vindicated until the Anarchists were vindicated. It was noticeable that Darrow's bold remarks were more popular in the "gallery" than in the boxes—sure proof he was right in what he said.

John J. Lentz closed the meeting. He made some clever remarks on Christian liars. He wanted to deliver a special lecture on this topic—if they all came he would surely have a full house. His speech consisted in repetitions of commonplace for the most part.

REPORTER.

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Party politics are to some people, what change is to the hod-carrier; he shifts the hod from one shoulder to the other, a temporary but not a genuine relief.—*Nordau*.

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#### LETTER-BOX.

N. Notkin, Philadelphia.—Thanks to all comrades for the generous contribution! Nine dollars for pamphlets were also received and the order sent per express.

## AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

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

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The Young Men's Club meets every Saturday evening, 8 p. m., 332 S. Morgan St., where subjects pertaining to the social problem are discussed. Friends of liberty are cordially invited.

On May, 3, Mrs. L. Parsons will speak on the "Development of the Labor's Movement in Chicago."

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