



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 367.

The Wolf at the Door.

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away:
Pierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor.
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold;
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles
From our mothers' toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there!

The slow, relentless, padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There is a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

— o —

Why I Am an Expropriationist.

I advocate and I look forward to wholesale expropriation because I do not believe there is any such thing as a right to property, and because I hold that it is disastrous, nay, fatal, to the welfare of all individuals composing the community, to have to regulate their lives and affairs in accordance with a fictitious abstraction which has no warrant and no basis in the natural laws of life. I desire universal expropriation, not merely because the power that property-holding gives to man over man is in wrong hands, and consequently abused, but because

it seems clear to me that property-holding is an abuse in itself, and that to hold property is to make wrong use of anyone's hands at all. I desire to see the bottom knocked out of the noxious property *idea* itself, for good and all.

"Money is the root of all evil." Why? Because the love of money is the love of domination. Property is government. Property—that is, the prohibitive custody by particular persons of any part of the general resources—cannot be shown to have any value at all for anyone, merely as "owner," except the power it gives him over the faculties and liberties of his fellow creatures. And this is a false value, an illusion. It is a craze to believe that you are necessarily better off—the richer or the freer—thru dominating your fellows by dint of keeping prohibitive custody of what may be of greater service (intrinsic value) to them than yourself.

No true, nature-based title to property as merely such can be shown to exist. Perhaps even some Anarchists will demur to this. The belief still lingers that there is such thing as a man's natural right to "own," to have the prohibitive custody and disposal of whatever his industry or skill may have produced or constructed out of the raw material provided by nature. "There is one true title to property—to custody of superfluity—and that is the labor title"; so say many. It is a delusion. There can be no such thing as a natural title to what is after all an artificial and merely nominal relation between a man and his product; a relation having no basis in reality. That which at the outset is not anybody's cannot be made anybody's by manipulation. This is not a mere metaphysical quibble. He who produces anything useful has, others things equal, a *first comer's economic right* to use, consume, or enjoy it, up to the limit of his own ability to do so. Yet this use of his products is not what the world especially means by ownership. This is not the cursed thing that keeps the world poor and squalid and sordid. Ownership begins to be talked of (here disputed, there enforced) just where the natural relation of a man to men's wealth leaves off—just where the limit of ability to use or enjoy has been fully reached. This natural limit once overstepped there is no other natural limit to be found ever again, till revolution sets one. The moment that ownership, merely as ownership, begins to be stickled for, then, no matter what its "title" may be, property will be able and eager to defend itself by means of law; it will "govern,"

and ensure to the owner the opportunities of becoming indefinitely richer and richer, with the necessary result that the non-owner must become ever poorer and poorer. Nothing more stable than conventional concession originally placed or left in the hands of individuals, whether producers or not, any power over that part of wealth which remains after satisfaction of requirement,—which the individual cannot use, and his fellows are in want of. Conventions remain unquestioned until some lurking hurtfulness in them comes out as a glaring social evil, and then, whether backed by government or not, the struggle for their displacement begins, and their doom is fixed.

As to the modern cry, "the product to the producer," it is surely all right economically and ethically, so far as it goes. But directly it is insisted on that "the whole of the product belongs to the producer" as his "property," (to use, waste, sell, or hoard at his pleasure,) and directly it is insinuated that human faculties and the wealth the faculties (help to) win are of equal inviolability, then we are face to face with the worst of social superstitions once more. The property holder will remain dominator, the property holding class will remain the dominating class, and its weapon, the government, will remain in existence until the idea that things or privileges can "belong" to persons or groups of persons, is seen for the figment it actually is. Government is only another name for property. You can make government hop from one leg to another, and on the standing leg hop from one point to another. But it will wink at you and evade you, so long as property exists. You can alter property's title; what was Strength of Arms one day become Inheritance next; then Purchase. Tomorrow perhaps it will be Labor. The poison is in it still. It casts a shadow still, on one or another side of itself,—the dark shadow of Mammon's "law." It absolutely needs government, to be alternately its protector and its tool, so long as under any form it remains a recognized institution.

At the present hour the notion that it is only the existing title to possession and not the institution of property itself which cries for abolition is fraught with social danger. I am very sure indeed that in a community regulated in recognition of individual ownership, or even State ownership, (virtual ownership by a central company of officials,) every citizen will be less free, less happy, less a man, than he might be as a member of a

community where free access to products of industry should have become the universal rule. Reciprocally free access of individuals to personally superfluous products of individual industry, reciprocally free access of districts to the locally superfluous products of local industry, this is what we want for the weal and solidarity and peace of our lives as a world full of friends.

I see as much danger in taking property from one class only to give it another, as in taking government out of the hands of one class only to give it to another. Nay, it is the identical danger under another name. The prohibitive custody of superfluous wealth, as now maintained in the case of landlords and capitalists, all Socialists see to be evil. To land this prohibitive custody in the hands of an official class, as would be virtually done under Social Democracy, all Anarchists see to be evil. But to say to the producer: "Whatever personal superfluity you by the use of your personal faculties unearth or construct, is therefore 'yours,' to withhold at pleasure from the immediate use of those to whom it would be immediately serviceable,"—this is not generally seen to be evil. Yet it is only to conventionally make the producer a dictator of terms to his fellow men, and to leave the broad gate that leads to destruction wider open than ever. Let us cease to trade, and learn to trust. Let me have free access to opportunity and material for the constructive or productive exercise of any faculties I may possess, and then J, K and L only do me a service in coming and making free use of so much of my product as remains useless to myself. Of course this is an extreme position, but it is one on which nature smiles in the case of communities of intelligent dumb creatures; and I am utopian enough to believe that we word-begged humans have not yet so far spoiled our own impulses and ruined our own chances as to make it impossible or even very difficult to organize freely on these lines. That is, after once the existing cruel system shall have been paralyzed or broken up. It needs that we make up our minds to inquire less anxiously what is "wise and prudent," and to be quicker in response to the simple dictates of common sense and good will as they present themselves from day to day and from hour to hour.

A man who has made such use of material that a hat is the result, has made a hat. That is all he has made. He has not made a "right to property" in the hat, either for himself or anybody else. Before this exercise of his faculty there existed the materials, tools, and himself. There exist now, the tools, and himself, and the hat. He is related to the hat as its producer, not as its owner. If he has no hat and wants one, the obviously fit place for the hat is on his head. He then becomes further related to the hat as its wearer; and still the word "owner" remains a term without special meaning. But say that he already has a hat and the first passer-by has none, and wants one, then the fit place for one of the hats is on the passer-by's head. It sounds childish, but it's true. The hatter has not produced, over and above a hat, any such identical thing as a "right" to forbid the hatless man to wear the hat, apart from some arbitrary terms of his (the hatter's) making, and which

the hatless man, as likely as not, is unable to comply with except to his own damage. (Ah, "damage"—he must pay *damage*, must he? See how instinct lurks in language! Realize the unhealth of a community run on lines in which damage results to someone at every turn of its minutest wheels.)

The hatter's product is his product, not his *property*. His hands belong to him, but not his tools. His tools are, whoever made them, fitly and justly in his hands, his product is the product of his hands plus the tools which other hands have made; and the same justice and common sense which is satisfied by the placing in his hands as needing them the tools which he did not make, but which he needs and which were not in request elsewhere, demands the placing of the needed hat on the head of the hatless stranger. None of us would object to this sort of method of distribution if we were sure that our pleasure in life did not consist in the abundance of things which we possess, but in the fitness of such things as we had to our real needs and enjoyments, and in the degree of freedom and enjoyment of our powers accorded us by our fellows. But we are not sure that our fellows *would* leave us free, would not take advantage of us, if we did not force them a little by means of withholding something that they require or desire until they have first paid for it in service to ourselves. And so we stickle for "ownership" (under one title or another) so that at a push we may have the wherewithal to compel or to bribe someone or other to do our bidding. It is a lot of trouble wasted. It is very poor economy. None of this is surely new, but it needs constant re-statement, even among Anarchists, by those of us who see the most vital of all social questions to be involved in it.

"Property is robbery," said Proudhon. That is not the bottom truth about property. François Guy in his work on "Prejudices" justly points out that the word "robbery" subtly connotes recognition of property. Expropriation should, for the true and radical Anarchist, mean something quite different from, something much more than, any mere retributive robbery, any seizure of possessions as such, any usurpation of title to possession as such. It should mean the total subversion of every vestige of this most solid and yet most insidious form of government, and the final explosion of the idea that there is or can be anything real or useful in property holding. Every pretext by which such an idea is still bolstered can be, and should be, by ruthless logic torn to pieces. Every action, political or social, purposing to reinstate cruel old pretensions under new sanctions should be unflinchingly opposed to death.

I have in this article done no more than just step on the threshold of the subject. Space does not now allow me to justify the position. But I am an expropriationist in the fullest sense that can be given to this clumsy word, because I regard the property idea as a crazy—the very most pestilent delusion that the human mind, tricked by language has ever had the misfortune to entertain.—L. S. Bevington, in *Liberty*, London, May, 1894.

—o—
—The public! the public! How many fools does it take to make a public?—Chamfort.

"Real" Socialists and Anarchists.

Interloper was evidently in a humorous mood when he said, "Discontented people there are many; but few are real Anarchists or Socialists." It might be interesting if he would take it seriously and tell the readers of *FREE SOCIETY* just what he considers to be a "real" Anarchist. I trust Interloper will not get the name "real Anarchist" copyrighted.—H. W. Koehn.

Not in a humorous, but rather in a pessimistic mood were the above lines written; and it should have taken Comrade Koehn very little reflection to discover what I tried to indicate in the paragraph.

All Freethinkers, Socialists, Anarchists—all alike—are fond of telling their younger contemporaries of the "great movement" they had fifteen or twenty years ago; and then lament the indifference and indolence of the present generation. But these people never pause to think why their respective movements apparently have made so little headway. They never ask themselves why their children have either joined a church or are totally indifferent as to the great problems of life, or perchance are contented in the Republican or Democratic parties. Whether you visit the meetings of Freethinkers, Socialists, or Anarchists, you can observe the same phenomena in all of them: the posterity of the "old comrades" shine thru their absence. Exceptions admitted, of course. True, there are many young people in the different movements, but they usually are recruited from the conservative ranks. What is the reason?

The average Freethinker ridicules God and the Bible on every occasion, yet subjects himself and his family strictly to the morality laid down in the "inspired book." God punishes his children because he loves them, and the Freethinker uses the rod for the same reason, as my father used to tell me. The rod—not reason—is even applied to keep the children from a Christian Sunday school. "Truth" is his watchword, but he prefers a lie when the children ask him how they came into the world. He ridicules the idea that a priest should give his children the nuptial blessing, but they must comply with the law—another God—before they can be "man and wife." He worships nature, but when his daughter gratifies the promptings of nature without the Christian ceremony, his "family is disgraced." In short, there is no difference between him and his Christian neighbor. Often he is a cynic, striving for no ideal, and it is no wonder that his children land in the Church, trying to satisfy an aspiration for a higher conception of life. This applies, of course, in many respects also to Socialists and Anarchists. But the discrepancy between their teachings and actual life being still greater, their children are the more apt to become disgusted with their parents' "isms." Children are very sensitive and observe our inconsistencies, when we claim to have severed our alliance with Church and State, and at the same time lead a life in accordance with the principles of these institutions. They feel and observe that "equal rights," "freedom," "tolerance," etc., are mere phrases with us.

The Socialist believes in "equal rights," and is talking against the slavery of women and children, but his family must obey his commands or at least comply with his wishes; and when he discovers that they doubt his sincerity and look with indiffer-

ence upon his ideal, he blames the incapacity of woman's brain to grasp a higher ideal and the children's "environment on the street."

The Anarchist preaches freedom of thought and action, but laments with the pope of Rome of "excessive liberty," when the thoughts and actions of his wife and children do not agree with his conception of freedom. He believes in freedom in love, but his wife must leave his house, if she happens to love somebody else. He is against wearing finger rings, consequently his daughter must not wear any. The result is that he is deceived, and his daughter loses confidence in her father's consistency. He is against punishment, but the rod is applied to moralize his boys. He preaches tolerance, but you must not drink in his presence if he happens to be a temperance man. One hails a revolution—if the "other fellow" does the revolutionizing. The other advocates resistance, that is if he is stronger than his opponent, otherwise he meekly submits. One mother teaches her sons and daughters that "free love" is a disgrace, but practises it herself; and the children despise her hypocrisy.

Now what is the reason for all such discrepancies between our teachings and practise? The Freethinkers were taught, or at least many believed so, that as soon as old Jehovah was dead, there would be heaven on earth. The Socialists are told that by "capturing the government" and "changing the mode of production and distribution" the whole social problem is solved. The Anarchists, that is many of them, hold very similar views. A revolution—the abolition of government and private property—is the solution of all other ethical problems, —it follows as a matter of course.

This is the reason that there are so few "real Anarchists and Socialists." Capitalists and governments were denounced and hated; but we did not learn that capitalists and governments exist in virtue of our own ignorance and submission. We did not comprehend that a change in society can only come about by a change in man from within, which prompts us to change our actions.

True, there are things we cannot practise at present, but if we will apply our ideas in our own relations, where government cannot interfere; if we will be lovers and friends to the women we happen to live with, instead of husbands and despots; if we will raise our children by love and persuasion, instead of using the rod; if we try to win their confidence and friendship by answering all their queries truthfully, no matter what they may be; if we will friendly criticize and argue with our comrades with whose actions we happen to disagree; if we will cease to make targets of our comrades for actions which are consistent with our profession of belief, in that neither Church, State, or Mother Grundy is deferred to,—then we will soon have a lively movement, which will influence our environment much faster than we can do by mere talk. We will then force even our enemies to admire us and draw intelligent people into our ranks with an irresistible force. For, when we act in accordance with our ideal conceptions, as Kropotkin says, we are complete, strong, and vigorous.

INTERLOPER.

A Candidate for Sheriff out in Kansas.

I have been approached—and in a tender spot at that. Kansas politics are getting ripe, conventions have convened, and candidates for this, that, and other kind of a boss for the mighty herd of slaves have been named.

I rubbed up against one of them the other day. He didn't know me, and I didn't know him. He became immediately anxious to form my acquaintance—while for my part I don't give a dash whether or no I ever see the curse again.

He handed me a card that notified me that he was a nominee for the office of sheriff. He also asked what my politics were. I told him I had none—that I was simply a lonely follower of Jesus among the Kansas Philistines. Not understanding me he smiled—he evidently thought if I had no politics I would be an easy mark for his brand, and could therefore be readily induced to promise him a vote. So he expostulated on the magnificence of his own self and the crackerjack good sheriff he would make for the people.

I protested that I had no earthly use for any sort of a sheriff whatever. I had never needed the services of a sheriff but once, I told him, and the memory of the affair was unpleasant to this day. He took away my home from me,—that sheriff did in the name of the law. I believe there is no law in any Christian country that provides a home for a wage slave, but from personal experience I know there is one in the United States that takes a home away from him.

And the sheriff does it.

That is one of the main things a sheriff is constructed for. That is the principal reason for which working people elect a sheriff—that and to hang them, and escort them to the penitentiary for stealing from their masters, and foreclose on their furniture, and such like cheerful necessities.

But for my part, as you can readily perceive, I have no further use for a sheriff. The one used did me a perfect job, and so far as I can gaze into the future I will never need another one. He took my home. I have no more homes to be seized; it takes nowadays all I can rake and scrape to buy bread and pay rent, so what in hades do I want of a sheriff? I therefore will not vote for something I do not require, or would not voluntarily use if I had it.

Come to think of it, I see nothing in the whole political outfit that I am at present suffering for. I have no slaves, I have no country—not even enough country to patch a hole in the seat of my trousers—therefore I need no country's rulers to keep my slaves in order. This may seem very queer to my brother workingmen, who are wont to yell themselves hoarse in a torchlight parade as they view the imperial features of their various heir presumptives for masters and rulers painted on election banners, but really the way I regard things appears right enough and perfectly proper to me. A sheriff, or any other elevated thug, legally armed with crown or club, habeas corpus or other prescribed power over me would, my dear brother workingman, only pester me if ever I unluckily chanced to come in lawful contact with him. I know by experience what I am talking about. I need no sheriff.

All I need is food and drink, shelter, and

fuel, and clothing, books and music; and tools wherewith I may employ myself and help my brother. And companions—God! I need companions and freedom and love—not sheriffs!

This is why my neighbors call me an Anarchist and a freak. My curious ideas of life make me, I admit, somewhat of a stranger in this world, and yet I am not so lonely, after all. I have friends, dear, trusted and true. Without them life would be a sore misery indeed. Some of them are dead, some are distant; and yet I seem to know them well.

The dead and distant are much nearer to me than the sheriff that lives in my town.

HARRY M. TICHENOR.

Civilizing the Filipinos.

Yes, my son, we are going to civilize the Filipinos. We have taken up the white man's burden. We are going to civilize the Filipinos, and we are doing it with a Maxim rifle in connection with a Gatling gun. We are in the Philippines with the Bible and the bayonet; we are dosing the heathen with rum and religion in about equal parts. We are giving them the Christian gospel, including the glorious hope of heaven and a little taste of hell. Even if they still doubt the existence of God, the presence of General Smith has satisfied them of the reality of the devil. When the missionaries tell them of horrors of hell, the Filipinos in awed terror exclaim: "What American general is in command there?" Oh, yes, my boy, we are going to civilize the Filipinos. We are going to sprinkle their island domain with churches and saloons, with piety and prostitution, with prisons and poorhouses. We will teach them how to loot by law. In fifteen years after we get them civilized, the landlords will have their land, the syndicates their money, the capitalists their labor, and they will have Christian civilization and an empty stomach. We are going to civilize the Filipinos, my son. We have planted Old Glory upon the heathen shore. We have also planted some of the heathen soldiers there; but over the murdered and mangled bodies of helpless women and defenseless children, the boys in blue are carrying the banner of Christian civilization, dispelling the darkness of barbarism with blazing homes, and preaching Christ's gospel of love and peace with musket and cannon. We are going to civilize the Filipinos,—if General Smith does not kill them all beforehand.

R. W.

For Western Pennsylvania.

For the benefit of our press, particularly the *Freiheit*, the comrades of Pittsburg and vicinity have decided to hold a large picnic, combined with a "summernight festival," on July 4 and 5, on Comrade Meyer's farm, at Lock No. 3, Monongahela. Music, dance, target shooting, refreshments, and other amusements will be enjoyed. Admission is free, and the comrades are invited to bring their friends and acquaintances along, which will help to make the picnic a financial success. Speeches will be made in different languages.

The railroad trains of the Lake Erie depot leave for Lock No. 3 at 7:50 a. m., and 12:50, 4:30, and 6:20 p. m.

Comrade Henry Bauer will receive subscriptions for the different Anarchist papers.

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367

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Notes.

To anyone sending us \$2 we will send FREE SOCIETY one year and Dr. Greer's "A Physician in the House." Also to anyone sending us one new subscriber and \$2 we will send the same. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

Comrade Jay Fox, 210 E. 19th St., New York, N. Y., will furnish information to comrades interested in Cosmos Colony, such as to the best means of transportation, fare, etc., to Brazil, and other useful intelligence.

Some Chicago comrades wish to start a Tolstoy literary club immediately. Its purpose will be to read, discuss, and properly understand the great Russian writer and philosopher. The necessity for such an association is very apparent at this time when pamphlet writers and reform speakers are manifesting so much ignorance of the man and his writings. Those wishing to join will please address R. Goodheart, 902 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago.

By the Wayside.

"In this country you can believe anything you please"—if you keep your mouth shut. Rebecca Taylor, a government clerk, had the audacity not to glorify the barbarism perpetrated upon the Filipinos—and she lost her job.

The monarchies of Europe—Russia included—are behind the times in despotism and legislative tomfoolery. The "freest country on the globe" puts them all to shame, and, in order to be up-to-date, they will do well in studying the development of "our free institutions." If the "anti-Anarchy bill," as passed in the lower House of Congress, should be endorsed by the Senate, America will be the only country in which a Tolstoy, the apostle of love and peace, would not be permitted to live in, and also share the distinction with Russia where the peaceable advocacy of Anarchism will be a crime.

Comrade Most has very fitly designated the houses of representatives as "monkey shows," altho I perceive they are a little more expensive and harmful than the com-

FREE SOCIETY

mon shows of our "ancestors." The other week the tomfools of congress voted for a bill which would prevent them from getting drunk in the restaurant of the House, and remain sober while they are taking care of the country's welfare. Then the same men who voted for the bill ran over to the Senate asking that the rule be defeated by that "honorable body." Then the pass the "anti-Anarchy bill" and openly declare that this law is not intended to be enforced. And that such hypocritical and farcial proceedings arouse neither comment nor indignation tends to prove that "the American will stand anything as long as he has chewing tobacco."

The fact that the Western Federation of Labor has declared itself in favor of political action is not at all encouraging to the student of the labor movement. Corruption and compromise will be the inevitable result. Besides, we will soon witness the sad spectacle of a war between the workingmen—the A. F. of L. and the W. F. of L.—while Mark Hanna and his satellites will stand by and rub their hands for joy. But the American Federation of Labor was unprogressive, stagnating, and had created a more or less arbitrary officialdom, and a more progressive federation was bound to come. There is no doubt in my mind but what the non-partisan trade unions will prove to be the most effective in the struggle for labor's emancipation; but they must change their attitude entirely and not confine themselves to the aim and endless war for shorter hours and more pay. They must face the social and economical problems in their entirety, to which they will be forced by the Western Federation of Labor. But before this will occur the "Civic Federation," the Gompers, and Mitchells will be swept aside.

How little Leo Tolstoy is understood even by literary men is shown in the *Socialist Spirit* for June, in the article "Renunciation." The author deplors that Tolstoy simply indulges in negations and generous renunciations without giving a satisfactory remedy for the evils he so scathingly criticizes. "To renounce is not to build." But Tolstoy does not advocate renunciation of material things as the only remedy for prevailing evils. By renouncing luxuries and comforts he can only enjoy at the expense of the down-trodden slaves, he satisfies his conscience by being true to his principles—to get off the back of those he professes to pity, and we admire his consistency and humanitarian sentiment. We may differ with his methods of delivering mankind from its thralldom; but to say that he has no "satisfactory remedy" is an arbitrary assertion and exposes oneself to the charge of ignorance of his writings. He considers government—"organized violence," which by means of laws and the club protects the exploiters and keeps the workers in poverty and subjection, as the root of all evil. Property in land is upheld by violence—the police and the army, he, therefore, vigorously advocates the abolition of government in every form—surely a rational and radical remedy.

INTERLOPER.

To change long-existing habits is of all enterprises the most difficult.—Malthus.

Certain Comments.

And now some child-minded philanthropists propose to diminish intemperance by establishing "model saloons" in New York city. They do not realize that the saloons of today reflect the wishes of their patrons, and serve as an outlet for desires which are bound to find gratification in some way. The only way to cure intemperance, prostitution, gambling and other vices, is to quit tinkering with effects, and set to work to find the cause of the whole trouble. Take the burden of the present social and industrial system off the backs of men whose whole nature is disfigured by their environment; and the haunts of vice will die a natural death. Until this is done, every device, from prohibition to "model saloons," will prove as futile as the attempt to empty the ocean with a teaspoon.

The New York *Journal* can see about one inch in front of its own nose. In a recent editorial, it furnishes an abundant supply of facts and figures to prove the enormous extent to which the public is robbed by the railroads, with the direct connivance of public officials. Its final conclusion, however, is that the government should own the railroads on the assumption, I suppose, that these officials will become more honest, the more power and opportunity they have to be dishonest. By all means, let the government own the railroads, and mismanage them, as it does everything else on which it lays its hands. When this event comes to pass, doubtless some Madden will be placed in charge of the railroad service, who will rule that only persons acceptable to the government shall be allowed to travel; and we may expect to see all radicals and reformers barred out. And then we may expect to see the *Journal* advocating government ownership of bicycles and automobiles.

After getting Cuba into such a condition that she is economically dependent on American capitalists, our imperialist "statesmen" graciously concede her a semblance of independence. "Benevolent assimilation" is still the ultimate intention, as soon as a convenient pretext can be found. The game is so transparent, that the wonder is that any human being can profess to be deluded by it.

I am glad to see that the Dogberryism of New York could not keep Comrade MacQueen in its clutches. It is one thing to enact anti-Anarchist laws, with a great flourish of trumpets, and quite another to check the Anarchist propaganda. The legislators of New York have succeeded in rendering themselves no less ridiculous than infamous.

It is amusing to note the sudden accession of virtuous indignation to the tone of the Socialist press, when it becomes necessary to refer to Millerand. The supporters of the sinuous Kautsky resolution are now a little less proud of their work, and do not boast so loud of their Socialist colleague of Gallifet in a capitalist ministry. Still, they will not see the real principle involved in the matter, but will go right on seeking salvation in politics, and elevating new leaders

to lofty positions, wherein most profitably to betray their cause.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

Current Comment.

Mr. W. J. Bryan is author of the assertion: "The Democratic party stands for financial independence, industrial independence, and the Declaration of Independence." Mr. Bryan doubtless believes this, and he has a fight to his opinion; but my idea is that the Democracy under Mr. Bryan's leadership really stands only for fusion, illusion, and confusion.

Senator Joe Bailey, of Texas, has buckled on the armor and gone forth to slay the monster of Anarchy, and, like Sampson of old, his weapon is the jawbone of an ass. He wants every person, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, who advocates the abolition of government, hanged at once. As a manifestation of brainless stupidity, Bailey appears to be a good running mate for Theodore the Terrible. On scientific questions of sociology, both of them put together would make an absolutely perfect intellectual vacuum.

The *Altruist*, which purports to be an exponent of Communism, and whose editor, Alexander Longley, knows about as much of Communist principles as a donkey knows of Shakespeare's tragedies, has added this gem to the world's collection of literary curios:

A lack of leadership and obedience allowed their [the Ruskin colonist's] inside differences to divide and scatter them, without any outside interference to cause it. Too much Anarchy and not enough Communism will surely break up any colony, sooner or later.

Once, in a moment of thoughtless impulse, I took a fall out of Charley Moore, of the *Blue Grass Blade*, for asserting that no one should be allowed to edit a paper without a certificate of competency from a phrenological board of examination. I thought such a provision might bar Charley and myself both out of the journalistic field forever, but when I fell upon the quotation above, I felt like agreeing with Moore. Inexcusable ignorance can go no further than the assertion that the downfall of Ruskin was the result of too much Anarchy in its plan of operation. Its dissolution was due to the exact opposite—too much authority, dictation, and red tape. As Communism is the doctrine of human equality, I fail to see how it will ever exist except in a state of Anarchy, or the absence of authority. Certainly there can be no equality where there is mastership of any kind. The State Communism advocated a few decades ago no longer exists, and Rip Van Winkle Longley alone seems to be ignorant of the fact. He needs to pinch himself to see if he is really awake.

In the issue of *FREE SOCIETY* of June 8, H. W. Koehn charges me with insanity, and Steven T. Byington makes the accusation that I am an Ethiopian. He does this by referring, as applying to my case, to Revelation 1: 14, which reads: "His head and his hairs were white like wool!" It is probable, however, that Byington only referred to the color, as denoting the elderly manner in

which I referred, in a former note, to the "youthful editor of *FREE SOCIETY*." I did not mention the editor's youth in any disparagement, however, and, on the contrary, I consider Abe Isaak Jr., with whom I have come in close personal contact, the intellectual equal of the brightest minds of maturer age. I think the readers of this paper should know that the brightest, and by far the best Anarchist journal ever published in America is now edited by a youth only nineteen years of age, and edited with such ability that it has secured a recognition no other Anarchist journal, Tucker's *Liberty* alone excepted, ever enjoyed. This will not please the afore-said editor, but I will assume the responsibility of thus introducing him to the several thousand readers of *FREE SOCIETY*.

The passage from Revelation, quoted above, is part of a pen-portrait of the orthodox deity, given by St. John. I should like to ask friend Byington, who is somewhat of a theologian, if his Christian God is a Negro? I used to have the impression that Jehovah was a Jew, but I never heard of a Hebrew with head-covering of wool. The Jews, since their dispersal abroad upon the earth, as a nation without a country, have gotten pretty badly mixed up, but they don't seem to have homologated with the Ethiopian to any extent anywhere. As the Negro is the only race with "de wool on the top ob his head," the presence of that kind of a hair suit on Jehovah's cranium is rather suggestive. Perhaps Brother Byington will arise and explain.

R. W.

Cosmos Colony.

I notice that some Chicago comrades are desirous of sending a representative to Brazil to investigate Carlos Condor's proposition, asking those interested to contribute to the expense of said representative. That is a wise move, for Brazil is a long way off, and for any number to journey thither and not find at least a reasonable fulfillment of the promises of the donor the disappointment would be great. I have not the least doubt about the sincerity of our generous comrade in Brazil. His "Call" has the ring of honesty and that large optimism without which such enterprises are not undertaken. Despite this people as a general rule trust most those whom they know, therefore the suggestion to send a delegate met with general approval. The more widely such a delegate is known for his ability to see the proposition as it is, and his strict honesty to report it as he sees it, the better.

Let me inform the comrades that such a man is now on his way. R. M. Goodwin, accompanied by two other comrades, sailed from New York June 14 for Joinville, Brazil. Goodwin is widely known, having been one of the directors of the A. R. U. and one of the dissenters in the Social Democracy when that party was made a political party. Goodwin only needs to be known to be trusted, and his kindly nature and tenacity of purpose make him one of the best pioneers it would be possible to select, if we had a choice of selection. Personally I can say that, after a close acquaintance of several years standing there is not a man I know in whom I would place greater confidence

than Goodwin. He has promised me to report things just as they are, leaving us to draw our own conclusions, as soon after their arrival as the matter will permit. This means that the report will reach us in about nine weeks, when it will be forwarded to *FREE SOCIETY*.

These comrades are going at their own expense. Not as delegates as perhaps it might be inferred; but their going will do away with the necessity of sending anyone as per Comrade Mack's call in *FREE SOCIETY*.

JAY FOX.

New York, 210 E. 19th St.

A Letter to Carlos Condor.

Dear Comrade,—I have read about your colony in *FREE SOCIETY*, and think it would be a good place to live in, if the following advice were followed:

First, give up the ownership of the land; let it be free in the fullest sense of the word. For a thing is not free just because it is an Anarchist who owns it.

Second, do not have the idea of commercialism; and also do not arouse that spirit in those who will settle there.

Do not build any factories wherefrom a profit can be made, nor for the use of the colonists; as there will not be many, the things they need could be made by hand.

Do not go into the gold digging business, for gold is the worst tempter you can put before us poor mortals.

Throw the land open free. Instead of saying, "I own three thousand acres of land where the comrades can settle, if they'll do their share of the work," say, "Here in South America is a fruitful land; it is free; comrades come and live up to the dream you have dreamt. Here away from the wear and tear of civilization is a place where you can live nearer to your ideal."

In short, if instead of telling of, and thinking about the different money-making opportunities the colony offers, you would simply say that there is free land without any of the blessings of civilization upon it.

I'll wager that instead of the money-making Anarchists and others with whom they would combine going down there to get profit, those who are looking for a place where they can, by working in the fields, earn enough to keep themselves—those I say, will be the ones to settle in the colony.

Yours fraternally,

Philadelphia, Pa. BENJ. GERSTINE.

A Reply.

An old *Truth Seeker*, which has been sent me, expresses Geo. E. Macdonald's wonder what grade of intelligence I am addressing, and whether it is the highest I am capable of manifesting, when I speak of the removal of five crowned heads or statesmen with powers similar to kings', as retribution for the persecution of Anarchists; whose most important scene was enacted at Chicago, November 11, 1887. Macdonald apparently thinks there was as much connection of cause and effect between McKinley's death and the following alleged incentives. 1. He tolerated the army canteen. 2. He betrayed the principle of republicanism. 3. He pursued an imperialistic policy. 4. He omitted to recognize Jesus Christ in his proclama-

tions. 5. He allowed vice to be licensed. 6. He swung ostentatiously around the circle, and did not give God the glory. My own opinion is slightly different; and perhaps, if Machad read the whole of my article on the martyrs' day, he might have known my reasons well enough not to require I should repeat them. McKinley's errors were neither few nor small, and no doubt they all had some bearing on his fate. Probably the effect of No. 4 was infinitesimal. I am not prepared to deny that that of No. 6 was somewhat serious. At any rate Terrified Ted appears to think so. But between persecution of any opinion, as Anarchism, and a spirit in the persecuted party which leads to acts like those of Bresci, Czolgosz, Guy Fawkes, Balfour of Burley, etc., the connection is pretty obvious. In asserting it, I address any intelligence above that of Terrified Ted's message; and regret to find I shot over Mac's head. The degree of intelligence I manifest in asserting it may be about equal to that of Macaulay, who scarcely ever refers to persecution without some similar remark. If a man knows he may be punished for actions but not for opinions, he has a motive to refrain from punishable actions. But if he may be punished for opinions inferred to tend in the direction of such actions, he reasons that it is as good to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. Thus persecution has a tendency to make dangerous fanatics. It also has a tendency to attract them. Men like Guy Fawkes and Balfour of Burley are not all made by persecution. In some measure they exist at all times and everywhere, wanting only an excuse to exhibit their innate propensities. Persecution of any particular opinion furnishes an excuse so good, that such men are found professing persecuted opinions which there is the best reason to think they do not at all understand; and receiving a certain sympathy from professors of those opinions, who otherwise would have no difficulty in recognizing them for cranks of the homicidal type. If therefore kings, presidents, money-grubs, *hoc genus omne*, want to increase the frequency with which they will be made targets by persons calling themselves Anarchists, they can do no better than adopt the Gary-Roosevelt platform, and assume that every Anarchist is already guilty of making some one a target.

C. L. JAMES.

Two Hospitals.

"These ought ye to do and not to leave the others undone."

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park behind the reservoir on East Forty Second street. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned and said in a tired way, "Drop that, it ain't worth stealing." The ruddy man said, "Not if you're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet and said:

"It's a poor business you're in."

"You don't look as if yours was much better." He sat down. "What's your callin'?"

"I'm an iron worker; bridge work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That's so. I'm just out of Bellevue Hospital. Got hurt three months ago."

"I'm just out of the hospital, too," he grinned.

"What hospital?"

"Sing Sing."

"What! Jail?"

"Yes; not bad in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too."

"Clothes! Is that so?"

"Gets you work—"

"Work—good God! wish they'd get me some."

"You ain't bad enough. Go an' grab somethin'; get short sentence; first crime. Come out and get looked after by the nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Didn't they do nothing for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No, why should they?"

"Gosh! but you look bad. I've got to go after that job; it'll give me time to look about me. Good bye!"

The ruddy rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated and walked away whistling.

The pale man still sat on the bench, staring at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.—Dr. Weir Mitchell, in the *April Century*.

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The Stanford University.

Professor Ernest M. Pease, of the Chair of Latin at the Stanford University, is the latest gentleman to suffer dismissal from that institution as a result of the controversy occasioned by Professor Ross reading a very able paper before a body of workingmen on industrial economics about two years ago. President Jordan heard that Professor Pease entertained an idea that college professors might have opinions on industrial questions somewhat favorable to the masses, and consequently the Stanford University was scandalized. This is not the only scandal in connection with this institution. It was founded to perpetuate the memory of a rich man's son. The foundation of the fortune of this rich man was laid in the Credit Mobilier, the greatest fraud ever perpetrated by congress on the American people. Corruption was so palpable that public indignation forced an investigation, which resulted in Oakes Ames and James Brooks, one a Democrat and the other a Republican, being called to the bar of the House and publicly censured for their connection with this scandal. They were the least guilty, but someone had to be sacrificed, and consequently one from each party was chosen, and within one year and within one week of each other they both died. Schuyler Colfax, vice-president of the United States, who had spent forty years in public life without a blemish on his political career, was relegated to private life never to be resurrected for his connection with the Credit Mobilier. Numbers of senators and representatives who held seats in that memorable session of congress passed into political obscurity and have long since been forgotten. This was three decades ago, but it is a fact that that was the time and the Credit Mobilier was the circumstance which laid the foundation for the rich man

that founded the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

Thé Vina Ranch, in Tehama County, consisting of thousands of acres, was purchased, planted to vines and cultivated from money derived from this same foundation, and it is now one of the largest vineyards and has one of the greatest distilleries in the State of California. This rich man bequeathed this ranch to the Stanford University, and one of the principal revenues derived for the support of this university is from the wines and brandies produced from and distilled on this ranch.

The Stanford University was founded in corruption and is sustained from the revenues of a distillery. Is the State of California proud of this institution?—*Labor Clarion*, San Francisco, June 6, 1902.

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Edgar Allen Poe.

Like his immortal "Raven" "of the saintly days of yore," Edgar Allen Poe was a genius of the night. Solitary, grand and gloomy, his soul on fire with the flame of immortal genius, Poe stalked thru this life like a being of another world. Misunderstood by friends, maligned by foes, unappreciated by all, Poe's life was a martyrdom, and death came as a relief. Born in poverty, he went thru life in companionship with want. Without question the greatest genius who ever lived on the western hemisphere, he was unappreciated in life, and died with his great soul crushed beneath the callous indifference of a public too stupid to comprehend his greatness.

Edgar Allen Poe was the only great poet of America.

His "Ulalume" is the most perfect piece of poetical composition in the English language.

His "Raven" is the most wonderfully original picture in words ever penned in any tongue.

His "Annabel Lee" is a matchless melody, the musical measure of which has never been equaled.

His short stories were the greatest prose productions of the kind of the age in which he lived.

Sublime in poetry, matchless in prose, he was the greatest literary genius since Shakespeare.

And yet Poe died almost in obscurity, crushed by pitiful poverty, and with all his sublime achievements destitute of reward.

A prophet is ever without honor in his own country. It was Poe's misfortune that he was born an American in an age of commercial greed. Had he been a Greek of two thousand years ago, he would have taken his place, not with Homer and Virgil, but with Jove and Jupiter among the gods.

The somber grandeur of his literary style, rich in Oriental imagery, unique in conception, and sublime in its transcendentalism, stands in literature as the man stood among his compeers, solitary and alone. R. W.

— o —

The representatives of Malta have refused to appropriate any money for Edward's coronation, "because the people of Malta have lived in slavery under British rule, and have more reason to grieve than to celebrate the coronation."

At Random.

A number of comrades contemplate leaving New York shortly for Brazil, South America, as a result of the "Call to Comrades." Quite a stir it created here in New York, and notwithstanding the many questions and discouragements of the sceptics, they leave in hope to realize some of their lofty ideals. Good speed, comrades!

The indirect but not less hurtful attacks on comrades and their ways of propaganda which developed the last few weeks in New York, is both discouraging and disgraceful. The long neglected nicknames "crank," etc., are heard again; and their effect is far from what we could desire. The sooner comrades abandon such ways of propaganda (?) the better. Let us do as we understand best, and others as they think proper.

The readers of FREE SOCIETY are advised to read *Liberty* (69 Gold St., New York, edited by Wm. MacQueen). It is an excellent stimulating up-to-date little propaganda sheet. The more such, comrades, the nearer we are to our goal. Read it; it will do you good.

N. ROSENSWEET.

Astoria, L. I.

Observations.

Pottsville, Pa., May 30.—Armored trains of cars, with loopholes for rifles and revolvers, were sent to different parts of the Schuylkill coal region today. They were provided for the use of special policemen at the collieries.—*St. Louis Republic*.

When a man is driven by grand and noble motives to send a monster to those happy hunting-grounds which are daily advertised for the poor and miserable, and for which that monster believed himself destined, then a great big howl is raised; but I do not see a line of protest in any daily against the above quoted piece of news.

Why are all the lickspittles clergy and pencil-pushers so quiet? Why make such a big fuss about one man who believed himself that he would go to a better world when he would leave this one? Who said himself "God's will be done," (not Czolgosz's) "not ours."

Even if these armored cars will not be used, the announcement of having prepared such cars in case strikers should prevent "scabs" from taking the places of the former, for the purpose of shooting them down like dogs, is enough to set the blood of the extreme humanitarian boiling and raise the desire in him to see every scoundrel of a coal baron hanging on the first telegraph post, in the absence of a lantern post.

I would like to make a few remarks on J. Fox's article, "Criticisms on the Propaganda." It is no use to go around the fact that there is a tendency among several comrades to appear in public, as well as among their comrades, as something better than the rest of them. Now I don't want to be misunderstood. I mean they want it understood that their ideas or methods of propaganda are more effective than all others. Now I think, to say that one method of propaganda is the best, is just as ridiculous as if I would say that mine is the best. Be-

cause we see it that way does not say that the other one should see it, too.

Now if Comrade MacQueen delivered a "harangue" instead of a philosophical criticism of government, so is this MacQueen's business; but alas the trouble is should MacQueen get into trouble as an Anarchist, Comrade Fox will be classed with MacQueen, because he is an Anarchist also; and as government doesn't care a damn how you propagate your idea, it naturally follows that Comrade Fox will be in the soup, too.

Now here comrades is the proposition: we are all fighting for liberty, one this way, the other that way; our philosophy is broad enough to include both; and since we have taken up the battle, it is true as Comrade Isaak says, we must take the consequences of that battle. If my comrade gets into trouble thru his method of propaganda, altho I may not agree with him, it follows that I must accept the bad deeds (to my conception) as well as the good, without questioning the good or bad of his method of propaganda. Or else we put up a standard of morality, which can mean everything else but liberty.

I for my part stand on Comrade Most's proverb, "Love has enslaved mankind; hate will free it."

ALFRED SCHNEIDER.

Two Scenes.

FIRST SCENE.

Millionaire seated in an easy chair; by him stands a Poor Man in a supplicating attitude.

Millionaire.—Ahem! Very sorry, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—economize.

Poor Man.—But when a man has nothing to —

Millionaire.—Nonsense. Under such circumstances a man must know how to save.

SECOND SCENE.

Millionaire is drowning in a pond; the Poor Man calmly regarding him from the shore.

Poor Man.—Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you, but I can give you a word of good advice—swim.

Millionaire (choking).—Bub-bub-but when a man can't swim.

Poor Man.—Nonsense; under these circumstances a man must know how to swim.—*From Liberty*, May, 1894.

At the University of Chicago.

On the evening of June 3, the Sociological Club of the University of Chicago listened with interest to an address on the "Russian Mir and the German Religious Colonies," given by Comrade Isaak on invitation. In the lecture, which was an exhaustive study of the subject, it was demonstrated that the Russian Cossacks, as well as the German colonies, particularly the Mennonites, had for decades lived in comparative freedom as regards their communal affairs. The Mennonites had until recently no officials with executive power, no majority rule, but decided all their communal affairs thru discussions until an agreement was reached, which had proven a great incentive for a harmoni-

ous and united action. They were now considered the richest farmers in the world, and their schools among the best in Europe. Crime and beggary had been unknown until the elements of commercialism and power (majority rule being imposed by the government) had crept in. The same was true concerning the Cossacks, among whom the common ownership of land was still prevalent to a great extent. Altho greatly demoralized by military service, crime was of rare occurrence.

In conclusion Comrade Isaak appealed to the students not to join the unthinking multitude in the condemnation of the philosophy of Anarchism without investigation. "Soon you will go forth as teachers of mankind," he said, "and it behooves you to study our literature. You will find that Anarchism is based on inductive science—a philosophy which is destined to deliver man from his thralldom."

After the lecture many questions were asked by the students, which were satisfactorily answered and apparently well received.

T. BROWN.

It may astonish those writers to learn that America is in reality more of a monarchy than England. Buckingham Palace is a private dwelling; but the White House, tho it has none of the pomp, has all the power of a Court. The king of America has more to give away than any king of Great Britain since the time of Charles the Second. He has the power to discharge, at his own good pleasure and mere notion, every ambassador, every consul, every head of department, every government employe, down to the clerk on two hundred dollars a year. In America the opinion of the public can with difficulty act upon the government. The press has no dignity, and very little power. Practises occur in the House of Representatives which have been unknown in England since the days of Walpole. If the prosperity of a country depended on its government, America would be less prosperous than England. But in point of fact, America is the happiest country in the world.—Winwood Reade, "The Martyrdom of Man."

The attitude and rebellious spirit of the strikers in the coal regions is admirable indeed; but the timidity of their leaders, who are ever careful not to jeopardize their position, is already too apparent, to expect a victory of any consequences. Leadership with executive power is the curse of the labor movement.

We have just received the "Persecution of the Baptists" in the Russian language, edited and published by Comrade A. Tchertkoff in London, England. All the Russian pamphlets and books, as well the monthly journal published by A. Tchertkoff, can be obtained from Henry Maisel, 170 Henry St., New York, N. Y.

Home Defense Fund.

Previously reported, \$132.78. J. G. H. Wyo., H. B., New York, each \$. Group Aurora, Federal, Pa., \$2. H. Van B., Wash., D. C., B., each \$1. W. W. M., Conn., 25. Total, \$147.03. O. A. VERITY, Treas. Home, Wash., June 9, 1902.

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— 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.

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