



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 368.

When Peace Shall Come.

Oh, would that I might fall asleep, and wake
Again to life far down the stretch of time,
To realize the fullness of the Dream
Of Liberty and Human Brotherhood—
To find the peoples of the earth at peace;
Their swords and rifles rusted useless things
Whose only end and object is to teach
The lesson of the world's past history;
The story of the time when Might was right
And empires boasted of their martial strength—
Their ships of steel, their grim death-dealing guns.
The time when weaker nations fought in vain
While strong hands robbed them of their liberty.
—Robert T. Whitelaw.

Shall We Be Free?

I wonder if it ever occurs to any of you how like a sort of pantomime a great part of our life today is. That is to say, we go thru certain motions as if by force of habit or custom, but we are not at all aware that these motions have any real meaning or value. How many people do you suppose there are in civilized lands who are finding a deep enthusiasm or a joyous inspiration in what they are doing day after day? How many people are there who actually live in their daily tasks, whose real life and character and hope and intelligence and moral sense enter or *can* enter into what they are doing? How many of us are putting *ourselves* or *can* put ourselves into the things to which we devote so much of our time and strength? Does it not seem sometimes as if we were really, in the whole round and extent of our life, little more than wooden figures moved hither and thither by unseen hands?

Today there have been I know not how many thousands of meetings like this one all over this continent. And yet, as you think about these numerous assemblages of supposedly intelligent beings, of men and women like ourselves, men and women with all the undiscovered potencies of human life, of thought, deed, aspiration, character,—are you not sure that at none of these thousands of meetings have men and women really faced one single vital problem or caught sight of one inspiring task or been aroused to one soul-stirring purpose that has the smallest chance of fulfilment in human action?

It is a dilettante world that we live in. We are living today, it seems to me, as people who walk and talk in their sleep. The world is full of speculations and vagaries, of dreams and jests, of actors and jesters and grafters. There is a vast deal of talking and writing. We are surfeited with books and

papers, with lectures and sermons. And, of course, there is a tremendous amount of activity, physical and mental—I dare not say intellectual and moral. Factories and foundries and mines and shops of every kind are turning out an unprecedented quantity of things. And yet, if you will stop to think about it, you will see that the great mass of mankind were never more sterile of conscious and inspiring deed—were never less sensible of any goal or purpose in existence. We are not doing things. We are not grappling with serious tasks. We do not mean very much. Human life has rarely, if ever, been more lacking of an ennobling incentive or less conscious of an inspiring destiny.

What are the questions that we are dealing with in such meetings as this? Really we are not dealing with any vital questions at all. These almost innumerable meetings are not held for the purpose of *dealing* with anything. It is the farthest thing from our minds that these meetings shall issue in any definite or decisive action. We do not come together to prepare to do something, to lay plans for a campaign, to lay violent hands upon the reins of destiny, to turn the ship's prow toward some alluring harbor, to add to our moral stature, to acquit ourselves as men in some struggle that means something for human weal. No, we come together to see each other, to hear music, to listen to some new voice, to gain some momentary diversion, just as we go to a theater, a base ball game, a prize fight, or a horse race. We do not dream of associating anything in these meetings with our own lives, or with our destinies. They have no historic quality. We see no connection between them, and thus far there is none. What we do in such meetings as these—indeed, what we are doing anywhere today in public assemblies—has about as much bearing on human well-being or on that higher unfolding for which our nature waits, as the forgotten dreams of the passing night. We either have no consciousness that anything *needs* to be done, or, if we have, we are utterly unaware that anything *can* be done. We accept things as they are, as if they were final.

Today is exactly like yesterday, and tomorrow will not be different from today. Time, as we think of it, is something to be measured by clocks. We have it all reduced to such a perfect system, that we feel ourselves released from any necessity of thinking about it: so many hours in a day, so many days in a week, so many weeks in a year, so many years in a life-time. All that most people feel the need of in order to measure life is

a clock and a calendar. "What time of day is it? What day of the week, what month, what year?" These are the all-absorbing questions of our life. These pretty nearly sum it up. Today I shall do this. Tomorrow I will do that. Next week I shall attend the meeting of this society, next month that other. And nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand societies in this world today might very appropriately be called "Societies for the Prevention of Thought and the Discouragement of Life."

We measure life by the clock and the calendar—and our measure is utterly and pitifully false and unspeakably wrong. We say this man, dying at 90, had a long life. That man, dying at 40, had a short life. John Jones, the vegetable, died at 99. Jesus of Nazareth, the prophet, died at 33. John Jones had a long life, and we envy him. Jesus had a brief life, and we pity him and avoid his fate.

This man, who has succeeded in accumulating a large amount of property—no matter how—is rich and successful, and greatly to be envied. That man, who has accumulated no property at all, no matter why, is poor and a failure, and to be thought of with pity or contempt. Thomas Paine, Louis Agassiz, Abraham Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, and all the rest of those whom the world is bound to remember with love and reverence had no time to make money and no desire to—could not have done so if they had tried, were of a type and quality with which money-making cannot be associated. The greatest and most successful financier of the nineteenth century was Jay Gould.

It is your misfortune and mine today to live in an age of words, an age of inaction and fear. If there is for you or me or anyone among us any opportunity to achieve nobility of character, any chance to escape from the degrading influence of our time, any hope of living a true or worthy life, it lies, let me remind you, in the direction of making this an age of deed, an age of freedom and courage and joy. We deceive ourselves if we imagine that we can win anything fine or good in the shape of character or that we can even keep from inevitable decay and lose what little we may already possess of manhood or womanhood, while we tamely adjust ourselves to the soul-starving, life-warping, character-destroying sort of existence that this dead system decrees.

It was written of one of the Christian Churches of the first century that it had the name of being alive, but was really dead. No more

damning indictment was or could be brought against any Church of that time or any time. It was a living lie. But that is terribly true of hundreds of people today. Our obituary notices are almost always lies, and usually they are belated. We advertise the fact that someone died on a certain day, even specifying the hour; whereas, the truth is, oftentimes, that he had been dead for years. We make census returns of unburied corpses, of people who do not know what it means to live, and never will know. Our whole life is a tissue of falsehood and dishonesty.

The question, then, which I propose to you tonight is not just the theme of a sermon. It is not my question. It is nothing that my brain has originated. It is your question. It is the most immediate and real and vital question that can force itself on our attention, and I do not see how we are going to evade it. Indeed, if we knew what is for the best interests of our life, we should refuse to evade it. It is the question that life itself asks of us all: "Shall we be free? Shall we know by experience—we can know it in no other way—the meaning of freedom? Shall we possess and exercise this so-called inalienable human right?"

A strange question it may seem to men and women living in what we have been taught to regard as "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." But you and I ought to be old enough to know that there is no such land as that. Freedom has nothing to do with geography and courage does not more readily grow in one soil or climate than in another. The land of the free remains to be discovered or created, and the home of the brave is wherever brave men and women are to be found, no matter what the latitude or longitude. There is no meridian from which that spot may be computed. It takes something more than geographical position to impart courage to human souls or to give them the priceless treasure of freedom.

There was something more deeply pathetic than most men are aware in the event from which we date the birth of this nation. We have grown accustomed to think of it as one of the shining mile-stones along the road of freedom. Historians tell us that when the news was sent from Philadelphia out into the scattered colonies that the Declaration of Independence had been adopted and signed, it was everywhere hailed with tokens of deepest emotion. Strong men wept tears of joy and gratitude. People gathered in their places of worship and offered fervent prayers of thanksgiving. Bells were rung, cannon roared, and all the indications of a great and momentous event were to be seen. And on the famous "Liberty Bell" that first announced the signing of the Declaration was inscribed the sentence: "Proclaim liberty thruout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

But you and I today know nothing so surely as that no such significance belongs to that event as has been attributed to it. The inscription on that bell is an utter falsehood. It is in no sense entitled to be called "Liberty Bell." Within the past five years we have discovered that our national deity was made of very common clay. To some of us it seemed at first a terrible sacrilege that anyone should speak lightly of the Declaration

or that it should be lightly esteemed in determining national policies. And while the motives of those who have thus spoken of it may have been far from noble, what they have said is perfectly true. That idol is shattered and it is well that it is so. Idols are not a good thing. They can never be made a substitute for the thing they are meant to symbolize, without a fearful moral loss. We can find and grasp the real thing only as we break the idolatrous substitute.

"Truth is never discovered in committee." The assemblage of men who met in Philadelphia in 1776 to ratify and sign a Declaration of Independence did not discover any truth nor did they promulgate any doctrine of freedom. They attached no serious meaning to the high-sounding words of the document to which they appended their names. All they did was to decide upon a separation from Great Britain. They committed an act of rebellion—of revolution, if you like. They did not inaugurate liberty and had not the remotest intention of doing anything of the kind. They had not the faintest conception of what liberty is. To have conceived its meaning would have meant the inauguration of an era in human history compared with which no other is worth considering. There has not been so far any serious attempt to establish men and women in possession of the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Those were only empty words to the men of 1776, and it is not to be wondered at that men of intelligence are now repudiating the idea that that Declaration was or was intended to be the fundamental law of the land. There was nothing that the men of that day believed in less or more profoundly feared than freedom, and the same is true today.

The people of America do not know the meaning of freedom either as a people or as individuals. Freedom of any kind—freedom of thinking, of speaking, of living—the right to live a human life,—is unknown among us. It has no place in our laws or our institutions. It is the very antipode of all that our civilization stands for. We have yet to take the first steps toward securing for the mass of the people any one of those inalienable rights which are hinted at in the Declaration.

I am not speaking hastily or at random, but in all seriousness and with deliberation. To a very great extent and for most people, freedom of thought or speech or deed is rather an effect than the act of the will. It is the natural product of certain conditions. And the absence of such freedom is likewise not at all due to human volition or lack of it, but to certain conditions. Can you think of the intellectual and moral conditions which prevail in this country today, and at the same time think of such a thing as moral or intellectual freedom existing among us? Do not you know that the very use of the adjective "free" in connection with any sacred expression of human life immediately gives it a taint in the public mind? To call a man a "free thinker" today is to place him under the ban. It is to call down on him the suspicion and hostility of the mass of his fellow men. No man can maintain the highest standing in the respect of the community as a free thinker. To be a free thinker, to actually and openly and frankly exercise this prerogative of self-respecting manhood and

womanhood is to invite upon one's self the enmity of the greater part of the community, to be branded with some evil name, and to distinctly lose an equal chance for livelihood and happiness.

Suppose, again, that you attach that word "free"—a word which in some ways we hold as most sacred, for it is associated with every divinest struggle and every noblest triumph of the race—indeed, it is associated with every noblest action that ever hallowed a human life—attach that sacred word "free" to another sacred word, "love," and in their combination you express a sentiment which immediately calls down on your head the well-nigh unanimous anathemas of organized society. For a man to express the belief that love must be free and only in freedom can exist at all—a truth which ought to be self-evident, for who can even think of the possibility of a "coerced" love, a love which is the product of force? to express such a belief is to be guilty of a social heresy that damns a man forever in the eyes of the vast unthinking multitude. To exercise such freedom—to obey the sacred behest of one's own soul in the sacredest relation of life—is to put one's self beyond the respect or sympathy of this decadent civilization.

Or suppose, again, that you associate this thought of freedom with the thought of labor, of employment, of putting forth one's energies in the creation of things of use or beauty. There is absolutely nothing to correspond to such an idea. The world does not know this meaning of freedom of employment. It does not know the meaning even of the right to live. Here are eighty millions of people in these United States. The overwhelming majority of them are laborers. Probably two-thirds of them have practically nothing but their labor power. Many of them have not that, for the simple reason that the conditions which have environed them or their parents have not afforded the means of creating labor power, or because they are not receiving enough to enable them to restore the constantly expended labor power which their bodies and minds represent. Many of them have little skill in any direction because they have had no chance to develop such a thing. And some of our scientific men, who rarely see much beyond the ends of their professorial noses, who seldom if ever attempt to penetrate beneath the surface to find the causes of phenomena, are saying that we ought to dispose of our so-called defective classes by means of a painless death.

But some of us are fond of saying, "The weakest among us has a gift." And here is this vast army of labor, this multitude of men and women and children, with little more than their labor power in their possession. I want you to think of them. They are here and everywhere. And I want to remind you that what they possess is the divinest thing that human beings can possess. The gift which they represent, the contribution which they stand ready to make, the thing which they are, the stock in trade which is theirs, is incomparably the richest, the best, the most valuable that men can have. It is the only capital in this or any land that is divine. There can be no substitute or equivalent for that labor power. The very highest type of manhood

this world affords or ever will afford is a laborer, a man or woman who works, who can do something. There can be no substitute for that. Money or property has no personality, no soul, no sacredness. The self-respecting man is the man who can do something, who represents capacity to put his own life and personality into some creation of hand or brain. Such a man is the noblest thing this world knows. Labor is the moral barometer of civilization. What labor represents, that civilization represents. It is the only soul a civilization has or can have. All its morality is there. All its value is there. Upon that as upon a foundation it rests.

But what is the condition of these millions of workers? To the very last man of them today they are beggars. They are forced to go to the owners of factories and foundries and mines and railroads, of land and machinery, and say: "Please, sir, will you kindly give me leave to eat? Will you please grant me permission to live on this earth?"

I am not distributing blame at all. I am trying to see conditions and I know, as you know, that these millions of laborers—men, women, and children—do not know the meaning of freedom of any sort. And I know, as you ought to know, that just so long as they are in that condition where it is absolutely necessary for them to ask other men for permission to eat and to exist, they cannot know the meaning of intellectual or moral freedom. I know, as you ought to know, that this condition of economic dependence inevitably carries with it a condition of ignorance and superstition, or moral and intellectual impotence. Men and women and children whose economic condition makes them beggars for the mere privilege of eating and living simply cannot develop any such thing as ability to think or freedom to act. They cannot draw a breath of freedom. They are slaves and they are doomed to the life of slaves.

Just think how much dependence is to be placed, in an emergency, on a race of slaves. Think what quality of citizenship is bound to be developed in a country like this either from the vast army of people who not only do nothing on their own initiative, but by the very conditions of their existence must feel their dependence on the will of another or others; or from that other and smaller class of men whom our industrial system forces to be the arbiters of the fate of these millions—to be their masters. Do you not know that such a thing as a democracy is an utter impossibility except as the product of a free citizenship? No country that tolerated slavery ever succeeded in maintaining democracy. No country which does not establish its citizens in conditions of liberty, equality, and fraternity has the smallest prospect of realizing democratic ideals. There is no surer way of undermining and destroying democratic government than that which we of the United States have freely adopted—that of making or permitting one class of people to be the industrial dependents of another class. That is the exact meaning of our political and industrial life today. We can see clearly how faith in democratic institutions and ideals is subsiding. Our whole drift is that way. We are not growing more democratic, but less. And you hear a few belated

statesmen lamenting our fate and wondering what we are coming to. And these men have not the smallest concern about the fact that at the very base of our national and social life lies the principle of industrial absolutism.

A prince comes over from Germany to be present at the launching of a yacht. There is no crying need for an exchange of courtesies between the United States and Germany. The building of the yacht was a purely business affair. Besides, Germany has a representative here all the while, and when we wish to show our respect for that people, the opportunity is right at hand. But a prince comes over here—a man who has never done an honest day's work in his life, who has been purely and only a parasite, consuming much and producing nothing whatever, adding no more to the real wealth or welfare of Germany or the German people than a cancer does to the human body—a man who typifies something that menaces liberty and hinders human welfare—this mere figurehead comes over to our country, and what do we see? Why, his passage thru our cities and towns is like a triumphal march. People throng the stations to get a sight of him. And who are these men and women who thus exert themselves to see a parasite? They are the men, on the one side, whose industrial position in the community exactly corresponds with the political and social position of the prince—our industrial princes and kings—and, on the other, the great mass of those whose industrial condition corresponds to the political and social condition of those who in Europe believe in and maintain the principle of political absolutism—our brainless industrial serfs. We reap what we have sown, and we have not gathered all the harvest yet. We have been sowing the seeds of industrial monarchy for more than a hundred years. What wonder that we should reap on the one side a spirit of tyranny and distrust of democratic ideals, and on the other side, such lack of personal initiative and of the sense of economic freedom as breeds the sycophant, the toady, the professional dependent?

Mr. Crosby, in his recent satirical novel, "Captain Jinks: Hero," has finely satirized and exposed the meaning of militarism. When asked by the German emperor, "What do you think of expansion?" the hero replies: "I beg your majesty's pardon, but I do not think: I obey orders." And when at last, wearied and broken in spirit, the hero breaks down and is taken to a lunatic asylum, his old friend, Cleary, on a visit, finds him playing with a box of lead toy soldiers.

"They say I am a lunatic," he said, "but I'm not. When they say I'm a lunatic they mean I'm a perfect soldier—a complete soldier. And they call these fine fellows lead soldiers! Lunatics and lead soldiers, indeed! Well, suppose we are! I tell you an army of lead soldiers with a lunatic at the head would be the best army in the world! We do what we're told and we're not afraid of anything."

There is a deeper truth in that satire than the majority of its readers will get out of it. Few will fail to see how utterly true it is to the facts when applied to the military soldier—to the man who belongs to the army or the navy. But the saddest part of the matter is that we are going to be fatally

long in finding out that the same principle applies equally well to the "captains" and "soldiers" of the industrial army. If we cannot maintain the kind of militarism that we associate with guns and swords, with battle ships and bloody fields of carnage, without destroying the freedom and independence of men, without rendering them not only utterly useless as men, but a menace to the welfare of all others; neither can we maintain an industrial militarism without precisely the same terrible result. And the industrial militarism is practically universal.

It is the question of all questions most solemn that is facing you and me today, whether we see it or not. That which puts freedom in peril—that which defeats it or prevents it—is the arch-enemy of human life, is a menace to all that we have any right to hold dear. No man or woman and no good cause of any sort is injured or can be injured by the fullest possible exercise of freedom of thinking and freedom of utterance of one's thought. And whether we find it out soon or late, we shall one day discover that the dearest interests of manhood and womanhood rest upon the fullest freedom of loving and being loved and of its untrammelled expression. Need I remind you that every religious denomination and practically every Church stands for nothing more strenuously than for discouragement or suppression of such freedom? Need I further remind you that in the very nature of things neither an organized religion assuming for itself a supernatural sanction, nor any kind or form of class government such as every government on this earth today is, can tolerate, much less promote or foster, freedom of thought or freedom of speech or, what is unspeakably diviner than all and inclusive of all, the freedom of the soul to express all of itself?

But any influence which would menace my freedom of thinking or living tends to make me a coward or a hypocrite, undermines the whole structure of character, defeats the very ends of existence. Any institution or civilization that hinders the free expression and fulfilment of human love, that attempts to clip its wings or keep it in a coop, or in any way lays violent hands upon it, violates life at its fountain head, poisons its spring, robs humanity of its birth-right, and decrees that the world shall be populated with the accidents of lust or the abnormal fruits of a loveless union. I claim for myself and for all other human beings the divinest right a man or woman can have—the right to be the offspring of a pure and unforced affection, the right to be the blossom of joy and freedom. I am not so particular to know who was my father or who was my mother, as I am to know whether I was loved into being, whether I was the desire of affection and the fulfilment of joy. And if I was not, I cannot help feeling that, however fortunate the surroundings of my existence on this earth may be, I must go thru my years under the shadow of a prenatal crime.

If we are justified in bestowing upon flowers and plants and trees in greenhouse and garden and park the care and attention we do, and if there is anything admirable in a scientific development of breeding as applied to cattle and hens and horses and dogs and

(Continued on page six.)

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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.

Certain Comments.

The "price that staggers humanity" has been paid; and England has won a disgraceful victory. England wins the gold mines; but the Boers win all the honor. By dint of terrible exertions and the expenditure of an enormous amount of money, the British have at last managed to conquer an army about a tenth the size of their own. Even now, the handful of Boers in the field have succeeded in extorting from the mighty British empire every possible concession short of independence. England's military glory has departed, never to return. Her national honor was forfeited long ago. What is all this to Anarchists? It is just what the formation of huge trusts, involving the crushing of smaller business, is to Socialists. The disappearance of the lesser nationalities, by the criminal aggression of the larger ones, is in itself an infamous wrong; but it is a historical necessity. The governmental idea must work itself fully out, and bear its worst fruit, before it can become so abhorrent to men that they will recoil from it. The governments of the

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world are the great Anarchist propagandists, and are digging their own graves. Every unworthy victory is a defeat in the end. The Boers have fallen; but they have driven another nail into the coffin of the British Empire.

The organ of the Socialist Labor Party is exultant over the success of its supporters in Michigan, who have succeeded in persuading the capitalist officials to refuse a place on the ballot to the rival Socialist Party. In California, the shoe was on the other foot; and the Socialist Labor Party was kept off the ballot. Here is a pretty spectacle. The two Socialist factions place a little political success so far above principle, that they stoop to the degrading and dishonorable tactics of endeavoring to disfranchise one another, and invoke capitalist aid in doing so. This corrupt proceeding is the normal result of resort to political action. The ballot is a mere force weapon, and no more reputable than any other instrument of aggression. The soldier and the voter are alike corrupted by their trade. It is only by the increase of intelligence that the foundation can be laid for a higher state of society. Fools will support a most vicious government. Men grown a little wiser will strive for a better government. The best thinkers will learn by study and experience that even the most perfect government is at best a cumbersome and imperfect instrument for securing social advantages, and will join the Anarchist movement in behalf of a free society.

The good law-abiding citizens of the South have it in for Roosevelt now, because he ventures to denounce the lynching bees which would shame a race of demons. Roosevelt has it in for them for denouncing the atrocities in the Philippine Islands. Both parties are tarred with the same stick. Both represent the cruel arrogance of the dominant race. Both are products of the spirit of government, which is the spirit of cruelty. A tree is known by its fruits. Imperialism, as the parent of the Philippine horrors, justly merits the execrations of the human race. But imperialism itself, in less than a century and a quarter, has developed, almost without opposition, out of the most notable democratic experiment the world has ever seen. The men of 1776 deserve the good that has been spoken of them. They saw as clearly as it was possible to see in their day, and under the conditions that surrounded them. Nevertheless failure has been plainly written on the work to which they devoted their lives. Even had the purer democracy of Paine and Jefferson fully prevailed over the imperialistic designs of Hamilton, the end of the republic would only have been postponed a few decades. The history of the United States furnishes conclusive proof that a free government—if such a paradox is conceivable—is constitutionally incapable of survival. It must, in the end, give way to Anarchy or despotism, the rule of love or the rule of force. The transitional struggle may continue for a long while. I myself believe that generations will pass, before the sun rises on a free society. What can be done today is to leaven men's minds with the ideal of a larger individuality, and to awaken

the love of freedom. The Anarchists of our own day are the forerunners of the free men and women of the future.

The disappearance of democracy from the United States is very gratifying to William the Raver of Germany. His gift of a statue of Frederick the Great, so eagerly accepted by Roosevelt and the imperialistic clique, is characteristically lacking in delicacy, in its open recognition of the monarchist spirit which is dominant in Washington. It is now in order for England to send a statue of George the Third. The statue of Liberty, which is so admittedly a back number that it is no longer kept alight, may well be torn down, to make room for the monarchist emblem. The people will endure this, as readily as they have endured every other insult to the democratic spirit. It is time to throw off the mask altogether. For an empire to pretend to be a republic, is a glaring absurdity.

If the Anarchist theory be not sound, it is a strange thing that all the facts of history go to corroborate it. It would be pretty hard to name a possible experiment in government which has not been tried somewhere. And every one of them has proved a fizzle and a failure. There is not one exception, since the dawn of civilization; and it is safe to say that there never will be one. We may waive the question of abstract right, and assume that it is just for the majority to rule, if any social advantage can come from doing so. Even then, the Anarchist has all the argument, because he has all the facts on his side. The good deeds of government may be multiplied many times over by individual initiative; while the crimes of organized society immeasurably transcend those of private persons. The multitude worship government with precisely the same blind, unreasoning adoration that the primitive savage displays in bowing down to his fetich. When they stop to think, they become Anarchists. The governments of the world dread the progress of thought, and do all in their power to arrest it. Unfortunately for them, it is the most potent force in the world, and will not be suppressed. The government superstition is not to be uprooted in an hour, but it is assuredly doomed to perish from the minds of men. Like all superstitions, it is extremely tenacious, and will struggle a long time against manifest destiny. But we are traveling with the logic of events, and can afford to be patient. One thing is certain. Whatever tends to the increase of human intelligence is on our side. Knowledge will prepare the way for freedom.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

By the Wayside.

Scarcely had the daily press informed the world that a secret League for the Safety of the Russian Fatherland had been formed, when "plots" to assassinate Emperor Joseph and King Edward were "discovered." But strange to say, none of the "plotters" have been arrested.

Yet the "plots" have accomplished their

purpose. In Vienna over a thousand men, recruited from the ranks of gamblers and pickpockets, were given jobs in the secret service; in London the public has been aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm in favor of Edward's coronation farce; and in Germany it gives Billy occasion to appeal to "his people" to save the fatherland thru "simplicity and religion," or in other words, stupidity and ignorance.

The "freest government on earth," however, has better weapons than "respect for authority and regard for the Church" to suppress the desire for better conditions. Bullets and bayonets are its most prominent arguments; and when the tools of "law and order" hesitate to shoot the strikers down indiscriminately, as for instance the chief of police in Paterson, N. J., they are promptly denounced and discharged. Humanitarian sentimentality has no place in the "land of the slaves and the home of the knaves."

But the godsend exploiters are never embarrassed as regards means to accomplish their foul ends. Since the chief of police of Paterson has failed "to do his duty," black-mailing and other "civilized" means are to be employed to drive the Anarchists out of Paterson; and, in order to justify their noble methods, "a plot to blow up the mills" has been "discovered." But strange to say, altho the wife of one of the "conspirators" revealed the plot to the mayor, none of the Anarchists has been arrested. But the silk manufacturers have begun their work by intimidating the printers who printed *La Question Sociale*, the Italian Anarchist weekly. The employers of Paterson do not know that all such means to exterminate the Anarchists have proven a failure in European countries. INTERLOPER.

Final Appeal.

In response to my last appeal concerning the pamphlet on the New Jersey law, several dollars have been sent to Miss Notkin, so that at present, we need only \$8.75 to complete the amount necessary. Assuming that this will be raised, we have ordered the printer to go ahead with the work, and the pamphlet will soon be ready. Meantime we urge all to whom this notice may come, who are interested in seeing this absurd and dangerous menace to free speech, the New Jersey law passed as the Lord bill, repealed, to send what money they can spare to N. Notkin, 337 South 5th St., Philadelphia. All receipts will be duly acknowledged by her.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

For New York.

For the benefit of the radical press a picnic will take place Sunday, July 13, in Liberty Park, Cooper Ave. and Ridgewood, 25th and 26th Division. Music, songs, prize-bowling, and other amusements. Tickets 25 cents, which are good for six glasses of beer.

The park can be reached from all ferries. Take the street car or the elevated train to Ridgewood, transfer to Cypress or Myrtle Ave. cars. From 34th St. Ferry: L. I. R.R. to Myrtle Ave. Station, fare 5 cents.

Literature.

LAST DAYS OF THE RUSKIN COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION. By Professor Isaac Broome. Cloth, 183 pp. Illustrated. Price, 50 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

This is an account of Ruskin, or rather its troubles and quarrels, by a member. Altho several versions of the dissensions at Ruskin have become public, the side of the charter members has received only a meager account in one of the last numbers of the *Coming Nation*. So to form a fair judgment of the issues between them more accounts by both sides would be required. Perhaps the merits of each side are immaterial, and it is enough to know that the Ruskin failure was due to combativeness of its own members, who spent their energies fighting each other instead of building up their enterprise. That is according to Professor Broome. He blames the charter members, but liberally distributes it all around. One receives the impression that if Professor Broome had run the colony it would not have been a failure, and perhaps each member had the same opinion about his own capacity. If there is a lesson to be drawn from the social experiment, and Professor Broome says there is, it is hardly conclusive. His estimate of the people at Ruskin is so low, that there was no fair chance to succeed with such caliber to work with. But one fact stands out clearly. They governed too much down at Ruskin. Everybody "owned" everything, and consequently wanted to run it to suit himself. And he had a vote, too. A man is able and knows how to do something, and is willing to do it. And then, "a committee would undertake to direct him in the management of the business, and then he would say, here is your sheep ranch, run it your way" (p. 163). This is Socialism—State Socialism. What guarantee have we that we shall not have more committees when we have it on a grand scale? The Socialists published this book to teach the lesson that colonies cannot succeed at present. But the lesson that I draw from it is an Anarchistic one. Don't govern so much. One governor is bad enough. But where everybody is a "governor," it is intolerable, and that is why Ruskin failed. The following remarks about the Ruskin board of directors are significant. "The moniment they began to do business as legislators all nobility and manhood seem to leave them. They became paralyzed and utterly helpless when matters of business were before them: . . . The first thought that arose was, If I vote for this measure who will I run up against or incur enmity from?" (p. 44).

We are in receipt of an anti-vaccination pamphlet from Dr. Morgan Kipley, Unionville, Conn. It is an address delivered before the New England Eclectic Medical Association, in Hartford, Conn. It is extremely vehement against all vaccination, compulsory in particular. J.R.

Home Defense Fund.

Previously reported, \$147.03. R. P., Tex., \$5; J. W. A., Wash., \$5; Mrs. P. E. D., Ohio, \$5; A. J., Mich., \$1.50; O. N. B., Fla., \$1; J. H., Cal., \$1; S. D., Wash., 50c; A. H., Cal., 25c; Mrs. M. F., N. J., 10c. Total, \$166.38. O. A. VERITY, Treas.

Home, Wash., June 16, 1902.

Two Kinds of Anarchy.

I see in FREE SOCIETY of June 15 that Kate Austin, of Caplinger Mills, Mo., denies the existence of two kinds of Anarchists, and she quotes Dr. J. C. Barnes, Hindsboro, Ill., when he rebuked me a little for my circular in which I made a distinction between the "reds" and the philosophicals.

In consideration of the prepondering testimony of Dr. Barnes in the press in favor of a purely peaceful propaganda, I never deemed his rebuke to me of any weight; but as Kate Austin now seeks to emphasize it, I will emphasize myself toward both her and Dr. Barnes and will ask them both if Dr. Barnes considers himself the same kind of an Anarchist as the man who killed the king of Italy? I have considered that man a "red" Anarchist and Dr. Barnes a fitting type of philosophical Anarchist.

I will not call Czolgosz an Anarchist, for I think him simply a product of the public schools, and more of a Socialist discontent than anything else.

For myself, I do not pose as an Anarchist of any kind, as I think the term "Christian," properly applied, covers more liberty than anything known. FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

Sykesville, Md.

For St. Louis, Mo.

Readers of FREE SOCIETY, *Freiheit*, and all friends and comrades are invited to a family picnic which will take place Sunday, July 20, at the "Red House," Catokia, Ill. Take ferry boat at the foot of Sidney St. In case of rain the picnic will take place the following Sunday.

Here and There.

Comrade MacQueen has been arrested in New York on account of the Paterson riots.

The Supreme Court of New York sustains the decision of the Appellate Court in the case of John Most.

The last issue of *La Question Sociale*, of Paterson, reports that the lurid accounts of riots are all lies. An orderly procession was attacked by police, and disorder followed.

Altho there are no Anarchists in Toronto, Canada, there are "terrible riots" nevertheless. The attempt to run street cars "resulted in the demolition of a half a dozen cars, the serious injury of a dozen men, the smashing of windows in various car barns, and the wounding of two street railway officials." The troops are trying to restore "order."

We have received a copy of an injunction issued against striking weavers of the American Woolen Co., at Plymouth, Mass. As usual the strikers are injunctioned to stop picketing, and in addition to this, from carrying on a boycott against the firm. The injunction is of the most sweeping nature, and "commands and enjoins" that the strikers cease to "interfere or prevent" anyone from "entering into business relations" with the boycotted company. The logic of the law is always on the employer's side.

Scarcely have the poor victims of the Trieste massacre been buried, when the Austrian troops again have covered themselves with "glory." June 2—a day which the poor

toilers will ever remember—the strikers of Lemberg peacefully gathered at the plaza when suddenly cavalry and infantry appeared and attacked the workers without provocation. Even little boys who were getting water from a well were shot down. The result of the massacre was five dead and forty fatally wounded. The public excitement is great and a general strike may be the result.

St. Petersburg, June 16.—Russia's perturbed autocracy is perfecting a new secret society with branches in the continental capitals and in London. The Paris branch will be called "The League for the Safety of the Russian Fatherland." The new society has appealed to the friends of order to support the movement.

No political importance can be attached to the society. Twenty years ago the Russian police organized two leagues for the same purpose, but they were a complete failure. While suspecting everybody they were never able to penetrate into the real revolutionary group and only succeeded in rendering themselves hated and ridiculous.

It is interesting to note that the prime mover in those former leagues was M. von Plehwe, who was then beginning his political career. Scarcely has this individual been appointed to the ministry of the interior than he resurrects his discredited policy for resisting the spirit of freedom by secret police machinery.—News Dispatch.

The report of the German Anarchist conference last May is given in *Neues Leben*. It was decided hereafter to issue a small paper once a month, to be issued as a supplement to *Neues Leben*. Unfortunately the conference occupied more time about local unpleasantness than to topics of general interest.

The congress held at Brussels, Belgium, was attended by 150 comrades. The subject, "Trades Unions and the General Strike," aroused a lively discussion. Until recently most of the Anarchists in Belgium were against trades unions, as they are mostly in the hands of unscrupulous politicians, which was clearly demonstrated in the recent general strike. (In many of these organizations Anarchists are not tolerated, while Catholic workers are welcome acquisitions.) But it was soon evident that the majority of the delegates were adherents or in favor of trades unions. It was recommended to join the labor organizations wherever possible, and to endeavor to free the unions from the political parties, which in the present situation should not be difficult to accomplish. Where it is impossible for Anarchists to join the unions, it was concluded to form independent organizations. The already existing independent unions will be federated. Thus it is hoped to form a strong and independent labor organization, which shall not be influenced by politicians. The international general strike will be propagated in these unions.

The second subject, "Labor Reforms," was also lively discussed. The majority were against reforms, altho some speakers warmly defended the eight-hour movement.

A more detailed report will appear in *Réveil des Travailleurs*. The next congress will take place next fall in Charleroi.

Anarchist Communism.*

Anarchism may be briefly defined as the negation of all government and all authority of man over man: Communism as the recognition of the just claim of each to the fullest satisfaction of all his needs, physical, moral, and intellectual. The Anarchist, therefore, while resisting as far as possible all forms of coercion and authority, repudiates just as firmly even the suggestion that he should impose himself upon others, realizing as he does that this fatal propensity in the majority of mankind has been the cause of nearly all the misery and bloodshed in the world. He understands just as clearly that to satisfy his needs without contributing, to the best of his ability, his share of labor in maintaining the general well-being, would be to live at the expense of others—to become an exploiter and to live as the rich drones live today. Obviously, then, government on the one hand and private ownership of the means of production on the other, complete the vicious circle—the present social system—which keeps mankind degraded and enslaved.

There will be no need to justify the Anarchists' attack upon all forms of government: history teaches the lesson he has learned on every page. But that lesson being concealed from the mass of the people by interested advocates of "law and order," and even by many Social Democrats, the Anarchist deals his hardest blows at the sophisms that uphold the State, and urges workers in striving for their emancipation to confine their efforts to the economic field.

It follows, therefore, that politically and economically his attitude is purely revolutionary; and hence arises the vilification and misrepresentation that Anarchism, which denounces all forms of social injustice, meets with in the press and from public speakers.

Rightly conceived, Anarchism is no mere abstract ideal theory of human society. It views life and social relations with eyes disillusioned. Making an end of all superstitions, prejudices and false sentiments it tries to see things as they really are; and without building castles in the air it finds by the simple correlation of established facts that the grandest possibilities of a full and free life can be placed within the reach of all, once that monstrous bulwark of all our social iniquities—the State—has been destroyed, and common property declared.

By education, by free organization, by individual and associated resistance to political and economic tyranny, the Anarchist hopes to achieve his aims. The task may seem impossible to many, but it should be remembered that in science, in literature, in art, the highest minds are with the Anarchist or are imbued with distinct Anarchist tendencies. Even our bitterest opponents admit the beauty of our "dream," and reluc-

* It would be only fair to state that the Individualist school of Anarchism, which includes many eminent writers and thinkers, differs from us mainly on the question of Communism, i. e., on the holding of property, the remuneration of labor, etc. Anarchism, however, affords the opportunity for experiment in all these matters, and in that sense there is no dispute between us. We have purposely refrained from alluding to the burning question of assassination, as we think it will be time to deal with that when government has explained to us all the moral advantages of its wholesale massacres, slaughtering, and plundering.

tantly confess it would be well for humanity if it were "possible." Anarchist Communist propaganda is the intelligent, organized, determined effort to realize the "dream" and to ensure that freedom and well-being for all shall be possible.—From the "Reformers' Year Book."

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Shall We Be Free?

(Continued from page three.)

cats, I am bound to believe that it is at least equally important that human life at its fountain head shall receive as much forethought and consideration.

I am not anxious that this boy who calls me "father" shall be a copy of me, shall be cast in the same mould, any more than I want every tree in the field to be the exact counterpart of every other or every flower in the garden to monotonously repeat the form and color and fragrance of every other. I cannot believe that it is either a normal or a wise expression of human affection which would treat children as dolls or dummies to be utilized for the exhibition of fine fabrics or to test the merits of patent foods or medicines. I do not believe any parent has the right to assume proprietorship in the lives of children. Our children do not belong to us in any sense. Chattel slavery has been abolished. We have no more right to decide their destiny or meddle with it, than we have to decide or meddle with the destiny of our neighbors or their children. Children are potential men and women. They are human beings like ourselves. They must live their own lives. To attempt to make them live our lives or anyone's but their own is to violate and desecrate them. Their divinest right is freedom to express themselves. I claim that right for every child as earnestly as for my own, for it cannot be secured or maintained for one child until it is secured and maintained for every other.

I do not want to imitate anyone. I want to be myself. I cannot be anyone else. I can be a good thing for the world only as I express myself, only as I gain and maintain the freedom to do so. In the exercise of that freedom I can harm no one. Indeed, that is the only gospel any man can bear to his fellows—the free expression of himself. That is the only message of gladness any woman can bear—that which freely and fully expresses herself. You cannot in a more compact compass describe the life of Jesus or the life of any man in the world's history who is entitled to our reverence or our love. He expressed himself at any cost. He asserted and maintained his own essential freedom. That is the only thing that justifies his life. It is the only thing that can justify your life or mine.

But it costs something today to be free. You have got to pay the dearest price for freedom of all the things you can possess. It is right that you should, if you are to measure values by their price, for there is nothing that is worth so much. There is nothing so precious. Nothing can measure the value of freedom. For its sake men have not hesitated to die most cruel deaths—to rot in foul dungeons, to be buried in the cheerless exile of some barren Siberia, to hang on crosses, to be gibbeted on scaffolds—the freedom of thinking and the freedom

of living. They have paid a dearer price than death—the price of misrepresentation, hatred, loss of friends and of all those things which men commonly hold most dear.

But when we give the matter a little thought, we are bound to say that nothing can be so essential to manhood as this same freedom. It is the soul of manhood and womanhood. It is the divinest blossom on the tree of life. It is the seed of character. It is the spring of joy. It is the arbiter of destiny. It holds the key to every treasure that life can ever unlock. It holds the thread that leads out of every labyrinth of error or evil. At its touch alone will the doors of a higher life for our race swing open.

And what is the deadliest foe of freedom? What is it that holds the darkest menace to manhood and womanhood? to the family? to every sacred interest of life? Where are we to find the secret of the decay of democratic spirit and ideals, the hold of ignorance and superstition and intolerance? The base of the pyramid of ignorance and superstition and intolerance and slavery is the industrial system. It is because other men possess the power to deprive me of life, to crowd me off the earth, to say whether or not upon what terms, if any, I shall eat, whether I shall get what people call a living—it is because of this, that society can make and does make either a coward, a hypocrite, or a martyr of me and every other man that lives. I do not admire cowardice or hypocrisy, and I do not desire martyrdom. I want to live. I want to express myself. I claim for myself and for every other soul the right to be free form any sense of dependence upon any other soul for a living. I claim it to be my right as an able-bodied man, nay, my right as a moral being, the right of character, of self-respect, of everything that is finest and best, that I have opportunity to pay my own way, to make my contribution to the wealth of the world, in order that I may without loss of manhood demand from my fellow men the necessities of life. Charity is a menace to manhood. The only help a man has any right to give to another or that he can give without moral injury to that other, is the opportunity to help himself. And even that opportunity should be afforded by the joint action of society, of the whole community. Only as every man is taken into partnership in the establishment of the universal chance to live a free and unfearing life are the divinest demands of character satisfied.

I demand for myself and for every other man, in the name of the dearest and most sacred interests of life, the right to know and the ability to do more than one thing. I demand the opportunity to acquire that knowledge and that ability. Inasmuch as the symmetrical development of the brain and therefore the healthful and adequate education of all the intellectual and moral capacities requires the exercise and culture of every other function of the human body, I claim for myself and for all the right to know and the opportunity to do various kinds of work. I want the privilege of tilling the soil and I protest against a system of things that robs me of the fruits of my labor. I claim the right to know how to do mechanical work, to produce things of use and beauty and to do so under conditions which are consonant with manliness and self-respect. I dare to

say that we have not today any social or industrial or political equipment that can begin to satisfy that claim. No such claim and no other reasonable or moral claim of our manhood or womanhood can possibly be met or fulfilled by this capitalistic civilization. It is immoral and indecent from base to dome. It rests upon fraud and thrives on dishonor. It is exploitation, robbery, murder and every crime against the human soul.

Well, what is it that decrees that we shall be slaves or pay such a fearful price for freedom? It is the existence of a system under which I must be dependent on the will of others to live. Any such system has nothing good in it. There is no room for compromise with such a system, and no man who really understands what it means, no man who belongs to the vast multitude of those who produce all the things that make life possible and desirable and is conscious of his condition and his interests, will consider any compromise. The men who are talking about compromise are the men who do not know what this thing means and involves. It is a menace to all that is sacred.

But if I have economic freedom, if I have guaranteed to me the right to work and its corresponding right to receive the product of my labor, I possess the key to every other right you can name. No man then can tell me what I shall think or bring offensive pressure to bear upon me to make me think contrary to what my reason dictates. No man then can tell me that unless I believe in this or that creed, I shall bear the ban of social exile: for then society must necessarily purge itself of those false and immoral distinctions which now are its very warp and woof, for its basis will be labor, which is life. No man then can tell me how I shall live my life. No man then can fix the mould according to which I shall be fashioned. Indeed, then the whole fabric of society bids me be myself, bids me to be free, summons from my nature its richest possibilities, equips me with the secret of happiness, holds before me the divinest incentives, and makes certain the creation of a higher and better race of men.

How, then, can such a state of things be established on this earth? Does someone say it is impossible? Take my word for it, that objection comes always from the men who have so much to say on Sundays and in their creeds and prayer-meetings about "faith." Does someone say it is utopian? That is the word with which those who think they have most to gain by the exploitation of their fellow men would discourage every attempt to make a better world. Do not believe it. All the disclosures of science lead us to believe in far greater possibilities for man. The evolution of man has been upward, not downward. All the words and deeds of poets and prophets and Christs speak the same language. All point the same way.

And that way is becoming clearer. We are rapidly seeing the looming possibilities of putting into the hands of the people themselves, as people, as society, this whole vast plant of industry, making mankind the owner in joint partnership of the earth and of all the means of making it fruitful. Every human being is one of the people. When

the people possess the land and the industrial machinery which with much travail society itself has produced and makes useful, every man as a human being becomes a member of that firm, and no one can deny him the right to live. On the contrary, it becomes of the greatest advantage to all society that each shall be given the freest chance to do his part.

Men and women, here is the gospel for today. If it is good tidings only to the poor, to the disheartened, to social and industrial slaves, I cannot help that. If it is being preached most clearly and persuasively by those who hail from some social or intellectual Nazareth of the nineteenth or twentieth century, and if there is a disposition on the part of the pillars of civilization to drown all argument with the question, "How can any good thing come from Nazareth?" that is not my affair. We ought to have made some little gain in knowledge during the lapse of nineteen centuries. We ought to know a little more about the solution of our moral and social problems than even the wisest and best of those men who lived so many centuries before these problems had any existence. If this or that man tells me we cannot effect the industrial changes that we demand until we somehow create a morally better class of men, I ask him to tell me in all honesty whether he wants any industrial change. I strongly suspect he does not and I more than suspect that he is not conscious of having any deep personal interest in such a change.

It is going to require the incentive of personal interest to effect this change. All the forces of civilization are working together as inevitably toward creating at least the material framework of a social order in which freedom may be had without crucifixion, as the forces of nature are working to clothe our world with its garments of beauty. But only those people can be relied upon either to find the way or make the way of inaugurating that order whose personal interests compel them to do so.

One thing more and I am done. This question of freedom is one that may not come at all to some men—to millions of men. They never think of it. It does not touch their consciousness, however deeply or decisively it may really effect their destiny. But it does come to other souls, and when it comes there is no evading it. When it does come, the whole fabric of manhood is at stake. A man must decide to save his manhood at the loss of everything else, or save his life and lose his soul. There is the place where the man that loses his life saves it, and the man who saves it loses it. For myself, I know no law—and there can be none—so sacred or so imperative as the law of my own being, the hunger of my own soul for truth, the inspiring joy of my own heart. I will recognize no law superior to that. What I claim for myself I claim equally for every other soul. No man's freedom to express himself ever involves or can involve the smallest abridgment of the right or opportunity of any other soul to do the same. No sort of social order can wholly smother freedom. Capitalism means for it crucifixion. Socialism means for it honor and reverence and joy.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

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