



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 370.

Loyalty.

Be loyal, Slaves! For "honest toil"
Has made your master "great"—
Your toil! Your sweat, your blood and bone,
Your brain and brawn, your tear and groan,
Insure their Church and State.

Be loyal, Slaves! For "faithfulness"
Brings, truly, "its reward"—
Your faith! Your hope of betterment
For human ills, for lives misspent,
Created their "Good Lord"!

Be loyal, Slaves! With heaven in sight,
A "little here below,"
Will satisfy your utmost needs;
That "little" seasoned well with creeds—
Hereafter, robes like "snow"!

Be loyal, Slaves! The "gates of pearl"
Shall open with ado!
Behold the "walls of jasper," Slave,
The streets with "gold" their "God" shall pave—
It's much too good for you!

Be loyal, Slaves! A "traitor" spurn.
Your masters' wants supply!
Build mansion, grand, weave silken gown—
In "homes above" yours th' "harp" and "crown"!
Be loyal—so you'll die!

Be loyal, Slaves! To "sacrifice"
Your loves, your lives, your all,
Is "nobleness" without a doubt,
E'en tho it makes of you a lout,
And crowds you to a stall!

Be loyal, Slaves! Be honest, too!
Be truthful! Be content!
Obedient! With willing hands
You sow and reap your masters' lands—
For this your lives are meant!

Be loyal, Slaves! The trifling gift
Of body and of mind
Of generations yet to be,
Bestowed by sires of low degree—
To this be e'er resigned!

Be loyal, Slaves! Break not your chains.
The rattle coincides
With their "domestic happiness"—
And who would make the clatter less?
'Tis joy to him who rides!

Be loyal, Slaves! There is no end
Of "blessings" to be found,
When hunted for with happy hearts,—
Your masters lend, with glee, the charts,—
Just get you each a bound!

Be loyal, Slaves! Authority's
Beneficence uphold!
How could you act without its rules?
You, you who're bred its "burly fools"!
Consider! Be less bold!

Be loyal, Slaves! A trait'rous act
"Disturbs the public peace"!
"Society's" foundations quake
Whene'er you strive your chains to break.
Why struggle for release?
Home, Wash. VIROQUA DANIELS.

White Slavery in the South.

Next to Massachusetts, South Carolina manufactures more cotton cloth than any other State in the Union. The cotton mills of South Carolina are mostly owned and operated by New England capital.

In many instances the machinery of the cotton mills has been moved entire from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The move was made for the ostensible purpose of being near the raw product; but the actual reason is, that in South Carolina there is no law regulating child-labor. Heartless cupidity has joined hands with brutal ignorance, and the result is child-labor of so terrible a type that African slavery was a paradise compared with it. Many of the black slaves lived to a good old age, and they got a hearty enjoyment from life.

The infant factory slaves South Carolina can never develop into men and women. There are no mortality statistics; the mill owners baffle all attempts of the outside public to get at the facts, but my opinion is, that in many mills death sets the little prisoner free inside of four years. Beyond that he cannot hope to live, and this opinion is derived from careful observation, and interviews with skilled and experienced physicians who practice in the vicinity of the mills.

Boys and girls from the age of six years and upwards are employed. They usually work from six o'clock in the morning until seven at night. For four months of the year, they go to work before daylight and they work until after dark.

At noon I saw them squat on the floor and devour their food, which consisted mostly of corn-bread and bacon. These weakened pigmies munched in silence, and then toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. Very few wore shoes and stockings; dozens of little girls of, say, seven years of age wore only one garment, a linsey-wooley dress. When it came time to go to work the foreman marched thru the groups, shaking the sleepers, shouting in their ears, lifting them to their feet, and in a few instances kicking the delinquents into wakefulness. The long afternoon hand begun—from a quarter to one until seven o'clock they worked without respite or rest.

These toddlers, I saw, for the most part did but one thing—they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long, and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; back and forth they paced, watching with inanimate, dull look, the flying spindles. The roar of the machinery

drowned every other sound—back and forth paced the baby toilers in their bare feet, and mended the broken threads. Two, three or four threads would break before they could patrol the twenty feet—the threads were always breaking!

The noise and the constant looking at the flying wheels reduce nervous sensation in a few months to the minimum. The child does not think, he ceases to suffer—memory is as dead as hope; no more does he long for the green fields, the running streams, the freedom of the woods, and the companionship of all the wild, free things that run, climb, fly, swim or burrow.

He does his work like an automaton; he is a part of the roaring machinery; memory is seared, physical vitality is at such a low ebb that he ceases to suffer. Nature puts a short limit on torture by sending insensibility. If you suffer, thank God!—it is a sure sign you are alive.

I thought to lift one of the little toilers to ascertain his weight. Straightway thru his thirty-five pounds of skin and bones there ran a tremor of fear, and he struggled forward to tie a broken thread. I attracted his attention by a touch, and offered him a silver dime. He looked at me dumbly, from a face that might have belonged to a man of sixty, so furrowed, tightly drawn and full of pain it was. He did not reach for the money—he did not know what it was. I tried to stroke his head and caress his cheek. My smile of friendship meant nothing to him—he shrank from my touch, as tho he expected punishment. A caress was unknown to this child, sympathy had never been his portion, and the love of a mother who only a short time before held him in her arms, had all been forgotten in the whirl of wheels and the awful silence of a din that knows no respite. There were dozens of just such children in this particular mill. A physician who was with me said that they would all be dead, probably in two years, and their places filled with others—there were plenty more. Pneumonia carries off the most of them. Their systems are ripe for disease, and when it comes, there is no rebound—no response. Medicine simply does not act—nature is whipped, beaten, discouraged, and the child sinks in a stupor, and dies.

There are now only five States, I believe, that have no law restricting the employment of children. Child-labor exists in Georgia and Alabama, to an extent nearly as grievous as it does in South Carolina, but in each

Ideas are forces; the existence of some determines our reception of others.—G. Lewis.

of these States there are bands of brave men and excellent women who are waging war to stop the slaughter of the innocents; and these men and women have so forced the issue that the mill owners are giving way before them and offering to compromise. But South Carolina lags behind and the brave workers for liberty seem a hopeless minority. For these things let Massachusetts answer. South Carolina weaves cotton that Massachusetts may wear silk.

South Carolina cannot abolish child-labor because the mill owners, who live in New England, oppose it. They have invested their millions in South Carolina, with the tacit understanding with legislature and governor that there shall be no State inspection of mills, nor interference in any way with their management of employes. Each succeeding election the candidates for the legislature secretly make promises that they will not pass a law forbidding child-labor. They cannot hope for election otherwise—the capitalists combine with the "crackers," and any man who favors the restriction of child-labor is marked. The cracker, the capitalist, and the preacher live on child-labor, and the person who lifts his voice in behalf of the children is denounced as a sickly sentimentalist, endeavoring to discourage the best interests of the State. The cracker does not reason quite thus far—with him it is a question of "rights, sah," and he is the head of his family and you must not meddle—his honor is at stake. So at every election he jealously guards his rights—he has nothing else to do—he has lost everything else but "honor." If women could vote in South Carolina they would wipe child-labor out with a sweep, but alas! a woman in South Carolina does not own even her own body. South Carolina is the only State in the Union that has no divorce law. In South Carolina the gracious, gentle woman married to a rogue has him for life, and he has her. The State objects to their getting apart. The fetters forged in South Carolina never break, (in South Carolina,) and the key is lost.

I learned from a reliable source that a cotton mill having a pay roll of six thousand dollars a week in New England, can be run in the South for four thousand dollars a week. This means a saving of just one hundred thousand dollars a year; and the mill having a capital of one million dollars thus gets a clear gain of ten per cent per annum.

Capital is king, not cotton. But capital is blind and deaf to all that is not to its interest, it will not act while child-labor means ten per cent dividends on industrial stocks.

Instead of abolishing child-labor, capital gives a lot, near the mill property, to any preacher who will build a church, and another lot for a parsonage, and then agrees to double the amount any denomination will raise for a church edifice. Within a quarter of a mile from one cotton mill, at Columbia, S. C., I counted seven churches, completed or in process of erection. And that is the way the mill owners capture the clergy. In talking with various preachers on the question of child-labor they all, I found, had arguments to excuse it, blissfully unaware that the entire question had been fought out in the world's assize, and that Civilization fifty years ago had placed her

stamp of disapproval on the matter. One preacher put it in this way, with a gracious, patronizing smile (I quote his exact words): "Oh, of course, it is pretty bad—but then, dear brother, you know the children are better off in the mill than running the streets!"

If the child workers of South Carolina could be marshalled by bugle call, headed with life and drum, and marched thru Commonwealth Avenue, out past that statue of William Lloyd Garrison, erected by the sons of the men who dragged him thru the streets at a rope's end, the sight would appall the heart and drive conviction home. Imagine an army of twenty thousand pigmy bondsmen half naked, half starved, yellow, weazened, deformed in body, with drawn faces that show spirits too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too pained to feel! Would not aristocratic Boston lock her doors, bar the shutters and turn in shame from such a sight?

I know the sweat shops of Hester Street, New York; I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel District; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know the lot of the coal miners in Pennsylvania; and I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities; but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina—this in my own America—the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

For the adult who accepts the life of the mills, I have not a word to say—it is his own business. My plea is in defense of the innocent—I voice the cry of the child whose sob is drowned in the thunder of whirling wheels.

The iniquity of this New Slavery in the New South has grown up out of conditions for which no one man, or class of men, it seems is amenable. The interests of the cracker, the preacher, the overseer, the superintendent, the president, and the stockholders, are so involved that they cannot see the truth—their feet are ensnared, and they sink into the quicksands of hypocrisy, deceiving themselves with specious reasons. They must be educated, and the people must be educated.—Elbert Hubbard, in the *Philistine*, May, 1902.

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Woman: the Old and the New.

Where shall we begin? Shall the *old* woman be pictured as Adam's partner in the garden, tempting him to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or, shall we think of her as in the days of Egyptian splendor, of Grecian glory, of Roman rule, or shall we look at her as she lived in the feudal ages in England, France and Germany?

Or could we not better describe and hold up for contrast our own grandmothers of America's colonial days?

We know that in every age, in every country, among all peoples there have been those who might properly be designated *new women*. Cleopatra stands out in bold relief from the history of Egypt; Sappho dared to sing in Greece, when the other noted bards of the times were *men*; Portia pleaded for justice before the Roman bar; the queens of later years—all those who have assumed and performed the duties supposed to belong to *men* alone, belong to

that at present much talked of specimen of the *genus homo*—the *new woman*. But leaving out these illustrious personages, where do we get our ideas of the *old woman*? What are some of her characteristics? The novels of a country are said by some, to afford the truest descriptions of the men and women of the day in which they are written.

Be this as it may, what ideas do we obtain from the descriptions of our grandmothers? I could quote at length from some of our noted fiction writers, but suffice it to say they give us the impression that the women of fifty or one hundred years ago belong to the *ivy family*.

The characters held up to us for our emulation, spent a great deal of time reclining on the sofa, either reading poetry, or exhibiting the frail structure of her fingers with the execution of wonderful embroidery. Her nerves were of the most sensitive type, a mouse could frighten her into convulsions, and she had a remarkable tendency to faint on any or all occasions.

Further, this *old woman* was supposed to be duly shocked whenever she heard of one of her sister women stepping outside the "metes and bounds" of *custom*. Mind you, I do not say that this is a correct delineation of our grandmothers, in fact I deny that it is true, but this is the manner in which our would-be teachers, the novelists, have written, and have pretended to desire that all women should copy from that pattern. Students of history know that it was not from that class of women we obtained the brain and brawn of the present century. Let it pass. What will the readers of the future understand by the term *the new woman*?

Do we not know that caricature is deplorably prevalent? Read our newspapers and magazines. The new woman is generally pictured as a being aping the costumes of men, and possessing all the vices of the male *roué*. Loud-voiced, coarse, a creature who might be described in Poe's words, as "neither man nor woman—neither beast nor human." But this picture is no truer than that which represents our grandmothers as helpless nonentities. We know something of the law of heredity. We know that every present is the product of all the past. We know that today we are building for the future. Knowing this what can we say of the *real new woman*?

She cannot be called the coming woman, for she is already here, if not in large numbers at least enough of her to attract considerable attention. She has inherited the sturdy independence of her ancestors, and she asserts it by dressing as she chooses, by traveling alone if necessary, by educating herself for any and all positions, by entering upon and following any and all professions, and by declaring herself an individual, willing to rely upon her own merits, and to be responsible for her own failings. She says, in substance: "I am here. I am a part of the universe. It is my duty as well as my privilege and pleasure to develop my own personality. I am no longer a slave to the ideas of the past—no longer subservient to the will of a master, losing my identity because of the accident of sex."

The *new woman* does not, as some would have us believe, seek to supersede man in

business, in government. Not so. She says: "Not above nor beyond you, my brother, but side by side. Keeping step with you in the march of progress, sharing the responsibilities of life, and participating in its rewards."

She does *not*, as our traducers claim, seek to evade the cares of motherhood. Ah, no. The *true* new woman thus declares: "I claim the right to such conditions as shall develop to its utmost extent my physical form. I demand the right to the highest and best mental culture, that I may be enabled to become capable of giving to the world improved specimens of humanity."

And will this type of the new woman have nothing to say as to a mate?

She cannot, with her knowledge of natural law, be careless in this matter.

Can you not perceive that this *new* woman is to be the emancipator of the race? That in demanding intelligence, character and health in the father of her children, she is destined to revolutionize the world?

No more will beings enter the world as mere accidents of lust, bearing upon their bodies and brains the stamp of ignorance. No more will society be cursed and endangered by hordes of vicious beings, victims of a licentious parentage. The world is to grow better and better. We are to reach higher and yet higher planes of intelligence, and *woman* is destined to lead the way.

We accord all due deference to the women of the past—the mothers of us all, but it is to the mothers of the future we look with hope and trust. The *new* woman will "hitch her chariot to a star," and carry upward and onward the glorious cause of human freedom. Her harp shall be attuned to the "music of the spheres" and all will join in the grand song of the redemption of the human race, and its final triumph in happiness and love.

MYRA PEPPER.

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Objects to Classification.

It came to pass, *is* passing and soon will have passed into innocuous disuse in the ragbag of oblivion, that someone kindly inclined towards Anarchy, hearing of someone resorting to violence and proclaiming himself an Anarchist, in defense of Anarchy classified the violent as *red* Anarchists and the real Anarchists as philosophical Anarchists. About one person in one hundred thousand Anarchists, or who profess to be, have been convicted of a violent crime, including Bresci, who killed King Humbert.

Francis B. Livesey is the first person I remember of having used the designation of philosophic Anarchist, tho he does "not pose as an Anarchist." I see some professed Anarchists have fallen into the error of classifying Anarchists, for no sufficient reason that I can see. Friend Livesey, who is practically an Anarchist, tho disavowing it, classes me with philosophers, tho I have never claimed the distinction. I recognize all Anarchists as philosophers—they must be to be Anarchists.

Kate Austin in FREE SOCIETY of June 15 gives a concise definition of Anarchy.

She says: "Anarchy as I understand it, is the philosophy of freedom,—the negation of authority. When we explain Anarchism we

explain natural laws and principles the observance of which would build a human brotherhood in which government of man by man is abolished." This definition I think will be accepted by all Anarchists. If all Anarchists accept and believe in the above or in the Century Dictionary's definition which I think they do, which is, "A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty," I can see no reason nor room for a classification of them.

I know it is assumed by its enemies that because Anarchy is a negation of authority and government that therefore Anarchists favor a violent overthrow of rulers. But it is not a logical conclusion. There is no reason in it. The reverse is true. While we oppose *privileges* which government grants, we put rights paramount to all,—and as life and freedom are inalienable *rights*, no Anarchist, as an Anarchist, can invade those rights. If some professed Anarchist like Bresci should so forget himself when seeing his former fellows in squalor, and seeing the king in his regal luxury, should fly into an insane frenzy and in his passionate rage kill a king, should Anarchists be classified? Does Anarchy *teach* or *lead* to such violence? All Anarchists know it does not. If there are any Anarchists who favor such violence, I am not informed of it and I have read all the Anarchist literature I could get in the last twenty years. If there are any so-called red Anarchists, they must be so few as to be ignored and deserve no classification.

Mr. Livesey in FREE SOCIETY of June 29 puts a ponderous question to Kate Austin and myself. He says: "I 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 no knowledge of the man other than that he killed the king and it is reported he said he was an Anarchist. I have this to say. If he was an Anarchist, he was not lead to do the act by Anarchist teachings.

Mr. Livesey closes his letter just quoted from by saying: "For myself, I do not pose as an Anarchist of any kind, as I think 'Christian,' properly applied, covers more liberty than anything known." I know Mr. Livesey to be a friend of Anarchists and a lover of liberty. He opposes Comstock's law for suppressing free literature. He thinks as little of Comstock as he does of Bresci, or as little as Anarchists do of both. Yet Comstock is a Christian. Does he *ass*-ify Christians? A father in Massachusetts and one in California sacrificed their children to God. They were Christians. Were they red Christians, or were they simply laboring under an hallucination of emotional religious insanity?

There is no law in this country against a Christian or an Anarchist becoming insane. They may kill and go clear of crime if the insanity dodge is sustained.

Mr. Livesey says, "I think the term 'Christian,' properly applied, covers more liberty than anything known." I infer he is simply a *Christian* without any classified suffix or affix as a handle to the term. So Kate and I are simply Anarchists.

I think it a concession to our enemies for

us to admit a good and a bad class of Anarchists, as tho the teaching of Anarchy could lead to evil results. J. C. BARNES. Hindsboro, Ill.

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"Two Kinds of Anarchy."

Under the above title, Francis B. Livesey, the noble, self-sacrificing reformer, whose letters have gone before millions of readers, writes of the two kinds of Anarchists, naming Dr. J. C. Barnes as the representative of one school, and the man who killed the king of Italy the other.

Let us see how much difference there is between the two schools.

If brigands should make a call upon Comrade Livesey for the purpose of carrying off his wife and children, I am of the opinion that he would make a strenuous resistance if he had the least idea that it would avail to save his dear ones from being captured. Again, if the ruffians should be successful and depart with their booty, I still incline to the opinion that our comrade would be willing to accept the services of his neighbors to effect their rescue, and that, if the robbers were killed in the effort to retain possession of their booty, he would feel that they had met their just fate. Now, let us look at society. Anarchists claim (and with *truth*) that the people's heritage has been stolen from them, and that so long as the thieves retain possession of the plunder it is utterly impossible to have a peaceable and harmonious society. As a matter of morality, is it wrong to kill the robbers to get back that which was never rightfully theirs? Certainly people are justified in taking what belongs to them, and if a member of the "brotherhood of thieves" occasionally loses his life at the hand of one of the dispossessed, why should there be such a hue and cry raised over the incident?

The question, then, resolves itself into one of expediency rather than of morals.

So long as ninety-nine out of one hundred men we meet in our daily rounds are ignorant of the fact that they have been robbed of their birthright, it is useless to advocate the employment of force to better things. This being the situation today, it is for us to do all that lies in our power to educate those around us as to the methods by which the fruits of their labor is stolen from them. Explain to them the absolute necessity of having free land, free money, free trade and why the patent laws should be abolished.

When enough of the people shall learn that those are the main factors in stealing the fruits of their toil, then the days of the exploiters will come to an end.

Of course we all hope that this change may be made by *evolution* rather than thru *revolution*, but the men and women who defend policies of "benevolent assimilation" and then open the vials of their wrath on the heads of the militant Anarchists, are not the ones to give us points on morality, or aid in the work of establishing equal liberty among the people.

JOSHUA T. SMALL.

Provincetown, Mass.

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If the coal barons had to live for one month on what the coal miners get for their year's work the barons might look at the case differently.—Chicago Daily News.

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Notes.

Comrade T. Appel is collecting subscriptions for FREE SOCIETY in Chicago. Those in arrears may expect a call from him at an early date.

"Pages of Socialist History" by W. Tcherkesoff, is now ready. This book is recommended to Socialists of all schools, as it deals with the history of the "International," and the attitude of Marx and Engels towards Bakunin. Paper cover, 25 cents. By mail 30 cents. Send orders to Chas. B. Cooper, 114 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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.

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Splinters.

A newspaper scribe with more humor than sense proposes to "settle" the Anarchist question by dropping all the Anarchists—and, as he thinks, Anarchism—into the crater of Mt. Pelée. This is an ingenious idea—on paper—and perhaps calculated to amuse the thoughtless at our expense; but involves more danger to our friend the enemy than he imagines. Social agitation becomes dangerous and explosive thru repression and persecution; and all the laws, schemes, and plans that have been scattered around like sand during the past year possess about as much sense as would the suggestion to drain the Atlantic dry by guiding the water into a crater. Let the persecution be carried on recklessly long enough, and there will be an explosion that will create more havoc than was seen in St. Pierre.

After so much flourishing and display by certain senators and congressmen, the whole melee has finally ended in—gas. This is very natural. After these gentlemen had spent all their energy in emitting a fearful quantity of steam, none was left to carry the job thru. For it can hardly be attributed to any remaining spark of intelligence, judging by the abortion produced by the House. Under this measure, if it became a law, a person

who really contemplated an act of violence, would laugh in his sleeves, while the talkative wiseacre who now smiles approvingly might find himself in a serious predicament, should he express satisfaction at the execution of a European tyrant, of the past and the present.

So far as I am aware the committee appointed by the Marquette Club, to solve and bury the Anarchist problem in unmitigated oblivion, has not yet belched forth a requisite amount of either intelligence or abusive gall to accomplish the job. Meanwhile the Anarchist awaits the call of the sexton with complacent serenity, feeling that he is indeed very much alive. So much so, in fact, that he looks with amused contempt on the hopeless labor of ignoramuses and fools.

A nasty story of municipal corruption comes from Minneapolis, which involves the mayor, the police from the chief down, and various other officials. It is but a repetition of similar exposures in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and New York. And all of these are exceptional only in that the corruption became known. In every city the conditions are precisely the same. In Portland, in San Francisco, in Chicago, and other places, the police are the hired agents of the big gamblers and robbers. The national government has its scandals; the State governments are no better. In Montana, California, Pennsylvania there is open traffic in senatorships; in Chicago courts of "justice" have their juries bribed; in Oregon votes are flagrantly falsified. The story of political corruption is like an endless chain. An honest man in politics is an anomaly; he either gives up in despair, or is hounded out unmercifully. Still on top of all this we are told about the State, the utopian State, which protects life and property, punishes criminals, and carries on public works. Let no one tell us that our ideas are utopian; let them first give us their government as they represent it, and not as it really is, and then we can still talk about the abstract right of its existence.

Dr. J. C. Barnes pays Francis B. Livesey rather a poor compliment when he says that the latter thinks of Comstock as do Anarchists of Bresci. For Dr. Barnes ought to know, if he does not, that many Anarchists—and these I suppose are styled the "red" Anarchists—have only the highest admiration for Bresci and others who have sacrificed their lives in the social revolution. If Dr. Barnes doubts this, let him read Comrade Voltairine de Cleyre's poems on Angiolillo and Bresci, and many other expressions which have appeared in FREE SOCIETY by other writers.

If the appellation "red" Anarchist is to be used to distinguish a warm-blooded being who can comprehend and understand human passions, which find vent occasionally in a violent, desperate deed, from an atom of brain which philosophically sits back in a chair and demonstrates that a human life is sacred, that a king has a life which should be respected, etc., then I am willing to accept it, and with all the opprobrium those who use it wish to convey by it.

JR.

Certain Comments.

I am afraid that Comrade Winn allows his literary predilections to lead him into paths of exaggeration. It is quite possible to admire the unique and solitary genius of Poe, without seeking to exalt him to the heights where dwell Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare and the few other Titans of the ages. It may be added that the Greeks "of two thousand years ago" were not in the habit of raising their poets from Helicon to Olympus, altho they deified their early heroes, as the Romans did their emperors. By the way, the Greeks worshiped Zeus, not "Jove and Jupiter," who are one and the same, belonging to the Roman Pantheon, as "the father of gods and men."

Poetry is a master-key to the universe. It is a revelation thru the imagination, of the meaning of man and of the universe. The poet himself, as an individual, may be ignorant, narrow, vicious, creed-bound, superstitious, criminal. He becomes nevertheless, in spite of himself, a messenger of truth and an inspirer of men. There is a truth underlying every falsehood; and when the poet attempts to glorify some corrupt dogma, he really penetrates below it to the deeper thought of which the evil doctrine is but a distortion and an imperfect symbol. Hence all great, all intensely imaginative poetry, (not the mere stringing of jingles together, nor the painful elaboration of rhymed sermons and arguments,) is healthful to the mind, even tho the personal views of the poet may be entirely opposed to those of the reader.

The English language is exceptionally rich in noble bards. Besides Shakespeare, the greatest poet the world has ever seen, there are exhaustless treasures in the writings of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Burns, Gray, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Browning, Tennyson, Whitman, Poe, and at least as many others of almost equal rank. Even among those living, Henley, Swinburne, Arnold, Lewis Morris, William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Edwin Markham, are names to make the heart thrill. They are all ours; and each of us will be guided by temperament, education and literary taste, in the choice of favorites. I love Poe; but I can not give him as high a rank as Comrade Winn bestows on him. To my view, the mighty mind of Whitman towers above him, as a representative of American genius. Nor can I class "Ulalume" as more "perfect" than "Adonais" or the "Eve of St. Agnes," nor accept the asserted superiority of the "Raven" and "Annabel Lee" to the greatest productions of some of our other poets.

If not the greatest, however, he was sufficiently great to stand as a perpetual reproach to the ingratitude of men. He was not even fortunate enough to secure a faithful and sympathetic biographer. Faults he had, and perhaps not slight ones, intensified by the bitterness of his struggle against injustice and lack of appreciation. But in a noble society, such faults as his would not for an instant have obscured the sun of his genius. Our corrupt and greedy civilization cannot understand a Burns, a Chatterton, a Poe. If there were no other incentives to labor in behalf of a free society, it would be enough that only in such a soil can genius

expand to its full dimensions to delight and instruct the world.

So the military court in Philippine Islands has done its duty, and endorsed the infamous water cure. In the twentieth century, the American government stoops to torture methods worthy of the Middle Ages. How proud we ought to be of our country! Hurrah for the anti-Anarchist laws, which make honest opinion a crime!

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

By the Wayside.

More and more the "freedom" of this country goes up in smoke, and nothing but noise remains. With the decrease of democracy the noise on the Fourth increases; and the parchment on which the Declaration of Independence is written might as well be sold at auction to Chinamen—the manufacturers of fire crackers.

The editor of the *Labor Clarion* has discovered that "congress has betrayed American labor." What pitiful simplicity! Did congress ever do anything else "in the interest of labor"? If so, the editor could oblige the curious mind by pointing out the historical facts of such legislation. No matter what we may think of the integrity and intelligence of "our" representatives, I am satisfied that they are not very apt to legislate themselves out of existence.

Furthermore, the above editor is grieved that new labor organizations refuse to sail under the flag of Gompers & Co., and thus threaten to weaken the American Federation of Labor. True, "in unity there is strength"; but great numbers alone do not signify such unity. It is the union of aim and purpose which makes an organization strong; and the fact that new organizations with broader aims spring into existence should teach Gompers and his satellites that the toilers are no longer satisfied with the narrow program of shorter hours and more pay. The American Federation of Labor must broaden its aim or else the progressive element in the labor movement will pass over its head.

INTERLOPER.

Anarchist Trio Jailed.

Three of the most active Anarchist workers in this vicinity have been jailed within a week. Comrade Most was called upon to satisfy the cravings of justice (?) by serving a year on Blackwell's Island. It will be remembered that at the time of the shooting of McKinley *Freiheit* came from the press containing a strong revolutionary article culled from the works of Karl Heinzen, the German revolutionist, published some time after his arrival in this country more than fifty years ago. Published at any other time the authorities would not have noticed it.

A blow had been struck at the State. The great "pillar" of society had been threatened. The chief wielder of the scepter of authority had actually been stricken to the earth by a power which for the moment was superior to the power of government. That

was why the foundation of authority quaked, and why the earth reverberated with the howls of the privileged who live by the sweat of brows other than their own. The ignorant who have been taught to believe themselves dependent upon the rich, whom they actually feed, clothe, wash, amuse, and house, just as surely as they feed, clothe, wash, amuse, and house their own unwelcome children, also became enraged and added their coarse yowls to the capitalist's demands for the blood of the Anarchists. To reach the highest pinnacle of popularity with these two social abortions was to be a hounder of Anarchists. The politician, that austere creature who feeds upon aristocratic fear and popular ignorance, embraced the opportunity to his perverted heart, and, with the zeal of a hound who had suddenly struck a new scent, darted off in pursuit of the Anarchists. Aged Most with his revolutionary article proved an easy victim, so he was hauled up, and, because Czolgosz cut off McKinley's imperialistic exploits, is forced into slavery for a year.

Heroic deed? *Infamops deed!* And the villainy and ignorance that thrusts an old man behind prison bars for reprinting the honest opinion of a man who was the friend and associate of Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, and Charles Sumner, will go down on the pages of history as a striking example of the kind of liberty we enjoy and the state of civilization we have developed at the opening of the twentieth century.

Comrade Most, that old war horse of the revolution, will not be dismayed nor discouraged, nor convinced that he is wrong by his forced retention on Blackwell's Island. On the contrary, such brutal action will only increase his enmity for the State and make him even a more dangerous (if this were possible) foe of "law and order" when he is released. Many times before has he been behind prison walls, and each time came forth more deeply convinced of the iniquity of the present system of society, of "man's inhumanity to man," and of the dire need of a propaganda that will awaken in the minds of men and women the intelligence that will make them free, and the love that will make them fit for association with their fellows in a state of freedom. We may differ with him about the most efficient methods of propaganda. He may exclaim that hate will free mankind, and I that love will liberate it.

"His glass may be purple and mine may be blue;
But, since they are both filled from the same bright
bowl,

The one who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the pleasure it spreads on his soul."

During his long attachment to the revolutionary propaganda he has seen many come and go. He has seen scores of impulsive youths, fired with all the enthusiasm that youth can bring to the call of a beautiful ideal, enter the arena and battle fiercely for a few brief hours with the hosts of conservatism, and then retire. Seldom do we see a man or woman of such untiring energy in the revolutionary cause as Most. A creature of the early years of the propaganda, when the destructive or revolutionary phase was uppermost, he still remains true to his early training. The more temperate propa-

ganda he looks upon as so much milk and water stuff worthy only of faint hearted faddists or silk stockinged respectables who don't want to be identified with such vile creatures as revolutionists. A man of strong convictions and fiery temperament, he does not easily tolerate those who differ from him, and has often been led to the use of harsh words against those whose opinions and his differed but slightly. Altho old in years he is young in spirit and enthusiasm for the cause to which he has dedicated his life, and, after his release a year hence, will be good for many years of hard work.

Comrades MacQueen and Grossman, who have been arrested in New York on complaint of the mayor of Paterson on the charge of inciting to riot, are both young men, MacQueen 28 years and Grossman but 23. Both have been considerably influenced by Most and follow closely his methods of propaganda. MacQueen's *Liberty* is an imitation of Most's *Freiheit* in bad English. Since coming to New York he has been quite active among trade unions, and when the silk weavers' strike was started in Paterson he went there on invitation of the comrades, spoke at several meetings, and wrote a manifesto declaring for a general strike which was published in a special edition of *La Question Sociale*. Both he and Grossman are charged with making revolutionary speeches at the meeting which preceded the collision of the strikers with the police.

Grossman is a German, who speaks fairly good English. He was a Social Democrat and one of the editors of the *Volks-Zeitung* in New York before Most convinced him of the greater truths of Anarchism. He then promptly resigned from the staff of the *Volks-Zeitung* with which he no longer agreed. He is now literary editor of the *Austro-Hungarian Gazette*, a liberal weekly. In this young man the enthusiasm of youth is fully aglow, and we have no fear that a slight inconvenience, such as his arrest, will dampen his ardor as a worker in the good and glorious cause of freedom. With equal assurance I repeat this in relation to MacQueen. Both will get experience needful to their development whether their retention be for long or short. If an attempt is made to "railroad" them to the penitentiary, I trust the labor unions in whose cause they directed their intelligence and enthusiasm will not desert them. I know their Anarchist comrades will not.

JAY FOX.

New York.

Home Defense Fund.

Previously reported, \$181.38. Dr. E. B. F., New York, \$10. W. S., New York, \$1. B. H., New York, \$1. L. E. R., Wash., \$1. Wm. H., New York, 50c. Total, \$194.88. OLIVER A. VERITY, Treas.
Home, Wash., July 1, 1902.

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.

Thoreau's Joy in Nature.

Thoreau found himself growing "savage and savorer every day." In his thought wildness and freedom are ever closely associated. He needed space to develop his individuality, and was oppressed by luxury and the needless complexity of modern life. He found it necessary to get "back to that glorious society called solitude." In one of his letters he refers to Emerson in this connection—the later finding his life "so unprofitable and shabby for the most part that he is driven to all sorts of resources, and, among the rest, to men. I tell him," writes Thoreau, "that we only differ in our resources. Mine is to get away from men." His withdrawal, however, was not to solitude, but to companionship with nature. Such souls are never more alone than when surrounded by conventions and the humanity that has adapted itself so admirably thereto. Whitman loved to "inhale great draughts of space," and had wondrous revelations from silent communion with nature, but his freedom was apparently less disturbed by human proximity.

The love of simplicity and distaste for the artificialities and refinements of civilization originated in Thoreau, no less than in Whitman, in the aspiration for soul-development. They have abundantly justified their own methods. Their conceptions were original because vitalized by outdoor light and air and sunshine. Most people are what Professor Geddes terms "ear-minded," instead of eye-minded—they take things at second and third hand. The nature-lover derives his knowledge direct from the source. It is thus that the sublimity of assurance is reached. "It is when we do not have to believe, but come into actual contact with Truth and are related to her in the most direct and intimate way. Waves of serene life pass over us from time to time like flakes of sunlight over the fields in cloudy weather." Openness and receptivity of mind conduce to this result. Man's life should be constantly fresh as a river. "It should be the same channel, but a new water every instant." Thoreau's metaphors are most fascinating: he dwelt in an atmosphere so much rarer than that of our ordinary commonplace levels!

His life was a protest against all forms of tyranny. "It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself." Yet so few people are conscious of being enslaved! Thoreau was never deluded by popular standards. "The greater part of what my neighbors call good," he said, "I believe in my soul to be bad." He demanded something more than material progress. "While civilization has been improving our houses, it has not equally improved the men who are to inhabit them. It has created palaces, but it was not so easy to create noblemen and kings. . . . The luxury of one class is counterbalanced by the indigence of another." In primitive times man was but a sojourner in nature, but lo! now "men have become the tools of their tools." We are weighted with self-imposed burdens in respect to houses, furniture, clothes, etc., and must continue to bear those burdens until we heed the cry, "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!" Only when

we do this will it be possible to loaf and invite one's soul. Our lives are so full not merely of things to be done, but also of exaggerated concern about the doing, that we seldom have leisure to make or keep spiritual appointments. And we are mostly engrossed with what is altogether irksome, if not trivial. Thoreau prophesies that "the truly efficient laborer will not crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure, and then do what he loves best." Leaving the "halo of ease and leisure" out of the question, of how many workers, think you, today is this true,—that they do what they love best? There are certain occupations, indeed, in which it is possible to take some joy, and some of us enter them bravely enough. A few months, or perhaps days, suffice to damp our ardor. Sooner or later we are prevented from reaching our highest capacity by some overseer or person in authority whose estimate of skill is purely on a financial basis, and sadly we learn to acquiesce in conditions in which our desire for self-realization in work is irrevocably thwarted.

When Thoreau affirmed that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," it was no mere figure of speech. Conversation with the employees of almost every business elicits testimony as to the joylessness of their work. Yet the uncongeniality of their position is the least part of the hardship—the insecurity is worst of all. The desperation of the capitalist differs somewhat in character and is attributable to other causes; but it is none the less a fact. In his case it is worry and ennui instead of worry and overwork. He has no more joy in the industry which affords him an income than his dependents, but the dollars which he extracts are his reward. They enable him to lead a parasitic life and, did he but know it, are but a poor compensation indeed for the glad expression of personality in productive work, the fruit of one's own genius. Compare the success within the reach of the most influential magnate of society with that which Thoreau portrays. "If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal,—that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself."—From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy and Other Writings," by Helena Born.

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Suing Them for Damning Them.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* contained the following choice morsel the other day:

A fine point has been raised by Mr. Charles Michel of Elenville, N. Y., in his refusal to pay the Rev. Herman C. Fultz \$6 for preaching the sermon at the funeral of his—Mr. Michel's—little boy. The child was drowned, apparently thru no fault of his own or his parents, but the reverend gentleman seems to have seen the workings of the hand of Providence in the matter. In his funeral sermon he chided the bereaved parents for neglecting to have their son baptized, and made some remarks concerning the punishment of those who are sinners by omission.

In suing for the \$6, which he named as his schedule price for funeral sermons over drowned boys, the Rev. Mr. Fultz set up the claim that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

The defendant on the other hand maintained that he

had not hired the preacher to cast reflections. He insisted that he did not believe he was in duty bound to pay for being lectured and called names while the body of his dead son lay before him.

There can be no doubt that he and Mrs. Michel had reason to feel hurt, but the jury disagreed, and only one man stood out against the preacher.

Here is certainly a "reverend" after the devil's own heart. It is seldom the old harlot, masquerading under the name of the Communist Jesus, conceives and spawns anything that excels in crafty gall this record of Parson Fultz. A poor little chap meets a sad and untimely—and surely thru some fault or neglect an unnecessary—death, and a sanctimonious sky pilot, with an indecency that a heathen like myself cannot comprehend, stands at the open grave and intimates to the sorrowing parents that the child may possibly be sizzling in brimstone, and that anyway the parents themselves are sure to go to the Christian's hell, and then sues the victims he has damned for six dirty dollars for imparting the cheerful news! And why? simply because these luckless people had neglected to have Parson Fultz or some of his saintly kidney baptize the child with water!

Now I strongly suspect, myself, especially with the evidence of the law-suit in view, that Parson Fultz, with his system rotten full of bugaboos and goblins tho it may be, cared a duced sight more for the six dollars than he did for the souls of the father and mother and boy combined. It is the business of the Parson Fultz gentry to save suckers' souls at so many dollars per save, and, nilly willy, to damn them if they don't come to time. If these gentlemen of the cloth had not the power to damn, where would be their power to save? And if they did not get dollars for saving, where would be their job? You see Parson Fultz had lost money on the Michel family anyway, and it doubtless made him sore.

There was the baptizing of the drowned boy, with a baptizing fee attached, slipped from his itching palms by the "hands of Providence." This was a dead loss, to always stand on his profit and loss column. And it was the parents' fault. No wonder he sued them for \$6 for damning them at their child's funeral!

In the good old Inquisition days he would have sent them to the rack and confiscated all they had—in the name of Christ! That was when Church and State slept together o' nights in the same bed. They still fornicate, I'm thinking. When the Toothed Wonder of the White House rings the bell, the old Harlot smiles a willing welcome still. Killing ten year old Filipino children is all right with the Church, so long as her paramour, the State, does the murder. The State taxes the Michel family, and damns them in this world. The Church damns them in the next world, and sues them for doing it. We are so civilized—we "Christians!"

What a barren, desolate and dreary land, helpless and hopeless, it would be if there were no law suits and parsons, no damnation and taxes, no prisons and hell! If all these emblems of hate were lost in an ever receding past, and only the love that would be the natural offspring of a Communist life existed, where would be our boasted glory, our commercial success, our butchery and patriotism? Is it not written on every

throne and across the dome of our democratic capitol, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" Then what care we tho a thousand prophets and martyrs declare, "But I say unto you that ye revenge not evil?"

HARRY M. TICHENOR.

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Trustees or Thieves?

Even Depew speaks of wealth as a trust. If Depew's wealth is a trust how much of it may be put on his own back? The expression has grown to be a commonplace in commencement day orations. The men fat with purse and big with benevolence go to the colleges to instruct their young men upon the intricacies of duty and citizenship. These unsuspecting greenhorns are told that they are to regard property as simply a trust. But what constitutes a trust? The substance of a trust is entirely another's. If that other makes a demand your trust may suffer a predicament. Who made you trustee? The people? Who may withdraw the trusteeship? The people again. So you see that as trustees you admit too much. You admit the function of the people. But if the people call upon you for a fulfilment of their trust you default in a dusty array of apologies, excuses, and explanations. Gentlemen, trustees, you admit that every time you indulge a personal luxury, or anything beyond your bread and butter, or even the bread and butter itself, you are dangerously near a violation of a trust. You have so confused your personal income with the income of the trust that I fear you often reverse their applications, passing the big income of the trust to your private treasury and the simple income due you as a person to the general pocket. And if your money is only a trust how dare you not only give it away in the form of endowments to class institutions but affix your name thereto, as if the gift was your own? Instead of the Chauncey Depew scholarship, or the Rockefeller endowment, how much better it would be if you should yourself take yourself at your word and acknowledge that the gift is simply the people's, you having no part but that of a clerk in the transaction? The present trusteeship is a trusteeship with an option. You not only appropriate the money of the people, you decorate yourself also with their honors. What is worse, you do it by your own acknowledgment. For me to have said what you have said and say and eloquently flaunt would be to threaten robbery. You would denounce me as a purveyor of dangerous doctrines. Permit us then simply to take you at your own word. Permit us to believe you do not lie when you take your hat off to an obligation. But even after all the good things you promise are done, after all private names are removed from the portals of institutions everywhere, after all endowments have been transferred from private accounts to the general credit, still there will be a question to ask: You are appointed trustee by whom? The power that gave away in ignorance is preparing to take back in wisdom.—*The Conservator*, Philadelphia, April, 1899.

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Have a Mind of Your Own.

I have two inveterate habits, one a very good habit in my own eyse, the other, per-

haps, a bad one—in the eyes of other people. The first is to never poke my nose in anybody's business; the other one is to never allow people to poke their noses in mine, and I am as firm in my first resolution as I am in the second one.

You do as you like, and I do as I please; your business does not concern me, and my business does not concern you; you like me and I like you; we can be very good friends and get on splendidly together. *Voilà*.

If a man is interesting, if he has good manners and is of good behavior, I do not care a pin what his father is, or what his grandfather was. I was born neither in Boston nor in Philadelphia, and I take a man for what he is worth; and I would rather associate with the son of a hangman if he was interesting and behaved like a gentleman than with the son of a duke if he was a fool or behaved like a cad.

Of course, if your only concern in life is your social position, and the social standard of your acquaintances, be ready to pay for it by being bored to death all your lifetime.

I know people who do not laugh, because they declare that it is bad form; who do not eat heartily because it is vulgar, who look blase because it is aristocratic, who are not themselves, but spend their time palying somebody else's part.

They look as if there was not a pleasure in life left for them to enjoy, and very soon there is not one. There are people who have not an idea of their own, but who simply copy others; worse than that, there are some who have a few ideas, but who dare not follow them out, because they have no minds of their own.

They are the slaves of everything that comes along, fashion, society fads, shams and impostures of all sorts.

They tell you most seriously that they would very much like to do this or that, but that they cannot, because it is not the thing to do; that if they did, they would lose their social footing and cease to be in it.

And what does society do for those slaves of its rule? Poor old jade! It snubs them if anything wrong happens to them, does not help them if they lose their money, does not help them if they get into trouble, and ignores their very name if they marry for love a woman who does not belong to the proper set.

Good heavens, have a mind of your own, do as you please, go where you please, dress as you please, and, before all and above all, please yourself! Have enough strength of mind to put aside all the conventionalities of life. Never mind what people say. Let them bark and pass on.

The time that people spend in minding other people's business is time wasted which gives a great advantage to you who are only minding your own. Men who are successful in life are invariably satisfied with the concern of their own affairs. This is more than a fact, it is an infallible rule.

The only people who are really happy are those who follow their own inclinations, who carry out their own plans, who mind their own business and who have a mind of their own.

The way to paradise is not difficult to follow: Keep straight on and you get there.—Max O'Rell, in *New York Journal*.

Liberty.

A point of vital importance on which Anarchists differ with all other social reformers is liberty, freedom from external restraint. State Socialists, Single Taxers, etc., all believe in liberty, but merely as an end. As a means to cure social ills they propose to use authority—organized force—and thru it establish their pet systems, which they claim will ultimately result in liberty, the complete freedom of the individual.

The Anarchist claims that social ills can never be cured by governmental methods, or liberty achieved thru authority; but proposes liberty first, last, and all the time as a means and as an end. In liberty and in liberty only, he sees the cure for social ills; and no real Anarchist would ever think of affiliating with State Socialists, Single Taxers, etc., as some propose. H. W. KOHN.

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Here and There.

Comrade MacQueen has been extradited to New Jersey, which is illegal, as he was only charged with a misdemeanor.

Dr. Michailoff, who officiated as a medical expert at the flogging of political prisoners in Russia, was experimented upon with his own medicine. He was allured into a house by the revolutionists and fifty lashes were applied upon his back.

Comrade Elisée Reclus' "Anarchism" is the first pamphlet that appeared in the Hungarian language. Publisher is Wallesz Bela, Könyonymdaja, Budapest, Uj uliteza 37, Austria.

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International Publishing Association.

To promote the dissemination of radical ideas and to aid the revolutionary propaganda, the comrades in London have taken the initiative for the establishment of a printing house, in which works will be published in any of the European languages. If an individual comrade or groups desire to publish a pamphlet, etc., this association will make it possible for them to do so.

For further details write to the following address: Gaston Lana, 6, Upper Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W., London, England.

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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. & Myrtle Ave. Station, fare 5 cents.

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For Chicago.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Club a basket picnic will take place in Humboldt Park, July 20. Comrades and friends who desire to participate are invited to gather on corner California and Noth Ave. at 10 o'clock a. m. All are welcome.

AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

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

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

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Maisel (sale), \$4. Malmel (sale), \$3. S. S. Club, Philadelphia, \$2. Civins, Raymond, Rahmowitch, Margalis, Finestone, Finegold, Kinghorn-Jones, Stieff, Juers, Conzelman, Maryson, Jorgenson, Johansson, Platzer, McQuarrie, Rice, \$1. Crumb, Kiesloff, Lempert, Schwartz, Herling, Berman, Siegmeister, Danniger, Marker, each 50c.

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