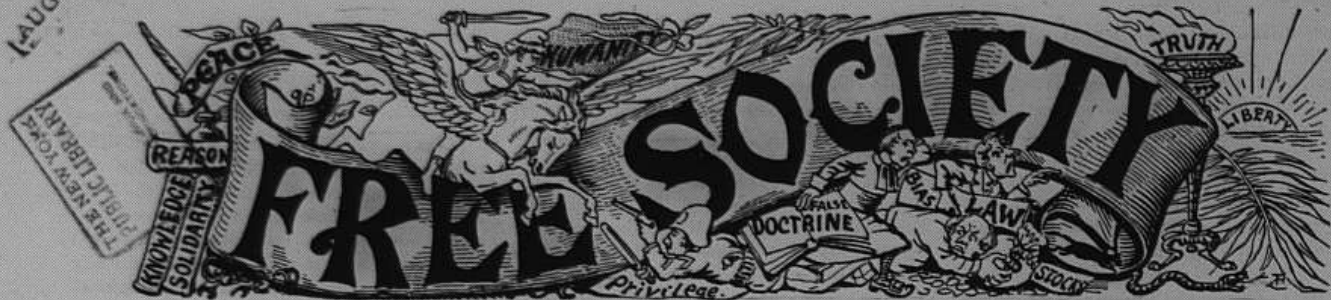


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A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 33.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 17, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 375.

### The Castle of Polenta.\*

"L'aquila di Polenta."—Dante: Inferno, xxvii.

O wanderers, whose feet on desert ways  
Seem ne'er to flag!  
To that rude mountain top thy glances raise—  
Look on yon crag!  
Once, on its crest, a darksome castle loomed  
That roused men's dread:  
Its lord his peasant folk (for no cause doomed)  
To death had bled.  
"Vengeance!" cried out the blood thus foully spilled;  
God answered, "Yea!"  
The castle fell; while monks did o'er it build  
A chapel gray.  
Yet cursed the place is by a jealous fate;  
Peace from it flies;  
Since for the villagers dire wo doth wait  
In strange disguise.  
No more a baron vile with gore bestains  
Those rocks and glades;  
But there a beastly parish priest now reigns  
O'er wives and maids!

—Lorenzo Stecchetti.

\* Translated for the *Conservator* from the Italian by William Struthers.

### Church and State.

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!  
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved.  
—John Hay.

When a number of individuals assemble and by majority vote decide that all the other members of the community shall act in a particular way, or suffer fine, imprisonment, or assault, this assembly of individuals is called the government. When a number of individuals assemble together and by majority vote decide that all the other members of the community shall believe certain doctrines or suffer eternal punishment, that assembly of individuals is called the Church. Once the Church possessed a very effective method of stifling liberty. The "secular arm" with its hand of steel and fingers of fire was at its disposal, but its secular power is now reduced to the employment of bailiffs and police for the exaction of tithes, royalties, rent, and interest; and, as I have said, its chief power now lies in threat of a hypothetical hell in the next world, and social ostracism in this.

But there are no real, tangible things corresponding to the words Church and State. Neither Church nor State has identity, or locality, or dimensions—length, breadth, or thickness; they are not things that you can see, hear, smell, taste, or touch; you cannot talk to them, feed them, put them in prison, or cut off their heads; you cannot say of either: "See, there it goes; it is green, it is

white, it is black, it is long, it is short." The Church is not a thing; it is an idea. The State is not a thing; it also is an idea. Both exist only in the imagination. It would be well if everyone clearly understood this, for it would then be quite plain that Church and State are merely convenient expressions used for the purpose of shifting responsibility from persons to an alleged something that does not exist.

For example: A vaccination officer examines my child and either poisons it or compels me to go to gaol or pay a fine to prevent my child from being poisoned. The vaccination officer is really nothing more nor less than a common poisoner; but he satisfies his conscience by the reflection that he is an officer of the government. But when you clearly understand that there is no such thing as the government; when you clearly understand that the vaccination officer is simply an individual employed by other individuals to poison babies, then you can understand that the vaccination officer is simply a common poisoner. Now apply the same reasoning to a custom house officer, and you will see that he is just a common every-day thief employed by other thieves to rob travelers.

In Italy there are bandits. They have their captains, lieutenants, and privates. In England we have bandits also, with their captains, lieutenants, and privates; but we call our bandits archists, that is, upholders of government by physical force; we call their captains members of parliament, their lieutenants government officials, and their privates policemen, bailiffs, hangmen, soldiers, and custom house officers. We appeal to the superstitions of the people by throwing over our bandits the sacred name of the government; their attacks and robberies are sanctified as protection and the collection of revenue; so that what is a crime in Italy becomes a virtue in England. But to the clear thinker the only difference between the two systems is that in Italy the bandits are weak, while in England they are many and strong.

What is true of the State is true of the Church. Just as a policeman, who, in his own proper person and acting on his own responsibility, would not hurt a fly, will, in the name of the State break open his neighbor's head; just as a hangman or soldier, who if left to himself would not kill a spar-

row, will, in the name of the State murder his neighbor—so a parson who, as an individual, would not lie or treat anyone unkindly, will in the name of the Church subscribe to statements that he does not believe and cruelly cut the acquaintance of his best friend. Where is there on earth a creed that expresses the individual opinions of the men who made it or subscribe to it? There is not one; and this means that a hundred or a thousand clergymen will get together and, in the sacred name of the Church, declare that they believe what no single one of them believes.

All organized Churches and political parties are the enemies of progress, because they try to paralyze the brain. The Church forbids her adherents to question her authorized creed, notwithstanding that no thinking person believes the creed in its absolute integrity. The moment a clergyman or politician begins to honestly proclaim his doubts, that moment he begins to be treated like a criminal. Promotion is impossible to him. His name is left off all committees. He begins to receive the cold shoulder. He is made to feel that he is unwelcome whenever the Church, or the party, comes together. He is regarded with suspicion. He is treated as a disturber, a traitor. Who shall number the honest thinkers that have been killed in this way without ever having been shot, or struck, or stabbed—killed by contumely, coldness, and ostracism?

What is the result of this? That only the overhearing and cunning natures take the lead. The frank, the generous, the sensitive, hardly dare to think aloud. Many of these do think, but they keep their thoughts to themselves. Should they remain in the Church or the party, they become time-servers, hypocrites; and they quiet their consciences by persuading themselves that it is wiser for them to go slow, that if they break with the Church or the party it will destroy their influence for good; as if a man could preserve his influence for good by telling lies or withholding the truth, and destroy that influence by being a simple, honest, manly man. Consequently priests and politicians, as such, never help the world along in its religious thinking or social doing. They content themselves with singing the praises of the brave and good after they are dead and gone. The orthodox ministers of today glorify Garrison, but those of Garrison's day were ready to hang him.



A poor drunkard cannot hold a position in Church or State, but a rich drunkard can. A poor libertine cannot belong to the Church or the Senate, but a rich libertine can. A common prostitute cannot belong to the Church or the Senate, but a girl who sells herself in legal prostitution to a rich old man can belong to the Church, and many a man who has "married for money" is in the Senate today. A common murderer cannot belong to the Church, but a hangman can. The hand that adjusted the noose and drew the bolt on Friday can take the communion bread on Sunday. A poor man who habitually tortures and kills his fellow beings cannot belong to the Church or Senate, but a rich vivisector and vaccinator can. An ordinary thief cannot belong to the Church or the Senate, but a land or money monopolist is eagerly welcomed. A poor person who lives without working cannot belong to the Church or the Senate, but a rich person who lives without working is received with open arms.

The most ignoble criminals in England today are the men who humbug the people at election times, who rob them wholesale by means of corporate monopolies, who starve them by driving them off vacant land and by controlling the issue of money; and these men all belong to the Church, and many of them hold high office in the State. Both Church and State want "God" in the constitution, but they do not clamor for justice in society. They want the Bible in our public schools, but they do not ask for the Golden Rule in business. They say we must not break the Sabbath, but they do not say to the monopolist: "You must not break that poor woman's back over a sewing machine." They call on you to worship Jesus, but if you try to follow his precepts they will call you a madman. They tell the poor to be economical and contented, instead of telling the rich to be just. The Church tells the rich to be charitable, instead of telling them to stop robbing the poor. It preaches the blessedness of poverty, while it revels in the luxury of wealth. It points the eye of faith to another world, but encourages the hand of business to lay up mountains of unearned wealth in this. Both Church and State love respectability more than righteousness, and hate social obscurity more than sin. Both are intrinsically and necessarily bad. They cannot be reformed. They must go!—G. O. W., in *Liberty*, London, November, 1895.

#### Russia.

Russia,—what thoughts and recollections it brings to one's mind! How strange that a child of Russia, no matter how short the period of his stay there, will forever take a keen interest in that land of suffering. In me, who spent my childhood in this land of human woe and sorrow—sorrow, as Nekrasoff says, which overflows this land more than do the waters of "her" Volga;—in me, a child of well-to-do parents and a bourgeois rearing, in me there yet slumber thoughts and desires which even an American schooling and spirit, which influence the young so much, could not stifle.

When that slumbering mass of human woe

and sorrow begins to stir,—to raise its arm as if to awaken from its slumber, and then again sinks its form and falls into a still faster sleep,—an endless list of events; martyrs and tyrants who have fallen; the visions of the fortress St. Paul and St. Peter and Siberian tortures; the names of Bakunin, Herzen, Perovskaya, Rysakoff, Tchernychevsky, Stepniak, Tcherkesoff, Kropotkin, who are but a cluster of stars of the thousands which light up the firmament of Russian revolutionary life, suggest themselves to every enlightened mind.

Each of these events and names mark the milestones of the long march of Russia towards emancipation; each name and event is a manifestation of the spirit of the times and the people; and, by such manifestations, be they either a bomb, a pistol, or a dagger, used in slaying some tyrant, are the visions of the mangled and tragic form of the blind Samson flashed on the curtain of history, and which has the world for an audience.

In Russia, where the greatest precautions are used in order to prevent news from reaching the outside world; where censors are stationed all along the border line, in every city and across the immense area where the bear rests his paws; where foreign correspondents are cautioned, nay, imprisoned and exiled; and when, perhaps, for the first time in its history, the procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonosteff, in order to offset foreign criticism, answered P. Kropotkin's attack on the Russian educational system—Kropotkin, a revolutionist and fugitive, who should, according to Russian law, be ignored by officials, we come to the conclusion that Russia is passing thru a precarious epoch, and when the meager reports which are published with the consent of the Russian government reach us, we are still unable to judge the immensity and nature of the people's discontent.

Judging from past events, Russia is not lacking Titanic individuals who awaken and signal to the Russians and the outside world that the struggle is on once more, and that it is taking a most serious turn!

The killing of Bogolepoff by Karpovitch, that of M. Sipiaguin by Balshareff, the wounding of the governor of Vilna by a shoemaker, Hirsch Leckert, and the numerous unsuccessful attempts to take the lives of officials, high or low, are the strongest manifestations of the state of affairs.

By a study of the character and occupation of the heroic assassins, something of a deep nature and meaning will be revealed. While the assassins of the past sixty years came from the student's ranks, today we find among them the sons of toil. While the demonstrations in the past were held by the university students, we find today that the workers form a large part of the participants. We see the intelligent of Russia protesting against the absolutism of the czar; we see them protesting against deportation, against the military law for disobedient students, and against the whipping of their children. We see the peasants burning and pillaging the estates of the rich nobility, and even the whipping of their nude bodies does not deter them. Here is an excerpt from a report after a whipping:

Shortly after the peasants held a Te Deum service on

the place of torture; the authorities had supposed it was a sign of submission, but too late discovered their victims were praying they might never forget the spot on which their blood had fallen. They revolted again and drove out the soldiers from their village, Voronezh.

What a price the Russian students had to pay to bring about this state of affairs—the union of the intelligent youth with the ignorant toiler! Whole generations were wiped out; thousands of students were deported to Siberia; and it took no less than forty years of the most persistent and dangerous educational propaganda, interwoven now and then with revolutionary uprisings. The flower of the Russian youth was sacrificed for this end!

It matters not whether it is in Moscow, in St Petersburg, in Kieff, in Vilna, or in Kharkoff; it matters not with what certainty or regularity these events come, they are signs of the bursting of the volcano slumbering for so long.

Is that all which embarrasses the Russian government? No; not at all. Troubles never come single-handed. Russia has by no means rid herself of Polish intrigues, which are carried on both in Russia and in Germany, and which are in times of internal unrest more dangerous than they would be otherwise. Finland and the Finns are to be dealt with. Russia has broken her compact (that Finland should have local autonomy), and is now carrying on the Russification of Finland. She is taking the Finnish regiments out of Finland, and replacing them by Russian soldiers; the schools and universities are being put under Russian tutors, who are much the inferiors of the Finns; the Finnish men of letters and newspapers are being cautioned, imprisoned, and suppressed. All this leads to enormous departures of the Finns for other lands. Russia is determined to level Finland to the same dependence as the other provinces of hers. This, too, has brought about a revolutionary protest by the people.

The selection of ministers by Nicholas proves that, contrary to expectations, he selects only those who are conservative, and who will not use any liberal methods in the times of crises. The selection of Zenger as minister of education, and Plehve as minister of internal affairs, corroborate this view.

The discontent is of a double nature, political and economic. Altho the political seems by far the greater, yet the uprisings of the workers cannot by any means be brushed aside.

Russia has to pass thru her "French Revolution," with possibly the same results. The long dream of the Russian people is about to be realized; the rising sun is about to cast her warm and piercing rays upon the land of Suffering and Darkness.

May destiny hasten the realization.

New York.

S. MINTZ.

#### For Chicago and Milwaukee.

The comrades of Milwaukee have arranged a picnic for Sunday, August 17, and the Chicago comrades are cordially invited to take part in the pleasant outing at Bay View, near St. Francis. The place can be reached by taking the Bay View or Racine & Kenosha cars. Get off at City Limits and Power's Hotel, where a red flag will be visible near the woods.



## Who are Trustworthy?

I am not certain whether I am an Anarchist or not. The government is bad, but are not "the people" still worse? It seems to me they are always bawling out for somebody to be hanged or burned. Bad as they are, the police protected Czolgosz from mob violence.

The above is from a private letter. The writer still hugs the ancient delusion that the governors are better and more to be trusted than the governed. Now let us see upon what grounds this idea rests. In those countries where men are elected by votes instead of birth to rule their fellows, a certain number of individuals are selected from among "the people, who are always bawling out for somebody to be hanged or burned." These individuals who are in themselves but units that go to make up that much distrusted sum total known as "the people," are then armed with power to enact laws or to administer them, according to their respective functions. Then these individuals, who but a few days before their election to the exalted position of rulers were "the people," mere "bawlers" for the blood of their fellow men, what are they now? Why, they are now "bawlers," having the authority to exercise certain privileges, and aside from losing any of that innate cussedness supposed to belong exclusively to those not having the privilege of authority, we see only too plainly that the very position they occupy but increases their power for evil. They are few; the people are many. They can easily combine. A public office is a private trust run in the interest of the gang in power.

The people are torn into warring factions, each worshipping a political idol, who is their god, the only savior, tho he may be a whiskey tub like U. S. Grant, an oily knave like McKinley, or a bully like Roosevelt, he is yet an idol, and our correspondent, who is "not certain that he is an Anarchist," yet has the nerve to think this "people," which gropes in political darkness, like a blind mole in the earth, can raise up governors far better than they are themselves! What an absurdity, since in our governors we behold the very tendencies of the mob, so feared by our friend, empowered to act. Under that power these tendencies expand till we find those who in their native state of mobhood could only kill when fired by a mad sympathy for the victim of a real or imaginary wrong, now committing the most cruel and unspeakable acts, seemingly with no realization of their direct responsibility in the matter. Take for instance that western judge, after admitting his conviction of the defendant's innocence, yet fined the victim \$100—because the law required him to "impose a penalty." And this Waisbrooker case is but a fair sample of the mental depravity that judges exhibit. How can it be otherwise, since the law is their supreme arbiter of right and wrong? Indeed we plainly see that the judge sustains the same relation to the law that the priest sustains to the pope; and in the Home case we see the judge obeying his "pope," the law, while openly admitting the innocence of the prisoner.

Government is founded upon the law; and what protection can we expect from a class who will murder and rob because the law requires them to, when they do not happen to be inspired by their own cupidity, avarice,

or brutality? History teaches us that we have the least to fear from our fellow man when he is not in a position to lay the responsibility of his act upon god or the law, but must himself take the consequences of his act. As necessity or poverty is the cause of the major part of the real crimes committed by the unprivileged class of criminals, and as poverty is the result of the privileges granted the governors, we must acquire sense enough to abolish the latter, refuse longer to support in idleness and corruption a horde of worthless parasites and all the menial hangers-on which their class creates. Then poverty will no longer blight this earth. But we can never do this by looking up to our governors as superior beings. Let us learn to look upon them as they are—dangerous men; and when we yield allegiance to the authoritarian idea, we arm them and disarm ourselves.

As for that form of protection extended Czolgosz by the police, the less said the better. The mob would have taken his life as an insane expression of sympathy for one whom they mistook for a victim. The officials saved Czolgosz from a speedy death, in order that the beasts of authority might subject him to every species of mental anguish their diabolical cunning could inflict, and then led him forth and gave him the stroke of death. It is not a humane instinct that inspires the police to defeat the aim of the mob. This is especially true in the case of a regicide. The law must do the bloody deed to vindicate its awful majesty. The authorities not only prevent the mob from getting their lawful prey, but they also guard the prisoners condemned to death with great care, lest the poor wretches take their own lives.

Let our correspondent ponder on these matters, and consider if the actions of our governors are a matter for self-congratulation by any intelligent man.

Caplinger Mills, Mo. KATE AUSTIN.

## Literature.

THE AMERICAN FARMER. By A. M. Simons. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

This book is a valuable and interesting contribution to agricultural development of each region of the United States. The aim of the book is, however, "to bring Socialism to the farmer, and the farmer to Socialism," in which respect it will prove a failure, for neither the language nor the application of "Socialist philosophy" will appeal to the American farmer. Nor will the application of "economic determinism"—fatalism—bear scientific analysis. Referring to early American settlement, for instance, he tells us that the holding of land in common was not an attempt to revive the customs of the earlier days in Europe, but was due to "the same economic conditions that in the time of Tacitus caused the formation of communistic settlements," and attributes the cause of the American communities to the hostile Indians against whom the colonists had to protect themselves. But the author takes no pains to explain why such communities were established in Europe when the peasants were not threatened by hostile tribes, or why such communities were formed and maintained for hundreds of years in Russia,

and many of which still exist. The chapter "Concentration in Agriculture" seems to cause the author considerable worry. Altho reluctantly, he admits that concentration in agriculture has not taken place, as was "scientifically" predicted but a few years ago by Socialist writers; and so he resorts to sophistry and generalizations. Upon occasion he indulges in such unmitigated flippancy in a book on a serious subject, as that the "Anarchist comes to the aid of the capitalist." He also charges Kropotkin with badly digesting his subject and quoting from others as "ignorant as himself," and yet relies almost exclusively on Kropotkin for his reference to intensive agriculture. This reminds one of an axiom widely known among shysters: "When you have a weak case abuse the other fellow." Kropotkin, Tcherkesoff, Bernstein, and others who have exploded the theory of concentration, prove by facts and figures that "the persons profiting from industry" is not "diminishing," while Mr. Simons indulges in mere sophistry thru several pages without coming to any definite conclusions. In short, Kropotkin's "Field, Factory and Workshop," and Tcherkesoff's "Pages of Socialist History" will easily bear comparison on the subject of concentration in industry with "The American Farmer."

A. I.

## Here and There.

Comrade John Dwyer reports from Australia that great industrial depression exists there. The comrades have been active in initiating unemployed demonstrations. The premier and leaders of other political parties have had a conference on the situation, but the workers are still awaiting the result.

"The immigration officials could not find the three Anarchists who, according to information were to come on the steamer Bretagne," remarks the New York *Herold* sarcastically. "It is not at all nice, not noble of these Anarchists that they did not immediately make themselves known! . . . Besides there is thought for reflection as regards our anti-Anarchist law-making: You may attempt to hunt mosquitos and bacillus of every kind—but ideas, feelings, thoughts—it is laughable!"

Comrade Kropotkin's books "Field, Factory and Workshop," and "Memoirs of a Revolutionist" have been translated and published in the Dutch language. Of the latter book two translations have been made, one, according to *De Vrije Socialist*, far superior to the other, because the translator of the inferior one does not seem to be familiar with the different principles of the revolutionary labor movement in Europe, as described by Kropotkin.

In an article of *Le Peuple*, signed by August de Winne, appears the following: "... In the streets of Brussel we have seen policemen at work, so-called Socialists, who owed their appointment to the mediation of Social Democratic councilmen, and who in a frenzy rage where cutting and carving\* among the people. They were more blood-thirsty than their fellow officers." Only a few years ago members of the party joining the police force were expelled from the party.

\* Belgian policemen carry swords.



# FREE SOCIETY

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 17, 1902.

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

## 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.

On a Sunday in the latter part of June, there appeared in the Chicago *American* an editorial article purporting to be from Tolstoy. Among other things it appealed to the worker to "vote for Socialism," praised the courts, and contained other statements contrary to Tolstoy's well known views. Its authenticity being at once suspected, Tolstoy's literary representative in England was communicated with. The reply is appended below. Comrade Kropotkin once stated to a group of reporters that news about Russia coming from Warsaw was unreliable, and to be accepted with caution. The moral to be drawn seems to be that, as a reporter on a rival paper remarked, matters appearing in the *American* "come from Warsaw."

Christchurch, Hants, England, July 4, 1902.

Abe Isaac Jr.

Dear Sir,—To avoid the delay incidental to a personal reply, Mr. V. Tchertkoff desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and cutting. He wishes to say that you are quite correct in your surmise regarding the cutting you have sent. Tolstoy never wrote that article. Some of the passages are paraphrases from the "Slavery of Our Times," but much, and especially what you have underlined, is quite foreign to Tolstoy and contradicts his views. V. Tchertkoff is, with your kind permission, sending the cutting to Tolstoy to obtain an authoritative denial of the authenticity of the article from him.

Yours faithfully,

Per pro. V. TCHERTKOFF.  
W. J.

W. O. Koehn.

W. O. Koehn is dead. There were no costly funeral rite, no lengthy procession of black-robed mourners, no splendid vault ready to receive his remains. For he was of those called the *poor*—all useful people are poor, and the great unthinking world takes no heed of either births or deaths unless they be of those set apart by wealth and station.

Yet it is given to some to recognize true worth; to be able to cast aside the "glamor

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of gold" or "pomp of power" and come in loving touch with hearts at one with humanity's vast needs. Such a man was W. O. Koehn. Born about thirty-five years ago, a child of poor parents, who knew what it was to work every day and yet be poor, he, too, worked and was poor.

Like thousands of others he strove to reconcile the teachings received in the public schools with life as it is. He read history,—he reflected. He was taught "all are equal," and he wondered at the inequalities. Why should the workers be poor and the drones be rich? He read that under monarchies people were also poor, and he could not see the benefit of a "free country."

When sixteen years of age, he learned that "greenbackers" would talk on Lake Front. He listened and the arguments appealed to him. He asked a bystander, an old man, whether "greenbackers" were not right.

"You are mistaken, lad," was the reply. "The greenbackers speak over yonder. This is an Anarchist meeting."

After that he listened to "greenbackers," Socialists, and Single Taxers, but he was one of those "bad boys" who cherish freedom and rebel even against father's whip, and he remained an Anarchist.

Before the legal murder of 1887, he faced the angry police and the infuriated mob gathering signatures for the pardon of the condemned Anarchists, and he was beaten and clubbed, but he faltered not in his self-appointed task. He was not arrested. The police did not want American-born Anarchists!

He remained with the poor and oppressed, and to enlighten them he had made his life-work. "I have to help my old mother, but I will send FREE SOCIETY ten cents every week. If all do this our propaganda will not suffer," he said. This he did until he died.

"Even Anarchists don't know what killed McKinley," he used to say. "The public school did it. There we are taught this is a free country—a refuge for the oppressed. When we enter life we see the lie, and are disappointed. I know how Czolgosz felt when he thought of the slavery of his country and the oppression and cruelty perpetrated upon the Filipinos. It was not in accord with the teachings in the school where we learned to worship our flag which floats, as they say, for freedom."

Thus the woes of the down-trodden masses became his own, and his sympathies were always awake, his thoughts alive, and his heart ablaze for liberty.

July 26, he visited his friend "Interloper." August 5 he died of typhoid fever. Nobody was at the grave but his mother, his sister, his brother-in-law, Geo. Schilling, and "Interloper."

In the noble life he has acted his part.  
A man of a brave and a generous heart.  
Memorial echoes will come to us still  
Of his ways and his deeds, his loving good-will!

M. P.

## By the Wayside.

"Shoot and investigate afterwards," said General Gobin, who is supposed to feed the strikers in Pennsylvania with bullets. The *Boston Traveler* adds: "Of course every man must have a fair trial, but hang him

first. This is civilization in Pennsylvania."

"The worst that can happen to man is not the external violence of tyranny under which he suffers, but the internal lack of the power of resistance, the submission to tyranny, and the belief that he lives in a tolerable and normal condition," says a German writer very aptly. "Tyranny celebrates its highest triumph when it succeeds in erasing the illusion in the slaves that their rights and liberties are sufficiently guaranteed."

It cannot be too often repeated that "government protects the weak against the strong," according to the advocates of "law and order." But somehow the governments ever imagine that the rich are weak and ought to be protected. In Pennsylvania the poor miners are shot, prosecuted, and imprisoned. In Galicia, Austria, when the poor peasants die of starvation and revolt against the "weak" landlords, troops are trying to restore "order" by shooting men, women, and children.

I have no hesitancy in saying that there never was a great upheaval, either industrial, political, or social, in which there was so little real lawlessness as has existed in the anthracite coal region since the strike was inaugurated.—President Mitchell.

There is no doubt that President Mitchell is correct; and it is for this law-abiding attitude that the results of the strike will be nil. It is law and property which have placed the miners in the miserable condition they are in; and only to the extent that these laws upholding slavery and property in natural resources are violated, can their miserable condition be improved. People seem to forget that all changes in society have been achieved by violating the prevailing laws. The republics of France and the United States are institutions which resulted from outright lawlessness. Had Washington been defeated, he would have been hung as an outlaw and traitor. And thus it will be in the future. The law-breakers are the forerunners of a better society.

INTERLOPER.

The bread tax in England has been collected from the poor, and the great and glorious man who sits on the throne and sends out armed emissaries to filch the pennies from the workers, has generously given a dinner to the submerged tenth, many of whom, so say the newspapers, never in their lives enjoyed a square meal before. A dinner to half a million paupers. Nearly twice as many as all the people of San Francisco! And in the papers which reek with headlines in regard to it, never a word of the eternal disgrace, never a word of anything but praise for such a system whereby that is called generosity, which in reality is highway robbery, nothing else, nothing less. Of course everyone is glad the miserable, stunted, lean and hungry beggars had a meal and plenty to eat; but why do the papers speak of it as an honor, when in reality it is a disgrace so dark and fearful that it should only be told in whispers and on necessary occasions, that Edward VII gave a dinner to half a million paupers in England, in 1902.—*Labor Clarion*.



### Queries and Answers.

A reader of FREE SOCIETY asks the following questions:

As Anarchists declare for absolute individual liberty, the question arises, "Who is an Anarchist?"

The man who will neither rule nor be ruled, is an Anarchist. The fact that he is often forced to submit to law and custom does not alter the case.

Will he not have to drop the name if he is not consistent? Why not call ourselves "Free Socialists"?

If he deliberately acts contrary to his principles, it shows that he is not yet strongly imbued with the ideas of freedom. But once we come to love the ideas of freedom, each of us, I think, does the best he can. The term "Free Socialist" would not mitigate our inconsistencies; for to be a "Free Socialist" we must be Anarchists.

As Kropotkin advocates Communism, which requires management, can we call him an Anarchist?

By Communism is meant a society in which natural resources are not monopolized. People may produce things collectively or individually. They may live singly in separate houses or many in one house, when congenial. In short, every individual will be in a position to please himself, which is certainly not incompatible with Anarchism. On the contrary, once the necessities of life are free, social and economical freedom is secured for all.

Must we not, even in voluntary groups, when agreements are made, surrender a certain amount of liberty?

Association naturally requires courtesies, which are rendered spontaneously. Only the densest sophistry can call this a surrender of liberty. There is no surrender as long as I am free to act according to my own desire. Metaphysicians may say that we "surrender a certain amount of liberty" when we try to avoid a collision on a sidewalk, but such sophistry will not stand analysis. We might as well say that people surrender their liberty when they escape from a burning house.

Malatesta advocates organization, consequently he is not an Anarchist.

Malatesta does not advocate compulsory organization. His translators frequently confound "organization" with "association."

Does not James F. Morton, Jr., doubt the possibility of freedom, when he wants things which he can get now, even if they fall short of freedom?

I am not aware that Comrade Morton is for compromise or palliatives. But if so, must he therefore doubt the possibility of freedom?

A general strike is all right, but in order to be successful there must be an organization behind the movement.

Has there ever been a successful revolution led by an organization? Revolutions have sprung up spontaneously after extensive agitation had been carried on and conditions came to a climax; as soon as the revolutionists had organized, the organization strangled the revolution.

I agree with Ross Winn—there is a class struggle.

Which are the classes? Comrade Winn claims the struggle is between the possessing and non-possessing classes. But look at the spectacle in the Pennsylvania mining

regions. While the mine owners enjoy a trip in Europe, the working classes—scabs and union men—fight and kill each other. Or let us look at Russia, where the rich and middle classes die and endure imprisonment in fighting despotism and exploitation, while the poor and down-trodden are the tools of tyranny. There is a struggle between the old and the new ideas, but there is no class struggle.

S. R.

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### Ingenuities of Economic Argument.

..... A German writer, Dr. Friedrich Kleinwächter, discussing "das Einkommen," has recently vindicated profits very neatly by showing that they arise "from the ability to foresee and avoid dangers and risks which the average man has not the courage to face nor the skill to avoid." To such a statement an exclamation-point is perhaps an adequate reply. With the division of labor carried to such an extreme that a man may spend his life in a ceaseless repetition of some detail in mechanism, ability has little opportunity to develop. The conditions likewise have been unfavorable to the promotion of resourcefulness and administrative skill. The monotony, the dullness, the joylessness of his task have converted the human craftsman into a machine. Nevertheless, the ability and the creative power lie latent in the automaton, biding their time. It is a common subterfuge, as Mazzini has pointed out, for the exploiter to seek justification "by appealing to a fact of his own creation." Still, despite all the disadvantages suffered by the toiler, the plutocrat has yet to establish his claim to superiority. Some of us who hold no brief for the profit system have watched in silent marvel the dexterity, the delicacy of manipulation, the promptness and precision, the nicety of calculation, the concentration, manifested in their work by many among the sons of toil, and the comparison with the sons of wealth—enjoyers of that which they are incapable of producing—has risen involuntarily to our minds, till the latter, notwithstanding external polish and acquisitions, seems puerile and dwarfed and disproportioned, and the former the true potentates. The artisan, the navvy, the sailor, place themselves unflinchingly in positions that call for daily exhibitions of courage, and men of such sterling type may well regard with contempt the empty taunts and assumptions of kid-glove braves. Age after age witnesses potential Christs bearing crosses to crucifixions to which man will one day turn with quickened sympathies and purified will.

Many earnest progressive people stumble over the "risks" of capital. They contend that as the risks are assumed exclusively by the capitalist he is entitled to the exorbitant remuneration which he exacts. Those who take this stand are apparently unaware of the daily risks of the wage earner. It would seem that in some directions the education of the "poor rich" has been sadly neglected. Let us compare these risks. The employer is dependent for success upon the market, upon his wisdom in the choice of supervisors, his reputation, shrewdness, etc., and when he is unfortunate in these respects he risks the reduction of his share of the profits from,

say, sixteen times that of his employees to six times (the figures are unimportant for our present purpose). The worst that can befall him is insolvency. The employee runs the risk of being discharged at any moment on various pretexts: fluctuations in the demand for labor, changes in fashion, the introduction of new methods or machinery, the caprice of a foreman, and more rarely, his own incompetency or intractability.

In view of these considerations and others that might be cited, it needs no statistics to prove that the average employee is in more frequent danger of being out of employment than is the average employer of being insolvent. Furthermore, when such calamity falls to either the power of recuperation is considerably greater in the one case than in the other. The capitalist usually has wealthy and influential connections who can help him financially or with "influence" either to regain his position or to enter another field in which technical knowledge is not required. If he has sprung from the moneyed classes he has probably had the benefit of superior education and greater leisure for culture, which are valuable equipments in making a fresh start; tho it is but fair to admit that he may suffer acutely from false pride and an ingenuous desire to keep up appearances. The wage earner has friends as helpless as himself. He may have devoted his life to the acquirement of facility in production in one branch of his trade, and one only. He has had little leisure for the development of his brain, has perhaps been ill-born, ill-paid, and ill-nourished mentally and physically. Among the anxieties of the wage earner, sickness is one of the most appalling. To him this means the cessation of his wages and destitution for those dependent upon him. The income of the capitalist, on the other hand, is oftentimes unaffected to any great degree by his absence from business.

Usually such reasoning as I have quoted above is so insidiously intertwined with truths or half-truths that, when presented with benevolent intent, it obtains credence with and captivates the judgment of those whose experience it transcends and who, like its originators, wish to believe it. It is a result of looking at the world, not as an harmonious whole, but as a chaotic conglomeration of opposing factions with diverse interests and destinies. Nothing demonstrates more forcibly how far we are at present from the apprehension of equality. The complacency with which we accept the blessings of our heaven of limited dimensions is only equalled by our indifference to the curse which it entails on all in the vast hell without. The old hymn,

"Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more,"

summarizes the common conception of divine justice. The trend of public opinion, backed by the orthodox economics, has, of course, utterly confused the general intelligence in regard to the distinction between the indebtedness of society to the non-productive capitalist for the use of his capital, and to the non-capitalist productive classes for the various services rendered by them. Yet it would seem that no amount of legal or scholastic support could perpetuate the social chaos which we dignify with the



name of civilization, and the serfdom which we countenance under the banner of freedom. If our eyes were not dazzled by the glitter of gold, and our ears deafened by the cries of false prophets, we should surely discern the simple underlying unity of life and should cooperate with nature toward the fruition.

When the ship is riddled with holes, it were wiser to take to the boats than to catch at straws.—From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born.

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#### The Lust for Power of the Slave.

The lust for power of the slave—perhaps many of the readers, who are poor devils themselves, will possibly shake their heads with astonishment at such a heading—they may consider themselves fortunate; they have been spared many bitter experiences; if they had them—they would surmise what I mean.

One who has become acquainted with the poor slaves, who has not only sympathized with their struggle for social freedom, but has stood with them in their battles for their ideals,—he will have experienced many disappointments. Often did I see them come along, these youthful assailants, bubbling over with enthusiasm, and a smarting energy drove them on to look for a place from which they could catch the spokes of the wheel of the times. Not only "students"—but also among the workers is idealism born with a comprehension of social contrasts. But what disillusion awaits their daring youth. Where the eye, clouded with hot bloodiness, expected to see a storming multitude with sparkling weapons, there lazily and indolently moves a great army of slaves, dull and worn out, turning in circles never to be disentangled. And courage, temerity, heroism—all this is drowned in a flood of stupidity and—suspicion. There is in no social strata more suspicion than in the ranks of misery; suspicion against energy and brave actions.

When some years ago a daring and radical youth—convinced of the immediate dawn of the revolution—before a mass meeting of the unemployed loudly defined his conception of government—short and conclusive, brutally comprehensive,—the guardian representative of government put his hands on him, and the threatened youth temerously tried to defend himself—sneering voices could be heard from the multitude: "Paid job!"—then these poorest of the poor held this hot-blooded defender of their rights for a police spy. They could not comprehend the things they witnessed. Was this experience the reason for the following collapse of the Titanic idealism of this one? I believe so.

But the most dreadful lust in the ranks of the disinherited is the lust for power. It makes the multitude of the oppressed a reactionary mass, which with tenacious animosity tears down everything that lifts itself above stupid mediocrity. The dependence in which the social "order" chains the proletarian, seems to develop an ardent longing to keep others in dependence, the lust for power, which he reviles as a sufferer, becomes very often delightful to him. It is a well known fact among the workers that an upstart becomes the worst master. And when brutalities are committed in the army,

in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the sergeant, taken from the immediate ranks of the soldiers, who perpetrates them.

The reason why democracy is such a contagious disease in the worker's movement, is because it lifts the lust for power up to an ideal. It is for this reason that it has gained such significance among the "class-conscious" workers, producing a red-tapism much worse than that of a government, worse, because the latter, developing historically, gives itself unmasked for what it really is: a rigid form of civilization based on violence and force; but democratic red-tapism envelopes its dreadful form in the red flag and labels itself freedom. . . . We can hate—destroy a tyrant. The tyranny of the slave can arouse resentment and despair, but heroism breaks down.

It is necessary to realize the magnitude of the danger of democracy, it is necessary to discuss it—we must swim against the current, even at the danger of being decried as "the enemy of the people." Would only—like fifteen years ago—a tempest sweep thru our "intellectuals" and carry them to the people! Then it meant to proclaim the right of the oppressed to life and light—today we must show them what life and light is!—Albert Weidner, in *Der arme Teufel*, Berlin, Germany.

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#### From "Berthold Meryan."

Cornelia Huygens, the wife of a prominent Socialist in Holland, has written an interesting novel under the above name, which at present runs thru the liberal German press in this country. The novel deals with the Socialist and Anarchist movements. The main characters are the Socialist and Anarchist agitators, a rich merchant and his second son Berthold. The latter becomes imbued with the Socialists' teachings and accompanies a Socialist speaker on a little propaganda tour, listening with great interest to the discussions between Anarchists and Socialists.

On their way home, the Socialist agitator, a well educated man, endeavors to refute the arguments of the Anarchists, which had made quite an impression on the young and rich student.

Berthold listened attentively (the story runs). Much of what Martalis said he endorsed, but not everything. He found him too positive, too dogmatic in his views, not giving enough room for the unfathomable, the incomprehensible, not apprehensible enough of the mysterious relations and effects between the higher motives in man and the social influences. . . .

"I only called your attention to one of my scruples," he said with a deep sigh. "I realize that I can decide for no party; in this respect, too, I lack one necessary thing: an unshakable, on-sided conviction, the peculiarity of a genuine politician,—I mean the conviction that the party to which he belongs is the only true party and all others are wrong. In both tendencies of our workmen's movements, it seems to me, there is much truth. It will startle you perhaps, when I confess that the arguments of your opponents often found a fertile soil in me, altho it is only two weeks ago that I still believed in the infallibility of the teachings

of political action. Even the speech of Rustin [the Anarchist], which was revolting to me on account of the vulgar and false insinuations against you, convinced me that he is moved by a sincere conviction, and you and your comrades render yourselves guilty of disrespect and calumny when you attribute his revolutionary facts to his vanity and love of power."

Martalis did not reply, but from the expression of his face it could be clearly seen that the attempt to mitigate his opinion of his opponent would be in vain.

"The strongest impression was made upon me in the very instructive debate of last night," Berthold continued, noticing that his partner was not inclined to argue about Rustin. "There was nothing personal, no oratorical polish, but an honest utterance of common sense. I still see this sincere, honest toiler before me,—a type which reminded me of the chairman in Schoterveem. You remember what he said?"

"Never in the history of the world has a political party been able to lead the weak and oppressed to victory. True, at all times can justice be promoted by a single and honorable element even in parliament. But by sending Socialists to parliament, we workmen will not advance a single step. Honorable Democrats who have the courage to remain honest in the political mire, at least as honest as possible, can as well as the Socialists work for shorter hours, higher wages, old-age pensions, etc., and all other reforms necessary. But the great power of liberation must emanate from the workers themselves. If we believe that the fried apples will fall in our lap as soon as we have Socialists in parliament, we are badly off; and in this—to depend on others—lies a great danger. Laws do not precede conditions, and give us no power over our inner self. While we organize, educate, and elevate ourselves must we try to change the dominating spirit in society. Furthermore, we must make ourselves felt, keep our heads erect, and, like a dog which is driven to madness thru continued abuse, show our teeth. Instead of frequenting the saloons and blowing our last penny, we must strengthen ourselves morally and mentally; and our Socialist leaders, with their higher development, could help us in this more outside than inside the parliament. In this way we will, or at least our children or children's children, be victorious at last,—be it thru a violent revolution, if it must be, or peaceable, if it be possible."

"I still hear these words," added Berthold. "I believe that men like yourself could do much more in the interest of the workers if they would aid them in education than when they make speeches in parliament—to which the adherents of the prevailing social system are determined not to listen—and to introduce bills which will not be passed, if they want to make the oppressed classes more valiant."

Martalis said nothing. His work, striving and agitation during the last years as party leader had forced his thoughts too exclusively in one direction, for those arguments advanced by Berthold to have the slightest effect; and indeed his strength as an agitator lay especially in his on-sidedness.—Translated from the German.



## A Boer Woman.

I met some women out of the camps last week (April 29, 1902) and had some conversation with them. They only spoke Dutch and had little acquaintance with the newspapers.

These women were country people, and they looked upon me with great suspicion when we first met. My acquaintance with their language, and expressions of sympathy for the sufferings of the women in the camps, soon gained their confidence. The principal speaker was a very tall, finely-built woman, with eyes that were capable of a great variety of expression; generally, they were only half-opened, while the speaker's soul veiled itself under an appearance of calm indifference. I inquired as to whether there was an improvement in the general condition of things in the camp she had just come from. Most assuredly there was—the food was better; the aged and infirm and delicate were dead. She attributed the terribly high death-rate of the past to the way in which the people had been dragged from their homes and exposed without food or shelter to the inclement weather. On arrival there was, as a rule, neither shelter nor food, and the continued exposure and exhaustion led to severe outbreaks of sickness, with the result that numbers died.

"Are the women losing heart?—are they willing that their husbands should surrender?" I asked.

A light spread over her face, and welled up in her eyes, as she said: "There are some Afrikaners—bonds I call them—that have given in; but there are numbers of women in our camp that will never give in; that will never bid their husbands give in. I say my husband must fight to the last; if only two men are left he must fight on; if he is left alone while he can hold a gun he must fight on. It is a sore thing to part with your husband—to know that he is fighting; but I would rather he lay dead on the battlefield than give in."

"And what about the women themselves—about their sufferings?" I asked.

She threw back her fine head and said: "I have never had anything the matter with me: the harder I get it, the stronger I seem to get—strength comes as you need it. It is true I have seen whole families die out in camp; but there are also others together who have lost none, who are still all together. But if I die—I die—it matters not; never, never, will I give in. 'It is my light,' she continued, 'that everyone must do what they can for their own land. I cannot do otherwise. I cannot understand those who do give in. I do not hate the British. I have no hate in my heart; but I can never forget nor forgive what we have gone thru. We have had it too bitter. We have suffered too much—too many have died—too many tears have been shed. I can't cry any more—there are no more tears left in me. I have to laugh sometimes. There is no one to help us, so we have to keep each other's spirits up. But the poor 'Tommys,' she went on, 'I will always do all I can for a Tommy. They get it too bitter—they get it as we do. It was awful to see them when they first came to our town. They were starving. They crowded round our ovens when the bread came out

to get a morsel. They ate all the green fruit off the trees. One poor 'Tommy' was found dead at his post. His body was opened; he had filled himself with green mealies."

I asked whether the negotiations which had been going on would lead to peace. She replied: "There will be no peace unless we get what we want—unless we get what is right." Then the same strange, beautiful light spread over her face, and filled her eyes, as she said: "We may get it still more bitter, still more hard; I may be without a petticoat at last; but if everything is gone—that day that we get our independence I will dance and play like a little child."—*The New Age*.

## Communism.

I regret to see that the principles of Anarchic Communism are so little clearly understood. First, what is Communism? It is not any system of organized cooperation and distribution, but the expression of a principle—the principle of liberty, expressed in repudiating the intervention of any alleged superior right to decide any matter of possession. In a condition of Communism everything is *unowned*. To sum up, Communism is economic Anarchy. Ownership is the restriction placed by law or by usage on all but the owner, in respect of the thing owned; and restriction of persons is their being owned in the other sense in which a master is said to own slaves, by whoever can take advantage of that restriction.

To lay down a usage exacting the giving up of equal products (except by individual foregoing) as the condition of obtaining other products, is contrary to Communism, being a mere dilution of the property system. Communism is that each labor according to his choice and liking; that each supply aid in the shape of labor, or in the shape of goods for which he nevertheless has some need, according to the measure prompted to his free will by his several instincts, and in the shape of what he has, but is not needing, according to the demand; and that each also ask and obtain in accordance with his needs—no question of price or remuneration being possible, and exchange having no other function than to facilitate the satisfaction of two needs instead of one or none, by altering *locative* distribution—as for instance, when, your table being too large and mine too small, we change tables; or when (taking another form of exchange) Mary is fixing the wet clothes on the lines with hairpins, while Jane has neither clothespegs nor hairpins, but wants to fix up her hair, and Ellen, by supplying clothespegs to Mary, enables her to hand the hairpins to Jane and still carry out her own purpose. The object of distribution is not to secure to each or any a return for permitting someone else to have some or other thing, but to enable each to have exactly what he needs, and thus create the most favorable meeting for each to do and be as he likes. On the other hand any sanctified basis of mutual rationing is likely to grow into law, and opens the door to fraud.

It is not "that an Anarchist may be a Communist," he *MUST* be a Communist in order to be an Anarchist at all, Anarchy being the perfection of Individualism, prop-

erly so called, which, cannot exist unless there is absolutely free individual initiative in matters of possession, without privilege or preference to the claim of the producer\* or anyone else. The so called Individualism that erects such a preference denies Anarchy, and so does the so-called Communism that perpetuates property under one form or another by "value exchange."—J. A. Andrews, in *Freedom*, London, January, 1892.

\* This statement will hardly be accepted as correct without qualification. JR.

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The bird which was made so that it might rove over half the world, he shuts up into the space of a cubic foot, there to die a slow death in longing and crying for freedom; for in a cage it does not sing for the pleasure of it. And when I see how man misuses the dog, his best friend; how he ties up this intelligent animal with a chain, I feel the deepest sympathy with the brute and burning indignation against its master.

As to crime and criminals, pardon is the word to all! Whatever folly men commit, be their shortcomings or their vices what they may, let us exercise forbearance; remember that when these faults appear in others it is our follies and vices that we behold. They are the shortcomings of humanity, to which we belong; whose faults, one and all, we share; yes even those very faults at which we now wax so indignant, merely because they have not yet appeared in ourselves. They are faults that do not lie on the surface, but they exist down there in the depths of our nature; and should anything call them forth, they will come and show themselves, just as we now see them in others. One man, it is true, may have faults that are absent in his fellow; and it is undeniable that the sum total of bad qualities is in some cases very large; for the difference of individuality between man and man passes all measure. In fact, the conviction that the world and man is something that had better not have been is of a kind to fill us with indulgence towards one another. Nay, from this point of view, we might well consider the proper form of address to be, not Monsieur, Sir, mein Herr, but my fellow sufferer, Soci malorum, compagnon de miseres! This may perhaps sound strange, but it is in keeping with the facts: it puts others in a right light; and it reminds us of that which is after all the most necessary thing in life—the tolerance, patience, regard, and love of neighbor, of which everyone stands in need and which, therefore, every man owes to his fellow.—Shopenhauer.

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