



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 378.

#### Toll.

(From "Songs of the Army of the Night.")

I toil, I toil as toils a jaded horse  
Around the ever-changing changeless track  
From sunrise on to sunset, till the mill,  
That grinds in flour my heart and soul, is still  
And the ropes are loosed, and I may leave my course  
And silent, alone with the night, go back  
To misery and the cruel sleep whose breasts,  
Bitter to suck, give poisoned milk. And this  
Is my life! And everything attests  
Hell's fleshless hand that holds me pitiless!

—Francis Adams.

#### Labor Day.

(An undelivered speech.)

This is one of the days, fellow laborers, on which politicians and priests—pillars of plutocratic society—think it worth while to flatter, cajole, and humbug us; in short, to bunco us. The politician, especially the labor politician, will assure us that we are the very salt of the earth, and that here, in "our" free country, our august and irresistible will, expressed at the ballot box (that palladium of our liberties!) and translated into law by our humble and obedient servants, the legislators, and enforced by our other servants, the judges, the policemen, hangmen, etc., alone rules this "free land."

The sleek and oily manipulator of men will suggest to us certain reforms (?) that would benefit us and offers, in the fulness of love and devotion, to bear the burden of office in order to get them for us. And we all know that he is a liar and a swindler; that he will sell us out, for cash, for preferment, or even give us away for a little social recognition from the aristocracy. All this we know, and won't hesitate to say so in private conversation; and we also know that, if by some strange chance an honest man is elected to office, he is wholly powerless, and soon retires disgusted and disheartened, or yields to temptation and becomes as bad as the rest. But in spite of our knowledge we will applaud the politician's speech, and very likely elect him to the office he seeks; and when in due time he sells us out or gives us away, we won't be disappointed, for we knew he would before we elected him.

And when the twin brother of the politician, the priest, addresses us in the name of God, the All Wise and All Beneficent ruler of the universe, and promises us our eternal heritage of happiness in another world, in return for quiet and resigned suffering here on earth, we know that he, too, is a liar and a swindler, who preaches renunciation to us

while he takes mighty good care of himself right here and now. We know that he and his kind are only a sort of police, paid to keep us quiet while our masters are skinning us. We don't believe in his fables about the good God any more than we believe in nursery tales of "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Little Red Riding Hood." And yet we will listen attentively, put on a solemn air of deep conviction, and treat this swindler with profound respect.

And, finally, if some benevolent little capitalist condescends to address us as men and brothers, and repeats a few conventional lies about the "dignity" of labor, or explains once more that the interests of capital and labor are identical, and raises a warning voice against the "wicked agitators" who seek to disturb the beautiful harmony that naturally exists between employers and employed, we will pretend that we don't know that he is a liar or a fool. We won't resent his insulting condescension; on the contrary, we will treat him with servile deference, and quite confirm him in his belief that he is rendering us a great service by sweating our life's blood out of us for his own benefit.

Of course you won't like what I have told you. We never like a disagreeable truth; we prefer an agreeable lie, tho we know it to be a lie. But the time has come when we must face the naked truth!

Why do we all continue to applaud and uphold a set of lying swindlers and blood-suckers, knowing them to be such? Perhaps because we don't realize the true significance of our own knowledge, and still more because we believe that government, religion, and private property, are necessary evils: anyway; and our own institutions are no worse than others. Indeed the belief still prevails that our political machinery is so admirable that it will turn out a pretty fair sort of legislation and administration, even tho manipulated by a set of selfish scoundrels in their own interests.

But there is still another reason for our dull and stupid submission to things as they are. We instinctively feel that to act on our knowledge would be to kick down the whole framework of our society; in other words, to inaugurate the Social Revolution.

I said we don't realize the full significance of our own knowledge. Do we? We know that our politicians are a set of self-seeking parasites, who are in politics for what there is in it. And that all their fine phrases about "consecration to public duties," and so on, are mere buncombs, quite compatible, for

instance, with the use of public vessels as private yachts and the accumulation of a private fortune of several millions during a few years of such "consecration." True, we have a spasm of virtue once in a while; a few unlucky plunderers are exposed, a number sent to prison, after which the reformers are elected to take their places, and then we settle back into our normal condition of stupid resignation, while the chains of our slavery are riveted tighter day by day.

Of course, you may say, this is mere Anarchistic exaggeration; so listen to what Justice Brown of the Supreme Court of the United States has to say on the subject. In a recent address to the students of Yale College he said: "Bribery and corruption are so universal as to threaten the very structure of society." And Judge Brown knows what he is talking about. He can't help knowing, for instance, that Stanley Mathews was appointed to the same Supreme Court of which he is a member in return for a campaign contribution of \$100,000 by Jay Gould. Moreover, Judge Brown knows just what universal suffrage amounts to, and does not hesitate to say that it "is so skilfully manipulated as to rivet the chains of the poor man, and to secure to the rich man a predominance in politics he has never enjoyed under a restricted system." Put that in your pipe and smoke it, you sovereign citizen of America, on the next occasion when you can't raise five cents for a paper of tobacco; or rather cut it out and paste it in your hat (if you have one) and read it to the next politician who promises legal reforms that will help you, and curb the power of your plutocratic masters.

Reforms? Yes, reforms—on paper. You can have as many as you want of them; the plutocracy are smart enough to know how cheap they really are—much cheaper than machine guns and smokeless powder. Take the factory laws of Illinois for instance; they were warranted to protect women and children from the greed of sordid employers, to abolish sweating and improve the condition of the laboring class generally. And when Mrs. Kelley (an excellent lady, no doubt, and a sort of a milk-and-water Socialist), was appointed chief inspector in Chicago a howl of joy went up in the labor papers. Now we were to have genuine reform; the law was to be strictly enforced, and the lords of capitalism compelled to exploit their employes decently, and with some regard for their health and well being. It was a charming picture.



But alas! Read Mrs. Kelly's recent report, and you will see that her honest effort to enforce the law has not helped the workers or incommoded the capitalists in the least. We shudder at recent stories of the barbarous massacres of Armenian Christians by the infidel Turks. But such atrocious tortures, such frightful suffering as Mrs. Kelley describes, as a part of the daily course of business at the Chicago stock yards, make the cruelty of the Turk seem merciful by comparison. In spite of the "reformed law" and the zealous semi-Socialistic inspector, the moloch of capitalism continues to devour his victims with relentless disregard of aught but his own appetite.

What are we to do about it? Open your eyes; see for yourselves, judge for yourselves, act for yourselves, and cease to be the dupes of the scoundrels who deliberately swindle and rob you, and still more of those well meaning fools who honestly lead you from disaster to disaster.

This is Labor Day and we are celebrating—what? If it is the present condition of the laboring class in the United States our bands should play funeral marches, our attire be of somber hue, our banners be draped in deepest mourning, our speakers deliver funeral orations, and the chorus chant dirges and lamentations, for there is no joy in the present, and no hope for the future in the ways and methods of the present.

But there is hope for the future, despite the grotesque absurdity of our situation. Here we are starving in the midst of plenty, and we call ourselves freemen, and boast of our inalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." People say of very absurd things, "it would make a horse laugh." As a matter of fact, a horse in our situation would jump the fence or kick down the bars that shut him out from food and shelter. Surely we may hope to become as wise as a horse—in time.

For semi-civilized men, whose command over nature is slight, periodical famines may be unavoidable. But for us, who have such command of natural forces, such powers of production, that a bare third of us working at useful work can, and do, literally deluge the earth with food and drink, we live in a chronic and perpetual famine. We who can, and do, cover the earth's inhabitants with raiment, go in rags. We of the nineteenth century, with our steam and electricity, our labor-saving machinery and our vast and ever growing knowledge of ways and means to satisfy all the natural wants of man, we are the slaves of our own knowledge and tamely endure such misery and want and insecurity of life as no people in the past ever submitted to before. In former times it was possible to say that, since there was not enough to keep all mankind in comfort, some must suffer from the shortage. Today we know that one third of us can, and naturally do, produce enough to keep us all in comfort, and that all the enormous and detestable suffering of our time is due to an outworn social system, that must be thrown aside like the other outworn systems of the past, before we can enjoy the benefits of our knowledge and the fruits of our toil.

Take hope then, fellow workmen and women. Freedom, prosperity, and the joy of life are in your grasp. You have only to

desire them, and the courage to take them. Tho the powers of darkness will oppose you to the uttermost, they will oppose you in vain, if you once really desire to live as free men and women; if you really believe that you have a right to live in comfort and security, like brethren enjoying a rich heritage in peace and fraternity.

But between us and this earthly paradise lies grim and brutal civil war. Our exploiters and parasites will never give up their privileges peacefully. And, forthwith, I hear some alleged sympathizer, who wishes to proceed peacefully—that is, to submit and beg—set up the familiar strain about the horrors of the French Revolution.

Be not dismayed, brethren; there were more people starved to death in France in a single year of the "ancient regime" than perished by the guillotine of the Revolution. And don't forget that the king might have prevented the storming of the Bastille by throwing open its doors, and might have saved his own head by quitting the king business and earning an honest living as a locksmith. And the noble lords and ladies who perished in the storm of their own raising, the perfumed and gilded vermin, that their own records show them to have been, shall we regret them? No! A thousand times, no!

We who labor wish to live off the fruits of labor; let those who now roll in luxurious idleness, and all who help maintain the present system of spoliation, take warning, and let them profit, if they can, by the lessons of history.—J. H. Edelmann, in *The Rebel*, Boston, September, 1895.

#### The Morals of Lying.

(This article received the first prize in a symposium on the question, "Is a lie ever justifiable?" printed in the *Philadelphia Times*.)

The question upon which you this week invite expression of opinion, "Is a lie ever justifiable?" may be discussed from two radically different points of view—the sentimental and rational. And the answer that anyone gives to your query will depend largely upon his natural bent of mind—whether in his mental make-up the sentimental or the rational predominates.

The sentimental view that lying is in and of itself vice, or even a sin, and therefore never justifiable, is probably that which most persons take without reflection. Most of us feel instinctively—and instincts are based on long experience—that falsehood is to be abhorred and avoided at almost any cost. Some of us, however, refuse to trust instinct alone, no matter how universal, being aware that not all our natural instincts are perfectly trustworthy guides. Not content with this blind safeguard—instinct—we immediately ask ourselves: "Is lying really never justifiable?" and why?

It seems to me that, apart from its evil consequences, no valid reason can be given why telling a lie should be essentially immoral. Indeed, the principle of truth-telling has only expediency to commend it. Long experience has shown that habitual observance of this policy is conducive to man's social well-being. People have found that unless they can trust one another with perfect confidence and assurance in business, political and other relations; unless neighbors, husband and wife, parent and child

can take each other's word; unless these conditions subsist, true social life is impossible. A society which should show a systematic disregard for truthfulness would speedily come to grief. Experience has shown, I said, that, as a general principle, lying is inexpedient; we, therefore, number truth-telling among the virtues.

But most rational minds have learned to beware of rules which allow of no exception. There are hardly a dozen truths universally valid—even the law of gravitation, astronomers have found, needs modification. We must be especially cautious with respect to "general" or "unvarying" rules in morality, the science of which, if it can be said to exist, is certainly very inexact. We should not, therefore, subscribe to the broad generalization that it is never justifiable to lie.

Truth-telling, when conscientiously adhered to, is not an end, but a means to an end—a means to render life better worth living. And, like all principles adopted by man as guides to conduct, veracity—the means—cannot be greater or more important than the end—better social relations or more happiness. This being the case, all our principles must serve, not master, life. A temporary departure from a policy generally wise or a principle in most cases expedient, seems from this view thoroughly justifiable, should occasion arise when more permanent or greater good can hardly be secured. Let me show by illustration how these exigencies may arise.

The United States, we will suppose, finds herself at war with Great Britain, over, say, a misunderstanding as to our sympathy for the Boers. The enemy takes a prisoner who is a member of the United States board of strategy, or an ordinary rank-and-file citizen possessing information very valuable to the enemy of our plans of defense or attack. The prisoner is pressed heavily for his secrets; is offered his liberty and riches. Should he tell the truth and help ruin his country, or lie? Which course is he to take? Where is the man with a reputation to lose who would not agree that lying is in this case justifiable?

Take another instance. A man is very critically ill. His chances of recovery are few. Yet some hope still remains. Much depends upon the patient's mental quiet. In the meantime a close relative of his, long sick, dies. The patient discovers news on the face of his attendant, and asks that it be disclosed. Should his informer tell the truth, the last hope of recovery is gone. He lies to help save his patient's life. Who will deny that in this case, too, lying is justifiable?

Numerous other instances could be cited to prove the same point—that exigencies arise in social life where few would hesitate telling a falsehood. Lying is, clearly, not always, a sin, or even a vice; all depends upon the motive. Lying to betray an honest neighbor or to gain an unfair advantage over an opponent is certainly immoral. Falsehood, on the other hand, resorted to in order to save one's country or the life of an individual, is justifiable, especially if, as in the second case, no harm comes of the falsehood itself.

I think I may safely assert, therefore, in answer to your question, that a lie is sometimes justifiable. DAVID A. MODELL.



### "The City Dead-House."

By the city dead-house by the gate,  
Lo, an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought . . .  
The divine woman, her body I look on it alone,  
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I  
notice not . . .  
Fair fearful wreck—tenement of a soul—itsself a soul,  
Unclaim'd, avoi'd house—take one breath from my  
tremulous lips,  
Take one tear dropt aside as I go for thought of you,  
Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crum-  
bled, crushed,  
House of life, crewhile talking and laughing—but ah,  
poor house, dead even then,  
Months, years, an echoing garnish'd house—but dead,  
dead, dead.

This poem, "The City Dead-House," of which I have quoted the salient lines, seemed to me at one time one of the masterpieces of Whitman; but it has since dwindled in my esteem to a place below, not above, the average of his work. The reasons for which change of front I trust will prove of interest to all lovers of the great and manly poet. Great and manly Whitman is indeed; a giver of life, a helper in trial, a friend. Near to us, and not remote, is the great poet—and Whitman is near indeed. And because of that very nearness I criticize this poem. And while I criticize, let me own that to Whitman's self, and to his own influence on me, I owe much of my criticism; for true it is that great poets educate us to be critical of themselves. What is the purest sublimate of Whitman's teaching? What is it that stays with us ever as we sit and muse; dwells with us as the incorruptible soul of his doctrine after other elements have vanished in the stress of life? It is his faith, hearty, absolute, imperial in the good that is and must be ever in the human heart—somewhere altho hidden, showing itself where least expected, lurking even in the darkest alleys of consciousness, a well-spring of good, pure and infinitely refreshing. This is what Whitman gives us to encourage us—gives us not with blatant optimism but with the voice of one who also has suffered and wept; and for his faith in man, so eloquent and so inexhaustible, how often have our hearts given him all that hearts can—the utmost of their fervent thanks! But in this poem of the "City Dead-House" it is not Whitman of the faith inexhaustible who speaks; it is one who, with all his melting tenderness, says of her, the magdalen, "Months, years, an echoing garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead." With this verdict, tremendous in sincerity and overwhelming in pathos, we have to reckon. On first hearing it may drag us along in the agony of its utterance; but time and meditation come athwart it, and time and meditation change many things.

In our cities there walk abroad many upon whom the fiery soul in its idealism cries out, "Dead, dead, dead," . . . but should we choose first for such a verdict the wretched priestesses of lust? Are they not despised, and is not that reason enough that we should not add a word even of grave and tender blame? Are there not lords and ladies, and a vast number of luxurious and pompous persons licked by flattery, upon whom first we should cry—"Corpses, over the land is the stench of your rottenness"—the rich and approved, do they not offer fitter subjects for outcry than the poor and despised?

A nobler pity, a deeper understanding,

should await the lust-devoted of the streets; Whitman himself, in other poems, is the first to plead so. Poor faces, often dull and gross, are they themselves devoid of pity or of love, or of purity? A harlot who stops to stroke a starveling cat may give even a great poet pause. She is the bleeding quarry of man's lust-hunt—but is the quarry as ignoble as the sportsman? How came these women on the streets? The answer would be a million histories, some doubtless very ignoble, some pathetic, heart-rending, pitifully, throbbingly human. Did not my lady countess sell herself the other day to a rich old lord? There is more prostitution than meets the eye. And have we not heard of the sad harlot who, pitying a poor man, and helping him as she could, fortune coming to him and he wishing to marry her, refused him, being conscious of her shame? Who is there that will deny to these outcasts a saving and lustrous knowledge of love and purity?—William Platt, in the *Conservator*, Philadelphia, August, 1899.

### Marriage Safeguards.

..... Whatever marriage forms may in future be deemed most favorable to individual development, and thence promoting the best interests of society, it is obvious that any woman who has outgrown the conventional ideals may well hesitate to place herself under the jurisdiction of existing marriage laws. It is futile and inhuman to put such a heavy price on freedom as to deter all but the most heroic souls from the quest. It requires but little imagination to realize the bitterness which such indignities as the above forcible incarceration [of Edith Lanchester, of London, in an insane asylum, October, 1895] must have entailed on a finely wrought nature, true to conviction beyond the mere lip-loyalty of less sensitive types. The world continually puts a premium on insincerity. An institution needing to be sustained by such an iniquitous expedient as the abduction cited would appear to have little inherent vitality.

This is but one among many instances in which the worship of the symbol has degenerated into a mere superstition, blinding its adherents to the reality symbolized. And here the reality, which law and public opinion have attempted to stereotype, is too valuable to be sacrificed on the altar of custom; it is nothing less than a union based on such free and spontaneous love as compulsion renders impossible.

"Ne may love be compelled by maistry;  
For soon as maistry comes, sweet love anon  
Taket his nimble wings and soon away is gone."

Since, then, the self-appointed custodians of morality are determined to preserve the artificial bond, without modification, at whatever cost, there seems no alternative for freedom-lovers but to unite in a crusade against the enforced irrevocable contract, for the protection of truer marriage relations—not indeed, as Grant Allen and others insist, because women's "social and moral salvation" lies in maternity, or that voluntary celibacy is to be regarded as a misfortune, but in order that men and women alike may be untrammelled in their choice of such life conditions as they deem best calculated to promote their all-round develop-

ment. In this way only will the cast-iron codes—more rigid, perhaps, in sex matters than any other—give place to a saner, more democratic attitude, encouraging freer relationships based on sympathy, enduring affection, and "sweet, eternal, perfect" comradeship. The scaffolding required to rear the structure above the mere physical groundwork, when the higher planes are reached, will have served its purpose and may be removed without disaster. The distinction between essentials and non-essentials cannot be too much emphasized.—From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born.

### Time and Eternity.

There is no definable or measurable present; all time is past or future. You, my long visaged sanctimonious Churchite friends, tell me you are preparing for eternity; to that end you were born, and that, you consider, the sole object of life. I am living, just revelling in eternity, right here, now, in California—but have nothing whatever to do with spirits, distilled or foggy, straight or watered, and I would not taste a drop of your sacramental wine, to save my soul, whatever part of me the Church saints may decide that to be.

KINGHORN-JONES.

San Francisco, 36 Geary St.

I send you the names of the jurymen who decided that my article was obscene; not that you may have the opportunity to annoy them, but that you and (if you publish) your readers may have the opportunity to send them from time to time such reading matter as will inform them what is going on in the world. I wish, as the judge did not call that article "obscene," that the papers would publish it on the ground that the public has a right to know what its members are punished for. I think such a course would break up such persecutions sooner than in any other way. Below are the names.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

D. V. Dunham, Cathlamet; C. S. Brumbaugh, Shelton; Frank Binns, Shelton; Louis Tassiraman, Stella; Robt. Marshall, Merton; A. B. McDonald, Mahetta; J. Cook, Boistfort; John Lineberger, Oysterville; Lee Wallace, Kelso; Jas. H. Marner, Rainier; John Bashford, and A. A. French, Tacoma, all of Washington.

### Literature.

LA COMÉDIE ITALIENNE EN FRANCE ET LE THÉÂTRE. By M. Bernardin. Schleicher frères, 15 Rue de Saints-Pères, Paris, VI, France. Price 2.50 francs (50c.).

The author tells the interesting history of foundation and development of the Italian theater in France from the sixteenth century to 1791. Of special value and interest are those portions relating the struggle these actors had to carry on against the institutions and rules of that time to secure the liberty of their stage; and how, in spite of all prohibitions of the law and persecution, these actors could gain their point and institute the theaters *La Foire* and *Boulevard*, where a libertarian and social atmosphere always prevailed.

G. C.



# FREE SOCIETY

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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.

A number of comrades have volunteered to collect subscriptions in their districts in Chicago. The delinquents may therefore expect to be called on at an early date.

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.

"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 this office.

The International Defense Committee is conducting the defense of Comrades Grossmann and MacQueen. Contributions are solicited, and may be addressed to the treasurer, A. Salzberg, 30 Paterson St., Paterson, N. J. We have on hand some subscription blanks, which will be furnished on request.

"Pure Economy," by J. Herbert Rowell, is an excellent pamphlet for propaganda among people who are not radicals. The price is 10 cents for single copies; for retailers and distributors, if purchasing not less than 20 copies, 5 cents a copy. Order from FREE SOCIETY.

Chicago.—The Chicago Philosophical Society will resume its course of lectures on Sunday, September 7, at Handell Hall, Randolph St. and Wabash Ave. W. F. Barnard will speak on the "Social Parasite." The speaker is no stranger to the radical thinkers of this city, and the purposes of the club as well as Mr. Barnard and his subject should receive an enthusiastic endorsement by a general turnout of progressive people to fill the hall and hear him.

Note that the above meeting takes place at 3 p. m.

New York.—The Radical Reading Room will send a collector around to visit the sub-

## FREE SOCIETY

scribers in arrears. Those in arrears are requested to leave money or words at home, so that the comrade volunteering his services may not have his labor in vain.

## The Chicago Group.

A meeting of comrades took place September 1, at the FREE SOCIETY headquarters. A group was formed, and it was decided to start an educational propaganda, which will be continued thruout the entire season. A collection for FREE SOCIETY resulted in \$14.85 being raised on the spot. As a means of raising funds to disseminate literature and aid the paper in a material way, a Russian tea party was agreed upon. The particulars will be given in a later issue.

Aside from the Sunday propaganda weekly business meetings will be held. The first meeting will take place Friday evening, September 12. It is to be hoped that all comrades who are interested in the movement and would like to see a lively propaganda carried on will attend and help to make the meetings a success. THE CHICAGO GROUP.

## Splinters.

The frequency and ease with which alleged Anarchist plots are "discovered," is positively disgusting. Even a capitalist daily, the *Record-Herald* of Chicago, got sick of the business, and confided to the public that in many cases the police have nothing to do with these "discoveries"; in other words, that they are the pure inventions of reporters anxious to sell "news." However, the police certainly do their share of the "plot-planting," for by this time the crowned heads are about unscared enough to dismiss several regiments of the secret police; and they are naturally anxious to keep their jobs, hence the effort to convince their bosses of their usefulness.

A court in Manila denied a jury to the editors of the *Manila Freedom*, on trial for sedition, on the ground that the American constitution does not apply to the Philippines, unless congress enacts that it shall. The "crime" of sedition has always been suspiciously frequent under all despotisms; it is a very convenient way of disposing of agitators. And among civilized nations the jury is denied only in Russia, in cases of "treason" to the czar. Altho the constitution specifically limits the powers of congress, a petty court assumes to deny a jury trial on the ground that congress has not sanctioned it. When it has no power to deny it is absurd to sanction. These are some of the first fruits of imperialism.

Those Socialists who were fearful that the *Comrade* of New York had Anarchistic tendencies, on account of its marked admiration of Tolstoy, will find themselves amply reassured in the August number that such is not the case, so they need hesitate no longer in introducing it to their friends. In an editorial on the frequent violations of free speech that are continually occurring in this country, it has occasion to mention *Discontent*, and the anti-Anarchist crusade. Suppressors of free speech always begin in attacking those advocating unpopular and

misrepresented ideas, so few will care to incur the odium of defending them, even on the common ground of a principle—that is evident. But the *Comrade* hastily forestalls any prejudice by assuring its readers it has not "the slightest sympathy with Anarchism," and "regards the Anarchist as a foe to progress." That the *Comrade* should defend free speech it commendable; but some will venture to hold the opinion that a cowardly defense of free speech is little better than none at all.

In the same issue of the *Comrade*, Professor Norse uses the following language in a fable: "Now the Anarchists were a bloody sect which had also arisen in that land, but they were for killing 'Society' outright. And the Socialists were sore because they were called Anarchists." It is over a hundred years ago since Thomas Paine made a marked and precise distinction between government and society; and Anarchists have repeatedly insisted on the distinction ever since. If Professor Norse is not yet aware of it, he had better stop talking thru his hat, and learn something about Anarchism, when some of the swelling soreness may flatten out considerably.

Anti-Anarchist Roosevelt has been doing some talking recently, and incidentally dropped a few remarks which might be used as texts for an Anarchist speech. "The State cannot carry anyone," he says. "The State cannot do as much for you as you can do for it. Under no circumstances will it be possible by law to shape conditions so that each man shall succeed. If the man has not in him the stuff out of which he can work success the State cannot supply it." The whole statement is entirely correct; its source only is a matter of surprise. If the State cannot render an equivalent for services which it demands, it is evidently a cheat and a fraud. What excuse has it for foisting itself on a suffering people, when it does in an inferior way what they can do better for themselves? And by what right does it demand more for itself than it gives?

In "Labor Day Thoughts," quoted from an exchange, among some pointed aphorisms the writer states that labor should "vote to abolish the profit system." The "voting" delusion is an important snare of the profit system which labor must rid itself of before they can abolish it. So long as they place their fate in the hands of a few politicians, who are always anxious that labor should vote early and often, they will see to it that their jobs and "soft snaps" are not imperilled. JR.

Order is better preserved by liberty than by restraint. . . . Liberty would prove the best peace officer. The social order of New England (in the early part of the last century), without a soldier and almost without police, bears loud witness to this truth. —Dr. Channing.

Wars, plagues, or that greater depopulator than either, a tyrannical government.—Malthus.



### The Strikers at Work.

The Greater New York Central Labor Unions have passed resolutions calling upon the president to convene congress in special session for the purpose of ending the coal strike. The supporters of this measure do not explain how congress could act in the matter, provided it were honest enough to act to the extent of its power. In the constitution and laws of the country the rights of private property are paramount. Expropriation is forbidden; and since men have the further right to use their property or not, and to employ whom they please to operate their mines and factories, I cannot see what congress could do to help either the capitalists or miners in the fight, or relieve the public from the inconvenience of hill top prices in coal. Congress is as powerless in the matter as the old ladies' sewing society, and these labor men ought to know it. But the State superstition is yet so strong that people think the State can do most anything.

It would be more sensible to appeal to Morgan, for he is one of the strong men who hold the strings that moves the puppet congress. Morgan by a word settled the miners' strike two years ago. It was not, however, the mournful wails of the hungry miners and their wives and little ones that moved his sympathetic heart. The safety of the Republican party was threatened; and what is more dear to a true capitalistic heart than the G. O. P.? And now there are people simple enough to fancy he will NOW interfere in behalf of the starving miners. Nonsense! A man whose aim is the accumulation of the country's wealth must be hardened against any such trifling sentimentality as a few thousand starving miners. Trust operating is business, and the successful operator encloses his sentiment within the four walls of his mansion, chains it there; and all human beings outside he regards as base material to be manipulated and converted into shining dollars to fill the bottomless chest of his greedy ambition. Men and women possessed of a trifle of wordly wisdom know that Morgan and his cult, who are grasping for the earth, will not stay their hands just because "a few dirty, ignorant slaves" happen to get crushed under the wheels of their carriage of commerce as it pushes proudly on to universal conquest.

The government is a trust that sells its services to those who can pay it. It has a monopoly, therefore its rates are high. Like every other purchasable article, its services go to the highest bidder. The highest bidders are those with the most wealth. Now, whom doth congress serve?

If the foregoing analysis be correct, (and anyone who asserts otherwise commits himself to the doctrine that men cease to be human when they are elected to office,) it is clear what steps congress would take to settle the strike, did it move at all. It is easily apparent it would "settle" the strikers as a preliminary step. "The public interest and welfare demands that the striking miners return to work at once, pending a congressional investigation into the justice of their demands." That is how the order would read, with, of course, a penalty attached for the punishment of violators. About a year later the committee of con-

gressmen would report voluminously, giving chapter after chapter of irrelevant detail; the gist of it all being that the demands of the miners were exorbitant; and that the condition of the business was such as not to warrant any increase, at least for the present. How else could a committee report, considering the mighty influences of money which would surround it?

Let those enthusiasts, utopians, who think governmental action a panacea for the economic ills of society, consider well before appealing to congress to redress their grievances. The national government is subject to even greater temptations than our local governments, which we all know to be seething in corruption. Men are not in politics merely for their health; they are there as they are in the coal, iron, or grocery business,—for what there is in it. And this fine sentiment about the sin of violating public trust, if they ever possessed it, very soon fades away in the glare of monopoly gold. In most cases they have bartered away their "honor" even before they get into office. It is the price they pay for the party nomination and financial aid in impressing upon the people their virtues and the dire calamity that will befall the country if they are not elected.

Workingmen—especially unionists—must learn these common facts of political life, and look elsewhere for aid in their trouble. Let that knowledge be within themselves, in the recesses of their own hearts and minds. They must READ AND THINK. They must encourage and develop the spirit of solidarity among themselves; cluster together in their trade unions and educational clubs, exchanging their best thoughts with one another, thereby raising themselves above the blinding powers of superstition which has kept them in the mire of poverty for ages past. Parties and leaders will conduct men from one slavery to another. Only their own clear thoughts will lead them to final emancipation and liberty.

JAY FOX.

New York, 210 E. 19th St.

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### The Labor Parade.

The parade of organized labor in this city was an imposing affair—60,000 men, an army which would soon change things for the better if they were conscious of their strength, their servitude, and the remedy for emancipation. That such was not the case was evident by the conspicuous presence of well known politicians who are always fishing for pie. There was also a sheep in the parade,—perhaps to symbolize the present attitude of organized labor. The proud lion of the African desert would have signified a little more than a sheep, I think. Another disgusting feature were the politicians and "leaders"—the humble "servants"—in carriages, while the toilers, the "sovereign citizens" were wearing out their shoes. It seems to me as long as the servants are riding in carriages and the masters are trudging along on foot, there is little hope for a healthy labor movement. Not until politicians will be conspicuous by their absence will the workers ride in carriages and live in fine houses.

INTERLOPER.

Chicago, Ill.

### Labor Day Thoughts.

Labor on this day should seek to know its right as the producer of wealth, and insist that all who share in the wealth produced shall do their share of the work.

All the capital in the world and all the capitalists will never add one cent of wealth unless labor is applied. Labor can produce wealth without the aid of capital or capitalists. Thus the interest of labor is superior and prior to capital.

Bringing forth wealth in the form of fine houses, clothing, food, etc., presupposes that labor would enjoy them. But look at the shacks in which labor lives; look at the rags in which it is clothed; look at the cheap and adulterated food which labor eats, and wonder why.

Of all the parasitical animals, the idle, libertine capitalist is the most useless and most dangerous to the human family. Yet labor supplies the wealth with which the capitalist debauches the worker's home. Some day the workers will retain the wealth they produce for the protection and beautification of their homes.

Rankle as it will under the present industrial conditions, labor must learn that wage slavery will continue until the wage system is abolished; and it will not be abolished by the capitalist who profits from it. Labor must free itself, or continue to suffer. And what complaint should a man have who refuses to cure the ills which affect him when the cure power is in his own hands?

Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you, should be labor's motto. At the same time it should aid to change the motto of the capitalist—"We do others so they can't do us"—by voting to abolish the profit system upon which the capitalists thrive.

Always keep in mind the fact that so long as the wage system lasts men will take advantage of it, so that they may not suffer its bad results themselves. Quit cussing the "boss" and strengthen the backbone and arouse the intelligence of those who are now willing to be bossed.

Youth and beauty are being exploited and despoiled to satisfy the greed of the owner of the factory and mill. You don't go to the seaside for recreation and health, but the boss and his family do. You pay the freight and get none of the freight. Arouse ye, on this Labor Day and join hands and hearts with your fellow workmen who desire to put a stop to this exploitation of labor forever.—*Colorado Chronicle*, Denver, August 27, 1902.

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I am glad to see that the terror at disunion and Anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic days, had no government,—was an Anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor; and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac.—*Emerson*, in a Kansas Relief Meeting, 1856.



### The Psychology of the Anarchist.\*

"What end have you in view?"  
 "Why, bless me! the same that one  
 has in view in writing all history—  
 to find the truth."—E. Renan.†

Anarchists, like all other men, have diverse tendencies. A certain number of these are common to them, and constitute, in their aggregate, the determining philosophic mentality of the psychical type of the Anarchist. Those common tendencies of which the combination is special to the individual defined as Anarchist predominate in his cerebral organization, differentiating him from other individuals.

In the course of our psychological analysis we have discovered and shown those tendencies, those mental preponderances, which are: the spirit of revolt or one of its modes (the spirit of criticism, of innovation, of opposition); the love of liberty, of self, of others; the sentiment of justice; the sense of logic; the curiosity to know; the spirit of proselytism. These particular tendencies subordinate to them all other tendencies; they promote the atrophy of the latter or hinder their development. In their aggregate, they are really creative of the Anarchist "state of mind."

In the Anarchist, then, there exists a mental harmony resulting from equilibrium—not in respect of equality of tendencies, but of the subordination of tendencies to some one of them. This—we shall name it shortly—overrides the others and traces for the individual the path he is to follow. There is a unity in the life of the Anarchist, of which the end is really the expression of what he denominates Truth, of what he holds to be the Just, the Good, the Beautiful. Unified types are "those in whom the harmony results not from equilibrium of tendencies nearly equal in force but from the subordination of the totality of tendencies to one or several among them. These form the unity of the person, and permit the other tendencies only the activity necessary for the carrying-on of life and the preservation of health, if indeed they do not lead to the ruin

\* The writer is author of a book, "*Psychologie de L'Anarchiste*." These conclusions are based on numerous "confessions" by Anarchists. JR.

† Renan, in "*Les Apôtres*," writes: "I there are practical people who, with regard to any scientific work, ask what political party the author proposes to please, and desire that a work of poetry shall contain a moral lesson. These persons do not allow that one can write for anything but a propaganda. The idea of art and of science aspiring only to find the true and realize the beautiful, apart from all politics, is alien to them. Between us and such people misunderstandings are inevitable." What Renan has said we repeat, and shall repeat incessantly. In view of the passion with which Anarchism and the Anarchists are defended by some and attacked by others, it is necessary that we should strongly affirm our indifference when we study scientifically ideas or individuals or groups of men. We have no concern for propaganda. We desire solely to impart the truth which we believe we hold. With Bossuet we esteem it our duty to cause to be known the truth which we possess because "it is a common good." We have written our book, and by consequence this article, with the calmness of the scientist studying any natural phenomena and organisms whatever. As the entomologist in studying the lepidoptera makes neither apology for nor diatribe against those insects, so in studying the Anarchists we have made neither apology for nor diatribe against these individuals. We do not wish to impose the truth as we see it, for with Renan we consider that a truth has value only when we have ourselves arrived at it. We only ask that this study should be read and meditated with as much impartiality and disinterestedness as we have written it.

of the mind and the death of the organism by the rupture of the indispensable harmony."\* It follows from this that the Anarchist is of the unified type: the tendencies common to it, determined by our analysis, form a system predominating over other individual tendencies and characterizing the Anarchist.

In the Anarchist mentality there meet the qualities: spirit of inquiry, love of the Me, sense of logic, curiosity to know. It follows that the Anarchist participates in the reflective type. With M. Paulhan we propose thus to designate the individuals who have attentive minds, who examine their sentiments, their desires, their acts, their qualities, their thoughts.

The Anarchist is an observer of social phenomena. He collects them in his brain, compares them, and draws from them conclusions. He is an analyst of his sentiments, of his thoughts, of his desires. Innumerable are the "Why's" which he puts to himself. He passes thru the sifter of reason all his sentiments, all his sensations. It is then with justice that we class him among the "reflectives," the "masters of themselves." Even when, propagandizing by violence, the Anarchist acts criminally, he is still a "reflective," a "master of himself."

"When a man examines his thoughts and his desires, his qualities, whatsoever they be, it results that he is pleased with them; and when he is pleased with them, he is not far from being pleased to set them in action, and sometimes desiring that others should think fit to admire them."† This just remark would be still more so if it ran: "He is not far from desiring that others should partake of them." The Anarchist is affected with proselytism. He writes that others should partake his ideas, which for him present the True, the Just, the Beautiful, the Good. They are thus representative for him of Truth, Beauty, Goodness, because he examines his ideas, interrogates his sentiments, analyses his thoughts: because he is, in a word, a reasoning type, a "reflective."

In the Anarchist mentality there exists the spirit of opposition; thus the Anarchist participates in the "refractory" type. At the same time, it is easily seen that, thanks to his curiosity to know, he does not study opposition for its own sake. The Anarchist does not contradict for the mere pleasure of contradicting. Certainly he enjoys contradicting, but that pleasure is not his end. He has for aim, in his contradiction, to enlighten himself, to increase his knowledge. He wishes to attain truth, and to that end he examines the *pro* and the *contra*, maintaining the one or the other relatively to his interlocutor. In the process, contradiction in itself has given him a pleasure which progressively intensifies by his attainment of what he considers truth, and attains its maximum perfection when he has realized his final aim, the expansion of the Idea.

Generally, the Anarchist is not balanced between contradictory beliefs. He has arrived at certitude, even altho he always examines phenomena to weaken or confirm that certitude. Being affected by his sense of logic, he cannot remain swaying between two opposed ideas. Once he has attained what he esteems to be truth, he stops there,

\* Fr. Paulhan, "*Les caractères*," p. 22. Paris, 1894. Alcan.  
 † Id., p. 34.

he ends there. He is not a doubter, a hesitator. He knows—or believes he knows—what he wants, and he wants it very much. His passions are keen, but only slightly changeable. He has fixity in his ideas, his opinions. He is become Anarchist at the end of a series of deliberations.\* He has long elaborated his ideas; he has deliberated his opinion. He is more convinced than believing. He does not arrive at conviction by faith, but at faith by conviction.

This fixity of ideas does not imply invariability in the individual. It signifies only that the Anarchist is not a prey to a permanent conflict of his tendencies. There does not arise in him a continuous change of dominant tendencies. When the Anarchist ceases to be Anarchist it is from an infinity of causes, more or less notable, productive of a deliberation. It is this deliberation—a new resultant—which arouses the non-Anarchism of the individual. By "fixity," "fixed," then, I mean that the Anarchist is not continually hesitating between tendencies or groups of tendencies; that he is not constantly a prey to opposed desires; that he does not undergo the alternative domination of contrary tendencies.

The Anarchist is endowed with the love of the "Me," with the "love of others," and the "curiosity to know." Thus he is interested in many things, indeed in all. There is no natural or social phenomena which does not attract and retain his attention. He wants to know more than he knows: he wants to make his Me progress; he desires that others should perfect his Me. With Terence, he says, *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*. From this interest in all things results largeness of character.

"Largeness of character supposes a great number of tendencies, of emotions, of sentiments, of beliefs, of ideas. Large general or abstract sentiments will generally indicate a very large character, or at least a largeness proportional to these sentiments."† It appears then that the Anarchist possesses a large, an ample character. What character can have more amplitude than that of the man whom everything interests, who has frequent emotions—the Anarchist joined to a great sensibility, who for country has the entire world, who considers all men, no matter of what origin, brothers?

In the view of the author of "*Les Caractères*," anti-patriotism comes of hurt feelings, or of reaction against the excess of an unintelligent patriotism, or of general ideas which are "very elevated, only a little premature." M. Paulhan admits alternatives in this generalization. He is wrong. The efficient causes of anti-patriotism are the aggregate of the causes enumerated—hurts of feeling, reactions against Chauvinism, general ideas. These causes add together, compose together, and their resultant is anti-patriotism.

With the Anarchist, the general ideas predominate. In origin, this predominance implies the existence of mental qualities, "sense of logic, curiosity to know." He elaborates his anti-patriotism, he deliberates it, reasons it out. From his personal hurts of sentiment, he infers the hurts of others. From the particular, he concludes the general. In

\* The proof will be found in the confessional extracts which appear in our volume.

† Paulhan, as cited, pp. 72-73.



this generalization, the personal grievances are effaced, because remote, and not showing more visibly than the general abstract ideas. Quantity for quantity, then, they subordinate the other causes which have thrown the individual on the path leading to anti-patriotism. The love of the totality of men is also a proof of the predominance of general ideas in the "state of mind" special to the individuals we are studying. In respect of his "altruism," joined to his "proselytism," the Anarchist is a *humanitarian*, that not very actual type, according to Mr. Paulhan, who seems to consider it the type of tomorrow. This catholicity in altruism, including inevitably anti-patriotism, which involves anti militarism—all tendencies found in the Anarchist, and confirmative of the characteristic "sense of logic"—denote a real largeness of character. There can be no question here of largeness of tendencies considered individually—that is to say of the complexity of each one of them taken in particular. This largeness varies with each individual. Here we treat of the collective mentality constituting the Anarchist type, and not of the individual cerebration of each Anarchist.

In the psychological sense, M. Paulhan defines "purity" as "absence from a desire or passion of every discordant or heterogeneous element."\* Given this definition, the Anarchist possesses purity of character. His cerebration is so homogeneous that generally the most precise analyses will not discover in it any discordance. Under the influence of circumstances the psychic qualities develop themselves. By their development, these characteristic tendencies of the Anarchist hinder that of other heterogeneous and hostile tendencies. They atrophy them, or at least cover them with a thick layer of their own. The "homogenization" is thus completed. There is conflict between diverse tendencies, elimination of the weaker by the stronger; there takes place a selection; and soon the Anarchist mentality is fixed. Every element tending to produce "heterogenization" has been eliminated, and no discordant element henceforth exists. The Anarchist tends towards his end: the diffusion of the Idea. This "spirit of proselytism," hyper-excited in many, exaggerated in all, is the undeniable proof of the *purity* of the character of the Anarchist.

Let us consider now the intensity of the tendencies—I mean the development of each one of the tendencies—we shall then see that the Anarchist is an *impassioned* type. Often, in the course of this study, we have noted the exacerbation of psychic qualities. They are almost always developed above the average; that is to say, in other men they are carried to a less degree of development. The tendencies specially exaggerated in the Anarchist are: the spirit of revolt; altruism; the love of liberty; the spirit of proselytism. The great intensity of these tendencies implies as cause a keen sensibility, an emotionalism such that the reaction is always rapid, and sometimes violent. The Anarchist is *impassioned*. Apparently calm, cold in manner, sometimes indifferent in attitude, he is none the less ardent. Such was Proudhon, we are told by the author of "*Les Caractères*." He is "master of himself," even when in part he belongs to the *impulsive*

\* Work cited, p. 78.

type, like Ravachol, Vaillant, Henry, Pallas. His calm, his indifference, his coldness, are on the surface, and result from a considerable tension of mind.\* In none of these cases does this tension of mind suffice to restrain passion. A sudden explosion takes place, and there is a violent eruption. All restraints are overthrown, as by a torrent. Then at times occur criminal acts.

There is in the Anarchist † a continual conflict between the tendency to passionate action and the tendency to its inhibition by reflection, reasoning. On one side operates the reflection; on the other the sensibility. The action taken is the resultant of these two forces. According as the sensibility or the reflection predominates, the action will be violent, unreflecting, or reflecting, lengthily deliberated. The inhibition is never such that there is no action, for the sensibility is never annihilated by the reasoning faculty.

In fine, the Anarchist belongs to the impassioned type; he is endowed with a great intensity of feelings. "This intensity is often accompanied by non-satisfaction of desires, not only because the satisfaction diminishes it or the fact disappears, but because a very violent passion can seldom be fully satisfied." ‡ Such is oftenest the case with the Anarchists, which explains their appetite for proselytism. They always seek to satisfy their passion in such a way as to secure the maximum of pleasure, and they never succeed. The non-satisfaction of his desires does not throw the Anarchist into a state of disgust, does not bring him to weariness, does not even lead him to direct suicide. He has faith, based on conviction, that one day his desires will be realized. This faith precludes his being brought to weariness, to disgust, to misanthropy, to suicide. It happens, nevertheless, that the failure of the rapid satisfaction of desires leads some to *indirect* suicide. They are disgusted with life, and wish to leave it; but still in this last act they desire to propagandize. They must help towards the realization of their ideal, and their suicide is meant to operate in this way. Then they go to work, and in order to kill themselves they kill others. §

\* A few facts will not be out of place. In 1891 the scientist Jean Grave was prosecuted as conductor of *La Révolte*. Before the court he did not defend himself, (see p. 252 of the 1891 vol. of our "*France Sociale et Politique*"). He was conscious that his ardor, if he broke silence, would carry him beyond the limits established by his will. He would not have this, and preferred silence and the attitude of indifference.

† In 1894, on the wholesale arrest of Anarchists, one of them, Mr. —, was grossly insulted by a judge of instruction who, knowing his character, wished to make him go beyond bounds. M— had the volition to remain calm, but he paid for his tension of mind by a veritable convulsion of anger when he had left the judge's room. A perfect explosion took place.

‡ Another, Fénélon, a literary man and artist of great intelligence, maintained in the private examination, and in his cell, a serenity, an impassivity, which was noted in all the reports. At the same time they observed that his indifference was an attitude, for he covered a warm heart, a strong sympathy, readily exercised for friends; an exquisite sensibility, perceptible from his very original art criticisms. By his powerful will Fénélon dominated his sensibility, inhibited his passion; no outward explosion took place: the will was master.

§ That is to say, in the group of specific psychic tendencies of the Anarchist.

† Paulhan, as cited, pp. 84-85.

§ We propose to develop this explanation of the genesis of the act of violence in a further work on the psychological condition of Anarchist criminals.

Being thus impassioned, the Anarchist faces with unconcern the annoyances of every kind which his proselyting zeal inevitably causes him: What to him are poverty, the prison, the treadmill, death! From this ardor arise secondary qualities: the spirit of enterprise, audacity, energy, courage. Propaganda, under its many forms, is above all things the revealer of such characters, enterprising, audacious, energetic, courageous.\*

In respect of his possession of the qualities "sentiment of justice, altruism, sense of logic," the Anarchist is to be classed among the "constant" and the "tenacious." He is constant because, being certain that he possesses the truth, he holds to it obstinately. He is tenacious because his attachment to his ideas rests on a solid basis: love of others, sentiment of justice, sense of logic. The tendencies of the Anarchist are persistent. His tenacity even degenerates quickly into unreasoning obstinacy unless his love of ideas comes to partly counterbalance this persistency.

Tenacity and constancy are the passive modes of the persistence of tendencies: perseverance is its active form. Perseverance does not tire; it tends towards a determinate end by force of patience and without care for the length of time taken. It signifies continuous, uninterrupted action for the realization of an end. The Anarchist is persevering. He has an ideal, and this ideal he seeks to realize; he tends without ceasing to make it a reality. Each one of his acts, each one of his thoughts, tends, so to speak, to this realization of his dream. Yet nevertheless he generally knows that he shall not see it, that he shall never enjoy it. Like Jesus he may say: "My kingdom is not of this world." Still he perseveres towards the end dreamed. To the varied circumstances in which he lives, on which he acts, he adapts his means of propaganda. He is persevering because he is an enthusiast of proselytism.

This tenacity in opinions, this perseverance in an ideal and its realization, comes out clearly in the reading of the judicial proceedings relative to the Anarchists. They are always saying to the judges: "You may condemn us; we shall not change our opinions. We are and we shall remain Anarchists." † This tenacity, this perseverance, this reflection, this self-mastery, which meet in the Anarchist spirit, constitute the Anarchist one of the *self-willed*. As he has a deep love of the "Me," and constantly seeks to perfect it, he tends unceasingly to cultivate his will. He trains himself to be self-willed.

A. HAMON.

(To be continued.)

\* This audacity and energy are constantly being shown, sometimes with great sensation. On the drawing of lots at St. Etienne, M. Chapoton exclaims: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a bandit! Hurrah for the brother peoples!" At Grenoble, M. Murmain, in an interrogatory at the *Cour de Assises*, declares that the tricolor flag covers a heap of corpses. In the police court, at Marseilles, another cries: "Hurrah for Anarchy! it is worth a month in prison!" At Saint Denis, in the very hall of the mayoralty, a conscript refuses to draw his lot, and cries: "Hurrah for Anarchy! Down with the Fatherland!" We may recall the affixing on the walls of Paris of the placard "*Armée Coloniale*" by the Anarchists E. Mursch and J. Sluys; and the affair of Dardare, Levillé, and Decamps at Clichy. At Saint-Quen, on the walls, in letters a yard high, the Anarchists write: "Down with Authority!" "Down with the Police!" (See "*France Sociale et Politique*" for 1891, pp. 165-6, 217, 219, 225-6, 244.) One could fill volumes with analogous facts. The whole life of certain Anarchists is a proof of their enterprise, their audacity, their energy.

† See "*France Sociale et Politique*" 1890, 1891, and the volumes for 1892 and 1893, which are in preparation.



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