



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 384.

All in All.

When all the night is horrible with clamor
Of voiceless curses darker than the night,
When light of sun there is not, neither starshine,
Nor any beacon on the hill of Right,
Shine, O thou Light of Life, upon our pathway,—
Freedom, be thou our light!

Since all life's ways are difficult and dear,
And false steps echo thru eternity,
And there is nought to lean on as we journey
By paths not smooth as downward paths would be,
We have no other help—we need no more;
Freedom, we lean on thee!

The slave's base murmur and the threat of tyrants,
The voice of cowards who cringe and cry "Retreat!"
The whisper of the world, "Come where power calls
thee!"

The whisper of the flesh, "Let life be sweet."
Silence all these with thy divine commanding;
Guide thou thy children's feet.

For thee, for thee we bear the cross, the banner,
For thee are all our battles fought and won;
For thee was every prayer ever uttered,
For thee has every deed of ours been done,
For thee we press—to thee, triumphant splendor;
O Freedom, lead us on!

Where thou shalt lead we do not fear to follow.
Thou hast our hearts; we follow them in thee.
Spirit of Light, whatever thou shalt show us,
Strong in the faith, we shall not fear to see;
We reach to thee thru all the waves of darkness,
Of all the days to be.

—Edith Bland.

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Toleration.

We all know the religious bigot, the conventional thinker who will not listen to a new idea if he suspects it is one, and who acts afraid of you if you do manage to express in his hearing a thought that is not down in his decalog, his creed or his political platform. In a neighborhood of such people the radical is made to feel exceedingly small and unpopular, even if he escapes actual persecution. It takes considerable force of character to stand up for what one deems the truth in a place where everyone else believes differently. I heard a very eloquent sermon recently in which the preacher urged the beauty of standing up for the right when one is laughed at or persecuted for doing so. He closed his sermon by singing the hymn, "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone," and really the services were quite thrilling. He had preached about an everlasting place of punishment in part of his sermon, and of course he meant that it would be beautiful for the young people to come out from among their laughing, lighthearted companions, and confess their sins and so escape going to that awful place. I had some faint idea of getting up and telling the people that

I would "dare to be a Daniel" and would condemn the notion that a great and all-wise father could create beings for the sole purpose of seeing them endure torture forever and forever. The preacher would have been terribly shocked and would have accused me of trying to disturb his religious services—there would have been no "beauty" in my "daring to stand alone," in such a case. Well, I considered the shock would be in excess of the good I would do, and did not "dare to stand alone" in that instance.

But religious bigots are not the only ones. It takes a—I was going to say after the old form "a saint," but that would not describe him—it takes a philosopher to be always tolerant. We are so apt, after we have taken an idea into our very beings, suffered for it, fought for it, lived for it, proved it in every way to our own satisfaction, to claim toleration for that idea, and not to advocate toleration because it is just, and would be for every idea.

For instance, a little party of serious people who had suffered for their rational ideas in a community of severe theologians, had come to believe that it was brave and daring and right to defend and advocate their ideas under all possible circumstances. One day they entertained a gentle, sincere little woman who loved her religion and was very true to and happy in it. She was not "ashamed of Jesus" and talked for him, defended him and her belief, talked with tears in her eyes of her beautiful religion and urged them to give up their harsh notions and be influenced by the sweet religion of the Man of Sorrows. She was sincere and to the center of her being believed in her religion. But those people with trained intellects, and skilled combinatorial faculties, pitched into the little woman with all the strength of their convictions, reduced her theories to finders, scouted her, flouted her, and left her without a religious leg to stand on. They did not convince her, for, pale and trembling she still stood by her colors, a gentle, sincere little martyr as tho she had been tied to the stake. And they never suspected they had been intolerant!

I have seen the "liberal" of some years ago, stand as doggedly against any and all pleas for greater justice to the laborer as any old-time capitalist with every interest in the world to urge him on, could be. His "liberality" extended as far as "the equal taxation of Church property," but if an Anarchist came and wanted to argue that an organized band of robbers called a "govern-

ment" had no right to tax anybody, he would have him arrested and imprisoned if he had his way.

The Socialist who has argued his way thru to the "materialistic conception of history," who has studied evolution into every phase of human thought, and knows only the power of "environment" in deciding events and the trend of human character, who has been defamed, persecuted, misrepresented for his logical reasoning—has no patience with any other method of thinking. Those who try to reach some of the secrets of sociology by any other track, are "crazy," those who would admit even for calm investigation an occult thought, or one not deduced from actual materialistic experiences, are "loose thinkers" and not to be trusted as probable discoverers of truth. The only difference is, the "scientific" Socialist has no hell in reserve for his heretics; tho what might happen in case someone started up a paper expressing views in exact opposition to the authorized State journal of the Commonwealth when it is once established, remains to be seen.

A true, well-informed, intellectual Anarchist ought to be one of the most tolerant and most lenient of people. Very often he is. But he has gained his position thru much struggle of soul and consumption of gray matter. He has read Darwin, Spencer, Fiske, Häckel, Letourneau, as well as Proudhon and Kropotkin; he is marvelously well-grounded in his theories, and as far as he has gone, he *must* be right. His general ideas, gained thru the most arduous courses of scientific reading and study, are in line with the best and highest thought of the world. Approach him with a purely ideal thought, a sentiment, a speculation on the unknowable as up to date; see his thin, intellectual lip curl, and his cold, calm reasoning eyes light up with a sarcastic gleam; watch how he picks you up gingerly and impales you while he microscopically examines you, and finally lets you down with a dull sickening thud. He might have mercy on a new comer from the ranks of conventional sheep; but you! If you have traveled with him thru the hardest, thorniest paths and shared his victories as well as defeats, his hopes and despairs like a true comrade, up to the standpoint he has reached, and *then*, you dare to suggest that there might be truths in some of the things you have passed and pushed aside on your way—he desperately brave, for he will demolish you if he can!

It is so hard to be tolerant! And the more we have suffered for our opinions, the more difficult it is to allow another the right to believe an opposite opinion; especially if he has been with us most of the way; then it savors of treachery, or seems so to us. When one person draws a logical conclusion from his ideas of liberty, he cannot be satisfied if others do not draw the same conclusion. The one finds his highest ideas of liberty in a trivial dallying with one of the most sacred of human emotions—love; if another ventures to say that "this seems to be unwise, weakening and demoralizing to you," the first will declare the latter to be "bigotted," "hide-bound," conventional. Well, harsh names are not physical violence or actual tyranny when they cannot prevail. But they hurt sometimes and are in one sense an "invasion."

We all need to admit into our beings, natures—we will not say souls when this is a disputed term—a great deal of the much abused element, love, in dealing with one another. The love that is broad, charitable, kindly, forgiving, not the exacting, narrow sex passion so many of us have been accustomed to call love. Why ought? Why must we needs give entrance to this blessed emotion if we don't feel like it? In absence of a better data of ethics than Spencer established, we answer, because it will make you happier.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

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How Teddy Settled the Strike.

Weeks ago labor unions thruout the country were passing resolutions asking President Roosevelt to intervene and end the coal strike. I trust they are well satisfied now what a really small man the president of these United States is when surrounded by a few railroad presidents.

"Gentlemen," said Roosevelt to the railroad and union presidents, "for the sake of the public good, each of you ought to recede a step from your steadfast position. Winter is upon us, and vast numbers of our population will freeze to death if the mining of coal is not soon resumed."

"Very well," said Mitchell, "we, the miners, are willing to abide by the decision of a commission of arbitration appointed by yourself."

"We are deeply moved by the condition of the country," said the railroad presidents, "but, in behalf of the widows and orphans who have entrusted their little savings in our keeping, and in behalf of the thousands of honest workingmen who have large families to support, and who are willing to work and relieve the country's distress, if protected from harm, we must decline your good offices; and appeal to you to order the judicial and military powers of the government to proceed against this wicked and malicious band of ruffians known as the United Mine Workers' Union, who alone are responsible for the country's lack of coal and the untold misery and privation of the poor widows and orphans who own the railroads and coal mines, and in whose behalf we have the honor to speak. We appeal to you in behalf of the liberties of our country, and in pursuance of the divine right of those into whose keeping the great God has entrusted the wealth of America and the destinies of

its people, to crush this octopus of a miners' union, whose myriad tentacles are clutching the throats of the poor workingmen. Crush it and the strike is settled. Good day, Mr. President." And they bowed themselves out with a cynical smile and an air of triumph that bespoke their power.

Teddy was mortified. He had met and brought to their knees wild steers in Texas, grizzly bears in Colorado, prostitutes in New York, and hated Spaniards in Cuba. Over the corpses of these he had ridden to glory and the White House, the highest pinnacle of fame on the mountain of American stupidity, only to be crushed to earth by a few well groomed railroad presidents.

"John," said he to Mitchell, who was turning away in disgust, "you are the only friend I've got. You see how I've been humiliated, how the dignity of my great office has been spat upon and mangled in the dust by these gentlemen who have just left. I came here as their servant, it's true; but they ought not to humble me like that, and dim in the eyes of the people the illusion of power that is attached to my office. John, my friend, the Republican party will be ruined and the dignity and power of my office destroyed in the eyes of the working people unless I can settle this strike; wont you please let me settle it?"

"But how can you do it?" asked Mitchell, looking aghast at the sorry plight of the president.

"Why, like this," answered Teddy, "you order the men back to work on my promise to appoint a high commission to investigate and see that justice is done in the end."

"What do you take me for?" said Mitchell. "Do you think because I am a coal miner I am also a chump? Goodbye, Teddy."

New York, 67 Avenue D. JAY FOX.

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A Union Man on the Strike.

It seems to me worth while to make a brief statement of the essential factors of the present strike problem. On the one side we have the coal trust, made up of a few men, who have complete ownership of the mines. They hold their title from the State thru the law, which is the voice of the State. Their title is undisputed, and is legally perfect. It could not be interfered with without upsetting the whole institution of private property, and to do this would be to make a greater revolution than any that has taken place heretofore.

The State is under imperative obligation to protect these men in possession of their property, or it would cease to exist. For this reason the trust has a right to call on the State for effective protection, and if this should necessitate the shooting to death of every miner in the State, it would have to be done, and neither policeman nor soldier would be legally culpable. If the property rights of the trust are not maintained inviolate, then is no property safe. Neither is the trust under any obligation to arbitrate; why should it submit to arbitration what has already been settled in its favor? To import moral considerations into the matter is to make confusion. The trust is right legally, and all it has to do is to insist that the law be carried out.

On the other side are the miners 150,000

strong. They have no rights in the mines at all—not even the right to work—for the mine owners are not bound to employ anyone. There is, in fact, no such thing as a right to work. It is the privilege that may be granted or withheld as the employer sees fit, and if no employer sees fit, there is no power in the State to make him do so. If the opportunity to work is denied, the worker may go hang himself, for it is no part of the business of the State to see that he has work.

Seeing this, the more intelligent of the workers have come to look elsewhere for help, and have joined with their fellow workers into unions. These unions of workers have never been legal. At first they were under the direct ban of the law, and were prosecuted as conspiracies, which they undoubtedly were. They grew in numbers and power, however, until they were, and are, able to defy persecution, and so they have secured toleration. But they are not, even now, legal, and are not suppressed, only because they cannot be. They may be properly described as extra legal, being, in fact, secessions from the State, and they strive to gain their ends by other than legal means.

Sometimes they do work for the enforcement of a so-called labor law; but most union men know well enough that labor legislation is a farce, and is only effective when a strong organization sees to its enforcement. And if a union is strong enough to enforce a law, it is strong enough to do without the law altogether. And so we find this miners' union making this great fight for a decent living, not only without help from the State, but with all the force of law and courts, as well as police and soldiery, against them. For the union is an attack on property rights; it is a claim that human life is more sacred than property; that those who work have rights as deeply rooted as those who only manipulate them. The union man claims, too, that he has a right to a voice in deciding how and when the work shall be done. Some of these points are for the future, for so long as there exists this law-made inequality strikes will continue, no matter whether this one be won or lost. No one who has humane sympathies can for a moment accept present conditions as final.

One word as to preventing the non-union man from working, to the injury of so many of his fellow men. Why does he not join the union and help in the common work of bettering conditions for all? He would be made welcome, and would find a greater measure of equality there than on the outside. He would have a voice and a vote on every question that came up, and if he prove himself able, he would rise to leadership, and so be able to determine policies. What freedom would he lose by being a union man other than the freedom to work for lower wages than his fellows? Are conditions outside the union so free and favorable for the worker that this is too great a sacrifice to make for the common good of all those who work?—George Brown, of the U. L. L., in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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The resentment of a priest is implacable. No suffering can soften, no penitence can appease him.—Junius.

A New Era.*

A new era seems to be dawning. Questions are now asked that have not been asked before, and answers have been given to those questions that would have horrified the public only a decade or so since. Government has latterly developed to such an extent, and presents itself in such odious and offensive forms, that to the thinking and reflecting portions of mankind it appears more hideous than ever was dreamed of before. This new thought, this new development, this new revelation on the subject of government is not confined to any one race or any one people. Wherever civilization is found, and wherever thoughts are published and books are read, these same questions are asked—not by any means by all, but certainly by a very respectable and very important minority. This is especially true of Germany, of Russia, of France, of England, of Italy, and to a limited extent of America also.

There is a prevailing unrest, a feeling of intense disgust with the processes and results of government as witnessed thruout the civilized world at the present day. That things are wrong, wofully, shamefully wrong as they are, no fair-minded or sensible man disputes. The evil is conceded—the remedy for the evil is alone in question. No doubt ages will elapse and painful throes will be experienced by the world for a long time, before any useful or reliable results can be attained. People are slow to come to an agreement, and it takes a long period of agitation before it is possible to make their thoughts and conceptions harmonize. Until they do harmonize, no relief will be obtained and the evils complained of, instead of diminishing, will continue to steadily increase. That has been the history of this world thus far, and history always repeats itself. If history did not repeat itself, with average certainty, there would be no way of living for men in this world—there would be no chance for calculation, no need of study or thought, no possibility of progress or improvement of any kind. All the calculations of mankind are based upon one premise, that what has happened is sure to happen again, under like conditions and like circumstances of course. There may be slight variations, but the results in all cases will be substantially the same.

The civilized portions of the world have had, for long years past, a great many isms in connection with these burning questions of government and human rule. We had Fourierism, Saint Simonism, Mormonism, Socialism, Communism, Populism, Anarchism, and scores of other isms that it is not worth our time to mention now. We have had them, and we have them still. An ism is never lost; it never really disappears. It may take a new form, a new name—but it is the same old ism still. Unfortunately, no two isms agree, and what is still more unfortunate, no two believers in the same ism agree. But without agreement, without concert of action, nothing will be done, nothing will be accomplished. No one man achieves any important results without as-

* This article comes from an American professor who is not versed in Anarchist literature, according to his own statement, nor does he claim to be an Anarchist. That we do not agree with its pessimism is needless to say.

A. L.

sistance, without cooperation. Until men, many men at least, finally come to an agreement—a century or centuries hence—we shall be without a remedy. We can agitate, and agitate, and agitate, and that is all we can do. But agitation does finally lead to unification, *without which unification, no material progress is ever made by men.* This steady, harmonizing, assimilating process is a fearfully slow affair. It takes so much discussion, so much study, so much effort to get ten men or a dozen men to think alike on any subject! What a curious, what an inexplicable thing is the growth of belief! Christ was right when he intimated that men had to be regenerated—born anew—before they could have a new belief. Men can say they believe, and still they do not believe. It is an easy thing for a man to say he believes, but it is not an easy or a simple thing for a man to change his belief, or what is the same thing, to appropriate what is to him a strange thought.—From "The New Dispensation," by J. Wilson.

The Woman of the Play.

There is no critic so accurate, so severe, so true, as the public. Emotional roles appeal to my own temperament. The women are alive, they breathe, they are natural. Now, among the "good women" of the plays, the conventional, so-called "good women," I fail to find these emotional roles. They may exist; no doubt they do, but they are not in the plays. Take Shakespeare's women; admirable, some of them; virtuous, heroines of the greatest plays ever written. But they are not modern. They lived in another age, another environment, spoke almost another tongue. They do not, they cannot move the public as a flesh-and-blood woman who wears French frocks in a modern setting. And I want to touch the hearts and the heads of people. The public doesn't care what sort of a woman she is, so she is interesting. Besides, that sort of a woman is honest! Her life is not a lie. She goes back to the heart of nature. Do you know what I call an immoral woman? It is the woman who passes her life with a man she doesn't love; it is the woman who is never true to herself, to her own instincts, and who consequently never can be true to others. What sanctity does a marriage license and a marriage service give to a union where the essential element of sanctity is lacking? As I said, for eight years, I have studied women of doubtful—no, not doubtful, say, rather, of unmistakable character. It is my opinion that any of these is better than the man or woman who marries without love. Self is the first thing to be thought of, because the first duty of all for a woman is not to her friends, not to her kinsfolk and her friends, but just to herself. Now "that sort of a woman" has violated the custom of the country, I admit. Often, in spite of it all, and in the teeth of everything, she has at least loved and has been true to herself! There will come a time when men and women both will be honest, will be moral; not because they are afraid not to be, but because they will choose it as the best. There will come a time when the worst crime will be to sin against one's self, and to go out of the world leaving behind a child miserable

and crippled and deformed. It is a terrible thing to feel that the misery of the world is more because one has lived in the world. I have said to myself, I intend to set my own ideals, to be two things—true and honest. My friends insisted that I leave off "that sort of woman" and I tried. To play Shakespeare one must have a Shakespeare audience. It is almost impossible at this day to move the public deeply thru any but a modern play.—Olga Nethersole, in an interview in Chicago (1899).

Aged Man a Criminal.

Laporte, Ind., October 9.—George Wilson, aged 92 years, believed to be the oldest man ever received as an inmate of a penal institution, arrived at the Indiana prison north last night to serve an indeterminate sentence for larceny.

He was convicted in White county, and the crime was committed that he might have a place to spend his last years. He was at one time possessed of considerable property, but adversity swept it away.—Chicago Daily News.

To possess considerable property you must be a criminal at large; to obtain a living in your old age, you must be a criminal in a penal institution. And if you are not of the criminal type? Well, keep off the grass then! R. GOODHEART.

A Life-Saver Himself.

Some Rough Riders were telling about their exploits in Cuba; while a veteran of the civil war sat silently by.

Presently one of them said to him: "Well, haven't you any experiences to tell us about?"

"No," said he, "nothing worth mentioning; but I know a story of a hero that you might like to hear. There was a man who distinguished himself in the Johnstown flood and was fond of telling how many lives he had saved, which was very interesting.

"After a while he died, and, of course, went to heaven, and St. Peter introduced him around as one of the attractions of the Heavenly City.

"One day Peter met him and asked him how he liked the place. 'Oh, very well,' said he. 'The people are very much interested and ask me to talk very often; but there's one thing I don't like. There's a man that follows me around and every time when I've told my story, he says, 'Oh, hell!' and it's very annoying.'

"So Peter said if he would point out the man, he would try to have it stopped. 'Why, there he is now,' said the hero of the Johnstown flood. 'Don't you see that little old man?'

"Why, don't you know that man?' said Peter, 'that's Noah.'"—Bolton Hall.

LETTER-BOX.

A. H. S.—Our "forms" are made up on Tuesday afternoon. Your article has this time not been delayed longer than to get a reply.

The International Socialist Review, Chicago.—Will the literary editor kindly give us the source where Teherkesoff's statistics, used in "Pages of Socialist History," have been "exploded"? We are anxious to investigate the matter. It will perhaps also be useful to the editor to know that Teherkesoff's statistics on concentration appeared in *Les Temps Nouveaux* (Paris) before Bernstein wrote his book, so if plagiarism has been committed it is Bernstein who is the guilty party. Sweeping generalizations will not refute Teherkesoff's charges and criticisms, and are of little value in a controversy, I would suggest.

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

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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.

Thru the liberality of the Boston comrades, we have been enabled to publish the article "Origin of Anarchism," which appeared some time ago in FREE SOCIETY, in pamphlet form, and it is now ready for distribution.

The essay has been considerably elaborated by the author, C. L. James, and dispels the idea that Anarchism is a "foreign plant" or that it means "the destruction of society." The historical references and logic of the essay will not fail to impress the professor and toiler alike. It should have a wide circulation. The price is \$2 per hundred. Ten copies, 25 cents. Single copy, 5 cents.

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.

Chicago.—The Chicago Philosophical Society meets every Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at Handel Hall, Randolph St. and Wabash Ave. October 19, Raymond Robins will speak on "Evolution of Freedom." Free discussion. Mrs. Florida Mudgett DeShon and Mrs. Douglass will entertain the audience with music and recitations.

The Progressive Club will give a little tea-party every Friday evening. Friendly discussions will take place. Everybody is welcome. Free admission. October 17 the gathering will be at 919 Talman Ave., near Western and North Aves.

The Tolstoy Club meets every Saturday evening at the home of Dr. Mary R. Carey, 837 W. Adams St. Tolstoy readings and discussions.

Workmen's Educational Club meets every Saturday night at 8 p. m., 278 Blue Island Ave. October 18, A. Schneider will speak on "The Coal Strike."

Philadelphia.—The Social Science Club will hold weekly meetings at the Hall 920 Girard Ave., (entrance on Hutchinson St.), every Sunday evening. Free discussion. October 19, Thos. Phillips speaks on "The Cooperative Movement in England."

FREE SOCIETY

Splinters.

General Torrence, in a speech delivered at the Grand Army convention at Washington, wanted all Anarchists "rewarded" with the gallows and dungeon. That has a familiar sound, and is a dying echo of the anti craze. But the general should know that it is out of fashion now; and give us a little intelligent criticism instead of ignorant declamation about "doctrines of universal hate and chaos."

The prolonged coal strike, and threatened prospect of terrible suffering from cold this winter, are having a wonderful effect in creating radical sentiment. Even the staid and conservative Chicago *Tribune* repeats that "necessity knows no law." It is not so very long ago that Emma Goldman was sent to prison for saying that. Further, it says, "the people of the United States will have coal at reasonable prices, 'peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must.'" And yet the operators have all along been acting within the law; it is the institution of private property itself which is responsible. It has required but one extreme case of the logical exercise of legal power to show that institution in all its hideousness. If the government has a right to seize the mines, the people have the right all the more. And some day they will do so, when all talk of "compensation" will be idle. These natural utilities have been stolen from them by force and fraud; and it is the height of folly to pay the thieves for what they do not own.

Terrified Ted has a wounded leg—at least, for all public purposes he has. Some Democratic politicians are unkind enough to say the chilly receptions he received as he neared the arid west had something to do with that wound. These "chills" may also have something to do with "cold feet"—which, after he left Detroit, where he was guarded like an emperor, became colder and colder as he approached Chicago, the home of the wicked Anarchists, so that he was finally froze back to a warmer climate. A former detective was indiscreet enough to inform a comrade that the whole thing was a fraud. But these are only surmises; as some people are really unkind.

At the Presidio, the soldiers' camp of San Francisco, anti-war circulars have been distributed, and according to the army chaplain, "are having a bad effect on the men," inasmuch as some of them are trying to leave the army. So the disciple of the prince of peace preached a war sermon, trying to justify war and the killing of men on the ground of "national honor." Truly, the ideas of some preachers (and others) look powerfully like their salaries.

The editor of the New York *Truth Seeker* says that some "slush" the reform prosecutor of New York has been uttering "calls for the slipper," and that "Hungarian brutality in the Pennsylvania mines, where the 'union' miners are mutilating those who want to work in the mines," demands the sheriff. There are some things which demand a stronger remedy than the slipper. To repeat such stupid nonsense after the

coal operators, is the task of ignorance and—stockholders. What the editor of the New York chaser of ancient gods needs is six months' work in the mines without any outside aid; and then he will not be so glib in repeating gab and demanding the sheriff to cajole strikers into working, when they attempt to gain decent conditions under which to work.

It will be recollected that last year, during the anti-Anarchist craze, many societies, to prove their patriotic zeal, debarred Anarchists from membership. A Philadelphia comrade furnishes an instance where the society apparently has not recovered its balance yet. The following is the scene:

Chairman.—Mr. — has been proposed for membership. What kind of man is he? Does anybody know anything about him? He's not an Anarchist, is he?

A Member.—No; he has no opinions on anything.
Secretary.—All right, then. Mr. —'s nomination for membership is approved.

It may seem deplorable; but it is a fact that this sort of qualification would hardly be appreciated among Anarchists. JR.

Here and There.

The grand jury at Providence, R. I., has not indicted Comrade J. Cook, who had been arrested for "obstructing the street" during the street railway strike. The malicious persecution of the police was evidently too transparent.

Comrades Grossmann and McQueen have been indicted on five counts. They were arraigned at Paterson on October 13 and pleaded not guilty.

The strike of the opera chorus singers in Amsterdam mentioned recently, has resulted in a complete victory for the strikers.

In Geneva, Switzerland, a general strike has been declared, to aid the street car men in their struggle against "American business methods" of the bosses. Troops and strikers clashed, and the hospitals are crowded with the wounded. The attorney general notified Sebastian Faure, the Anarchist, to cease his agitation or else leave the country. (Meanwhile the strike has been settled, and 152 Anarchists were subsequently expelled.)

In Barcelona, Spain, the exploiters must feel as if they lived in the neighborhood of Mount Pelée. The revolutionists take advantage of every opportunity to bring their ideas and theories before the masses. Long before the Montjuich tortures Barcelona was a stronghold of the workers' movement, but especially since that time the revolutionary propaganda has been exceedingly active. Regular street battles have been of frequent occurrence. The last one reported was the result of a commemoration of the death of McKinley. The revolutionists had announced a meeting to this effect, which the police prohibited. Demonstrations followed, and when the police attempted to arrest some of the paraders, the people tried to release them, and this started the battle. The police fired their revolvers into the crowd, and were fired upon in return. At the finish seven persons were wounded, after which "peace" returned. The reports however do not state for how long!

At Gibraltar Socialists and Anarchists

attempted to hold a protest meeting against the closing of a Socialist club. Troops interfered and twenty persons were killed.

RUSSIA.—Revolutionary propaganda is still carried on quietly among the troops, the officers winking or assisting. Well thumbed anti-military pamphlets are found in the soldiers' mattresses; the mouth of a cannon hid a thousand leaflets, an old priest when searched bristled with revolutionary papers which he had been distributing as tracts, in the pocket of a young officer on whom suspicion fell a scrap of paper was found on which lay the legend, "Try to distribute at once. YOUR COLONEL." Punishment succeeds punishment; but the flood of literature flows on steadily. "Soldiers to their Comrades," ran the title of one document discovered, and the following phrases occurred: "It is 'by order of his majesty' that all edicts are passed. It is the *czar*, therefore, who is responsible for all the outrages we suffer, for the death ever before us. *It will be for us to judge him.* We should defend, not the *czar*, but the people; not the rich, but the peasants and workers against the rich. Let us adhere to the cause of the people and cry with them: '*Down with the czar!*' Let him give us liberty or quit his throne. Let us conquer liberty for all. The power is ours if with one accord we refuse to fire on the people. The peasants and workers are with us, and we have bullets and bayonets in our hands."—*Freedom*.

The traveler De Windt, who has been making a journey to America overland from Paris during the last six months, states that when struggling thru northeastern Siberia he visited Kolymsk, a district to which politicals who have aroused the special ire of the Russian government are exiled. Their lot he describes as pitiable in the extreme. He was the first visitor the colony had seen for thirty years; there had been four suicides and three had gone mad in two years. It is a station quite outside the pale of humanity with a winter of ten months duration.—*Freedom*.

ITALY.—The *Grido della Folla* (Cry of the People), our new contemporary recently started in Milan, has so far traveled in stormy waters. The first numbers were suppressed, and when it continued to appear its editor and staff were suppressed, either by being arrested or kept out of the city. In spite of this *Il Grido* is not yet silenced, and we heartily wish more power to its voice. Justice is pretty well an unknown quantity in government circles anywhere, but determinedly so where Anarchists are concerned. A comrade was lately sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Rome thru inability to pay a fine for a press offense. When the day came for his liberation he was detained in prison until the authorities could arrange for his removal to his birthplace, refusing to permit his return to Milan where he had his home and occupation. The comrades imprisoned at Ancona since 1900 for associating with Anarchists and editing the *Agitazione* of that day, have at length been freed, and we surmise are likely to add a good deal of pent-up energy to the movement. Peter Gori has been making an extended lecture tour in the country. At Genoa the Socialists were invited to meet him in debate, but as

usual preferred silence. Still, they show more of a taste for action in Italy than elsewhere. Lately they provoked an election riot near Rome and were not dispersed till fired on, some two dozen on each side being more or less wounded. In Milan the child workers have shown some of the spirit of their fathers. The factory lads under 14 and the poor little girl messengers of the shops and dressmakers came out on strike recently. They work 10 to 14 hours a day for an average daily wage of threepence. They have been cajoled back to hard labor of course on a promise of a rise. At Lugarno an Italian countess, well known, so the story goes, in society, has been arrested for distributing pamphlets and preaching revolt among the workers. Would we had more such, for an earnest woman with a gift of oratory can pierce darknesses that men cannot reach. It is known there are women of "birth and breeding" nowadays everywhere to whom the idea of international brotherhood has become a conviction, who in the midst of their own peaceful happy homes note that the poor are oppressed, that justice and mercy are mere terms of convenience to their own and neighboring governments. But it requires indomitable spirit and courage for a bourgeois woman to step out from her own rank and say openly and in the revolutionary sense: "From today I am with the people, for the people; I will work for them, speak for them, help them against their oppressors to the utmost!" Her own house rises at once against her; she is tabooed, ostracised, held up to the ridicule and scorn of her own little world—the little world on which till then she had lavished all that love and devotion so inseparable to true womanhood and which has never yet overleaped the bounds of home and custom but the community has been the better for it. But it requires courage to face contumely, misrepresentation, and family persecution, the covert sneer, the scoffing—"quite mad, poor soul; ought to be shut up!" All honor, therefore, to the women who dare and do, to those who with eyes fixed on what is right and just dare follow their convictions to the end, in spite of tradition, custom and position.—*Freedom*.

In the south of Italy, near Toggia, fresh disturbances have occurred. Four hundred farm laborers went out on strike owing to differences about wages. They guarded the entrances to the town to prevent others from taking their places. On account of this they came in conflict with the gendarmes, in which the latter received a beating. Then the military came to the assistance of the gendarmes, and were received by the strikers with a volley of stones. The soldiers fired, and five laborers were killed and ten wounded. In the meantime reinforcements for the troops arrived. It is now that "peace" and "order" have been restored.

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Meetings.

"Corporations and Trusts," was the subject discussed last Sunday before the Chicago Philosophical Society. The speaker, A. W. Wright, of the Board of Trade, did not arraign the coal mine owners, but attributed the coal famine and all other economic miser-

ies to "the stupidity of the people who—in their ignorance—meekly acquiesce in a defense of titles to land and the power of government." Without monopoly in natural resources, without government to protect the monopolists, trusts and corporations could not be dangerous to society. The indignation of press and public he declared as a ridiculous fuss. If private property in land was right, then the coal barons were justified in demanding government protection in their game to rob the public and workers alike. If monopoly was wrong, then all titles of property should be repudiated and government deprived of its power. Governments were not only protecting the exploiters, but also robbing the public by means of compulsory taxation, to invade and murder foreign nations.

As usual, the political Socialists thought it necessary to inform Mr. Wright that common ownership would solve the economic problem. They were shown, however, that neither private ownership nor competition could endanger the social welfare if government would not protect the monopolization of land and industry. Free people would soon adjust economic affairs, while common ownership with majority rule would reduce the individual to abject slavery. There should be neither collective nor private ownership. Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, however, coincided with the Socialists. Altho she believed in the broadest freedom in social relations, yet social utilities were to be conducted by majority rule. The Anarchists looked perplexed, but seemed more or less reconciled after Mrs. Parsons had informed the audience that she was considered a sort of fossilized Anarchist—not up-to-date. REPORTER.

The opening meeting of the Social Science Club of Philadelphia, held September 28, was encouraging. It was well attended and a lively interest shown. The speaker, Mr. Ed. Moore, editor of the *New Era*, described the condition in the coal regions, from which he had returned. "We are tired of asking for a little of what belongs to us," he said among other things. The homes of the miners were not fit for stables, and their wages a mere pittance. The washery coal, which the Reading Co. recently had offered to sell for \$6.25 a ton, was mostly slate and rock, for the mining of which the miners had never received any pay.

Other speakers followed, all agreeing that the public ought not allow such affairs to continue, and all schools of thought close ranks against the common enemy.

In Providence, R. I., Comrade Grossmann spoke before a large audience in German. He not only denounced the mine owners and government, but criticised also the workers, who in their ignorance uphold and support their enemies—the institutions of government and private property. President Mitchell was scored for not grasping the situation. A general strike declared in the beginning, instead of burdening the workers all over the land with assessments from their small earnings, the strike would have been won in a few days or weeks. However, the final solution was not to be achieved by higher wages and shorter hours, but by the abolition of government and the institution of property.

The Demolished Pier.

The sun is hot. A soothing breeze gently blows. The ocean lightly rocks itself. Our boat glides quietly over the waves; the sail is spread. It is broad and free all around. In the distance is an old, demolished pier. We are approaching it. The waves beat violently against the stone wall, and gayly and easily roll thru the breach.

"The ocean does not like any hindrance," remarked my companion, an old, passionate seaman.

"And is it not long ago that this pier was broken thru?" I asked, involuntarily gazing with astonishment at the terrible force of the waves, which carried off these gigantic rocks.

"Likely long ago," he answered as tho lost in thought.

"And are you," he continued, "familiar with the favorite legend of our seamen about the fight the ocean had with these rocks? If you like I will relate it to you."

As the free birds of the air, so were once the waves of the ocean free. The storm sang songs for them, and in joyful carelessness they rolled in the boundless distance.

But man, the gloomily meditating and mischievous tyrant, envied the waves their destiny, and a craving suddenly came over him, to curtail their freedom, so that they would not so proudly roll over the bottomless depths of the ocean; that they should neither play with the bright sunrays nor with the blue skies!

He sent obedient slaves; they took from the depth of the earth cold boulders and began to throw them into the ocean.

The ocean foamed joyously. The waves looked on merrily, as the rocks went to the bottom. They jumped, crowded each other, and giggled; they licked the clumsy stones and threw themselves hither and thither exultant with the intoxication of freedom. Such a glorious life!

"From the depths of the cold earth there come to us gloomy-looking guests; let us receive them with joyful songs; let us cheer them by affectionate greetings and caresses; we will play together in our ocean and jointly praise light and freedom." The young waves feel gay.

Only the creators of the waves, the storm and hurricane, receive the guests with an angry whistle and give them a malignant look.

But the rocks fall and fall into the ocean, close together; a solid wall grows up; they begin to embarrass the waves of the ocean; they obstruct their free current.

The waves become confused; timorously they gaze at the high and gloomy wall: for the first time their way has been obstructed. But they went on pursuing their course as usual, thrusting and breaking themselves against the wall. With a shriek of pain they rebound. The wall stands cold and impenetrable.

The ocean was seized with horror. Terrified the waves roll, breaking their chests on the gloomy wall.

A groan went thru the ocean. Grudgingly the waves roll. "Treason! treason!" they cry. "We received them as our friends."

"Freedom, they have stolen our freedom!"

The storm weeps. With a howl the hurricane raves against the gloomy wall!

"O rocks! O terrible rocks! Once upon a time you were also free; you also breathed freedom. Why have you robbed my children of their freedom?"

The terrible rocks darkened.

"It does not depend on our will! Thou wilt steal, when one tells thee to steal," they replied with a heavy groan; and persistently they continued to cling to the ocean.

Whistling and weeping the creators of the waves, the storm and the hurricane, were flying in a hurry across the ocean, calling the waves together and telling them of their sorrowful fate.

"O waves, O you poor waves! Lost, lost is freedom. From now on you are slaves."

Thus the parents spoke and hurried away.

The ocean was benumbed. The powerful old waves sank to the bottom of the sea. Neither the storm nor the hurricane awakened them.

And the young waves mightily rolled in grief; one heard no laughter, no song of former freedom; and the sun was overcast; and the sky was so gloomy, so gray everywhere. Seldom did the young waves, exhausted in slavery, jointly throw themselves against the enemy. Only in closed ranks did they attack the sharp rocks. But the rocks were impenetrable and immovable; only the echo of stifled sighing was audible: the sighing from the lacerated breasts of the foolhardy combatants.

The ocean wept.

Years elapsed. Many years fled.

Many young waves dashed their chests to pieces on the rocks.

Sadder and sadder it became all around. The waves were sorrowful. "We will wait! We will gather strength!"

Years went by.

The young waves grew strong. In all directions over the ocean they sent messengers to awaken the dormant, calling all waves to a battle against the rocks.

The messengers plunged into the depths to the old waves—dived hither and thither to call the old waves to a battle.

The old waves sorrowfully shook their gray heads. "There is no strength in us, no buoyancy. How shall we struggle against the rocks?"

Then the messengers set off to call their creators, the storm and hurricane. In vain they searched the ocean; only in the ravines they found them.

"As messengers of the waves we are come to you, beloved, with greetings and reverence. Leave the narrow mountains, hurry to the ocean, break the shameful chains which clasp our brethren! Inspire the old waves with the breath of life and the thirst for freedom. Unite the threatening hosts and lead them all to battle against the rocks. We fear not the fight and we fear not death—only to preserve the freedom of our brethren is our desire."

The great heart of the storm trembled; with a flash the blood kindled in the veins of the hurricane. The appeal of the messengers brought back to their memories the beautiful time of the past.

With a glance full of love they looked at the young messengers. Out of the ravines a powerful and joyful voice sounded over the

endless ocean: "We are coming, we are coming, we are coming; to rescue, to rescue freedom! Rise, ye mighty waves, break the fetters, destroy the obstacles! . . ."

A powerful call it was: it aroused the dormant, it rejuvenated the old, it infused them with courage and bravery.

And the waves arose, rolling thither, following the battle-cry.

Gloomy night lay over the ocean, dark clouds hovering all around, when the call resounded for the first time.

From east and west, from north and south the waves came and combined into hosts of vigorous warriors.

The young waves are enthusiastic, full of courage; they crowd each other, to be the first at the attack.

Swift as lightning they cross the ocean; the hurricane comes to their aid. The storm howls. Thunderingly rages the hurricane.

The hosts broke camp.

"Forward, ye mighty waves! To victory or death!" With this battle-cry they threw themselves against the gloomy wall.

The dismal rocks became terrified. The waves are already near. They come nearer and nearer. With uplifted breasts they come to the front, with their chests they beat the rocks and fall down dead. The rocks are bespattered with blood, with the blood of the foolhardy warriors.

The storm groans: "Children, my children! Already the first ones are fallen. Many will yet fall; but we will still battle with the enemy!"

The ocean roars.

The fallen ones are replaced by others. How terrible they are! How powerful! Howling and raging they throw themselves against the sharp rocks, recoil, again throw themselves to the front, and dying they call on their brethren to aid. The rocks stand firm. But gloomy and undaunted the waves are coming, and there is no end to them, no limit.

The sea rises over its shores; waves fall into the midst of the fighting hosts. Sighing and howling breaks out on the ocean.

Like powerful lions the old waves jump to the aid of the young ones. Their gray manes fly, the earth trembles; with terrible power the waves throw themselves against the rocks.

It is daybreak, a grizzly, gloomy morning. The rocks still stand firm. Still the storm whistles over the waves, and the waves die and die, tearing their breasts on the sharp rocks.

The frightened people were gathering. The fishermen looked on sorrowfully, as the undaunted waves in the seemingly unequal struggle were perishing. Their hearts throbbed convulsively with pain; and these sorrowful people wept and prayed, that the struggle might soon come to an end, and victory be bestowed upon the waves.

Even the malicious tyrant who burdened the ocean with the rocks is now beside himself. His terrified heart trembles at the sight of the ocean grappling with pain and death. Oh, how joyously would he now have removed the rocks, and restored the waves their freedom!

But it is too late. The waves weep no more, they pray no more. Too many have perished,—it is too alluring to avenge the fallen.

And with gloomy bravery, under the battle-cry of the powerful storm, they crowd forth against the moist-brilliant wall. One feels it in the air: either the cold boulders will be brought to fall or it is all over with the ocean.

Regularly, fearlessly the waves flow ahead. In closed ranks they throw themselves against the stone wall.

The rocks tremble violently under the forcible pounding of the waves. The waves chill, rebound, and with terrible fury renew their attack. Everything becomes confusion in the struggle. Sighing and roaring resound over the ocean, and the ocean is stirred from the bottom and unites with the sky.

... And the rocks tumbled down!

They succumbed under the last blow, and fell into the depths of the ocean, where the fallen waves were slumbering.

"Away, ye shameful corpses!" the ocean roared at the falling stones. "Here is the tomb of the soldiers of freedom, here sleep the young waves!"

The bottom of the ocean opened, and with curses the rocks fell into the gorge.

"Are we to blame? The waves are given fame—ye eternal shame for the infamous work!"

The far-off rolling ocean rejoices. It broke the strength of the all-powerful enemy. And the waves move freely and praise the fallen fighters, who restored freedom to their brethren at the cost of their young lives.

Honor to the fallen!

To the living—freedom!

I sat enchanted by this remarkable tale. With respect I gazed upon the free waves, which breathed strength and sublime bravery.

Above me was the azure sky; under me the endless ocean, sprinkled with the soft shimmer of the brilliant sunrays of May. Far away the noise of city life, the giggling of pitiable contentment, black smoke, the whizzing of the whip, the clink of chains and lamentation.

And it seemed to me that far away, beyond the blue of the ocean, roared the storm.

Oh, humanity! Oh, poor, deplorable humanity!—Maxim Gorky. (Translated for FREE SOCIETY from the German by Interloper.)

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What is Freedom?

Liberty, according to Mr. James, means "for every man to do as he pleases, at his own risk and cost." I asked him where the liberty comes in if risks and costs have to be considered. (1) Mr. James stands for absolute liberty, and will have nothing to do with equal liberty—or what some have dubbed limited liberty. Absolute liberty, I should consider, meant to be able to do as you please without any fear or thought of consequences. If all that is meant by liberty, is what Mr. James says it is, then we have that liberty now. The coal operators are doing as they please, and taking the not altogether unprofitable consequences; (2) and so all along the line of struggle between the armies of Right and Wrong. But every

friend of freedom knows that this is very unequal liberty.

"Absolute individual freedom is the secret of complete harmony," says Mr. James, because it leaves men free "to rub each other's angles down." This is a euphemism for mob law, or lynch law. (3) Now I have no objection to mob law, provided the mob do not violate equal liberty. But it is precisely because the mob does not act on any principle, other than doing as it damn pleases, that I dislike mob law. A mob of Anarchists ignorant of the law of equal liberty would be just as tyrannical as any other mob. No greater crimes have been committed than by ignorant men in the name of liberty. An Anarchist whose only principle is to do as he damn pleases seldom is tolerant to others in doing as they please, unless what they do is what pleases him. (4) This is why so many Anarchists are no better to live with or work for than those who do not call themselves Anarchists. Emma Goldman, who perhaps knows more Anarchists than any one of us, has been so impressed with the contradiction between preaching and practise that her lectures of late have been in the nature of homilies. The woods are full of such cases. The case recited, in FREE SOCIETY, from Boston, of a man and his daughter and the Society for Protection of Children, is a consequence of the lack of knowledge by the father of the true law of liberty. On this ground also is explained the inconsistency of Mr. James,—who does not believe in restraint, who preaches peace and love, and who demurs to my position that tyrants have rights in the liberty they deny to others—and yet he justifies assassination and the petty tyrannies I mentioned in my previous letters. According to answer six in his last reply to me he infers it was relative approval and not absolute approval. It is well to have a hole in which to run into to escape charge of inconsistency. Somebody in FREE SOCIETY also complained that it was rather tardy approval. (5)

Mr. James rejects the law of equal liberty on three grounds. First, everybody can't agree as to what is, or is not invasion. Second, a case can't be settled on basis of equal liberty without a "common judge, that is, a government." Third, equal liberty is not a scientific induction. The first and second objections can wait on the third, before receiving an answer.

Professor Huxley rejected the law of equal liberty, not because it led to government and judges, but for the opposite reason. He says, "But I fail to connect that great induction of political science with the practical corollary which is frequently drawn from it," etc. I quote Huxley as a scientific man, who knew what an induction was, to show that the law of equal liberty is a scientific induction. As Herbert Spencer was the scientist who made the induction, and supplied the verifications, it seems to me that Mr. James' call, in answer to eight, for me to "begin with history," was a pure bit of bluff. (6)

A. H. SIMPSON.

REPLY.

1. And I replied that God Almighty himself could do nothing without accepting the consequence that its contrary must remain undone. Therefore absolute liberty is not to be named in a metaphysical but only in a

practical sense—absolute freedom from factitious commands and prohibitions—no "thou shall not" this or that, but thou mayest—do murder, if you think it right—and safe.

2. At their own risk and cost? It strikes me the people of Pennsylvania are going to considerable cost for the purpose of keeping them from risk; and that not because the people sympathize with them at all, but because the people superstitiously think a common judge can define equal liberty, in which they generally profess to believe, and their common judge says they must protect the barons. This is practical. Give us some more of it.

3. No it isn't. Individuals rub down each other's angles without flinging themselves into mobs.

4. Then he is not a good Anarchist. But by what right do you say this? The testimony I have heard—from hostile sources too—about Anarchists' personal conduct is widely different. If Emma Goldman exhorts Anarchists to act up to their principles that proves one Anarchist feels their importance, and does not prove that others come what anybody else would think far short.

5. You and the individual who talked about "tardy approval" are witness that I do not justify assassination. I may think better of a Perofiskaya than an Alexander. I will dispute such a point as that this is a real distinction with no one who pretends not to see it.

6. The quotation from Huxley is much too short and disconnected; but, supplying a context from my general knowledge of Huxley, I find it harmonious enough with what I said. "I fail," says Huxley, "to connect that great induction of political science" (equal liberty) "with that practical corollary which is frequently drawn from it" (Anarchism). Just so. Huxley was an Individualist, not an Anarchist. He saw that his equal liberty required government, and was candid enough to say so instead of putting on the livery of the Anarchist heaven to serve the government devil. As to equal liberty's being an induction, observe that the word equal is not yet emphatic, which it has become since. The truths that men are not "created equal," and that factitious equality does not harmonize with liberty, tho often hinted by the opponents of all liberty before, was just beginning to be forced on Huxley and Spencer by their own reflections. If I misinterpret Huxley here, my correspondent is to blame for not giving more of the context; and for such slips (which I don't mean to crow over) as saying that Huxley "rejected the law of equal liberty," but immediately afterwards that he pronounced it a "scientific induction." I am sure he did not do both. C. L. JAMES.

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"Amidst the applause of over 6,000 human beasts, in the State of Mississippi a Negro has again been roasted alive," says the *Freiheit*. "The railroads despatched extra trains to the scene of horror, in order to enrich themselves by means of such atrocity. And this pack of brutes imagine they march at the head of civilization and feel called upon to censure European countries for their treatment of the Jews. Shame!"

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