



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 390.

A Future Thought.

When o'er my cold and lifeless clay
The parting words of love are said,
And friends and kindred meet to pay
Their last fond tribute to the dead,
Let no stern priests with solemn drone
A formal liturgy intone—
Whose creed is foreign to my own.

Let not a word be whispered there
In pity for my unbelief,
Or sorrow that I could not share
The views that gave their souls relief.
My faith to me is no less dear,
Nor less convincing and sincere
Than theirs, so rigid and austere.

Let no stale words of Church-born song,
Float out upon the silent air
To prove by implication wrong
The soul of her then lying there—
Why should such words be glibly sung
O'er one whose lively tongue
Such empty phrases never hung?

But rather let the faithful few
Whose hearts so close were knit to mine
That they with time the dearer grew,
Assemble at the day's decline.
And while the golden sunbeams fall
In floods of light upon my pall,
Let them in softened tones recall
Some tender memory of the dead—
Some virtuous act, some word of power
Which I, perchance, have done or said,
By loved ones treasured to that hour.
Recount the deeds which I admired,
The motives which my soul inspired,
The hopes by which my heart was fired.
—Author Unknown.

Kate Austin.



KATE AUSTIN

On the evening of the 28th of October, in the little city of Kingman, Kansas, there passed to the Great Unknown a woman and comrade whose greatness of mind and heart had already endeared her to thousands of people who had known her thru her writings in the radical journals. She died among strangers, in a strange place, hundreds of miles from the happy home she had left but a few weeks before, attended only by her devoted husband, who accompanied her in her quest of health, and a beloved sister, hastily summoned to her bedside. The dread disease, consumption, had already fastened itself upon her throat and lungs before she started; but it was hoped and expected that the invigorating climate of southern Colorado would soon restore her to health. It was for this purpose that the overland jour-

ney with team and covered wagon was resolved upon, but alas! undertaken too late to have the desired result. Heavy and incessant rains during the first part of the journey aggravated the sick woman's complaint. The disease spread to the overworked brain, and when the city of Kingman was reached our comrade was taken so seriously ill that it was found she could proceed no further. After lingering several days in a semi-conscious condition she passed peacefully away.

We who anxiously awaited her coming as that of a dear sister feel that the cause of radicalism in America has, in the death of Kate Austin, lost one of its brightest, most energetic and devoted champions—a woman fit, like Charlotte Corday, to wear the martyr's crown, or under favorable circumstances to fill the role of a Joan de Arc, to lead a great army of the discontented to insurrection and victory. There is no doubt that had Kate Austin's life been passed in an environment more suitable for development she would have become a noted character in the history of the nation. Even as it was her bold utterances and seathing denunciation of wrong in the radical press denoted ever increasing power, and attracted widespread attention. Hers was a heart filled to overflowing with tenderness for the weak and suffering everywhere, with sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, with hatred for tyranny and hypocrisy at home and abroad. The wrongs of the common people, particularly of the very poor, weighed heavily upon her; she made their sufferings her own, and the burden was too great for her. Altho she had enjoyed uniformly good health during her life, and was of a cheerful, hopeful disposition, the strain upon her nervous system occasioned by the injustice and cruelty of men was the main cause of her breaking down. As one who was very near and dear to her writes: "She was a friend to all. No one ever came to her in trouble and went away uncomforted. Especially was she a friend to the friendless. She made their sorrows her own, and it was more than she could bear." Add to this the fact that she was a tremendous worker, for besides the cares and duties attendant upon her home life on the farm, she contributed many articles to the FIREBRAND, FREE SOCIETY, *Discontent*, *Lucifer*, and other radical and labor journals, and was an active member of the American Press Writers' Association. She also carried on a voluminous correspondence with other radicals thruout the

country, many of whom will agree with me that it was a rare treat to receive one of her philosophical dissertations. No wonder, then, that the over-taxed body and brain finally succumbed, and she was stricken down in the prime of her life.

Our deceased comrade was born in LaSalle county, Illinois, July 25, 1864. When she was six years old her parents moved to Hook's Point, Iowa, where Kate resided until her marriage with Sam Austin in August, 1883. When Kate was but eleven years old her mother died, and the care of a large family of eight children, the youngest a mere infant, devolved upon our comrade and her father. Living in a region at that time but sparsely inhabited, opportunities for acquiring an education were very meager, and the ordinary pleasures of childhood were sadly wanting in the homes of the motherless little ones. For two years Kate lived with an aunt in Illinois, and during that time she attended the district school; but most of her education, and her wide knowledge of many subjects, was acquired by hard and persistent study at home. Fortunately she was from her childhood a great lover of books, and read everything that came in her way.

About the time of her marriage a copy of *Lucifer* fell into the hands of her father, and the new and radical ideas taught by Harman found ready lodgment in the minds of different members of the family, resulting in several subscribers to *Lucifer*. This was the first radical or really progressive literature that Kate had ever read, altho the family had for some time been familiar with the writings of Ingersoll, who was greatly admired. Kate readily accepted the economic ideas promulgated by *Lucifer*, and it was an easy step for her to embrace the doctrine of revolutionary Anarchism which she found in such papers as the *Alarm*, *Freedom*, the *FIREBRAND* and *FREE SOCIETY*. The event, however, which finally stirred the young woman to the very quick was the Haymarket affair, and the subsequent imprisonment and judicial murder of our comrades in Chicago. About seven years ago she began to write for free thought and radical journals, and her literary productions have been constantly increasing in number and power every year. Her last contribution, so far as known, was the article in No. 385 of *FREE SOCIETY*, in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Czolgosz, whose tragic deed and fate made a deep impression upon her.

Our comrade was more or less familiar with every shade of radical thought, but

subjects pertaining to sexual reform and to the economic status of the world's workers claimed her closest attention. Probably one of her strongest characteristics was her intense hatred of anything like sham and hypocrisy. She refused to compromise her principles one jot, even for a strategic purpose where a politic course seemed to promise good results. She was a passionate lover of liberty, claiming perfect freedom of action not only for herself but for others. Of her more than generous hospitality, and the hearty feeling of comradeship evinced by her and her entire family those comrades who have made the Missouri farm a welcome resting place can abundantly testify. She had already planned a delightful trip for all of us to her home in about a year, for she anticipated that before the expiration of a year spent in the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, breathing the pure air and basking in the almost perpetual sunshine of this region, she would be completely restored to health.

On the little farm in Missouri so recently brightened by her presence she leaves a mourning husband and stricken family of five children, three girls and two boys, the eldest a young man in his nineteenth year, the youngest a boy of ten. A married sister had been left in charge of the home during the forced absence of Sam and Kate Austin, and several members of Kate's father's household reside near the farm.

The body of our dear comrade was sent back to their family, and was interred in the cemetery at Caplinger Mills on November 8, 3 p. m., in the presence of a large crowd. Herbert Folk, a friend of hers, made a few remarks, and read an extract from a beautiful address delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre at the funeral of Katherine Karg Harker. The poem, "A Future Thought," was also read. A great many people came to the house. She was loved by many.

WM. HOLMES.

"It's aw a muddle." That is how I feel, thinking of the death of her. Why should she have died, she, who was so full of energy and purpose, and so many to live on who are not now, and never were, and never will be, anything but aimless, listless, useless, lumps of organized dust! The old, old question,—as senseless and as useless as aught a human being can ask, and bound to beget the answer, "There is no sense at all in anything." "It's aw a muddle."

I never knew her. I always dreamed I should know her some day. From the time she wrote to me in much, far too much, sorrow for a trifling injustice she had done me—and that only because she was steadfast for the honor of the workers, and jealous of a single contemptuous word against them—until yesterday, I always thought I should one day look into her face and tell her how much I admired her for her fearlessness and her truth. Now I never shall—never, anywhere. And by so much my life is made less.

I did not believe she would die. Even when I saw the word "consumption" in FREE SOCIETY. Does it always seem like that? That those we want to live, must live? That it is not possible they should go? Even tho we know the disease spares no one whom it seizes.

And yet I had a premonition of it—not death, but great illness. Some weeks ago when I criticised an article of hers in *Lucifer* and she did not reply, I said to a friend: "Why does she not reply? It is not Kate Austin's way to be silent. I am sure she is sick."

But when I saw her last article on Czolgosz I thought I was mistaken. It was so full of rebellion, so like the last letter she had written me. It did not sound like one who wrote from a bed. That last letter! It was just after my "Rocket of Iron" appeared, and she wrote to me: "Did you mean our Leon? It was an October vision." And then she wrote how she had sorrowed for the boy, the boy whom all had cursed, who to the last had been outraged by his jailers, and, worst of all, outraged in thought by those who should have understood him.

And I think from then on she was more of a revolutionist than ever. I could not always go with her. We cannot go all the way with any other living soul. At some point we shall always be alone. But even when I could not go with her, I could admire her. She never went weakly. Even to the edge of death her heart was strong. In her, as in him she mourned in her last words to all of us, "we incarnate the vital forces of our movement,"—the never-ending movement of the ages toward human liberty.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Ever since we members of our colony learned thru Mrs. Harvie that Sister Kate Austin was dangerously ill at a farm house near Kingman, where she and Sam had to stop on their trip to Colorado for her health, we in common with all others who knew, feared the worst. We were all aware of the circumstances, and the dreaded, expected word that Kate was dead, left a sadness in each heart that time can never erase.

We all knew Kate and Sam Austin, for they and Sister Isa stopped with us a couple of days going and coming to and from the Freethought assembly at Ottawa a year ago. They took possession of us, and we took possession of them. We found them old Missouri folks, who did not have to be "sighted" in order to get acquainted. And we talked—we talked ourselves to bed at night only to renew it early in the morning. We had read "Kate Austin, Caplinger Mills, Mo.," so often in FREE SOCIETY, that we were wondering if she would look as she read. She did. Homely at first sight, but her acquaintance wore so wondrously well, that soon look, action, words and paragraphs all blended, and we were charmed with her personality—glad to know her.

I was with them at Ottawa; noted the circle of friends she gathered at once, and held all thru the assembly; rode back with them overland; we told stories, sang old time songs, enjoyed the camp fires and the bivouac in the school house, where Kate and I filled the orthodox blackboard with strange interrogations for it to ponder over, while Sam and Isa got breakfast. The second night out we were in Freedom again; old and young gathered in the factory building, danced and had a good time till midnight. Some of our rather sanctimonious neighbors inquired the next day who those noisy people were we had visiting.

I wanted to see Caplinger Mills, and the home of Sam and Kate. At Christmas time I was of a party of guests at their house. I noted the absence of any sort of government in the house or about the farm, yet scarcely in all my sixteen years of teaching have I seen such a free family. And never have I lingered with a more thoroughbred community than at Caplinger Mills, Mo. I asked several why it was. "Well," said one, "you know there is Sam and Kate Austin. That about tells the story." Last June with company I was there again. Kate was not well. Deep breathing and chest exercise seemed to help her. Her voice got clearer. Charlie's and Ralph's watermelons were not quite ripe, but the huckleberries in the woods and J. D.'s ice cream were to taste. The downhill rides and slides on the go-cart and oak slab were features that made Kate forget she was ailing.

We had planned to inaugurate a free thought annual gathering at the Austin home, but the departure for Colorado nollied it. Perhaps it will evolve into an anniversary in which all who hold Kate's memory dear will gladly gather. "Joy."

Freedom Colony, Kans.

Kate Austin's death is particularly sad news to me. There were few comrades in the land who were as dear to me as this brave, thoughtful woman. I remember most vividly the weeks I spent in her home, and our long talks on many themes. Handicapped as she was by lack of early education, lack of books or intellectual companionship in her isolated home, and the drudgery of unusually severe toil, it is marvelous to think of the degree to which she succeeded in cultivating her naturally fine mind. Her devotion to the cause of freedom was as intense as could be conceived, and she shrank from no effort or sacrifice on behalf of the cause that was so dear to her.

I have special reason, however, to remember and admire her tenderness of heart and her beautiful tolerance. Herself a revolutionist to the core, and an intense combatant in behalf of her own resolutely uncompromising position, she never departed from the standpoint of fraternal affection for every comrade. I can recollect many instances of her eagerness to recognize much good in those whose methods she condemned unsparingly. During the past year, her position and mine differed very widely along certain lines. She did not at all like the attitude of the "philosophic Anarchists" on certain important points. Yet her letters, tho filled with pungent arguments, were never bitter in the slightest degree. My correspondence with her continued up to the sickness which was to take her from us, and never included a single harsh or unkind word on either side. We could not reach an entire agreement of ideas; but we remained the closest of friends. As most readers of FREE SOCIETY know, her view of Czolgosz was the direct opposite of my own. But I feel with a thrill of sympathy her warm and earnest nature, ready to go out to any man or woman who even seemed to be an enemy of oppression.

We shall miss Kate Austin. There are few spirits in the movement at once so sweet and so heroic; and she will long be a noble

and inspiring memory. She had great trust in her comrades. It is for us to see that we prove worthy of her confidence.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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The Attempted "Assassination" in Brussels.

DEDICATED TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE,

MR. HAY.

A man who calls himself an Anarchist has fired three shots at the king of Belgium without injury. Immediately the international hounds of the press shriek for the extermination of Anarchism. Statesmen, among them also our secretary of State, Mr. Hay, congratulate the king on his deliverance from murderous hands, and declare that international measures against Anarchism must be taken. The police of Brussels look for accomplices and have the misfortune to arrest innocent men by "mistake." The prime minister of Italy, Zanardelli, expresses his deepest indignation that a renegade son of the country again tried to heap disgrace on the national character.

In order that Mr. Zanardelli may have no more occasion to irritate himself about such disgrace, and to be of good service to the police of Brussels, I am prepared to make public the names of the authors of the plot planned against the precious life of the king of Belgium and also those of their accomplices. I hope, however, that Mr. Zanardelli will perform his duty and call to account the plotters in strict accordance with the law.

I accuse the Italian police commissary, Brina, as the man who arranged the assault in Brussels.

I accuse the Italian consul in London, Rigetti, as one of the originators of the plot.

Furthermore, I accuse the minister of the interior, Mr. Giolitti, as one of the accomplices of the assailant in Brussels.

I am ready to substantiate my claims at any time and to leave such proof at the disposal of Mr. Hay, in order that he may make use of it in combating the Anarchists.

The Italian ministry of the interior publishes the following regarding the would-be assassin:

His name is Gennaro Rubino, and he was formerly considered to be an advanced Socialist. In 1893 he was sentenced to long imprisonment for theft in Milan, but he succeeded in escaping. He went to England, where he evidently was inoculated with Anarchist views.

Rubino's father was a government official of the most loyal tendencies, but Gennaro had already as a soldier incurred a five years' imprisonment by publishing treasonable articles in Socialist periodicals. Since then he has lived permanently in Scotland and England—first in Glasgow and then in London.

That is all the Italian police knows about the man.

Really, is that all? Why did Mr. Giolitti not apply to his friend, the police commissary, Mr. Brina, who could have given him more particulars about "the man"? As Mr. Giolitti failed to do so, one must revive his memory.

The man's name who fired the shots in Brussels is *Gennaro Rubini*—not Rubino—and was born in Bitonto, Puglia district, Italy. In the beginning of the last decade he was sentenced to long imprisonment, but his escape was made possible. A few months later Rubini had a newsstand in Dean street,

Soho Square, London. Most of the Romans in London live at Soho Square, and Rubini's "shop" was much frequented. He was supposed to be a zealous Anarchist and had much intercourse with the Italian comrades. About a year ago he made them a splendid proposition. He had rented a house at Manor Park near London, which was intended for a meeting place of all comrades, and where at the same time an extremely revolutionary paper was to be published. Type and other material Rubini had already purchased for this purpose.

But Rubini's conduct excited suspicion among his comrades and they declined to accept his proposition. At the same time the Anarchists learned that there was a spy of the Italian government among them. Investigations revealed the fact that Rubini was in communication with the Italian consul in London, Mr. Rigetti. When called to account, he admitted himself to be an employe of the secret service of the Italian government, but pretended it was in order to gain secrets from the police.

Extremely interesting were his communications regarding his connections with consul Rigetti and the police commissary Brina, who had come to London in order to negotiate with Rubini. To comprehend the significance of Brina's visit in London, one has to know what important role this man plays in Italy. He is a rich man and is not compelled to do police services; but he does it for the pleasure he derives from torturing innocent men and bringing them into misadventure. He is the bloodhound who played such vile part during the riots in Milan, in 1898, massacring hundreds of innocent men, women, and children. This man is the soul of the Italian police and *persona grata* in the ministry of the interior and the court. His name is uttered with contempt by the Italian Socialists and Anarchists.

And this man, the confidential friend of Giolitti, had an extensive correspondence with a man, who, according to the ministry of the interior, had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for theft. They called one another thee and thou in their conversations as well as in their correspondence, which is now in the hands of the Anarchists. Mr. Brina came to London, rented a house at Manor Park, where he intended to publish a revolutionary periodical, and very likely also plot assassinations. Rubini admits in his letters having received £160 from Brina. Mr. Brina knows very well that the Anarchists have no secret organizations,—he knows that the Anarchist propaganda is conducted openly. But this did not suit him nor his masters; they were opposed to the dissemination of liberal ideas and consequently tried to strike a blow, in order to have more stringent measures introduced against the Anarchists.

The correspondence of Rubini with Brina is in the hands of the Anarchists. Rubini admits having received money from the Italian government, but denies that he furnished the latter any information. Was he a spy or did he intend to serve the movement?

According to the dispatches from Brussels, Rubini has declared he committed the assault in order to convince his comrades in London, who did not trust him, that he was sincere. Far be it from me to give a certain judgment

in this regard. I only want to mention the important fact, that the Consul Rigetti furnished Rubini the fare to Brussels. For what? This was done after Rubini had been unmasked as a spy. And can one believe that a man like Brina comes to London, renting a house for his agent, giving him £160, without having received any information? It is not the first time the Consul Rigetti has tried to employ Anarchists as spies. At one time he proposed to Comrade Giorgi police employment, who literally spat in his face, which the consul calmly put up with.

In all cities where there are Anarchists the Italian government has its spies. Only recently one was unmasked in Paterson, N. J.

What is the purpose of these people? There are no secrets among the Anarchists; it is, therefore, clear, that these spies themselves contrive plots in order to appear important and not lose their allowances.

The Italian government cannot exterminate the ideas of Anarchism. In spite of the attempt to suffocate every liberal movement, to dissolve labor organizations, and have hundreds of Socialists and Anarchists thrown in prison where they are tortured, inaugurating many bloody massacres, the latest in Milan,—in spite of all this, Anarchist ideas are spreading. The only result was that Bresci struck down King Humbert, protesting by this deed against the sufferings of the people.

Bresci's deed was the result of oppression in Italy. It was a protest against the massacre in Milan.

The Messrs. Zanardelli, Gioletti, Brina and associates cannot uproot the Anarchist movement. Did Mr. Brina send Rubini to Brussels to commit the assault, in order to have more stringent measures taken against the Anarchists? Otherwise why was his fare paid? Or did the Belgian government employ Rubini?

But even if this is not the case, and Rubini acted on his own hook, to show his comrades that he was unjustly condemned, even then Rigetti and Brina are responsible for the assault. They brought him into such position,—they were furnishing him money, in order to spy among the Anarchists, and they furnished him means to go to Brussels with. At all events, the assault has nothing in common with the Anarchist movement. It is not an outbreak of indignation as with Bresci, Angiolillo, Caserio or Luccheni. Whether Rubini acted directly by order of the police or wanted to vindicate himself, it has nothing to do with the idea of Anarchism or with the Anarchist movement. The intellectual instigators of the assault in Brussels are Messrs. Brina, Rigetti, Giolitti, Zanardelli and their master, King Victor Emanuel, under whose domination they perpetrate their rascalities.

— HIPPOLYTE HAVEL. —

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Here and There.

BELGIUM.—Telegraphic reports assert that Rubini was well aware of the fact that King Leopold was not in the carriage at which he fired; and even the dailies intimate that the whole affair was a prearranged plot to revive the popularity of the king. There is a rumor afloat that Rubini was a hireling of the government.

FREE SOCIETY

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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.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1902.

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

Notes.

C. L. James' "History of the French Revolution" is now at last ready, and all subscribers to the book will have received their copies before this reaches them. If any who have changed their addresses fail to receive their copies promptly, they should inquire at the postoffice. The book is printed on good book paper from large type, and is well bound. The price for cloth copies is \$1 postpaid, and paper copies 50 cents, postage 9 cents extra. All who have previously subscribed for paper copies will receive them for 50 cents.

There are still some subscribers who have not sent in the money for the books. They should do so at once if wishing a prompt delivery of their copies.

Comrade Emma Goldman is making a short tour in the interest of the Russian revolutionary movement. Comrades who are interested in the Russian movement, and desirous of extending the struggling Russians moral and financial aid, can greatly assist them by arranging meetings and entertainments. Communicate with Emma Goldman in care of this office.

According to the *Freiheit*, the New York and Paterson comrades have decided to revive *Liberty*, which will appear December 1. Address all communications to H. Grossweiler, 325 E. 76th St., New York, N. Y.

The readers of FREE SOCIETY who are interested in the revolutionary movement in Russia should not fail to subscribe for *Free Russia* or *Revolutionary Russia*. The former is a 16 page monthly, published in English, and the latter consists of 28 pages, published in the Russian language. Both periodicals are full of interesting news from that far-off country. The subscription price of each is 50 cents a year. Order from Dr. Chas. Rayevsky, 272 E. Broadway, New York, or this office.

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.

Boston.—Boston Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 4 p. m. in 2 Boylston Place. Free forum for all sociological subjects. Anarchist literature for sale. Subject for December 7, "Competition made Cooperative," from "Science of Society."

Brooklyn.—The Social Science Club meets every Friday evening at Central Hall, 410 Stone Ave. Discussion free to all.

Chicago.—All interested in the Philosophical Society are requested to be present at 331 Walnut St. Friday evening, November 28. Future arrangements and meetings will be discussed.

Sunday, Nov. 30, 3 p. m., Emma Goldman speaks on "Modern Phases of Anarchism," in Aurora Hall, corner Division St. and Ashland Ave. Admission 10 cents.

The Progressive Club will hold a meeting every Friday evening at 331 Walnut St. Friendly discussions will take place.

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. November 29, Lucy E. Parsons speaks on "The Labor Movement."

Philadelphia.—Social Science Club holds weekly meetings Friday evenings in Bricklayers' Hall, 707 N. Broad St.

An Appeal.

An appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey is to be taken in behalf of Comrades Wm. MacQueen and Rudolph Grossmann, who were convicted and sentenced to five years imprisonment in Paterson.

The verdict against them is the result of newspaper spite, general prejudice and an itching desire to pocket fees on the part of the prosecuting officers.

Comrade Grossmann has such a well-established alibi that it is believed the verdict of a befuddled jury will be overthrown in the Supreme Court. The verdict against Comrade MacQueen is based largely on testimony of police officers, and prejudice against Anarchists, and there is a chance that it also cannot stand. The prosecutor laid special stress on the fact that these were Anarchists, and it is a case of Anarchism on trial.

These are active, able and energetic comrades, and their imprisonment means a serious impairment to the movement. No stone should be left unturned in their behalf. Let all comrades who are able send in their mites to the defense committee.

Send money to Fermio Gallo, 90 Straight St., Paterson, N. J.

By the Wayside.

The governor of New Hampshire earnestly recommends the "good people" of his State to "give thanks to Almighty God for the recent deliverance of the president from sudden death," and the New York *Truth Seeker* is anxious to know if that was the same "God" who was on "duty" when President McKinley was shot. Perhaps it would not be amiss to find out whether the widows and orphans in the Philippines have also been asked to give thanks to the "Almighty

God" that their husbands and fathers were "benevolently" despatched to heaven by American bullets.

It is deplorable that the Socialists of this country cannot enjoy reading the discussions on the tariff question in the German Reichstag, for it would surely cure them of the delusion that a parliament is an arena for the propaganda of Socialism. If the designation "Soc. Dem." was not attached to the different names of the Socialist speakers, even a Diogenes with a lantern would not be able to detect the Socialists from their effusions.

From time to time the Socialist press is filled with imposing figures, showing the rapid increase of Socialist officials in Europe; and it is certainly worth noticing that "out of 132 members of the London county council 91 are Socialists." Yet when we realize that the world is not revolutionized by numbers but by manhood and principles, we are anxious to hear what these "revolutionary" Socialist officials are accomplishing in the line of Socialism. Perhaps some of our readers in London can satisfy our curiosity about the revolutionary measures the Socialist councilmen in London have carried out.

The Chicago *Chronicle* is much pained and alarmed that "Emma Goldman is permitted to preach her doctrines from a public platform in Chicago," and warns Mayor Harsison that he is inviting "another Haymarket tragedy." The editor astutely and deliberately distorts the facts when he attributes that tragedy to free speech. If the police had not begun to fire a volley into a peaceable meeting, the bomb would not have been thrown. Freedom of speech was never the cause of violence; on the contrary, police despotism has ever been responsible for such tragedies.

A Chicago police captain informed Comrade Emma Goldman that she could say all she pleased about the Russian government, but not abuse the freedom of speech by criticizing the American government or else he would dissolve the meeting. That this kind of "free speech" can be found even in far-off Russia does not seem to dawn upon the American "sovereign." "The freedom of America is a thing about which you must not talk," says the editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* very aptly. INTERLOPER.

The Government Trust.

The State changes its form as ideas alter, but always has been and is a syndicate for the benefit of those who manage it. It is a Trust as truly as the Standard or Steel Trust. A part of the capital of the Government Trust is the idea of patriotism, the constitution, love of national traditions, etc. Thru these ideas the people are kept loyal to their political managers and taskmasters. But these managers override and spurn constitution and patriotism *ad libitum* for their own ends. See how every American principle was trampled down in the Philippines by our rulers—and it was done in the name of American principles!

The inability to see things, to see into them, is the trouble. Futile, poor education, no education at all of many, leaves the mass with no power to know a simple fallacy. Otherwise they would see that a man cannot be saved from murder by murdering him—which was the Philippine proposition.

The Government Trust is to be undermined by teaching. The facts should be presented simply to the people, and the fallacies gone over as to children. Government has a hold on the public imagination such as the czar or king idea has on uninstructed monarchists. The latter has been shaken out of the minds of vast numbers in the world, so can the Government Trust idea be expelled by the patient repetition of common sense.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Obituary.

(The following address was delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre at the funeral of Katherine Karg Harker. It was read by a friend at the grave of Kate Austin.)

In the presence of these solemnly closed eyes, these pulseless hands, these voiceless lips I come to speak, as some day I wish that one will speak for me, telling the truth of life and death.

The trust of the dead is very sacred. There is but one thing equally so—and that is the trust of a little child. The supreme sacredness of both rests in their utter helplessness. Therefore the highest principles of honor demand that in nothing shall we disobey the wish of her who is powerless now, as all of us will be one day, to say if wrong be done her memory.

It was her wish, then, that as liberty of thought was her last watchword in life, no service of creeds or dogmas which bind thought should be held over her when dead. As in life she faced the burdens and responsibilities of life, seeking to throw none of the weight which was hers upon others, so she went out fearlessly into the great darkness of Death, in perfect confidence that whether it were a long, eternal sleep, or whether light lay beyond, she had done her best here, and needed no one upon whom to cast her failures. No atonement as a passport to the future.

She lived in one world at a time and did her duty in this while she was with us. Who does this has naught to fear hereafter. Prayers she needed not living, nor does she need them dead. Her acts, her aspiration towards the uplifting, freedom-loving spirit of the race, these were prayer enough; and much more worthy prayer than a form of words read from books, or repeated as a task.

Tears?—Ah, these she needs not, too! Out of the fulness of the mourning heart great tears will fall for the unfinished work, "the broken blossom, the ruined rhyme" of life. And yet as I look upon her, so peaceful, so painless, so utterly beyond all that wounds, and hurts, I think I can almost hear her saying: "This I should, as I do pity you."

To those who are bound in the old creeds Death is a terrible thing—a moment when the soul, wrung in its parting from loved ones, trembles upon an awful threshold of fear and flame. To her, to us, it means a melting out of the individual "I" into the universal All.

But not fear, not torture, not pain. It is the escape from these—it is Rest, after long, long years—after the long, long fever of living, complete, utter ineffable rest.

She believed, we believe in the Universal Kinship of all. The blush of a rose leaf or a human cheek, the light of a star or a human eye, the music of a waterfall or a beloved voice, all these are interwoven, interlocked parts of the great panorama of the universe. One law binds all—we are perpetually allied to the infinitely little, and when all is said we do not know which is great and which is small. But resting sure upon the truth that beyond the all we cannot drift, we know that Death only returns us to our deathless elements.

And as of the body, so of that other part of us which religion calls the soul—that part which thinks and feels and loves and hopes and suffers. This, too, returns to its elemental sea, never again to reappear among the living, but ever to reappear in other forms, in other souls, in all the generations yet to come, in all the unborn ones, wherever plain and simple duty is to be done, wherever truth is to be told, wherever liberty is to be served, wherever superstition is to be torn away, wherever the race is to be lifted up—there, I say, will the elements of the soul of her who lies here, the elements of devotion, sincerity, fearlessness, idealism, gleam out purer, stronger, brighter, because she has lived, and been moved by them, and strengthened them in this life.

These were the real person, and these deathless. A gift from the past she was, now given to the future. And the future may not know her name, and forget her individuality, as it will that of all of us; none the less will she have her part in it, a glorious part, and so we say to the form, Farewell.

Farewell, brave heart which dared to be true to yourself, even unto death. This last trust of yours has helped to break a link in the fetters of the world.

Even your pale dead face gives the "everlasting no" to every liberty-denying creed that seeks to bind in slavery the minds of men.

— o —
Meetings.

On Friday evening, Emma Goldman delivered her lecture on the Russian movement in the Jewish district on the west side, at Ruhl's Hall, in German. The hall was packed and hundreds of people were turned away, as there was no more room. The police, as usual, were there, nosing around, making themselves ridiculous, and filling space. Emma paid her compliments to them; and Mr. Kaplan spoke a few words in English, declaring it was a shame and disgrace that no meetings could be held anywhere without these sneaks being present, who on this occasion felt so ashamed that they discarded their uniforms.

The proprietors of Handel Hall played the Philosophical Society a dirty trick, taking the rent and then locking the door in the face of the people because Emma Goldman was to speak. Another hall, much smaller, was hastily procured, and the crowd adjourned to 55 N. Clark St., where, however, again many hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

The subject was "The Radical and the Child." The speaker stated that all radicals, Freethinkers, Socialists, Anarchists, sex reformers, and others almost invariably made a complete failure with their children; they becoming conservative and narrow-minded. It was necessary to call attention to these facts, face ourselves and inquire into the causes. The main cause of this phenomenon, the speaker said, lay in the fact that radicals had remained conservatives in their relations with their children. Parents, she held, were under obligation to their children, and not *vice versa*, because the children had not asked to be ushered into the world.

Most radical parents treated their children not as friends and their equals, but as their subjects. They claim freedom for themselves, but resort to violence or flattery and promises to influence the conduct of their children, just as government does with grown folks. A child is not reasoned with, not loving explanations offered, but instead threatened with a whipping or bought with promises, which are seldom kept. They are deceived and lied to as to their origin; and are witnesses to deception in the lives of their parents. They learn to lie in this way, and are then punished for it. They lose confidence in their parents, and go to others with their queries and troubles.

Catholics expect their children to become Catholics, not because they are attracted by the teachings of the creed, but because the parents are such. Protestants are the same; and radicals follow the same tracks. They expect their children to become Anarchists, Socialists or Freethinkers, and drag them to meetings when they ought to be in bed. Instead of imbuing them with their ideals by their own conduct, they are drilled into them until they are disgusted.

The boys and girls are taught how to work, but of the most important thing—rational sex relations and the raising of children—they know nothing, and it is no wonder that life to them is in most cases a complete failure.

She favored, of course, a liberal education of children, but they should be allowed to see all sides and then decide for themselves.

The Anarchists coincided with the speaker and had no criticism to offer; but the Socialists claimed that economic conditions were responsible for the failures in the raising of children, and the speaker had given no remedy for prevailing economic conditions.

In conclusion Emma Goldman replied that she had not spoken on economics, and consequently was not supposed to give economic remedies. She might do that in another lecture. But she could not agree with the Socialists to whom "economic conditions" was another deity, to be made responsible for everything, the same the Christian God. Still, she had even in this lecture implied a remedy: to raise children who would be cognizant of their slavery and stand up for freedom.

REPORTER.

— o —
Men only associate in parties by sacrificing their opinions, or by having none worth sacrificing, and the effect of party government is always to develop hostilities and hypocrisies and to extinguish ideas.—John Ruskin.

Ida Craddock's Last Words.

Room 5, No. 135 W. 23d St.,
New York, October 16, 1902.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I am taking my life, because a judge, at the instigation of Anthony Comstock, has decreed me guilty of a crime which I did not commit—the circulation of obscene literature—and has announced his intention of consigning me to prison for a long term.

The book has been favorably reviewed by medical magazines of standing, and has been approved by physicians of reputation. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford of this city, in two letters to me, partially approved this book so far as to say that if all young people were to read it, a great deal of misery, suffering, and disappointment could be avoided, and that to have arrested me on account of it, as Mr. Comstock had done, was ridiculous. This little book, "The Wedding Night," and its companion pamphlet, "Right Marital Living," have been circulated with approval among Social Purity women, members of the W. C. T. U., clergymen, and reputable physicians; various physicians have ordered these books from me for their patients, or have sent their patients to me to procure them or to receive even fuller instruction orally; respectable married women have purchased them from me for their daughters, husbands for their wives, wives for husbands, young women for their betrothed lovers. On all sides, these little pamphlets have evoked from their readers commendation for their purity, their spiritual uplifting, their sound common sense in treating of healthful and happy relations between husbands and wives.

In contrast with this mass of testimony to their purity and usefulness, a paid informer, who is making his living out of entering complaints against immoral books and pictures, has lodged complaint against one of my books as "obscene, lewd, lascivious," and proposes to indict the other book later on, so as to inflict legal penalties on me a second time. This man, Anthony Comstock, who is unctuous with hypocrisy, pretends that I am placing these books in the hands of minors, even little boys and girls, with a view to the debauchment of their morals. He has not, however, produced any young person thus far who has been injured thru their perusal; nor has any parent or guardian come forward who claims even the likelihood of any young person's being injured by either of these books; nor has he even vouchsafed the addresses of any of the people from whom he states he has received complaints. In addition, he has deliberately lied about the matter. He stated to Judge Thomas of the United States Circuit Court (secretly, not while in court), that I had even handed one of these books to the little daughter of the janitress of the building in which I have my office. It so happens that there is no janitress in this building, nor is there any little girl connected with same. I took a paper around among the tenants to this effect, which I sent to the judge by my lawyer; also a paper to the same effect, which my landlord stood prepared to attest before a notary, if need be. But even this made no impression upon Judge Thomas; he still is firmly convinced

(so he says) that Anthony Comstock is a strictly truthful man.

On Friday last, October 10, I underwent what was supposed to be a fair and impartial trial by jury; but which was really a most unfair trial, before a thoroughly partisan judge, at the close of which he abolished my right of trial by jury on the main question at issue, namely the alleged obscenity of "The Wedding Night" book. My counsel was not permitted to present in evidence circulars which showed that as far back as 1898 and 1899, I was accustomed to state in print that any applicants for oral instruction upon marriage who were under twenty-one would have to produce written consent from a parent or a guardian. My evidence was almost wholly choked off; neither my counsel nor myself was permitted to endeavor to justify the book by argument. The most the judge would do was to permit me to read from various paragraphs in the book, without comment, if these could explain the indicted paragraphs. Even with this tiny bit of a chance, I made such good use of my opportunity before the jury, that Judge Thomas, who was evidently prejudiced in advance against both myself and my book, saw that he dared not now risk the case to the jury, or he might not manage to convict me after all. And so he announced that he himself intended to pass upon the character of the book. He stated that there is in existence a decision of the United States Supreme Court which gives him this right.

He said he would not let the question go to the jury; he considered the book "obscene, lewd, lascivious, dirty." He added that he would submit to the jury only the question of fact: Did the defendant mail the book? (The charge was "mailing an obscene book.") He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the question for you to pass upon is, Did the defendant mail the book? You know that she admits having mailed the book. Please render your verdict. I do not suppose you will care to leave your seats." And the poor little cowed jury could do nothing but to meekly obey the behest of this unrighteous judge, and to pass in their ballots, "Guilty of mailing the book." Which, of course, was no crime at all.

I fully expected that the public press of New York city would duly chronicle this most remarkable invasion of the rights of the people by such an abolishing of the trial by jury; but so far as I could learn, the press remained totally silent.

It is evident that the political pull of the party which fathers Anthony Comstock is too powerful for any newspaper in New York to dare to raise a protest when, at the instigation of this *ex officio* informer, an innocent woman, engaged in a laudable work of sex reform, endorsed by reputable citizens, is arrested on false information and denied her right of trial by jury.

Since Friday last, people of influence and respectability have written to the judge on my behalf and have been to see him; but he announces his inflexible intention of sending me to prison, and, he is careful to malignantly add, "for a long, long term." I am a "very dangerous woman," he adds; "Mr. Comstock has told him most shocking things about me—not in court, however, this paid informer being far too cute to dare to face

his victim openly with any such lies.

At my age (I was forty-five this last August) confinement under the rigors of prison life would be equivalent to my death-warrant. The judge must surely know this; and since he is evidently determined to not only totally suppress my work, but to place me where only death can release me, I consider myself justified in choosing for myself, as did Socrates, the manner of my death. I prefer to die comfortably and peacefully, on my own little bed in my own room, instead of on a prison cot.

I am making this statement to the public because I wish to call attention to some of the salient features of Comstockism, in the hope that the public may be led to put down this growing menace to the liberties of the people.

As I said not long since in the Boston *Traveler*, if the reading of impure books and the gazing upon impure pictures does debauch and corrupt and pervert the mind (and we know that it does), when we reflect that Anthony Comstock has himself read perhaps more obscene books, and has gazed upon perhaps more lewd pictures than has any other one man in the United States, what are we to think of the probable state of Mr. Comstock's imagination today upon sexual matters?

The man is a sex pervert; he is what physicians term a Sadist—namely a person in whom the impulses of cruelty arise concurrently with the stirring of sex emotion. The Sadist finds keen delight in inflicting either physical cruelty or mental humiliation upon the source of that emotion. Also he may find pleasure in gloating over the possibilities to others. I believe that Mr. Comstock takes pleasure in lugging in on all occasions a word-picture (especially to a large audience) of the shocking possibilities of the corruption of the morals of innocent youth.

This man serves two masters; he is employed and paid by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, but he secures from the United States government an appointment as postal inspector without pay; so that he is able, if he wishes, to use his official position for the furtherance of the private ends of his society and, presumably, of himself. *Ex officio* informers, with their attendant spies and decoys, have been thruout history notoriously a means of exploiting the government for private and corrupt purposes.

For over nine years I have been fighting, single-handed and alone, against Comstockism. Time and time again I have been pushed to the wall, my books have been seized and burned, and I myself have been publicly stigmatized in the press by Comstock and Comstockians as a purveyor of indecent literature. Yet this very literature has been all the while quietly circulating with approval among men and women of the utmost respectability and purity of life, and I have received numerous letters at testifying its worth.

Not only this. Comstockism can be used, as was the medieval Inquisition at times, to gratify private malice, as the complainant does not need to appear in court. This was done to me in Philadelphia because, while holding a petty position as amanuensis in the Bureau of Highways, I declined right along to pay political assessments to

the Quay party. For months they tracked me night and day wherever I went, vainly hoping to learn something detrimental to my character, and at last they arranged to have me indicted for mailing immoral literature, as they could find no other means of successfully damaging my reputation.

John Wanamaker once stated in a political speech that the Quay party were relentless in hounding those who refused to pay political assessments. They would follow up such a person even when he went into the service of other employers, and leave no stone unturned to ruin him in after years. This may or not be so in my own case; I do not know. But I do know that when I went to Washington a secret complaint was lodged with the police. My accuser never faced me openly in court. I pleaded my own case before the police judge, saved one book ("Right Marital Living") and won many encomiums from those present in court because of the uplifting character of my plea; nevertheless I was driven from the city.

Each time that I have been arrested, I have escaped by a compromise; but I resolved, when I came to New York, that if again attacked by Comstockism, I would stand my ground and fight to the death. Perhaps it may be that in my death, more than in my life, the American people may be shocked into investigating the dreadful state of affairs which permits that unctuous sexual hypocrite, Anthony Comstock, to wax fat and arrogant, and to trample upon the liberties of the people, invading, in my own case, both my right to freedom of religion and to freedom of the press. There is only one lawful excuse for the community's interfering with any one's religion or publication in America; and that is, the invasion, by means of that religion or those publications, of other people's rights to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. No proof of such injury wrought has been produced in my case; the testimony for the government against me rests entirely upon the mere say-so of this paid informer.

Every one of the paragraphs indicted in "The Wedding Night" is the outcome of talks which I have had with distinguished physicians and also with men and women among my pupils. I have looked into the hearts of hundreds of men and women during the nine years in which I have been engaged in sex reform work, and my soul burns within me when I see how husbands and wives are suffering, and how nearly all of this suffering could be done away with, if only Anthony Comstock were not hoodwinking the public into believing that sexual information in printed books must be kept away from them, so as to protect the morals of innocent youth. Surely, Mr. Comstock's idea of the nature of the marriage relation must be singularly impure, when he ventures to pretend that it should not be known of as to its details by young people who are sufficiently mature to be seeking for enlightenment!

In the courts, however, in obscene literature cases, a precedent has been established by which the defendant is forbidden to produce witnesses in behalf of the accused book, so that I was legally prohibited from summoning physicians to testify on behalf of the book.

Owing to this and to other legal precedents which hamper the defendant in obscene literature cases as is done in no other criminal cases anywhere; owing also to the dense ignorance and prejudice which prevail in regard to the scientific, open discussion of sexual matters; and, most of all owing to Mr. Comstock's persistent lies and to his adroitness in depicting the shocking possibilities of corrupting the morals of innocent youth by permitting young people to peruse any enlightening literature upon the details of normal, healthy, pure marital relations—matters have now reached the point where it is only necessary to accuse a person of mailing so-called "obscene" literature in order to convict him. As no witnesses are allowed to testify as to the effect of the book upon themselves or their young daughters or young sons, or, if physicians, upon their patients, neither judge nor jury are in a position to learn the actual facts in the case. And now, in my own case the other day, the legal precedent has been established by the action of Judge Thomas, in the United States Circuit Court, of not only excluding witnesses in behalf of the indicted book, but even forbidding either the defendant or her counsel to attempt to explain the reasons for printing the indicted paragraphs or in any way seeking to justify, in an argument the publication of the book, and then finally by a legal subterfuge, abolishing the defendant's right of trial by jury; the latter being a proceeding which has always been recognized by true patriots as a serious menace to the liberties of the people.

In addition, in my own case, there is the matter of persecution for my religious views. Altho this question did not directly arise before Judge Thomas, yet, from the paragraph which I read from my book, and which I was permitted to read only without explanation, it must have been evident that the book contained a religious propaganda, and that, indeed, the religious teaching was the foremost matter, the physical teachings being only subservient thereto.

But in my trial under the New York State law last March, before three judges, the religious question did very decidedly arise. In that court, Judge McKean so far forgot his oath of office to administer justice impartially as to hotly denounce my book as "blasphemous" (presumably because I am teaching the duty and the joy of communion with God in the marriage relation, so as to render it sacramental). Of course, this was illegal on his part. No judge has any right to denounce a prisoner because he differs with that prisoner in his religious belief.

I earnestly hope that the American public will awaken to a sense of the danger which threatens it from Comstockism, and that it will demand that Mr. Comstock shall no longer be permitted to suppress works on sexology. The American people have a right to seek and to obtain knowledge upon right living in the marriage relation, either orally or in print, without molestation by this paid informer, Anthony Comstock, or by anybody else.

Dear fellow-citizens of America, for nine long years I have faced social ostracism, poverty, and the dangers of persecution by Anthony Comstock for your sakes. I had a

beautiful gospel of right living in the marriage relation, which I wanted you to share with me. For your sakes, I have struggled along in the face of great odds; for your sakes I have come at last to the place where I must lay down my life for you, either in prison or out of prison. Will you not do something for me now?

Well, this is what I want the American public to do for me. Only one of my books, that on "The Wedding Night," is at present under legal ban. "Right Marital Living," which is by far the more important book of the two, and which contains the gist of my teaching, has not yet been indicted. Mr. Comstock, however, told me, when arresting me, that he expected to get both books indicted. If sufficient of a popular demand be made for this book, and especially if that demand voice itself in the public press, he will not dare to attack the book in the courts. Will you do this one thing for me, those of you who have public influence? Remember, it is for you and for your children that I have fought this nine years' fight. And altho I am going to a brighter and a happier land, nevertheless, I shall still look down upon you all here, and long and long and long that you may know something of the radiantly happy and holy life which is possible for every married couple who will practise these teachings. Even in paradise I cannot be as happy as I might, unless you share with me this beautiful knowledge.

I beg of you, for your own sakes, and for the future happiness of the young people who are dear to you, to protect my little book, "Right Marital Living."

I have still other teachings to follow this, upon the marriage relation, later on. I have written a book of between 450 and 500 pages upon "Marriage" in which my teachings are set forth more fully. This book, in manuscript form, is at present stored in a safe place, in friendly hands. It will not be given to the public until such time as the public shows itself ready for it, and prepared to protect this fuller and franker book from persecution. Meanwhile, however, "Right Marital Living" remains undictated; it sets forth a gospel of marriage which is being preached by no other teacher in America. Its teachings will make your married lives healthier, happier, holier. Will you publicly voice your demand for this little book, "Right Marital Living," and protect it from Anthony Comstock?

IDA C. CRADDOCK.

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FRANCE.—The coal strike is not yet settled, altho the politicians have wasted no efforts to induce the strikers to compromise. We cannot deny it, says a Socialist writer in the *Neue Zeit*, the trade unions in France are anti-parliamentarian and are striving to achieve their aim by revolutionary means.

HAVANA.—The attitude of the strikers annoys the American exploiters. "A strike, which in the United States would have resulted in a few acts of violence without imperiling the foundations of law and order [sic], has become here an open war on the part of labor . . . against the whole social and political organization of the land," says a dispatch. That's it, don't strike against the organization of exploitation.

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