



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 394.

A Cry from the Ghetto.

(Translated from the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld by
J. W. Linn.)

The roaring of the wheels has filled my ears.
The clashing and the clamor shut me in;
Myself, my soul, in chaos disappears.
I cannot think or feel amid the din.
Toiling and toiling and toiling—endless toil.
For whom? For what? Why should the work be
done?

I do not ask, or know. I only toil.
I work until the day and night are one.

The clock above me ticks away the day.
Its hands are spinning, spinning like the wheel;
It cannot sleep or for a moment stay.
It is a thing like me and does not feel.
It throbs as tho my heart were beating there—
A heart? My heart? I know not what it means.
The clock ticks, and below "Arise and stare,
And so we lose the hour. We are machines.

Noon calls a truce, an ending to the sound,
As if a battle had one moment stayed—
A bloody field! The dead lie all around;
Their wounds cry out until I grow afraid.
It comes—the signal! See, the dead men rise.
They fight again, amid the roar they fight,
Blindly, and knowing not for whom, or why.
They fight, they fall, they sink into the night.

—From Hull House Bulletin.

Modern Slavery.

All men of our time are divided clearly into slaves and masters. The truth of this proposition is not affected because it may be more difficult now than it was in former times to define accurately the relations between the master and the man, or because among these modern slaves are some who are slaves only provisionally, becoming in their turn owners of slaves, or because there are others who at the same time are both slaves and the masters of slaves. The fact remains that humanity is divided into the two classes—slaves and masters—just as clearly as the day, in spite of the twilight, is divided into day and night. If our modern master has no longer his bondsman who can be ordered to perform certain work, he has money, which is so necessary to others that he can choose among them for his bondsman any he may wish, and for a few dollars have this modern slave perform the work and look upon the performance as a privilege. The slaves of today are not only the underpaid toilers in the factories who, in order to exist, sell themselves to their masters, but also nearly all of those who cultivate the fields for others or for themselves that they may pay the interest on their debts. Slavery exists in full force, but

we do not remark it any more than Europe did the condition of the serfs. The men of that epoch believed that to cultivate the earth for their masters and to obey their masters was a necessary condition as natural as life, and did not regard it as slavery. In the same way men of this present time believe the situation of the laborer a natural and economic condition, and do not consider it as slavery. The condition of modern slavery finds itself in exactly the same phase as was serfdom in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century or slavery in America in the last half of the nineteenth century.

The slavery of the workingman of our time has hardly yet been recognized by the advanced men of modern society, and the majority are entirely convinced that slavery no longer exists among us. The fact that slavery has been "abolished" only recently in Russia and America makes it well nigh impossible for society to understand the actual situation. As a matter of fact, the "abolition" of serfdom and slavery was only the abolition of an old form of slavery that had grown impracticable, useless, and it was replaced by another form stronger, more enduring and affecting a greater number of souls—the modern slavery. The liberation of the serfs in Russia and the enfranchisement of the slaves in America, while destroying the ancient form of slavery, does not even touch the essence of the condition. One form of slavery disappears, only to be replaced by another. The forms are many, and one or the other, and sometimes several forms together hold the people in this position; the small minority has full power over the work and life of the great majority. In this control of the majority by the minority is to be found the principle cause of the miserable situation of the people. In what consists this slavery? The laborer in the fields who owns no land or too little of it is forced, in order to provide for himself from the land, to give himself into perpetual or temporary slavery to those who possess the land he cultivates. If, by one means or another, he obtains a parcel of land sufficient to give him a living, taxes are demanded of him, directly or indirectly, and he passes into slavery anew. And if, in order to escape the slavery of the farm, he ceases to labor there, and goes elsewhere, making other products, to earn things of which he

has need, again taxes press upon him on the one side, and on the other the combination of capital which produces the same wares, but by perfected means, does the same thing, and he is forced to give himself into temporary or permanent slavery to the capitalists. And if by working for the capitalist he can arrange matters so that he preserves a little of his liberty, the very position he has taken brings him again into the relation of servant to the man of wealth.

The published statistics of England show that the average longevity of the higher classes is fifty-five years; the average duration of life of the laborer and the servant is twenty-nine years. Knowing this—and we cannot be ignorant of it—does it seem possible that we who profit from this work, which costs human lives, unless we are wild beasts, should have a moment's tranquility of conscience? Nevertheless we men of ease, liberal, humane, sensitive to the suffering not only of human beings but of animals of burden, profit without stopping from the work of our fellow man, allow him at the expense of his life, to enrich us more and more, and our consciences remain undisturbed. At rest with ourselves and the world, we continue to buy and sell and traffic for gain. We are very solicitous for the welfare of our employes. We take care of the education of our children. We zealously prohibit the teamster from overloading his horses. In our butcher shops we are careful that the beasts be killed with the least possible pain, and yet we allow millions of workingmen—fellow human beings—to kill themselves slowly, painfully dying at their work that we may add to our comforts or our pleasures. This astonishing blindness of modern society can be accounted for only one way. When the world goes badly men always invent an explanation, according to which their bad acts are made to be unintentional, unpreventable, resulting from immutable laws which are beyond their control. In ancient times the explanation was made that the unchangeable will of God had decreed that some should be in high places, others in low places, obliged to work; some should produce while others enjoyed all that was good in life. Upon this theme libraries of books were written and sermons preached almost without end. They were to prove that God had created men different—slaves and mas-

ters—and that all should be content with their lots. Then it was deemed that slaves would be rewarded in another world. Later it was explained that the slave should still be a slave, but that the master should treat him indulgently. And at last, since the enfranchisement of slaves has come, this is the most recent explanation: Riches have been confided by God to certain men that they may employ them in good works, and then the riches of the one class and the poverty of the other will work no harm. These explanations have for a long time satisfied the rich and the poor, especially the rich. But there now comes an epoch when these excuses are insufficient, above all for the poor, who begin to comprehend their situation, and in order to satisfy them it will be necessary to evolve new theories, theories which will enable us to escape from the situation to which our minds have been so long accustomed—the relation among human beings of master and man, owner and slave.—Leo Tolstoy.

Who Killed McKinley?

Fifteen months and more have passed since the bullet of Czolgosz avenged humanity for a series of acts about which only one opinion ought to exist among Anarchists, Socialists, believers in republican institutions, in the American Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, or the independence of the United States. The events of these months undoubtedly constitute the most formidable crisis thru which Anarchism ever passed, and the most brilliant victory it has ever achieved. On the night of McKinley's death, —a night probably few American Anarchists are likely to forget,—there seemed every probability that the history of our struggle against fraud and ignorance would be marked by a St. Bartholomew. In all the large cities, most of us sufficiently known to attract personal interest, had been, by way of preparation, imprisoned or put under surveillance of blue-bellied hangdogs. Half the Bible-bangers and all the bourgeois pencil-pushers in America had employed the previous week in inflaming the passions of the multitude against us. The millionaire thieves, we, of course, knew to be the inspirers of the movement. The police and militia might be counted on to assist the proposed massacre with a properly perfunctory attempt at its prevention. The ass who was becoming president had not yet brayed, as he did when Congress convened a few weeks later; but that he would do as his masters required was not within the limits of reasonable doubt. That was, for us Anarchists, among the moments which tell what each man is. Let us draw a veil over the salient outlines of the fact that there were Anarchist editors who absolutely conceived it timely to eulogize McKinley! *De mortis nil nisi bonum* sounds well, to be sure, but that was rushing things. There were other comrades whose appreciation of the dying "Napoleon" and his slayer went such lengths that it made them mad to have anyone say Czolgosz was not an Anarchist! This appeared to me, as it still does, unnecessary. But the moment was that in which whatever feeling the occasion had excited reached its height.

Within a few hours there was a visible rise in the barometer. Our enemies showed signs of having found out that they had failed. The mob which they appealed to, did not respond. The courts, which they had besieged with Gary law, turned them down unanimously. The very Bible-bangers (I can give examples if desired) went to work next "Sabbath" deprecating that violence they had preached on the preceding. The legislatures either showed their good sense by shelving all anti-Anarchist bills, or, as in the case of New York and New Jersey, those made into buncombe laws were so refinedly ridiculous as to convey a suspicion of sarcastic intention. Roosevelt alone remained, first message to Congress in hand, inviting all nations to admire the man still willing to play that tune which extracted from his neighbors the idiomatic criticism, "Rats!" Within a month, more Anarchistic literature had been circulated thruout the United States than in the previous fifteen years.

These things—with their sequelæ,—constituted the glorious victory of Anarchism above referred to. Its causes were various. Without doubt one was the courageous attitude and evident physical strength of the Anarchists at such places as Spring Valley, where the row must needs begin. But it would be absurd to accuse the American people of shrinking from a military encounter with such a foe. The American people had clearly got some new lights on the whole subject of Anarchism since 1887. That was what left the trusts and hoodlums, the spouters and scribblers, helpless; and awoke them to consciousness of having exposed themselves—Terrorized Ted, I need not add, excepted.

The matter being now over—for it cannot be much expected that what fizzled in September, 1901, can be revived in earnest during the winter of 1902-3—I, for one, feel more inclined to talk about it than I did while the prevailing fault was talking a great deal too much.

Posterity, I have not the slightest doubt, will mark the administration of President McKinley as the worst in American history. Our traditional policy departed from; our most solemn guarantees violated; a mad grab made for a colonial empire which can exist only in shameful subservience to the greater naval power of England; the neutrality laws suspended to assist our old enemy and present mistress in crushing the heroic resistance of a sister republic; our flag openly exhibited on the city hall of New York below the British; our currency altered to accommodate foreign bondholders; our forces employed upon the lines indicated formerly by Aaron Burr and William Walker, by Captain Gibbs and Captain Kidd; our arms disgraced by atrocities which extenuate those of Weyler; our Constitution and Declaration of Independence publicly held up to mockery by the mouthpieces of a dominant party;—all this, surely, is quite enough to account for "our beloved president's" being assassinated, and for the more ominous but very evident fact that, after the first shock of the tragedy, no one really cared a button. Mr. McKinley's life-long game of pleasing everybody resulted, according to the ancient fable, in pleasing nobody. Read-

ers of FREE SOCIETY will remember that I distinctly foresaw the probability of some such event as happened at Buffalo, not because I knew anything about its being meditated, but because there is a discernable connection between causes and effects. Any one might have foreseen it.

*"Saepe malum hoc nobis, si meus non leva fuisset,
De coelo tactas memini praedire quercus.
Saepe sinistra cava praedixit ab ilice cornix."*

And readers of FREE SOCIETY may also recollect that, far from desiring any such event before it happened, I was afraid of it, and, much as I disliked McKinley, strongly deprecated such abuse of him as might suggest dangerous ideas to susceptible individuals. I have seen no reason to change my mind. If Czolgosz had been an Anarchist, and his act had done Anarchism some more positive good than showing the change of public sentiment below the surface, I should still say, with Phocion, "The result of the battle was fortunate; but it was bad generalship to fight the battle."

Czolgosz, however, was not an Anarchist. If there are comrades who still dislike hearing that said, I must remind them that an historian's first duty is to facts. The facts are that no one at Cleveland or elsewhere ever found Czolgosz out to be an Anarchist; that during his short visit to Chicago, where the comrades generally took him for a spy, he showed his ignorance of Anarchism by inquiring what he must do to be "initiated" into the "lodges" of our secret society, which does not exist; that the whole allegation of his Anarchism turned out at the trial to be an invention of the Buffalo police so ineffectually clumsy that this silent desperate enthusiast was made to skulk behind the skirts of a woman. Total failure to establish the affirmative of any proposition—such as that Czolgosz was an Anarchist—is all proof the negative requires or usually admits.

But tho not an Anarchist, Czolgosz evidently was a fanatic of some sort, and it becomes interesting accordingly to inquire of what kind. I have pointed out that there were many parties who had much better reason to desire McKinley's assassination than the Anarchists. One of these is the Catholics. McKinley had broken up the oldest, most bigoted, and greatest Roman Catholic empire in the world. He had terminated the rule of the friars in one of the few countries where it still existed. The names of Ravallac, Babington, Fawkes, Jacques Clement, Balthazar Gerard, are sufficient to remind every reader of history that assassination is a familiar practise of Catholic enthusiasts. The underhand methods by which such things can be encouraged "without scandal" have been proverbial ever since the Society of Jesus was organized. But, to give the devil his due, the Jesuits make no great secret of their general approbation for bloody deeds done in the interest of the Church. Mariana, addressing Philip II, plainly takes the ground that magistrates excommunicated by the pope may properly be assassinated; and, to exclude all doubt of his meaning, selects for especial eulogy the murder of Henry III by Clement. Has the Holy Apostolic Church altered her maxims since the sixteenth cen-

tury? It is her well known boast she never changes them.

Coming down to the particular facts again, we observe that while Czolgosz was never known as an Anarchist, everybody knows he was a Catholic. Even the garbled accounts allowed to be published by the censors at Buffalo and Albany show that he had not become an infidel, but, in at least some important respects, professed Catholicity while preparing for death. It is also very significant that he had a long and private interview with a priest, of whose substance nothing was published but what the priest chose to tell. Everyone who knows anything at all about such matters know that it is against priests' ordinary practice to tell what penitents tell them. And at this point, another positive fact becomes highly significant—that is, the extreme reticence of Czolgosz. That he was not much encouraged to talk by the court is true; but the reporters gave him opportunity enough and could get nothing out of him. "We do not seem to recognize the Anarchist in that," an intelligent bourgeois said to me at the time. We do not. An Anarchist is a man who believes he has something to say, and therefore seldom neglects an opportunity of saying it. But we do recognize there the fanatic acting under Jesuitical instruction. Ravillac, Clement, Gerard, Fawkes, Babington, Campion, Mary Queen of Scots, all died as mum as Czolgosz. In the long roll of Catholics who have committed capital crimes and suffered capital punishment for their cause, it would be difficult to find one who spoke, except to take all the blame on himself and clear the Church from aspersions. They are instructed that silence is safe; and with jailers also Catholic, which they are pretty sure to have here, it is likewise very easy.

The view of Czolgosz here presented, I by no means offer for sufficiently established fact; but it is at least possible, and perusal of the Socialist press will show that it is growing in favor. Of the Monster Slayers alleged to have been Anarchists, some doubtless were such. But we shall lose nothing by keeping in mind that there is scarcely a king or other chief magistrate in the modern world whom the ultramontanes have not quite as good reason for wishing removed as the Anarchists; that to have it done by Catholics eager for a free ticket thru purgatory, and attribute it to Anarchists, is a double policy very like the Jesuit sky-pilots; and that in what has become the most notorious event of this kind the mark of their fingers is actually rather more conspicuous than ordinary.

C. L. JAMES.

The Labor War in America.

The situation in America at the present time is one which should cheer the hearts of all those who are struggling for the emancipation of the toiling masses. The recent (or shall we say the present?) strike of the anthracite coal miners typifies the sentiment that is prevailing among the workers of America, and it is well that the attention of the world has been focussed on the capitalistic Republic on the other side of the Atlantic. Not that more violence has been shown than in previous strikes; but the intelligent

manner in which the strike has been conducted gained widespread sympathy, practical sympathy, from the general public, who had everything to lose and nothing to gain by a continuation of the struggle. These facts stamp this strike as an exceptional one, and show that a portion of the workers, at least, are adopting new methods in fighting their masters.

The past five years in America were exceptionally prosperous ones for the country at large. True, there have been murders, suicides, robbery, infanticide, and all the other attendant evils of a capitalistic State, and many heartburnings over the cases of child-slavery. Yet there was and is prosperity. And yet, in spite of it all, the labor war rages fiercer than ever, strikes are the order of the day, and the trade unions have nearly doubled their membership in the last two years; and, best of all, is the spread of radical ideas in all classes of society.

In 1896, and again in 1900, the Republicans promised "the full dinner pail," and were so elated at success that they felt sure that workers with a full dinner pail would never listen to wicked agitators like Socialists and Anarchists. The *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, expressed their feelings in a cartoon published three years ago, in which a grinning workman was represented marching off with a full dinner pail, while Emma Goldman was making tracks for Europe with a bag full of bombs—disgusted because the workers of America would not listen to the doctrine of Anarchism. These gentlemen, while realizing the very important part the stomach plays in the affairs of mankind, forgot there were other things that move the minds of men. Were this not so, those who were more prosperous would have deserted the miners, and they would have been crushed without a doubt. Instead of which we found a great wave of sympathy for them agitating the country and, finally, compelling the acceptance of arbitration by Mr. "Divine Right" Baer and his associates—a thing they had resolutely refused to do for five months. The formation of trusts has gone on at such an alarming rate that, as we Anarchists expected, it has caused the drawing together of the workers to meet the common foe. This accounts for the increase of the unions and the half-conscious closing of the ranks of organized labor.

The case of the coal miners furnishes an excellent illustration of the strength, not only of our principles, but our tactics. The workingmen of America may be Republicans, Democrats, or even Social Democrats; they may talk of grappling with the trusts by legal means, and a few be deceived by the professions of Teddy Roosevelt; but deep down in their hearts they feel and know that it is by throwing down their tools and refusing to work for them, that it is possible to bring the capitalists to their knees. This implies organization, which brings education and a feeling of solidarity; and thus the enormous increase in the ranks of the unionists and a correspondingly intelligent use of their power is accounted for.

The struggle of the miners—and no one but the miners themselves can know what sufferings and privations they had to undergo those weary months—is but a skirmish of the great battle that is coming.

President Roosevelt and J. P. Morgan have received a great deal of credit for helping to bring about a settlement of the strike; credit we are by no means sure they deserve. There was one great fact which impressed itself deeply upon the minds of the coal barons—they saw that the temper of the people of the country was becoming unruly, and the first cold snap would have seen them out of hand. It is one thing to fight 150,000 miners with millions at your back and thousands of well-armed troops at command; but quite another thing when some millions of people are rendered desperate by cold, with coal at impossible prices. The night air is chilly in the eastern States in October, and \$25 a ton was a limit beyond which the coal barons dare not go; so, to use a slang phrase, they "crawled" from their assumption of divine right as laid down by Mr. Baer, and agreed to arbitration. Whether Roosevelt or Morgan pointed this out to them, is of no importance; they saw that rioting would inevitably result from the coal famine and they capitulated. Whether the miners get all they ask for or a very small part is subordinate for the moment to what I call "first blood" for the general strike. If the workers of America profit by the lesson just taught them by the coal strike, there ought to be glorious possibilities for the general strike; and the next few years may furnish results to satisfy the most fiery enthusiasts of our cause.

The sentence of five years' imprisonment on our Comrades MacQueen and Grossmann, for alleged participation in the riots arising out of the strike of the silk weavers at Paterson, shows how intense the coming struggle will be. Altho a number of witnesses proved that Grossmann was in New York at the time, he was condemned along with MacQueen, who admitted being present at the riot, tho taking no part in the violence. An appeal has been lodged, and now is an excellent opportunity for work among trade unions. This is the first conviction under the new anti-Anarchist laws, and it should be fought stubbornly. If some comrade could only visit every labor organization in the State of New Jersey between now and the time of the appeal, glorious work could be done. It can be done; and it would be far better for the Defense Committee to put one or two men into the field for this purpose than to spend money in lawyers' fees. It is a stiff fight and there must be no faltering.—H. M. K., in *Freedom*, London.

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Those who work for Truth rarely have interviews with the cashier.—Ironicus.

"Socialism is coming." So are cyclones, earthquakes, and tidal waves. What then? Simply this, things are not good just because they are coming.—Ironicus.

Love is a law of life; marriage is a crime against it. Love comes, and goes as it will; marriage endeavors to hold it in check. Love brings sorrow perhaps, but marriage misery. Love is freedom; marriage is slavery. Love is life; marriage is the death of love. Let those who love look at those who marry; what do these gain? Body possession perhaps, but nothing more. To possess the flesh without the spirit is to be treasuring a corpse. Love is free or it dies.—Ironicus.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1902.

394

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

ATTENTION.

Entertainment and ball will be given by the Progressive Club, Saturday, January 3, 1903, 8 p. m., at the Bohemian Club Hall, cor. Robey and 12th Sts. Russian songs in the program. Tickets in advance, 15 cents, at the door 25 cents.

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Notes.

Beginning with next issue, the first number in the new year, we shall commence the publication of "Vindication of Anarchism," by C. L. James. This will consist of a series of twelve essays, based on the authorities cited in James' Anarchist Reading Course, published in FREE SOCIETY two years ago. Those who have taken up the study of these lessons will find the essays an invaluable aid; and those who have not been able to follow such an extended course, will find in the "Vindication" a splendid summary of the Reading Course books. This will be a very important contribution to the literature of Anarchism, and it is a splendid opportunity for comrades to get their friends interested in the philosophy of Anarchism thru reading FREE SOCIETY.

Attention is again called to C. L. James' "History of the French Revolution." It is an excellent book for every social student, and no one should delay in placing it in his library at once. See advertisement on eighth page.

Comrade A. Lopatiner will visit the delinquent subscribers in New York, and we hope the readers will not let him spend time and carfare in vain.

To anyone sending us \$2 we will send FREE SOCIETY one year and Dr. Greer's "A Physician in the House" or his new work "The Wholesome Woman." 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. at 724 Washington St., room 9. Free forum for all sociological topics. Anarchist literature for sale. Sub.

FREE SOCIETY

ject for January 4. "The Philosophy of Josiah Warren."

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

Chicago.—The Philosophical Society may meet Sunday evening, December 28, 8 p. m., at 72 Adams St. If so, particulars will be announced in the dailies. All interested in the Society are requested to be present at the Progressive Club on Friday, December 26, as a large meeting for Prof. Herron is to be arranged for.

The Progressive Club will hold a meeting every Friday evening at 331 Walnut St.

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 evening, 8 p. m., 278 Blue Island Ave. December 27, Chas. T. Brown speaks on "The Social Question."

December 31, 8 p. m., this club gives a tea-party with amusements. Free admission.

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

New York.—Radical Reading Room, 180 Forsyth St. Lectures and free discussions every Sunday at 3 p. m.

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Voltaireine de Cleyre.

On Friday, December 19, Voltaireine de Cleyre was shot down in Philadelphia. According to newspaper reports, she was waiting for a car at Fourth and Green Sts. when approached by a man named Herman Helcher, who shot at her five times, three shots taking effect. She was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital, and for several days it was thought impossible that she could recover; but a telegram received from George Brown on Monday evening, the 22d, states that "she will certainly recover; best attention; best conditions." Her assailant was arrested by the police, but when taken to the hospital for identification, altho she recognized him as one of her pupils, to the question whether he was the man who shot her, she said: "I don't know. Does he say he did?" Newspaper reports concerning the nature of her wounds are conflicting, and we have not received detailed news from the comrades.

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Outpost Echoes.

"Chastity" is a cloak for ignorance.

To love is a privilege, not a duty.

The naked truth does not observe the proprieties.

"Money talks"; and hears, sees, and eats, as well.

Libertarians believe in force; the force of truth.

Art is not real when it is but a tribute given to Caesar.

Now that Tolstoy has spoken, State Socialists should beware.

Some evolutionists care much more for evolution than for mankind.

Wall street is in trouble, and the workers again must hide its crimes.

The wrong with Watts' painting, "Love and Life" is that it is too pure.

In Chicago, policemen and burglars work together; which is as it should be.

The coal strike, owing to the fact that law is taking a hand, will not break the trusts.

Herbert Spencer in "Facts And Comments" despairs of Humanity. But Spencer is only a philosopher.

That whitened sepulcher, the Chicago American devotes a daily page to prize fights, but condemns the play Iris.

Plenty for all, and men and women worthy of the name are not desired by Plutus. To be happy he must crush others.

Venezuela is a lamb watched by the condors, Wilhelm, Edward and Roosevelt, who are not anxious to divide the prize.

Common sense is only another name for common ignorance or incapacity when it is applied to a thing which is not understood.

Wise men who argue that trusts are benefits because they make things cheap should note that Standard Oil has of late doubled its prices.

The cure for Anarchism, according to some writers, is to remove the abuses of which it complains. Anarchists stand ready to take this medicine.

The only things not trafficked in on the Stock Exchange now are votes, and it is whispered that these too will soon be quoted in thousand lots.

If anyone doubts that State Socialists are authoritarians, let him consider that they want to conquer political power and rule by virtue of conquest.

The new ethical code for American school children (for they need a new one) should define "Wrong," as "That which is punished," and "Right," as "That which goes unpunished."

Woman's mission is just to live a rounded and full life, or one in which all her faculties and functions find adequate development and harmonious fruition; and the same may be said of man's mission.

Rockefeller has given another vast sum of money to the University of Chicago, and his estimated profits on oil amounted in one day, on account of the increase in price alone, to \$50,000,000.

The Monroe Doctrine amounts to a warning to other nations to keep off territory which is so near the United States that their occupancy of it would help them to rival us. It means "First come, first (and only) served."

The cry for uniform divorce laws thruout the country is a manifestation of the common tendency to tinker with effects while causes are ignored. Let the State take its hand off sex association and lost love will hurt no more than lost friendship.

College presidents are falling over each other, as are clergymen, in efforts to get on the right side of burning questions and keep

there. The position of Plutus is of course their position, and Jesus and truth are forgotten for wealth's sake and reputation.

The solemn farce of attacking free speech is re-enacted now and then in America to warn "freemen" to not go too far. The Constitution of the United States, which safeguards it, would never have been written but for free speech, which therefore is superior even to the Constitution.

Hero worship is but the worship of God transformed; and that part of humanity (a very large one by the way) which is waiting for a new Moses to lead it out of the economic Land of Egypt is destined to find its ideals unrealized. Individuality is liberty's touchstone; mighty leaders are not needed.

AMERICUS.

By the Wayside.

In San Francisco, where the people enjoy all the blessings of "good government,"—the initiative and referendum and a mayor elected by the workingmen,—there were 113 suicides committed during the last eight months. These people ought to have been satisfied with "pure democracy" even tho their stomachs were empty.

"There is no such thing as a law-abiding citizen, sir," said a lawyer to me the other day. "To live according to law means to commit suicide; you could do no business—not even walk on the sidewalk, except fight all day. The law says you must turn out to the right. If you insist that this law be observed, there would be bloodshed on the streets every day. No, sir; society gets along quite nicely by ignoring the laws." "But these are Anarchistic sentiments; still you are a Republican," I suggested. "Call it what you please; but during twenty-five years' practise I have learned that law does a great deal of harm, and no government has ever succeeded in applying the laws justly. Justice is done in spite of law. Why am I a Republican? Well, I don't think there is any money in being an Anarchist." I admitted, of course, that there was no money in it.

Referring to the Education Bill in England, which, if passed, would give all sorts of sky-pilots greater influence over the schools, *London Freedom* says:

The best plan to prevent the people getting some new liberty has always been—to attack some old one. So they are doing now with their Education Bill.

The same situation is before the American people. Instead of broadening the scope of liberty, they have to struggle against imperialism and militarism, which threaten to strangle every vestige of freedom and tradition.

Some of our Socialist friends have been very bitter against the imputations that Socialist parties are rapidly abandoning *Socialism*. Now comes R. B. Kerr, the champion Socialist in *Lucifer*, and frankly confirms the charges. To substantiate his claim, he quotes Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist leader, who says: "Nothing hinders us from imagining a Socialist State in which individual property and labor co-exist

with collective property and labor." Neither is the wage system to be abolished. "It is true that the silly phrases, 'abolition of the wage system,' is still used by Socialists, tho the best writers are discarding it," Mr. Kerr reassures the timid souls who do not like to see the wage system abolished. Political action produces beautiful blossoms indeed.

This reminds me of a cartoon which a year ago appeared in an Italian Socialist periodical which opposed opportunism. On a boat loaded with Socialism the crew was anxiously looking toward the land of their dream, which dimly appeared on the horizon. Realizing that the journey would necessarily be slow with such a heavy load, the cargo was being little by little thrown overboard to make the ship sail faster; and when the crew arrived at their destiny, the name of the boat had changed from "Socialism" to "Corruption." This is the inevitable fate of all political parties.

The Anarchists are inclined to look upon the Pennsylvania arbitration commission as a farce; and there is no doubt that the miners have placed themselves in disadvantage by submitting to arbitration after they practically had won the strike. But the cause of labor generally will gain much from the exposure of the misery and privations that prevails among the miners. The "cry for justice" is jarring the ears of those who are calmly riding on the back of labor, and an awakening can be observed which is threatening to throw the world out of joint.

"What do you mean by Anarchist Communism?" a socialist asked the other day. "A society without government, in which individuals may work and live cooperatively or singly; where the means of production and the necessities of life shall be free—as free as we receive the books from public libraries today. People from different countries will federate in order to supply each other's needs. Whether geniuses or simple-minded workingmen,—all will consume according to desire, and no questions will be asked whether or not they have rendered an equivalent."

"Well," said the Socialist, that's what we want."

Poor fellow! INTERLOPER.

Comments.

Before Friend Simpson writes another article to prove that Anarchism affords scope for organization to "restrain" "invasive" individuals, I hope he will read Moses Harman's reply to Emma Goldman in *Lucifer* Vol. VI, No. 49. Mr. Harman says: "When certain citizens of Kansas complained that I had sent to them an immoral document, namely *Lucifer*, containing a plainly worded account of and protest against marital outrage, if the properly selected arbiters had decided that the complaint was valid and that I had no legal or moral right to harrow up the feelings of my subscribers and patrons by such recitals, then it would have been competent for such arbitration board to assess damages in dollars and cents . . . and I would have

been enjoined not to send a *single* such literature to the plaintiffs in the case. Failure to obey the injunctions, the awards, of boards of arbitration, would, I presume, be punished under freedom, by the boycott, by loss of social standing, and by loss of financial patronage on the part of all who subscribe to or support the principal of arbitration." Anarchists, and some who are not Anarchists, have been in the habit of considering Mr. Harman's persecution as singularly gross outrage. But he appears to take a very different view of it himself. "Properly selected arbiters" are defined in another part of his article as "arbiters selected by the disputants themselves." Now a jury consists of citizens, whose names are fortuitously drawn from the poll-list, subject to a great many arbitrary challenges for cause. It is difficult to see how, in practise, we could get nearer selection by the disputants themselves than this. There must be a limit somewhere, or a disputant who knew himself to be wrong would never allow a trial. Mr. Harman's case, therefore, appears to have been tried in much the way he would desire; and if "all who subscribe to or support the principle of arbitration" had agreed to boycott him for disregarding the injunctions of the board of arbiters, as he certainly did, his situation would be much worse than it is. It was the support of those who accept the principle, or think they do, for probably most of them vaguely perceive that it works nothing but governmental tyranny in practise, which enabled him to keep up his paper notwithstanding a sentence which, tho severe, was far milder than the one he himself proposes. R. B. Kerr, a well-known reader of and contributor to *Lucifer*, said, not very long since, in that admirable journal of sexual reform, that he approved of Anarchistic literature, because humorists are few and ought to be encouraged. If he gets his ideas of Anarchistic theory from such portions of *Lucifer* as that here cited, his grounds of approbation are well put.

The *International Socialist Review* says, apropos to my "Origin of Anarchism": "Unfortunately he does not attempt to define this protean creature which he has named Anarchy (Anarchism?) and leaves the reader in hopeless confusion as to what it is all about." On the first page of the "Origin of Anarchism," I have said "the thesis of Anarchism is that men govern men by deceiving them—a view never very unfamiliar to statesmen like Machiavelli; but which evidently assumes a somewhat novel complexion when preached to the people who are governed." Elsewhere—in fact pretty much all thru the pamphlets, may be found frequent references to the alleged source of reviewer's "hopeless confusion"; viz., that among founders of Anarchy there was little in common except sense enough to see this cardinal point and candor enough to proclaim it. Finding a Socialist definitions is clearly easier than finding him an understanding; so it is fortunate the latter has never been considered obligatory.

C. L. JAMES.

"Voting is war. Parties are prisons."

A Letter to Free Society.

Our surroundings are very primitive and our neighbors simple, narrow, conventional and extremely virtuous. Yet they are good-hearted, generous, and ready to help you if it be along conventional lines and you have conventional troubles, such as sickness, submissive and thankful poverty, accidents, etc. If you were to be arrested for incendiarism, blasphemy, for or sending new thoughts thru the mails that did not accord with the usual idea of correctness, they would be startled out of their senses and be afraid to go near you. They are proud of "never gossiping," of avoiding scandal, etc., which is quite wonderful, as I do not know of a little town whose inhabitants never talk of *ideas*, which is not a hotbed for scandal. But there is no open scandal mongering here. As a consequence, the conversation of any group of people is inane, pointless, dull in the extreme. For we all know that people and all that pertains to them, are interesting tho it may be mischievous to discuss them too critically. Eliminate people, science, philosophy, politics, economics and religion and love from conversation and it leaves a sediment of boredom hard to endure. Politics, religion and marriage are avoided for fear some difference of opinion may be found, and this seems to be considered a calamity. For they cannot understand how people may disagree on such matters and still be friends. Economics they are scarcely up to as yet.

I called on a lady, a school teacher of worthy repute, who from circumstances had a right to expect a call from me. We got so far along that we discussed women's clubs, of which she was an advocate, and seemed to think herself quite radical in consequence. She took pains to tell me that she had once written an essay on the three greatest personages of modern times. She classed "Teddy Roosevelt" as one of them. "Not, I assure you," she said, "for anything he has done since he was president; but for an act he performed when he was a plain 'Rough Rider,' in charge of some cowboys in the west." They were sixty five miles from 'law and order' and civilization. One of the cowboys stole some horses from another camp; the usual thing in such cases was a short, savage, farce of a trial among themselves, a rope, ten minutes for prayer, and—death. But Teddy was too conscientious for that. He detailed two men for guards when men could illy be spared and went with them to guard the culprit to the nearest point where a 'justice' could be found to do the business legally. "It was heroic; it was true patriotism, such devotion to the principles of law and order," she said. "To undertake so tedious a journey that the laws might be carried out rather than the man should be lawlessly lynched. Such an example should be held up to the youth of the world."

"You consider the legal sentence so much better?" I said sweetly.

"Oh certainly, the laws were observed."

"You would obey all man-made laws, good or bad, would you?"

"Yes, certainly until they could be changed."

"Then in the fifties you would have turned away a poor colored man who had come trembling with fear to your door for a

mouthful of food to save him from starving, and set the constables after him, would you?"

I knew her grandfather had been a staunch abolitionist and an officer on the old "under ground railroad." She scarcely knew how to answer.

"A cup of cold water unto the least of these my brethern and ye did it unto me," I said softly. I was trying to deal with her very carefully. "You know Emerson said, 'A good man will not obey the laws too well.'"

"Well, you know there is no safety anywhere if the laws of country are not observed. Everything would be confusion, disorder, dangerous."

I answered this very carefully also, for I did not wish to shock her on a friendly visit on such short acquaintance, and we did not carry the argument very far. But I thought how deeply the reverence for an institution, a regularly constructed enactment is imbedded in the minds of the average man and woman. This woman considered "Teddy" great because he would rather guard a man on a journey of sixty five miles on horseback and prolong his misery, than a group of people might deliberately plan and make arrangements for his killing according to a method established years ago, while the poor fellow was kept in torture and anticipation of his fate for days and weeks, rather than allow a lot of wild, natural men make short work of him and have done with it. Killing is nothing, burning homes over defenseless women and children's heads is nothing, "looting" is nothing, so that these things are done by the regularly appointed persons in a certain set and prescribed way.

The world needs a new code of morals; or rather it needs to return to an old one, given by various saviours and martyrs at different periods in the world's progress. "Do not unto others that which you would not that they should do unto you;" is a good one, or "Do unto others what ye would that they do unto you," is still better. "Every man's right to do as he pleases providing that in the doing thereof he infringe not on every other man's equal right," is the best of all. But these principles mean just what they express; they do not mean that an organization, an institution, or a system can be manufactured that can break these rules and still be righteous; they apply to all—to individuals, to organizations, to corporate bodies, to governments. No kind of an institution can be made, revered, made sacred so that it can violate these principles, with impunity and with a just and honorable name. It is simply an old form of the old superstition, "The king can do no wrong"; a crime committed in the name of law, a king, a government or a priest is no less a crime than if done by a private individual.

But ah! it all sounds so reasonable, so trite to us! And yet these people will go on indefinitely, worshipping and praising the most despicable of deeds because done in the name of a law or a lawmaker!

LIZZIE M. HOLMES

— o —
Theologians are the tribute which superstition pays for the use of fools.—Ironicus.

Who is to Blame?

Who is to blame for the penury and the suffering of the laboring classes? No one man in particular, and no single set of men is responsible for this unpleasant state of affairs. It is a matter of the times; it is in the air, it is a necessary result of the aims we have and the policy we follow in all the walks of life. Everybody is responsible in general for the present condition of things. The employer and the employe, the law-makers and the people, are all to blame, to a certain extent, for the unpleasant conditions by which we are all more or less hampered.

But no one is more to blame than the laborer himself. We are not speaking of the mechanic or tradesman, nor of anyone who simply works for another. We have in mind those who are content to work for a boss and have no ambition beyond doing so—men with strength, but with no science or skill. There are too many of these people who do not try. They have no pride, no aspirations. They are content to work for others, and they have no aims beyond that. What can you do for such people, for people who will not try? The more that men are helped, the less will they help themselves. That is a law of human nature the world over. Manhood in its proper sense cannot be imparted. It does not come thru instruction, nor can it be transferred in bulk. It is in all cases the result of slow development.

But on the other hand, the laborer does not have fair play—he has never had fair play. The ruling classes have never meant that the laborer should have fair play. Every law that is passed, every machine that is invented, every business scheme that is contrived, is directly to the detriment of the laborer. . . . Civilization does not aim to exterminate the laborer, but to perpetuate him and keep him down. The laborer has no individual interest in what is called progress. Progress for him is the chief cause of his overthrow.

What will be the end of this experiment? What has always been the end of such experiments? Read history and see how Greece and Rome ended, how Tyre and Baalbec and Babylon and Nineveh and Thebes ended, and how and why they went down. When the pillars fell, the edifice itself collapsed. Samson, it is true, was killed, but a host of his enemies disappeared at the same time.

So long as the land continues to be owned and possessed by a few, to the exclusion of the many; so long as we have rent, interest and taxes to pay; so long as we have law-makers to disfranchise us and laws of inheritance to deprive us of what properly belongs to us, we must expect to see people die in poverty and want, while a few nabobs are left to revel in wealth and luxury.

Poverty is a disease that cannot be cured. All the doctor stuff in the world would not help the patient. An alms-house here and there, and some crumbs and old clothes thrown out to the poor at intervals, will not help matters in the slightest. There is only one thing that will give relief, and that is to remove the causes of poverty. These causes are easily ascertained and they can be removed. Poverty is by no means a necessary condition of any portion of mankind.

There are plenty of countries where paupers are unknown. It is true they are not civilized countries; there never was a civilized country, we know, without paupers.

J. WILSON.

Saved By His Knowledge.

It was arraignment day in the criminal court and there was a long list of prisoners each awaiting his or her turn to be called up and interrogated. The first one to be thus handled was William McGrab.

"You have been indicted for the heinous crime of bigamy," said the judge to the prisoner. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty of any moral crime, judge," replied the accused, "whatever the law may say about it."

"Not guilty of any moral crime? Why, how is that? Do you admit having two wives at one time?"

"Yes, your honor, I admit that I have two wives, and am living with both of them. Also that I was about to marry two more when I learned that I was to be arrested, and I decided to await the result of this religious persecution. I wished to see whether I was to be punished for exercising my sacred right to have as many wives as I please. If this is a free country and San Francisco a free city, why should I be persecuted for what my religion and my conscience both sanction?"

"Your religion! Do you consider marrying and living with two or more wives at one time part of your religion?"

"Indeed I do, your Honor. And I know that no civil law can properly interfere with any man's religion. I believe in polygamy as much as I believe in prayer, or singing, or preaching, or taking a collection. And I have the best of authorities for declaring my arrest and imprisonment in this case unjust and unconstitutional. May I mention the authorities?"

"Well, I am willing to permit you to quote your authorities, absurd as is the position you assume."

"Thank you, judge. My authorities are the president of the United States and the sultan of Sulu, who rules one of our new possessions, where our glorious flag is now waving as an emblem of civil and religious liberty. Hip, hip, hurrah for—beg your pardon judge. You see I always become enthusiastically patriotic whenever I see or hear of or even dream about the dear old flag. Well, now if a man living in one of our new possessions thousands of miles from here but part of us, is permitted to enjoy religious liberty to an extent of pluralizing his wives, why may not a man living right here and paying tribute to the landlords in one of our old possessions exercise the same natural religious right? Don't the Constitution apply everywhere the same within the jurisdiction of our great and expanding country, judge? Then again, to make my defense still stronger, let me say that I recently read an editorial article in San Francisco *Chronicle*, explaining why when President McKinley made his famous treaty with the sultan of Sulu, and promised to pay him ten thousand dollars to acknowledge our sovereignty, and keep our glorious flag waving over his territory and his

wives, politely and wisely declined to interfere with the institution of polygamy there because it was a religious feature of the country and should be held sacred.

The *Chronicle* also declared that if the president had attempted to interfere with that institution the treaty would not have been made. Then where would we as a nation be now? I shudder to think of it. Religion, your honor, is my best hold. Anything that cramps me in the region of my religious principles fills my soul with indignation. I am for the constitution, expansion, and as many wives as any man's religious appetite may require. Wherever our glorious flag—"

"Mr. Sheriff," sternly interrupted the judge, "this man knows too much. I order him discharged. Now suppress this laughter among the spectators, and then bring in a prisoner who has only one wife and who don't know what polygamy is."—Ralph Hoyt.

Why?

No civilization can be considered perfect which does not plant a hope in the breast of every child born into the world. The nearer we approach to this ideal, the better is our civilization. Those who complain of existing conditions cannot be put aside as disturbers of the peace.

Why should a man who eats at a well-supplied table forget the man whose toil furnishes the food? Why should a man who warms himself by the fire forget the man whose labor in the forest or in the mine brings forth the fuel? Why should the man clad in the best products of the loom forget the man whose calloused hands make fine clothing possible? Both the consumer and the producer are necessary, but of the two the producer comes first in point of time and in point of importance. Shall the rosebud, blooming in beauty and shedding its fragrance on the air, despise the roots of the bush because they come into actual contact with the soil? Destroy the bud and leave the roots, and a second bud will appear as beautiful and as fragrant as the first; but destroy the roots and bud and bush will perish.—Wm. Jennings Bryan.

Literature.

RESIST NOT EVIL. By Clarence S. Darrow. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 179 pp. Cloth, nicely bound. Price, 75 cents.

This is a book which can be classed among Anarchist literature with pride. The title will, no doubt, prejudice many radicals who confound revolution with violence; but a perusal of this excellent work is sure to agreeably disappoint the most ultra-revolutionary mind. The author does not even intimate that liberty-loving mankind should not resist the encroachments of government and exploitation; on the contrary, as with the writings of Tolstoy, the application of the author's ideas imply a very forcible resistance and the most formidable rampart against government violence and the skinning of the many by the privileged few. The trend of the theory advanced by the author is toward tearing down every form of government in all its applications, starting out, as it does, from the premise that "every

government on earth is the personification of violence and force." In democracies the people labor under the delusion that they choose their own governors, but "these rulers choose themselves and by force and by cunning and intrigue arrive at the same results that their primitive ancestors reached with the end of the club." Altho in most countries civil power is sufficient to maintain tyranny and exploitation, armies and navies—the tools of the privileged—are kept in readiness to enforce the decrees of the rulers, and not to resist foreign invasion, as the patriots are made to believe. "Patriotism . . . fills the soul with ignoble desires, and with sordid hopes." Neither are the laws made for the benefit of the weak or the poor. No matter how carefully the law is framed to curtail power and its abuse, "it will find a new method to accomplish the same result, like the pent-up torrent that will find its outlet, in however circuitous a route it is obliged to move." The author argues that society needs no laws to live in peace, and "it is only when the arrogance and the avarice of rulers and chiefs make it necessary to exploit men that these rulers must lay down laws and regulations to control the actions of their fellows." The futility of punishment is also aptly and extensively exposed. Punishment he designates as vengeance pure and simple, and increasing instead of diminishing crime. He predicts a time when the judge who sentences his brother to death will be looked upon as a murderer. Even at present all communities "are in reality ashamed of jails and penal institutions of whatever kind"; and "even could violence ever prevent crime, the brutality, suffering, blood and crime of the rulers have towered mountains high above that of the weak and obscure victims whose wrongs they have pretended to avenge." Like Emerson, the author contends that "to violate law is often the highest, most sacred duty that can devolve upon the citizen,"—an utterance which clearly shows that to him non-resistance does not mean to be a submissive slave to prevailing institutions. He traces all crimes to the present unjust system, "supported by violence and force," and which in turn produces evil; which truth also applies to animals. The raising of children by fear and brute force has "peopled the earth with monsters and with spooks." When people will learn "that it is wrong to punish, to use force, to pass judgment on man," they "will have no need for jails." They will then know "that the cause of crime is the unjust condition of human life," and "they will seek to prevent and cure, and not to punish and to destroy." Non-resistance does not imply cowardice, nor does the facing of danger indicate moral courage, according to the author. "A thousand men will march to the mouth of the cannon where one man will dare espouse an unpopular cause."

In a word, the book will be of great value to the Anarchist movement. A. I.

Doubt is the offspring of knowledge: the savage never doubts at all.—Reade.

The people are millions; the owners are a handful.

Ignorance alone enslaves!—Wentworth.

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