FREE SOCIETY

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST WORK, THOUGHT, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 8. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1902. WHOLE NO. 350.

The Birth of Liberty.

Hyacinths, jasmin flowers, and roses pale,
Grow where crystal fountains sparkle thru a vale,
And the silvery plash where tiny fountains gleam
Like the bells of flowers, ringing thru a dream;
While the faintest rays of timorous, glancing light
Woo alluring visions of reluctant night.
And, beside the fountain where the Naiads played,
As some faint white lily drooping from the shade,
Lovely Hope in lonely sorrow lingered there,
Driven thither by the demon god Despair:
Her bright eyes o'erflowed with bitter, aching tears,—
'Midst her hair the tangled pain of all the years;
And sweet Love whose wings had ever born him light,
Paused in his happy play of upward flight,
For the dying goddess, moaning, filled his ears
Till his quivering heart grew faint with new found fears,
And he, turning, hastens on his lightest wing;
Even birds whose birth was song had ceased to sing.
So he stoops beside the goddess, as she lies,
Fain to kiss the dews of sorrow from her eyes.
Calmly now, she sadly tells him of her woe:
How the mortals, mad with wrath, had bade her go;
They repulsed her gentle guiding, cursed her care;
And for leader chose the god of black Despair.

* * * * * * *

As she speaks, the darting shafts of light have played
O'er the fountains, and thru all the silent glade,
As when, lost in adoration, pausing Night
Long forgets the pass of time thru strange delight
Playing phantom shadows on the leaden wall,
Looming quick and gaunt, and often over-tall,
As some people, long forgotten, of the past
Thrown all desolate, upon the earth at last,
Wander thru the valleys and the hills of pain,
Seeking e'er to find their home:—and seek in vain!
Gently Night her sombre cover o'er them prest;
Mother Earth once more enfolds them to her breast;
The stars gleam thru the dusk,—and silvery moon,—
Send their splendor to dispel the gathering gloom
And bid the specters, following fading Day,
From earth's silent fields to softly die away.

* * * * * * * *

Yet kneeling, Love still tries to smooth the tangled hair,
Seeks to heal the wounds inflicted by Despair,
And tho his kisses linger on her cheek,
Fainter grows her voice, till she no more may speak;
Love a token from Athene's casket takes
And with Wisdom's gift, the spell of sorrow breaks;—
As the heralds of the morn begin to ride
O'er the gray and crimson clouds all gold inside,
That heave and fall like foam on Ocean's Crest,
Till the languid Sun, awaking from his rest,
Smiles on the goddess, born of Hope, within whose eye
Love and Truth shall reign supreme as kingdoms die
Pointing out the future goal, where all mankind shall be
Born of Love and Hope, and fed on Wisdom's gift, and free.

MARY HANSEN.

—o—

The Origin of Anarchism.

Ever since war gave rise to government,* there have been those who perceived clearly enough the unholy origin and pernicious character of this institution. That the reign of Saturn was the period of universal liberty, equality, and fraternity; the usurpation of Jove the beginning of evil; was an idea familiar to old Hesiod, his imitator Ovid, the Greek and Latin poets generally.* And with this there prevailed, as the Anarchist Shelley remarks, in the notes to his noble renovation of Prometheus, a tradition that the tyranny of man over his fellow man was not eternal; but, in fulness of time, a divine Redeemer would restore the Saturnian age. Very similar expectations pervaded the Jewish ideal of the Messiah. They naturally revived with the inception of Christianity, which was persecuted by the Roman emperors as ferociously as Anarchism by their modern compeers, and under very similar pretenses. A philosophical cast was given the same sentiment by Socrates and his disciple Plato. Neither the military order nor the multitude appeared to them invested with a divine right, or even a capacity, to rule. The only authority they respected was that which wisdom exercises by means of reason; in regard to which they pointed out that it needed none of those appliances for coercion which are at once the support and the disgrace of government, but must command universal submission, as no one disputes the authority of a doctor in sickness or a pilot at sea. Quite the same view was expressed a little earlier, in far-distant China, by Confucius. Ever since the time of Plato and Socrates, it has been commonplace in philosophy that no primitive social contract is enough to confer a right. Inasmuch as no stream can get above its source, no combination of men, as a monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, is justified in doing more than any man alone may do, that is oppose aggression by one fellow man upon another.

Anarchistic as all this sounds, it differs from Anarchism in a way clear enough to all except some of the Anarchists themselves. Individualism, the sentence in the Declaration of the Rights of Man which affirms that everyone has a right to do whatever does not injure others, is metaphysical and platitudinous. Anarchism declares, as Carlyle would say, the *Mights* of man: that is, it is positive and scientific. It is not content to say man *should* not govern man. It says he *cannot*, unless he begins by deceiving man. That the protection which government offers is a fraud; and that this imposture is what gives government all its power—that is the Anarchistic doctrine. It is a doctrine which evidently could not have come into vogue until men learned better than to see in governments supernatural powers, divine or diabolic, nor till experience in many successive as well as contemporaneous forms of government, had sickened them with ordinary revolution and its promises. Thus, it is a doctrine whose origin can be traced to a tolerably definite period and region. That period was, in England, between 1688 (the year of James the Second's expulsion) and 1760 (that of George the Third's accession). The Revolution of 1688 introduced a dynasty whose claim rested upon the right of the people to cashier unsatisfactory kings. A most unpopular dynasty, it was barely kept in possession by conviction that if the Stuarts came back the battle of 1688 must be fought again. To the principles of 1688, principles which most sovereigns hold in detestation, William of Orange, George I, and George II, were accordingly attached by the strongest considerations of self-interest. There was, at that time, a very strong party which disclaimed those principles. But strong as this party was, it was in opposition. It had a majority of the clergy, but not the bishops; the lawyers, but not the judges; the country gentlemen, but not the magistrates and new peers; the country voters, but not the constables and sheriffs; the soldiers and sailors, but not the generals and admirals. One of the usurping sovereigns, Queen Anne, personally preferred this party to the other. But even Anne was generally obliged to employ Whigs, and could not die in peace without dismissing her pet Tory cabinet. Unable to obtain power, the Tories were forced to become critics of power as captious as the Whigs, whose conduct, from the moment they got into the saddle, afforded ground enough for complaint. Thus fiercely assailed on opposite sides during more than sixty years, the foundation of superstitious reverence for government were fatally undermined. A few discerning individuals began to suspect that the Whigs were right in saying government had no excuse for existing but to protect the people, and the Tories in saying ~~that the most~~ liberal of governments

* Those few nations, as the Eskimo and some Malay tribes, who never had wars of conquest have no government. For their Arcadian condition, see Alfred Russell Wallace, "Malay Archipelago."

* Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;
Ne signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
Fas erat: in medium quærebant: ipsaque tellus
Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,
Prædarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri;
Mellaque decussit follis, ignemque removit,
Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit
Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes
Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quæreret herbam;
Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.
—Virgil; I Georgicæ 125–135.

did nothing but plunder and oppress the people.

The failure of Prince Charles Edward, the extinction of the Jacobite cause, the assimilation of the German kings by their adopted country, and the glories of the Seven Years' War, at last removed all appearance of faction. In 1760 the parties had settled down to enjoyment of the millennium, in company. The Nation was on the eve of such furious passions and such radical changes as were never known before. In this memorable year, Edmund Burke published his "Vindication of Natural Society." Tho prudently represented as a satire, there can be little question that it represented doubts which had arisen in his own restless and capacious mind. By arguments which admit no refutation, it demonstrates the origin of governments in wars of aggression and conquest; their unmixedly mischievous effects; and the merely dogmatically superstitious character of the belief that they protect against either foreign or domestic injury. *Since that time, neither England nor America has ever been without Anarchistic writers.* The foolish administration of the new king opened the bag which contained the tempest. Junius began to write as an assailant of the court, but soon developed into an assailant of authority in general. "It is not the disease," he cried, "but the physician; it is the pernicious hand of government alone which can reduce a whole people to despair." Long before the death of Burke, William Godwin published his "Political Justice," which definitely traced all the evils of the social state to law, and predicted its disappearance as an inevitable result of growing intelligence. While his opponent Malthus directed attention to the pressure of population as a concomittant cause, his wife Mary Wollstonecroft, and his son-in-law Shelley,* showed that the pressure of population itself was bound up with a legal institution—the subjection of women. And thus, as John Stuart Mill remarked, *the Malthusian theory, regarded by those who do not understand it as the fatal obstacle to Socialism, is actually the capital argument in its favor.* The literary activity of Godwin was prolonged to his death, in 1832. By that time Robert Owen had taken the field, and turned the captured battery of Malthus against those institutions which had relied upon it for defense. In 1848, Herbert Spencer published his "Social Statics." This book, in its original form, is purely Anarchistic. The author has grievously mutilated it in a new edition. But "what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." *Anarchism has never had an apostate*; for the reason that it differs from all other social views too radically to allow the Anarchist's making himself out anything else, however he may temporize. Mr. Spencer's "Coming Slavery" and other papers now printed in one volumn with "Social Statics," adequately prove that "the right to ignore the State" is as much a part of his doctrine as it was fifty years ago. By the time Herbert Spencer had become famous, the championship of absolute individual freedom had passed to Morris and Swinburne, who continue it to the present day.

In America, Thomas Jefferson, long before the Revolution treated government just as Burke had done in his "Vindication of Natural Society." Paine, in the very spirit of Junius, declared that government at its best is a necessary evil, at its worst an intolerable one. The necessity, under any circumstances, he disputed. Before the death of Jefferson, William Lloyd Garrison had matured those views which, as innumerable passages in his writings show, amount to complete Anarchism. While he was still struggling with the demon of slavery, a brilliant line of American Anarchists emerge into prominence. Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, need only be mentioned. Colonel Greene is comparatively little known; E. H. Heywood little except by American Anarchists. But Josiah Warren (grandson of that Warren who fell at Bunker Hill) formulated the doctrines of Anarchism in a manner which secured most respectable notice from J. S. Mill. I have by no means mentioned all the names; and it is unnecessary to cite those of living writers whose work began before Heywood's ended.

Of all these, not one, except the few still living, appears to have been even acquainted with the Anarchism of France or other Continental European nations; and none owed it anything important. Anglo-American Anarchism, tho original and peculiar, arrived a century ago at all it could have learned from Bakunin or Proudhon. There cannot accordingly be a greater absurdity than that representation of Anarchism as a foreign movement thru which scribblers for the bourgeois papers here cater to prejudice, and, in a double sense, proclaim themselves *Know Nothings*. One Frenchman, indeed, Condorcet, advocated the principles of Anarchism in his posthumous work on the "Progress of the Human Mind," about as early as Godwin. But he left no following. Continental Anarchism, as a movement of any consequence, dates from about the Revolution of 1848; and thus is much later than the English and American variety. The events which prepared it between 1760 and 1848 are worthy attention. The convulsions of 1789, 1830, 1848, had taught despair of salvation thru democracy, without quenching the passion for liberty and social justice. Fourier had revived the dream of economic Socialism. Saint Simon had given it a rational basis by showing how, thru the process now called Evolution, bourgeois institutions had displaced feudal, and how, thru tendencies inherent in themselves, they were evidently predistined to be displaced by others of the collective or perhaps Communistic type. Enfantin had introduced into France that answer to Malthus which is very peculiarly English and American. Rodbertus, Blanc, Lassalle, and other Socialists, had endeavored to unite their aspiration to democracy, with the visible result of proving the incompatibility. The Physiocrats, and the later English economists, had familiarized mankind with the idea of absolute *laissez faire* in industry. They had also shown that property in land means slavery of the masses. The doctrine of Adam Smith, that "natural wages are the whole product," and the doctrine of Ricardo, that "wages gravitate to the minimum necessary for subsistence," all else being swallowed by rent and profit, when put together produce by syllogistic necessity the surplus value doctrine of Karl Marx. Meanwhile, Anarchism had been given a psychological basis by Kant's demonstration of the relativity of knowledge, and Hegel's elaboration of the soul's discovery of itself. The doctrine of Evolution, in its perfect form, was already fermenting in the brains of Spencer and Darwin. It involves the progress of man from a gregarious animal, enslaved to the law of his troop, into the lord of creation, emancipated by originality of thought. Emerson, Carlyle, Whitman, and the less known Greene, were already popularizing the transcendental side of this sublime cosmical equation. In a very corrupt, but also very influential form, the Swedenborgians and Spiritualists were already carrying it into lower intellectual strata. With such auspices Anarchism began simultaneously its new life in Germany, France, and Russia. Its apostles, Proudhon, Marx, and Bakunin, were all enthusiastic students at once of Ricardo, Saint Simon, and Hegel.

In classing Marx among the founders of Continental Anarchism I do not forget his quarrels with Bakunin or with Proudhon. The original doctrine of Marx was identical with theirs' to this important extent. "Property is robbery." It means monopoly. It is not private, but quite as much, nay primarily, public, property, which enslaves and impoverishes mankind. The root of evil is the primitive States' monopoly of land, transferred to favored individuals. The remedy cannot, then, lie in a new governmental Communism such as is meditated by State Socialists. It lies in originality, creating arts and trades; and the national organization is to fall before international trades' unions. It was not till the absorption of Lassalle's social democracy by the International, that Marx became too much of a politician to work harmoniously with the more consistent Anarchists, whose program his failure has left unimpeded.

Of the later history of Anarchism nothing needs be mentioned, except that phenomenally rapid growth to which its enemies can no longer shut their eyes. The important thing is to show the enormous breadth of its basis, founded alike in the positive and speculative philosophies of the nineteenth century. Do the vaporers who prate of "stamping it out" propose to join with the pope in a bull against the earth's motion? Will they stamp out modern civilization? Will they obliterate the writings of Spencer, Darwin, Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, Kant, and Hegel? Will they eradicate the thousand filaments which these epoch-making works have diffused thru every fibre of the social system? Unless they can do all that, the text books of Anarchism will remain intact; and the more their application is persecuted, the more attention will be directed to their true significance. C. L. JAMES.

* Byron, the most intimate friend of Shelley, and his only peer in modern poetry, was also an Anarchist, as can easily be proved.

—o—

The Social Problem.

For the Law has got long arms,
Priests and Parsons have long tongues
And the People have long ears.

—Heinrich Heine.

Propaganda by Deed.

The adherents of the "materialistic conception of history," who dogmatically contend that *all* social phenomena, such as religions, customs, reforms, and revolutions are solely the reflex of material conditions, and that philosophers and ideals are of no account, would do the world a great service, if they could intelligently explain how it is that Leo Tolstoy's ideas exercise such enormous influence in revolutionizing the minds of the people all over the world.

In remote Russia, in districts where capitalism and modern industry is yet unknown, thousands of peasants resist military service, repudiate marriage laws and the Church. The government was alarmed and persecuted these "fanatics" in a most atrocious manner. Thousands of them sought refuge in Canada, and even there the government is embarassed because these "impracticable and obstinate fanatics" refuse to comply with the marriage rites and the land laws. But these "fanatics" are not confined to Russia alone. The governments of Holland, Denmark, and France have difficulties with the young men who decline to become legalized murderers, and in the near future they will be heard from in other countries. In Bulgaria a single man courageously defies the government, resisting military service. When he stood in court, defending his conviction, his face was beaming with enthusiasm and delight. The court informed him that a counsel had been appointed for him, but he declared he would defend himself. In reply to the question of the court as to his beliefs, he loudly declared, "I am a Christian!"

In defense of his action he said among other things:

"February 12, I entered the military service, and when I learned to read, I soon found that military service was not in accord with the teachings of Christ. For this reason I often interrogated the officers, and because I questioned them in the presence of other soldiers, I was reprimanded and told that if I had questions to ask I should not do so in the presence of other soldiers. But I continued to ask questions publicly and was often punished. I could not comprehend why I should learn to kill men. Are not all men equal before God?"

In short, in everything he was taught he could see but an evil purpose. He also observed that the toilers worked long hours, having nothing but bread and salt for their meals, while the leisure class lived in luxury and abundance. Finally he resolved to leave the army, and informed his superiors of his decision. They tried to persuade him to don the uniform and to participate in the military exercise, but he firmly declined. He was then taken to church, where the priest told him that he was a soldier and to give oath. "I am not a soldier," he replied, "I am a man. Only bad people swear. The gospel forbids me to give oath." The priest reminded him that the gospel also said, "Give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and God's to God."

"That's what I am doing," the young man replied. "With my mind I will serve God, and Cæsar can do with my body as he pleases; but I will not give an oath."

In conclusion he said:

"I know of one power only, the power of God. I recognize only one law—the gospel. There are no worldly judges I will submit to. I repudiate the laws of Bulgaria. No matter what happens to me, I will not serve in the army. I cannot do what my conscience forbids me to do. There is no stronger law than my own conscience. I have my convictions, and nobody can take them from me; I will suffer for them as Christ suffered for his. The attorney is afraid of the truth or else he would have indicted me not for desertion, but for complying with Christ's teachings, and the jury would set me free."

The young man was sentenced to three year's imprisonment at hard labor.

In a letter to his friend, Shopoff says:

"One thing troubles me a little. I am condemned to the disciplinary company, where, because of serving the truth, I will be subject to great physical tortures. Then I will again be tried, because I will there also do what I feel in my heart, i. e. speak what I believe to be truth, which the lovers of darkness fear so much and is a thorn in their eyes. The prison is not so terrible. I tell you, my dear N——, as I want to be frank, it is not death that scares me, but the means that will be applied to kill me, and I hope the tortures will not be too hard for me. But I will also in future, as long as I can stand it, struggle and labor to bring light in this terrible darkness of the world."

A Bulgarian daily, in which this account appeared, remarks:

"The lovers of darkness will say that Shopoff is one of the criminal types, who must be exterminated that others may not be contaminated by such evil influence. Some will say that he is insane, a fool, and deserves pity. Well, but such a criminal, such a fool was Christ! The Russian thinker Leo Tolstoy is such a criminal and lunatic. How desirable that all men would be such criminals and fools! Under such criminality and lunacy of the people crimes would disappear and truth and brotherhood enter the world, of which people know nothing today.

"It is not only the idea propagated by Shoppoff, which raises him in our eyes, but there is something else that compels us to reverence this young man,—his frankness and readiness to take the consequences of his actions, a courage so seldom found among morally perverted mortals. None of us dare openly confess our ideas. All endeavor to mask their desires. We not only have not men with conviction and ideals who are ready to sacrifice, but we have not even valiant criminals, if we can express ourselves thusly. We had no case that a criminal openly confessed to be a criminal, and who gives his motives for being such. We take our hat off before a thief who would openly confess that he stole to feed himself or his family, and that he could see nothing wrong in the deed. We would be ready to applaud a murderer who would frankly declare that the life of his fellow man was nothing to him. With such criminals we could argue and convince them of something better. But even our criminals are shallow. And that is why there is so little consolation in social life enwrapped by perverted morality. In the action of Shoppoff we perceive a salutary awakening, and in him we welcome a new generation."

INTERLOPER.

—o—

Social Organism Again.

That he who uses the social organism analogy does not see clearly, seems plain to me at least. A few weeks ago a prominent Socialist stood before an audience, and by way of proving social interdependence asked: "Now, if I were to cut off or injure these fingers would not my whole body suffer?" Yes! and following the same line of reasoning, if you injure half your organism the rest would suffer, and this under any circumstances. Now, if society were an organism, the same would be true of it, yet we do not find it so, since the injury done at present to the greater half of society only serves to increase the luxury of the other.

The more workers there are willing to starve on small wages, and accept any injury, peaceably, that is caused by the avarice of their employers, the greater the profit and comfort of said employers, and the government officials, who could grow fat at leasure. Surely it would be difficult to show where the injury to society touches them.

MARY HANSEN.

—o—

Attention!

The Conspiracy Against Free Speech and Free Press is the title of a new booklet by Comrade Geo. Pyburn M. D. The author reviews the events of the last few months with much vigor and clearness, scorching the preachers of the gospel, and the omnipresent newspaper reporters, and discusses at length the tendency of legislation to suppress free speech and free press, from a constitutional and libertarian standpoint. In short, it is an excellent pamphlet for distribution among all classes of people, and it is to be hoped that the comrades everywhere will bring it into circulation.

The booklet contains 32 pages and is published in neat type, with transparent cover, and can be put in any envelope. With a light envelope five copies can be sent for one cent postage. The price is 6 cents per copy or 2½ cents if 100 or more copies be ordered. Order from FREE SOCIETY, or E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., New York, N. Y.

—o—

The Letter-Box

V. K.— The omission of "Vol. VIII" was not due to Madden, nor to "Anarchistic" figuring. A blunder made in the numbering of previous volumes caused two volumes to have the same number, so No. VIII was omitted to rectify the mistake in the files.

W. K., City.—If you would come and read the letters which we have lately received regarding the attitude and contents of FREE SOCIETY, you would agree with us that tastes differ; and if we should consider all the praises and criticisms, there would be nothing left to do for us except to issue a blank paper. However, you failed to state why the paper has of late become a "Quaker paper."

H. Wettstein, Fitzgerald, Ga.— Why do we not lay more stress on the fact that Czolgosz was a Catholic? Because it is evident from the manner of his death that he was not a Catholic. To attempt to throw odium on the Catholic Church because he was raised in their faith, which he abandoned, is as absurd as the usual method on the part of our enemies. Your estimate of the dishonesty of all government officials, no matter what their political tag, is entirely correct. The position they are placed in makes it natural; if they remain uncontaminated it is an extraordinary exception and not the rule.

FREE SOCIETY.

(Formerly The Firebrand.)

An Exponent of Anarchist Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Freedom; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

Published Weekly by..... *4. ISAAK.*

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered October 29, 1901, as second-class matter, Post Office at Chicago, Illinois. Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

The publishers as such are not necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors.

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

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBUARY 23, 1902.

350

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

Notes.

Be sure to hear W. F. Barnard, Sunday, February 23. His subject, "The Heritage of Humanity." The Philosophical Society, hall 200, 26 E. Van Buren street. Meeting opens at 8 o'clock, p. m.

* * *

La Questione Sociale appears this week with only two pages. The energy and resources of our Paterson comrades thus triumph over their loss in the recent great fire; and their journal, like the fabled pheonix literally rises from its own ashes.

—— o ——

Radical Reflections.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The present state of things, which is proudly proclaimed by its champions as "The Established Order"—as tho an established order is something immutable—is but a transient incident of social progress. It no longer meets the needs and requirements of the race. Human institutions are like garments—they fit only the generation for which they are made. We outgrow our social systems, just as we outgrow our clothes.

* * *

We of today as a whole have outgrown the "established order." In a vague way we all recognize this, and are groping about for the way out—trying to find the path of social progress. Somehow we realize that the world is advancing, and we desire to place ourselves somewhere in the moving column.

* * *

There is labor, organized and unorganized, and so often cursed for its apparently blind stupidity, by its friends among the social reformers. These impatient reformers! Their hearts are in the right place—all of them, Socialists, Single Taxers, Anarchists, Revolutionists of countless ideals. But the people who set themselves to the task of civilization building must learn to make opportunity, else they will wait till opportunity makes itself. There is a natural law that should be remembered. It is that large bodies move slowly. The people, the mass, are a large body. They move slowly.

* * *

It is not my purpose to philosophize, however. I wish to make a few practical suggestions, embodying some views of the industrial or class struggle. For I hold that there is a class struggle now going on in the world, a struggle that is in reality a war. This struggle is the result of inequality. It comes on account of the subordination of one class to another. These two classes are in plain terms, the exploiters and the exploited, the robbers and the robbed. It is the workers on the one hand, who produce by their labor the sum total of the world's wealth and yet do not possess it; and the capitalists on the other hand, who produce nothing, yet own and control the world's wealth, and who acquire their wealth by means of those privileges which enable them to exact from labor a tribute for the opportunity to create wealth.

* * *

This is a remarkable condition of affairs, truly. Yet the facts as I have stated them have been set forth so often that doubtess the reader will find them trite and uninteresting. It is very well understood by the workers themselves that they are the victims of a very unjust and undesirable social order. And they are blamed because they, in spite of this knowledge, continue to uphold by their silence and inaction, this system that oppresses them. We radicals and social reformers who flatter ourselves upon our intellectual superiority over the common herd, who consider our mental plane as so much higher than the common level, and who assume to criticize our brothers because they refuse to surrender to our guidance; we—how is it with us? Are not we Socialists, Single Taxers, Anarchists, and what else, every one travelling a seperate road to a different goal; and if we cannot agree—if we neutralize each other by hostile antagonism, can we expect the "common herd" to manifest greater wisdom? We proclaim ourselves as leaders, as social pilots, as guides, yet we assail the masses with a discordant babble of speculative contradictions, which we call social philosophy, and point out to them a dozen different paths leading in as many directions, with the assurance that only one is the right one; and then, because the workers are befuddled (as who, in heaven's name, wouldn't be?), we call them fools. Let us be reasonable.

* * *

Then, too, let us be practicable. We wish to bring about, first of all, the destruction of the existing order. Well, then, to start with, we are revolutionists, consequently destructionists. These terms do not sound well to the parliamentarians, nor to the Quakers; they would substitute evolution for revolution, and reform for destruction. But let us be frank with words. Analyzed, these terms all imply the same thing. As revolutionists, we wish to destroy what is, that room may be made for what is to be. Now, there are two classes in the present society who bear an intimate relation to it. First, its beneficiaries. Second, its victims. It is evident that the beneficiaries are by no means anxious, as a whole, to see this order that makes their class possible, destroyed. In fact they wish to maintain it. Therefore while we, as revolutionists, may succeed in drawing over some few individuals from this beneficiary class, men capable of high ideals, the class itself is violently arrayed against any proposition that threatens their class interests.

* * *

On the other hand, the workers, being the victims of this order, are, as a class, hostile to it. That they do not, therefore, accept the various panaceas of Socialism, or Single Tax, or Anarchism, is because they are not more wise than we, and cannot agree upon the particular program that is to lead them to emancipation. And if we who call ourselves, with egotistical flourish, *thinkers*, cannot agree, and expend two-thirds of our energies lambasting each other because we do not agree, how then shall we ridicule the workers because they permit themselves to be divided by our own schisms? Is it not plain that we, who assume to lead, must lead forward in one direction before the mass can follow? If we separate, the mass must separate to follow us, else they must stand still. The mass never separates. Therefore it stands still. By whose fault?

* * *

But why are we, who profess to think, divided? Is it not because we each have an ideal for the future, and each idealist also a future of his own conception? What do we know of the future? Do you think that a philosopher of two centuries ago would have been able to construct a social system that would meet the requirements of today? Are we any wiser, regarding the future; than they of the past as regards the present?

* * *

I can understand how earnest men having a common purpose can come together for united action. Suppose now, that instead of trying to show the people the beauties of the future society as we would build it, we would endeavor to unite them upon purely revolutionary lines, and make the destruction of the existing industrial order the sum of our message? We would have a message that could be understood, at least. It would awaken in the breasts of the oppressed everywhere an affirmative response.

* * *

Suppose, for example, that we had as a program, the general strike. Labor understands its tremendous power. It knows in part its wrongs. Suppose that on a certain day labor thruout the world struck. Struck against capitalism and against its tools, the State and the Church. In America, in Europe, Asia, Africa, everywhere, by common impulse, the toiling millions lay down their tools, quit the shops, desert the offices, abandon the railway trains, and refuse the military service. In that moment the wheels of industry around the world will be motionless. The throb of engins would cease. The roar and din of the factory would be silenced—the masters helpless. It would then be necessary for striking labor to possess three qualities. First, an uncompromising dedetermination. Second, a total disregard for the laws of the State and the lies of the

Church. Third, the instinct of destruction. The strike might then develop into a Social Revolution, beyond which is the common goal of all the social reformers. We should do well to consider these matters.

ROSS WINN.

—— o ——

Government.

It is argued that there are certain men who are not fit for liberty. "They do not know enough to govern themselves," I am told, and they must be restrained by those who know more. They must be kept in check. And the folks who call themselves "the best people" usually assert that this is especially true of "workingmen." They speak and write of them as tho they were a different class of beings from the people who do not work, and so they sometimes refer to them as the "lower classes," while they always speak of themselves as the "better classes." Now, I do not accept the class theory at all. I believe we are all people—just people—made of the same common destiny; and my observation leads me to the conclusion that there is a larger percentage of failures, more wasted life, among the people who do not work, who live in idleness upon the fruit of the toil of others, than there is among the people who work and of whom it is said they do not know enough to govern themselves. Holding these beliefs, one can easily see that the idea of governing by force another man, who I believe to be my equal in the sight of God, is repugnant to me. I do not want to do it. I cannot do it. I do not want anyone to govern me by any kind of force. I am a reasoning being, and I only need to be shown what is best for me, when I will take that course or do that thing simply because it is best, and so will you. I do not believe that a soul was ever forced toward anything except toward ruin.

Liberty for the few is not liberty. Liberty for me and slavery for you means slavery for both. No man was ever born with a saddle on his back for another to ride, and no one was ever born with spurs on his heels to fit him to ride another. We are all created in the divine image, and it is our mission and privilege to stand erect as full equals; therefore, let no man of us be a slave, and let no man of us call himself master of others; rather, let us all strive for mastery over self, for when self is conquered there are no more victories to be won.—From "Letters of Love and Labor," by Samuel M. Jones.

—— o ——

Anarchist Communism in Cracow, 1846.

Tho but little known and scarcely now remembered, the insurrection of Cracow, in 1846, was one of the most significant incidents of modern history. I deem it fortunate to be able, at this time, to give to our readers a brief history of that uprising.

The independence of the small republic of Cracow, as a diminutive representative of ancient Poland, had been established and guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, at which the great powers of Europe were represented, and which was convened to settle the state of Europe after the final collapse of Napoleon's military power.

The object of the uprising of 1846 was the establishment of a Socialistic order of things. The revolutionists set forth their ideas in a manifesto, from which I extract the following:

> Let us endeavor to establish a community, in which every man will enjoy the fruits of the earth *according to his deserts and capacity*. Let all privileges cease; and let those who are inferior in birth, intelligence, or physical strength, obtain without humiliation the unfailing assistance of *Communism*, which will divide among all the absolute proprietorship of the soil, now enjoyed by a minority.

This revolution, which occured exactly twenty-five years before the Paris Commune, embodied the aims of Anarchist Communism. The revolutionists overturned the political authority, took possession of the property of the rich, and drove out the Austrian army under General Collin, which had entered Cracow at the request of the Senate.

The revolutionists appointed Weiszievsky military dictator, who set about preparing Cracow for a siege. But the wealthy classes in the new Commune, desirous of regaining their possessions, sent a deputation to invoke the assistance of Austria; but while these negotiations were in progress, the czar Nicholas dispatched two regiments, one of infantry, and one of Cossacks, to Cracow, and this force, vastly superior in numbers to that of the Communists, soon put a termination to the revolution, as well as to the independence of Cracow.

The lesson established by this Anarchist Communist uprising in Cracow is, that local or even national action is not possible, so long as authority exists. The governments of the world are allied against the Social Revolution. An uprising in one country will, if successful, be the signal for foreign interference, each government being pledged to maintain that authority which is threatened by Anarchist revolt. Therefore when the people strike for social freedom, the blow must be general, and world-wide.

R. W.

—— o ——

The Lesson of Violence.

In the hospital I knew a soldier who had a wound in his leg. That wound healed and the man seemed cured, but soon another wound appeared a little lower, a similar wound on the same leg. This wound was also cured, but a third wound came still lower on the same bone, on the same leg. Then this wound was cured, and the man seemed to recover again, but another wound came still lower on the same bone on the same leg. Then the doctors and surgeons held a consultation and agreed that no common means of curing would be sufficient. They must have a radical, a capital operation, after which the man recovered.

Now, listen! An emperor is killed. Oh, how bad! How wrong! What confusion it brought! But there were some reasons for this killing. It was removing the head of a monarchy that was sometimes tyrannical and cruel. But then the man was caught and ordered shot. That is right. That is good. He must be prevented from killing another emperor.

Then things seemed to be quiet. Order and confidence were restored. But after a short time a king is killed, a good king, a king who was kind to his subjects, beloved. Well, this man was taken. He was not killed, but he was shut up in a cage, where he was to have no intercourse with his kind for his whole life. That is good. That is right. He must be prevented from killing some other king.

Again all is quiet. Again there is confidence. But, lo, an empress is killed! Now an empress. Oh, that is too bad! A woman, and a very charming woman. She was not responsible for the deeds of her husband. She was not in public life. She was a very good woman. What is the matter? The man is caught again. He also was shut up. He was not allowed to speak to any man, see anybody. He was put in a cage. That is right. That is fine. He must understand that to kill an empress is not a proper thing. He must be prevented from doing similar wrong.

Well, again quiet for a certain time. But, lo, a president is killed! A president! Oh, oh, that is too bad! There may be some excuse for killing emperors and kings, but to kill a president in a free country, the choice of the people. Oh, that is very foolish. What of this murderer? Why, he must be killed twice. A special law must be enacted. This thing must be stopped. But what is the matter?

It is evident that society is sick. It is suffering from a very severe wound, and the killing now and then of an emperor and a king cannot cure it. But it is well to understand; we must realize that the revolver which killed President McKinley was the same revolver which killed the Russian emperor, the king of Italy, and the empress of Austria, and that this revolver was the revolver of poverty, of misery, of despair.

How cure such sickness? There is need of radical treatment. The money, millions and millions, and more millions, which is spent in taking life in different wars, must be applied to the curing of society. We must make war against war, seek to save life and not to destroy it.—Verestchagin.

—— o ——

In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven! All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children and which our children shall inherit.—Victor Hugo.

—— o ——

The Berkman Case.

Since the habeas corpus proceedings before the superior court in behalf of Comrade Alexander Berkman have been in vain, I wish to make the following statement of the money received and expended:

Previously acknowledged	$111.10
H. Bauer	14.90
Stefanowicz	9.00
J. Meyer	5.00
J. Stefan	3.00
Schwamberger, Zuerovsky, Wittenmeyer, Kehrer, Huepel, Helbig, Bustman, each $1	7.00
Total	$150.00

EXPENSES.

Lawyer fees	$145.00	
Correspondence, etc	5.00	$150.00

Allegheny, Pa., 73 Springgarden. H. BAUER.

AN EXCITING BOOK.

I am not a little boy. I am forty years old, and know life as I know the furrows on the palm of my hands and the features of my face. I need no lesson from anybody. I have a wife and children, and to secure for them a comfortable existence I had to cringe for twenty long years. Yes! This is not so easy, and by no means pleasant. But it is past and over. Now I want to rest from the troubles of life. This is what I want you to understand, sir.

As I indulge in my leisure, I like to read. For a man of culture reading is a noble amusement. I esteem books and reckon the reading of them as among my most precious habits. But I am not one of those eccentrics who swallow every book as a hungry man swallows a piece of bread, who seek in every book a revelation, a guide for life.

I know myself how one should live; I know it well enough.

It is only good books I select, those that effect me agreably. What pleases me is when the author shows you the bright side of life, and at the same time can present the seamy side in an agreeable manner, so that you can enjoy the appetizing sauce without thinking much of the quality of the roast. We who have worked continuously our whole lifetime want a book to relieve us, to put us to rest. Quiet repose is my sacred right. I defy anyone to deny it!

Well then, some time ago I bought a book of one of these modern much-praised writers.

I bought it, brought it home contended, carefully cut open its pages in the evening, and began to read—not without a certain prejudice, I must confess. For I do not believe in these young sympathetic talents. I love Turgenieff. He is a gentle, placid author. One reads him as one drinks curdled milk, and at the same time one thinks to himself all this happened long ago, it is all past and gone. Goncharoff, too, I like. His writings have an atmosphere of calmness about them and are solid and convincing.

Now, then, I began to read. Ha! what is this? A beautiful, correct and fluent style! Impartial even. In a word—excellent! I read over one story, closed the book and reflected. The impression it produced was a sad one, but one could read it without danger. I found no bitterness, no ambiguous allusion, no insinuations against the comfortable classes of society, nor any attempt to describe the lower class as a model of all virtues and perfection. There was no insolence, all was very simple and very pretty. So I read another little story. Very, very good! Bravo! Another one! It is said that when a Chinaman has for some reason grown weary of a friend and wants to poison him, he treats him to ginger preserves. This is an excellent delectable jam, which a man would eat for a long time with an indescribable appetite; but a certain moment arrives when he falls, and —done for! He will never again want anything to eat. He will himself be food for the worms in the grave.

It was so with this book. I read it thru without interruption, the last part of it when I was already in bed. When I was done, I put out the light and got ready to sleep. The room was dark and still.

Suddenly I felt something unusual. It appeared to me as if a sort of autumn flies whirled and circled around me in the dark with a low buzzing drone, those obstrusive flies, you know, that settle themselves, so to say, all at once on your nose, your chin, and both your ears. Their feet especially irritated and tickled my skin.

I opened my eyes, but saw nothing. Yet I was sad and troubled. Involuntarily I had to think again of what I had read. Gloomy images of the heroes hove before my mental vision. They were hideous, dumb, bloodless, hopeless, wretched creatures.

I could not fall asleep.

I began to think. I have lived forty years, forty years, forty years. My stomach digests poorly. My wife says that—hm—I do not love her as passionately as I loved her five years ago. My son is a dunce. He gets abominable marks in school, is lazy, beats about everywhere, and reads stupid books. You ought to see what books! The school is an institution of torture, and brings about the ruin of children. My wife is beginning to have wrinkles under her eyes and still wants to be loved. My government position is as perfect a piece of nonsense as there could be, and in general my whole life—

Here I pulled in the reins of my fancy, and opened my eyes again. What deviltry was this?

Before my bed stood the book, a thin, dried-up thing, supported on long, slender, fleshless legs. It nodded sarcastically at me, and whispered with its leaves:

"Go on. Deliberate. Think well."

It had a long, thin, furious, melancholy face; its eyes glared with a painful brightness, and drilled themselves deep into my soul.

"Think, think. Why have you lived forty years? What have you accomplished during all this time, and what good did your life bring? Not a single new thought has sprung from your brain. In all the forty years you have not spoken a single original word. In your heart there has never awakened a strong, healthy feeling, and even when you loved you still calculated whether the woman whom you loved would make a fitting wife for you. You have studied half of your life to forget what you have learned in the other half. Your sole concern was to get as much as possible of the comforts, the warmth of life, to enjoy plenty. You are an insignificant nonentity, a superfluous being, of no use to anyone. After your death what will remain of you? Nothing. As if you had never lived."

The confounded thing pushed nearer, threw itself upon my chest and stifled me. Its pages trembled, clasped and suffocated me and whispered:

"There are tens of thousands like you in the world. Year in and year out you stick like cockroaches in your warm crannies. This is why life is so comfortable and colorless."

I listened to these lectures, and long cold fingers seemed to poke about in my heart.

I felt sick, disgusted and annoyed. Life never seemed to me very rich in joys. I regarded life merely as a duty which had grown into a habit with me. In fact, to speak truly, I never thought seriously of it at all. I lived on, that was all. And now comes this silly book and gives to my life an intolerably sad and disagreeable coloring!

"Then suffer, wish for something, strive after something, and you—you are a government functionary. Why? To what purpose? What meaning has it? It gives no pleasure to yourself and is of no use to anyone. Why do you live?"

These questions stung and galled me. I could not fall asleep, and a man, you know, must sleep.

The heroes of the book stared out from its pages and queried:

"Why do you live?"

"It is not your concern," I was going to answer, but could not. A noisy whispering sounded in my ears. It seemed to me as if the waves of life's sea rocked my bed, lifted it up and carried it away with me into infinity. The remembrance of the past called forth a sort of sea-sickness in me. Upon my word of honor, I have never experienced such a restless night.

And now, sir, I ask you what good is such a book to anyone? It only disturbs us and deprives us of our sleep. A book must strengthen one's energy. If it throws needles in your bed, what can anyone want with it? Such books ought to be put out of the reach of the reading public. What people want are the pleasant things of life. The troubles they can well provide for themselves.

"What was the upshot of it?" you ask. All very simple. I rose next morning feeling as malignant as the devil, took the book to the book-binder and had it bound for me in strong, endurable covers. Now it stands in the lowest shelf of my book-case and whenever I am in a cheerful disposition, I gently tip it with the point of my shoe and ask:

"Well, have you accomplished anything. Eh?"—Maxim Gorky.

—— o ——

Michael Bakunin.

Michael Bakunin was born in 1814 at Torschok in the Russian province of Tver, being a scion of a family of good position belonging to the old nobility. An uncle of Bakunin's was an ambassador under Catherine II, and he was also connected by marriage with Muravieff. He was educated at the College of Cadets in St. Petersburg, and joined the artilery in 1832 as an ensign. But either, as some say, because he did not get into the guards, or, as others say, because he could not endure the rough terrorism of military life, he left the army in 1838, and returned first to his father's house, where he devoted himself to scientific studies. In 1841 Bakunin went to Berlin, and next year to Dresden, where he studied philosophy, chiefly Hegel's, but was also introduced by Ruge into the German democratic movement. Even at this time he had come to the conclusion (in an essay in the *Deutschen Jahrbuecher* on "The Reaction in Germany") that Democracy must proceed to the denial of everything positive and existing, without regard for consequences. Pursued by Russian agents, he went in 1843 to Paris, and thence to Switzerland, where he became an active member of the Communist Socialist movement. The Russian govesnment now refused him permission to stay

abroad any longer, and as he did not obey repeated commands to return to his native land, it confiscated his property. From Zurich, Bakunin returned a second time to Paris, and made the acquaintance of Proudhon. If here was laid the foundation for his later Anarchist views, we still find him active in another political direction. In a high-flown speech made at the Polish banquet on the anniversary of the Warsaw revolution (November 29, 1847), Bakunin recommended the union of Russia and Poland in order to revolutionize the former. The Russian government thereupon demanded his extradition, and set a price of ten thousand silver roubles on his head. In spite of this, Bakunin escaped safely to Brussels. After the Revolution of February, he returned to Paris, then went in March to Berlin, and in June to attend the Slav congress in Prague.

The question has not unnaturally been raised, What had Bakunin, the cosmopolitan, to do with such an institution of national Chauvinism as the congress? What had the ultra-radical Democrat and sworn enemy of the czar to do with a congress held by the favor of Nicholas, and visited by orthodox Archimandrites, by the envoys of Slav princes, and privy councillors decorated with Russian orders? When the drama at Prague ended with a sanguinary insurrection and the bombardment of Prague, Bakunin disappeared, only to reappear again, now in Saxony and now in Thuringia, under all kinds of disguises, and (as those who are well-informed maintain)* constantly occupied with the intention of causing a new insurrection at Prague. Here too he was in contradiction with the attitude that he had adopted both before and after this event, for he must have known what a sorry part the Czechs had played, and still were playing as regards the Vienna Democracy and the efforts for Hungarian emancipation.

During the insurrection in May, 1849, we find Bakunin in Dresden, as a member of the provisional government, and taking a prominent part in the defence of the city against the Prussian troops. Bakunin here appears as a champion of the very same cause that he had attacked at the Prague Congress. After the fall of Dresden he went with the provisional government to Chemnitz, where on the 10th of May he was captured and condemned to death by martial law. The sentence, however, was not carried out, since Austria had demanded his extradition. Here he was also condemned at Olmutz to be hanged; but Austria handed this offender, who was so much in request, over to Russia, which country also wished to get hold of him. By a remarkable chance, Bakunin escaped the death to which here also he was condemned, by receiving a pardon from the czar; he was imprisoned first in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and then at that of Schluesselburg; and in 1855, thru the exertion of his influential relatives, was banished to Siberia. At that time a report had generally gained credence in Europe, altho lacking any foundation, that Bakunin had by no means owed his life, that three countries had already condemned, to the chance favor of a monarch usually far from gracious; and the distrust of the apostle of Revolution was still more greatly increased when, in 1861, he succeeded in escaping from the penal settlement in the Amur district, and returned to Europe via Japan and America. Now the otherwise mysterious success of this escape has been explained. The governor of the Amur (Muravieff-Amurski) happened to be a cousin of Bakunin's relation, Muravieff, and moreover (accordinh to Bakunin's own statement),* a secret adherent of the revolutionary movement. He appears to have lived on a very intimate footing with Bakunin, and granted the exile all kinds of favors and freedom; and thus Bakunin was entrusted with the mission of travelling thru Siberia in order to describe its natural resources. While on this journey he succeeded in embarking on a ship in the harbor of Nikolajevsk, and escaping. In 1861 he arrived in England, and settled in London, where he entered into relations with the members of the International. As to the part that Bakunin played here, as he did later, as an agitator for Anarchist iders, we will speak later. . . .

When the revolution broke out in Poland in 1863, Bakunin was one of the leaders of the expedition of Polish and Russian emigrants that was planned in Stockholm, and which was to revolutionize Russia from the Baltic coast. When this attempt also failed, he stayed sometimes in Russia and sometimes in Italy, devotifig himself to Socialist agitation, and being on every favorable opportunity active either as an apostle of Anarchist doctrine or as an agitator in the preparations and *mise-en-scene* of revolution. . . . The last years of his life was spent alternately in Geneva, Locarno, and Bern, where he died on July 1, 1878, at the hospital, after refusing all nourishment, and thus hastening his end.—From "Anarchism," by E. V. Zenker.

* Karl Blind, "Väter des Anarchismus" (Persönliche Erinnerungen), 4 feuilletons in the *Neue Freie Presse*, 1894.

* There is a kind of autobiography for the period 1839–60, by Bakunin himself in a letter, dated from Irkutsk (December 8, 1860) to Herzen. "Michael Bakunin's Social-Political Correspondence with Alexander Iv. Herzen and Ogarjow," with a biographical introduction, appendicis, and notes by Professor Michael Dragomanoff. Authorized translation from the Russian, by Dr. Boris Minzés, Stuttgart, 1895 ("Bibl. russicher Denkwuerdigkeiten," edited by Dr. Th. Schiemann, vol. vi.), No. 6, pp. 29 and 99.

—o—

A Story of Nicholas I.

The chief administrative merits which the advocates of Nicholas can claim in his behalf are two. The first of these is that he has attempted, in many instances, to punish and suppress the disgraceful venality, dishonesty, and corruption, which so universally and shamefully prevail among the officials of the government thruout the whole empire.

Thus, on one occasion, he resolved to examine throroly into the extent of this evil; and appointed two intelligent persons belonging to his staff of secretaries,—Germans from Courland, in whose integrity he seemed to have confidence—to investigate every branch of the public service; boldly to sound the hidden depths of this foul ocean of corruption, and to reveal them to him. The task was begun. It was a difficult one, and thousands of impediments were thrown in the way of the commission. But they persevered, until they accomplished the work, as far as it could possibly be done. The spectacle then exhibited to the gaze of the czar was indeed a horrible one. Instances of bribery, shuffling, and dishonesty were pointed out to him, even among his highest officials. Names were freely given; proofs were offered in abundance.

Yet the punishment of so many, and of such high personages was, of course, out of the question. The vengeance of the czar would have fallen upon the noblest and most exalted heads in the empire. He knew not what to do. To live in the midst of such conscious corruption was horrible; yet to remove it was impossible. In despair, the czar threw the report of the commission into the fire.

The same evening, burdened by his gloomy reflections, he went to the house of his favorite minister, Count Nesselrode. He exibited, in his gloomy air, evidence that something disagreeable operated upon his spirits. The keen courtier soon discovered the state of the czar's mind; and he took the liberty of inquiring what was the cause of his sadness.

In reply, Nicholas briefly narrated the results of the investigation of the commission, and then exclaimed with indignation, "Everybody robs thruout the empire! Everyone around me robs! In whatever direction I turn my eyes, I see nothing but pilferers and robbers! There is only one person, a single person, who can walk proudly erect in conscious innocence. Of this person, at least, I am sure."

Count Nesselrode of course imagined that the czar referred to himself, and, at once appropriating the compliment, bowed himself almost to the earth, and was preparing to thank the czar for so great evidence of his consideration, when the latter resumed, striking his breast at the same moment, "Don't trouble yourself; that person who does not rob is *myself!* I am the only person thruout my whole empire, who does not steal!"—From "Life and Reign of Nicholas I," by Samuel M. Schmucker.

—o—

Czolgosz, McKinley, and Roosevelt.

A 32-page pamphlet, entitled "Czolgosz, McKinley, and Roosevelt," from the pen of Comrade Jay Fox, is the portion that the New York comrades have thought it, so to speak, obligatory to render in defense of our theories and beliefs; and the dissemination of same. Without doubt we say that the distribution of this pamphlet will have much effect upon the already too biased mind of the American public.

These few lines are addressed to all comrades, who, without exception, see the necessity for such pamphlet and the good results to be obtained therefrom. We solicit the fraternal aid, both financially and in spreading said pamphlet, from all comrades. Comrades can render us the desired aid by sending in money for which they will receive a specified number of pamphlets for distribution. We make special appeal to Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Paterson, and San Francisco comrades. We will send 100 copies for $2; and single copies 5 cents each, postpaid.

Send orders and money to R. Fritz, 267 Madison St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

The following named persons will receive and receipt for subscriptions fo FREE SOCIETY.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—H. Bauer, 73 Springgarden Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—M. Kisluck, 1108 Baltic Ave.
BALTIMORE—M. Kahn, 1139 Granby St.
BOSTON—K. A. Snellenberg, 54 Haskins St., Roxbury.
CHICAGO—H. Havel, 515 Carroll Ave.
A. Schneider, 515 Carroll Ave.
CLEVELAND—E. Schilling, 4 Elwell St.
COLUMBUS, OHIO.—H. M. Lyndall, 416 E. Mound St.
LONDON, Eng.—T. Cantwell, 127 Ossulton St., N. W.
PHILADELPHIA—Natasha Notkin, 242 N. Second St.
SAN FRANCISCO—R. Rieger, 322 Larkin St.

FOR NEW YORK.

Lectures at the Radical Reading Room, 84 Orchard St., commencing at 8 P. M.

Feb. 16.—"The Perfect World, A. D. 12000." L. King.

Feb. 23.—"Tolstoy's 'The Slavery of our Times.'" S. Mintz.

Mar. 2.—"The Labor Movement and Anarchism." W. McQueen. Discussion after lectures.

RECEIPTS.

Shank, Ball, Hampe, Heimnn, Eckel, Haas, Monroe, Weiss, Kranz, each $1. Roberts, 55c. Fruzzetti, Polk, Haley, Shaughnessy, Schilling, each 50c. Carra, 25c.

DONATIONS.—S. S. Club, Philadelphia, $1. From sale of Tolstoy's "Slavery of our Times" by Notkin, 90c.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY

PETER KROPOTKIN.

This interesting autobiography of the well known Anarchist and scientist, is one of the most important books of the Anarchist movement, as well as one of general interest. "He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself," says the noted European critic Georg Brandes. "One finds in his book the psychology of official Russia and of the masses underneath, of Russia struggling forward and of Russia stagnant. And he strives to give the history of his contemporaries rather than his own history. The record of his life contains, consequently, the history of Russia during his lifetime, as well as the history of the labor movement in Europe during the last half-century."

The book contains two portraits of the author, and one of his mother. It is excellently printed and well bound; 519 pp.

Price $2.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

THE FAMOUS SPEECHES OF THE EIGHT ANARCHISTS IN COURT

AND

ALTGELD'S REASONS FOR PARDONING FIELDEN, NEEBE AND SCHWAB.

This book contains a half-tone picture of our eight comrades and one of th monument erected at Waldheim cemetary to the memory of those murdered by the government. This is the best edition of the book ever printed. It containes 168 pages.

Price 25 cents.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

BOOK LIST.

ALL ORDERS FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

Essays on the Social Problem	H. Addis	05
The New Hedonism	Grant Allen	05
Plain Words on the Woman Question	"	05
God and the State	Bakunin	05
Social Democracy in Germany	By Gustavs Landauer	02
The Pyramid of Tyranny	By F. Domela Nieuweuhuis	05
The Same. (London edition.)		10
The Proletarian Revolt, a History of the Paris Commune of 1871	G. B. Benham	25
Prodigal Daughter; or, The Price of Virtue	Rachel Campbell	25
The Worm Turns	V. de Cleyre	10
The Emancipation of Society from Government	Dallan Doyle	05
Hilda's Home. Cloth $1	Rosa Graul	50
Moribund Society and Anarchy. Cloth 60c	Jean Grave	25
A Physician in the House	Dr. J. H. Greer	2.75
The Education of the Feminine Will	Harlor	05
Motherhood in Freedom	"	05
Government Analyzed	Kelso	1.00
How to Dispose of Surplus Products and Employ Surplus Labor.	Kinghorn-Jones	05
Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal	Peter Kropotkin	05
An Appeal to the Young	"	05
Anarchist Morality	"	05
Field, Factory and Workshop	"	45
Law and Authority	"	05
Memoirs of a Revolutionist	"	2.00
Paris Commune	"	05
The State: Its Historic Role	"	10
The Wage System. Revolutionary Government	"	05
History of the Commune. Cloth	Lissagaray	75
The Economics of Anarchy	Dyer D. Lum	25
Anarchy. (Is It All a Dream?	James F. Morton, Jr.) "	10
A Talk about Anarchist Communism between two Workers		05
A Chambermaid's Diary	Gustav Mirbeau	50
Commune of Paris	Wm. Morris	05
Monopoly	"	05
Responsibility and Solidarity in the Labor Struggle	M. Nettlau	05
God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition	W. Nevill	05
A Cityless and Countryless World. Cloth	Herman Olerich	1.00
The Slavery of Our Times. Cloth.	Leo Tolstoy	75
Mating or Marrying, Which?	W. H. Van Ornum	05
Evolution and Revolution	Reclus	05
Direct Action vs. Direct Legislation	J. Blair Smith	05
Helen Harlow's Vow	Lois Waisbrooker	25
Perfect Motherhood. Cloth	"	1.00
The Temperance Folly	"	10
Wherefore Investigating Co	"	25
Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses	E. C. Walker	15
Revival of Puritanism	"	10
What the Young Need to Know	"	15
Vice	"	15
The Ballad of Reading Gaol	Oscar Wilde	10
Life Without a Master. 336 pp. Cloth $1.50	J. Wilson	1.00
The New Dispensation. Cloth.	"	1.50
The Coming Woman	Lillie White	05
The Chicago Martyrs: The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court; and Altgeld's Reason's for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab		25

History of the French Revolution.

— BY —

C. L. JAMES.

Probably no historical period has commanded so much attention as the French Revolution. This history needs no commendation to those readers who have been following the serial in FREE SOCIETY.

It begins with a rapid sketch of history from the earliest times; the decline of the ancient empires, and the rise of the French monarchy; and traces the causes which made the Revolution inevitable. The action of Revolution is narrated in detail: the most careful attention has been paid to chronology, giving the events in their correct relation. The mass of partisan evidence is carefully sifted to get at the facts as they are, and the author relates them impartially, not having made himself the champion of any faction. The traits of the people are portrayed in a simple manner, without prejudice or extenuation.

The prevalent idea that "the terror" was the result of Anarchy is most effectually exploded. The philosophic conclusion is unsurpassed; and the position taken, laying a foundation for the philosophy of Anarchism, is bound to attract the attention of thinkers; and makes the book important to students of history and the social question.

It proposed to issue the history in book form. It will be printed on good paper in large type, and neatly bound. For this purpose a certain number of advance subscriptions are neceseary, and will received at $1 for cloth bound copies and 50 cents for paper. Send orders to

ABE ISAAK JR., 515 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.

IT IS THE BEST MEDICAL BOOK FOR THE HOME YET PRODUCED.

— BY —

DR. J. H. GREER.

IT HAS 16 COLORED PLATES SHOWING DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY

This book is up to date in every particular. It will save you doctor bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies. The book recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs. It teaches simple common sense methods in accordance with Nature's laws. It does not endorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife. It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods. It is entirely free from technical rubbish. It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure.

It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both prevented and cured. It gives the best known treatment for La Grippe, diphteria, catarrh, consumption, appendicitis and every other disease. This book is not an advertisement and has no medecine to sell. It tells you how to live that you may prolong life. It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising war on vaccination and the use of anti-toxine. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases. The chapter on painless midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of air, sunshine, and water as medecines. This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting the book. It is printed in clear type on good book paper, beautifully bound in cloth and gold letters. It has 800 octavo pages.

PRICE $2.75. **SEND ORDERS TO FREE SOCIETY.**

MORIBUND SOCIETY AND ANARCHY.

Translated from the French of

JEAN GRAVE

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

CONTENTS:

The Anarchistic Idea and its Development.—Individualism and Solidarity.—Too Abstract.—Is Man Evil?—Property.—The Family.—Authority.—The Magistracy.—The Rigth to Punish and the Savants.—The Influence of Environment.—"The Country."—The Patriotism of the Governing Classes.—Militarism.—Colonization.—There are no Inferior Races.—Why We are Revolutionist.—As to what Means follow from the Principles.—Revolution and Anarchy.—The Efficacy of Reforms.—The Experimental Method.—What Then?—Anarchism and its Practicability.—The Unvarnished Truth.

The book is printed in large type, and consists of 176 pages.

Price, paper cover, 25c; bound 60c. Five copies $1.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

FIELD, FACTORY AND WORKSHOP.

BY PETER KROPOTKIN.

This interesting work has now been published in a popular edition. No student of social and economical affairs can do without it.

The book contains the following chapters: The Decentralization of Industries.—The Possibilitits of Agriculture.—Small Industrial Villages.—Brain Work and Manual Work.—Conclusion.—Appendix

Price, paper cover, 40 cents, postpaid 45 cents.

Order from FREE SOCIETY.

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE 1871.

Translated from the French of

P. O. LISSAGARAY

By ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

The above book is the most reliable history of the Commune of 1871, and should be in every library of the student of revolutionary movements. Arrangements which we have made with the publishers enable us to mail the book postpaid for

75 CENTS.

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.