White Slavery in the South.

Next to Massachusetts, South Carolina manufactures more cotton cloth than any other State in the Union. The cotton mills of South Carolina are mostly owned and operated by New England capital.

In many instances the machinery of the cotton mills has been moved entire from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The move was made for the estimable purpose of being near the raw product; but the actual reason is, that in South Carolina there is no law regulating child-labor. Heartless capitivity has joined hands with brutal ignorance, and the resultant child-labor of so terrible a type that African slavery waspara
dise compared with it. Many of the black slaves lived to a good old age, and they got a hearty enjoyment from life.

The infant factory slaves South Carolina can never develop into men and women. There are no mortality statistics; the mill owners tell us all attempts of the outside public to get at the facts, but my opinion is, that in many mills death sets the little prisoner free inside of four years. Beyond that he cannot hope to live, and this opinion is derived from careful observation, and interviews with skilled and experienced physicians who practice in the vicinity of the mills.

Boys and girls from the age of six years and upwards are employed. They usually work from six o’clock in the morning until seven at night. For four months of the year, they go to work before daylight and they work until after dark.

At noon I saw them squat on the floor and devour their food, which consisted mostly of corn-bread and bacon. These weakened pigmies munched in silence, and then toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. Very few wore shoes and stockings; dozens of little girls of any seven years of age wore only one garment, a tasseled-wooley dress. When it came time to go to work the foremen marched through the groups, shaking the sleepers, plunging in their cats, lifting them to their feet, and in a few instants kindling the delinquent into wakefulness. The long afternoon began—from a quarter to one until seven o’clock they worked without respite or rest.

These toddlers, I saw, for the most part did but one thing—they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long, and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; had and forward they paced, watching with inanimate, dull looks, the flying spindles. The roar of the machinery drowned every other sound—back and forth paced the baby toilers in their bare feet, and mended the broken threads. Two, three or four threads would break before they could control the twenty feet—the threads were always breaking.

The noise and the constant looking at the flying wheels reduce nervousness in a few months to the minimum. The child does not think, he ceases to suffer—memory is as dead as hope; no more does he long for the green fields, the running streams, the freedom of the woods, and the companionship of all the wild, free things that run, climb, fly, swim or burrow.

He does his work like an automaton; he is a part of the roaring machinery; memory is sexual, physical vitality is at such a low ebb that he ceases to suffer. Nature puts a short limit on torture by sending insensibility. If you suffer, thank God—it is a sure sign you are alive.

I thought to lift one of the little toilers to ascertain his weight. Straightway thru his thirty-five pounds of skin and bones there ran a tremor of fear, and he struggled forward to tie a broken thread. I attracted his attention by a touch, and offered him a silver dime. He looked at me dumbly, from a face that might have belonged to a man of sixty, so burrowed, tightly drawn and full of pain it was. He did not reach for the money—he did not know what it was. I tried to stroke his head and caress his cheek. My smile of friendship meant nothing to him—he shrank from my touch, as tho he expected punishment. A cancer was unknown to this child, sympathy had never been his portion, and the love of a mother who only a short time before held him in her arms, had all been forgotten in the whirl of wheels and the awful silence of a dirn that knows no respite. There were dozens of just such children in this particular mill. A physician who was with me said that they would all be dead, probably in two years, and their places filled with others—there were plenty more. Pneumonia carries off the most of them. Their systems are ripe for disease, and when it comes, there is no respite—no response. Medicine simply does not act—nature is whipped, beaten, discouraged, and the child sinks in a stupor, and dies.

There are now only five States, I believe, that have no law restricting the employment of children. Child-labor exists in Georgia and Alabama, to an extent nearly as grievous as it does in South Carolina, but in each
of these States there are hands of brave men and excellent women who are waging war to stop the slaughter of the innocents; and these men and women have so forced the issue that the mill owners are giving way before them and offering to compromise. But South Carolina lags behind and the braver workers have been alone in their struggle. The minority. For these things let Massachusetts answer. South Carolina weaves cotton that Massachusetts may wear silk.

South Carolina does not fiction child labor because the mill owners, who live in New England, oppose it. They have invested their millions in South Carolina, with the tacit understanding with legislature and government that there shall be no State inspection of mills, nor interference in any way with their management of employes. Each succeeding election the candidates for the legislature secretly make promises that they will not pass a law forbidding child labor. They cannot hope for election otherwise—the capitalists combine with the "racketeers," and any man who favors the restriction of child labor is the "cracker," the "crackert," and the preacher live on child-labor, and the person who lifts his voice in behalf of the children is denounced as a sickly sentimentalist, endeavoring to discourage the best industry. The cotton mill owners do not reason quite thus far—with them it is a question of "rights," and he is the head of his family and you must not meddle—his house is his castle, and every cotton mill owner jealously guards his rights—and he has nothing else to do—he has lost everything else but "honor." If women could vote in South Carolina they would wipe child-labor out with a sweep, but alas! a woman in South Carolina does not own even her own body. South Carolina is the only State in the Union that has no divorce law. In South Carolina the gentle woman married to a roarer has him for life, and he has her. The State objects to their getting apart. The fetters forged in South Carolina never break (in South Carolina), and the key is lost.

I learned from a reliable source that a cotton mill having a pay roll of six thousand dollars a week in New England, can be run in the South for four thousand dollars a week. This means a saving of just one hundred thousand dollars a year; and the mill having a capital of one million dollars thus gets a clear gain of ten per cent per annum.

Capital is king, not cotton. But capital is blind and deaf to all that is not to its interest, it will not act while child-labor means ten per cent dividends on industrial stocks.

Instead of abolishing child-labor, capital gives a lot, near the mill property, to any preacher who will build a church; and another lot for a parsonage, and then agrees to double the amount any denomination will raise for a church edifice. Within a quarter of a mile from the cotton mill, at Columbia, S. C., I counted seven churches, completed or in process of erection. And that is the way the mill owners capture the clergy. In talking with various preachers on the subject of child-labor, they couldn't find, had arguments to excite it, blissfully unaware that the entire question had been fought out in the world's assizes, and that Civilization fifty years ago had placed her stamp of disapproval on the matter. One preacher put it in this way, with a graceless, patronizing smile: (Quote exact words): "Oh, of course, it is pretty bad—but then dear brother, you know the children are better off in the mill than running the streets!"

If the child workers of South Carolina could be turned loose in the streets, headed with fife and drum, and marched thru Commonwealth Avenue, out past that statue of William Lloyd Garrison, erected by the sons of the women who dragged them thru the streets at a rope's end, the sight would appalling the heart and drive conviction home. Imagine an army of twenty thousand piny boll weevils half naked, half starved, yellow, weakened, deformed in body, with drawn faces that show spirits too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too paireed to feel! Would not aristocratic Boston lock her doors, bar the shutters and turn in shame from such a sight?

I know the sweat shops of lower New York, I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel district; I know the Ghettos of Venice; I know the lots of the coal miners in Pennsylvania; and I know somewhat of the atrocities of Russia; but for misery, wo and helpless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina. For myself I have written a bit of this in my own America—the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. For the adult who accepts the life of the mill, I have not a word to say—it is his own business. May God in defense of the innocent—May the cry of the child whose sob is drowned in the thunder of whirling wheels.

The iniquity of this New Slavery in the New South has grown up out of conditions for which no one man, or class of men, it seems is amendable. The interests of the cracker, the preacher, the overseer, the superintendent, the president, and the stockholders, are so involved that they cannot see the truth—their feet are ensnared, and they sink into the quicksands of hypocrisy, deceiving themselves with specious reasons. The mill owners must teach the people this great lesson—how to be educated.—Elihu Hubbard, in the Philistine, May, 1902.

—Woman: the Old and the New. —

Where shall we begin? Shall the old woman be pictured as Adam's partner in the garden, tempting him to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or, shall we think of her as in the days of Egyptian splendor, of Greekian glory, of Roman rule, or shall we look at her as she lived in the feudal ages in England, France and Germany?

Or could we not better describe and hold up for contrast our own grandmothers of America's colonial days?

We know that in every country, in every colony, among all people there have been those who might be called new women. Cleopatra stands out in bold relief from the history of Egypt; Sappho dared to sing in Greece, when the other nude maidens of the past were pleased for justice before the Roman bar; the queens of later years—all those who have assumed and performed the duties supposed to belong to men alone, belonging to that present much talked of specimen of the genuss homo—the new woman. But leaving out these illustrious personalities, what do we get our ideas of the old woman? What are some of her characteristics? The novels of a country are said by some, to afford the truest descriptions of the men and women of the day in which they are written. Be this as it may, what ideas do we obtain from the descriptions of our grandmothers? I could quote at length from some of our American and English novelists, where they give us the impression that the women of fifty or one hundred years ago belong to the Ivy family.

The characters held up to us for our emulation, spent a great deal of time reclining on the sofa, either reading poetry, or exhibiting the frail structure of her fingers with the execution of wonderful embroidery. Her nerves were of the most sensitive type, a mouse could frighten her into convulsions, and she had a remarkable tendency to faint on any or all occasions.

Further, this old woman was supposed to be the only one of her sex who could write a letter to her sister or to her sister's wife, stepping outside the "nests and bounds" of custom. Mind you, I do not say that this is a correct delineation of our grandmothers, in fact I deny it is true, but there is a type of woman in which our would-be teachers, the novelists, have written, and have pretended to desire that all women should copy from that pattern. Students of history know that it was not from the class of that character that the brain and brawn of the present century. Let it pass. What will the readers of the future understand by the term the new woman?

Do we not know that caricature is deplorably prevalent? Read our newspapers and magazines. The new woman is generally pictured as being epiq the costumes of men, and possessing all the vices of the male race. Loud-mouthed, coarse, a creature who might be described in Poe's words, as "neither man nor woman—neither beast nor human." But this picture is no truer than that of the old woman. New women are as different from the class of women which our mothers as helpless nonentities. We know something of the law of heredity. We know that every present is the product of all the past. We know that today we are building for the future. Knowing this what can we say of the real new woman?

She cannot be called the coming woman, for she is already here, if not in large numbers at least enough of her to attract considerable attention. She has inherited the sturdy independence of her ancestors, and she asserts it by dressing as she chooses, by traveling alone if necessary, by educating herself for any and all purposes, by entering upon and following any and all professions, and by declaring herself an individual, willing to rely upon her own merits, and to be responsible for her own failings. She says, "Yes, I am woman and I claim all the rights which my sex entitles me to in the universe. It is my duty as well as my privilege and pleasure to develop my own personality. I am no longer a slave to the fashions of the day nor a tool of the passion of the weak. I am not a serf to the will of a master, losing my identity because of the accident of sex."

The new woman does not, as some would have us believe, seek to superecede man in
In government. Not so. She says: "Not above nor beyond you, my brother, but side by side. Keeping step with you in the march of progress, sharing the responsibilities of life, and participating in its rewards."

She does not, as our trademans claim, seek to evade the cares of motherhood. Ah, no. The true new woman thus declares: "I claim no place among those who seek to develop to its utmost extent my physical form. I demand the right to the highest and best mental culture, that I may be enabled to become capable of giving to the world improved specimens of humanity."

And will this type of the new woman have nothing to say as to a mate? She cannot, with her knowledge of natural law, be careless in this matter.

Can you not perceive that this new woman is to be the emancipator of the race? That in demanding intelligence, character and health in the father of her children, she is destined to influence the world for ages to come?

No more will the land be visited with pestilence, nor the world become a wilderness, nor the sea and the ocean be rendered the inmates of a desert land. In this sense society is consecrated and sanctioned by horrid examples of the most cruel and ferocious vices. Let the world regard marriage as the relation of those who are the representatives of a pure race. It is to grow better and better. We are to reach higher and yet higher planes of intellectual and moral and woman is destined to lead the way.

We accord all due deference to the women of the past—the mothers of all, but it is to the mothers of the future we look with hope and trust. The new woman will "bitch her chariot to a star," and carry upward and onward the glorious cause of human freedom. Her harp shall be attuned to the music of the spheres, and all will join in the grand song of the redemption of the race, and its final triumph in happiness and love.

Myra Pepper.

Objects to Classification.

It came to pass, in passing and soon will have passed into innocuous disuse in the ragbag of oblivion, that someone kindly denominated by the more highly educated was engaged in one of the most beautiful and best of all the arts of life and art is the statuary of the mind. He was the sculptor of the mind, and his tools were the words of life, of art, and of nature.

Francis B. Lively is the first person I remember of having used the designation of philosophic Anarchist, tho he does not argue as an Anarchist. I see some professed Anarchists have fallen into the error of classifying themselves for no sufficient reason that I can see. Friend Lively, who is practically an Anarchist, tho disavowing it, classes me with philosophers, tho I have never clained the distinction. I recognize all Anarchists as philosophers—they must be to be Anarchists.

Kate Austin in Free Society of June 15 gives a comical definition of Anarchy. She says: "Anarchy, as I understand it, is the philosophy of freedom,—the negation of all authority. When we explain Anarchism we explain natural laws and principles of the observation of which would build a human society in which government of man by man is abolished." This definition I think will be accepted by all Anarchists. If all Anarchists accepted it in the abstract or in the Century Dictionary's definition which I think they do, which is, "An social theory of the union of order with the abolition of government by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty," I can see no reason nor room for a classification of them.

I know it is assumed by its enemies that because Anarchists are a negation of authority and government that therefore Anarchists favor a violent overthrow of rulers. But it is not a logical conclusion. There is no reason in it. The reverse is a fact. While we oppose privileges which government grants, we put rights paramount to all, and as life and freedom are inalienable rights, no Anarchist, as an Anarchist, can invade those rights. If something is done by the government, like Brecke should so forget himself seeing his former fellow in squallor, and seeing the king in his regal luxury, should fly into an insane frenzy and in his passion rage kill his former neighbor, I ask can he be classified? Does Anarchist teach or lead to such violence? All Anarchists know it does not. If there are any Anarchists who favor such violence I don't know of it and I have read the whole Anarchist literature I could get in the last twenty years. If there are any so-called red Anarchists, they must be so few as to be ignored and deserve no classification.

Mr. Lively in Free Society of June 29 puts a ponderous question to Kate Austin and myself. He says: "I will ask them both if Dr. Barnes considers himself the same kind of an Anarchist as the man who killed the king of Italy?" I have no knowledge of the man other than that he killed the king and it is reported he said he was an Anarchist. I have this to say: if he was an Anarchist, he was not led to do the act by Anarchist teachings.

Mr. Lively closes his letter just quoted from by saying: "For myself, I do not pose as an Anarchist. If any one calls me a Christian, properly applied, covers more liberty than anything known." I know Mr. Lively to be a friend of Anarchists and a lover of liberty. He opposes Comstock's law for suppressing free literature. He thinks as little of Comstock as he does of Brecke, or as little as Anarchists do of both. Yet Comstock is in Christianity. Does he consider Christians? A father in Massachusetts and one in California sacrificed their children to God. They were Christians. Were they red Christians, or were they simply laboring under an hallucination of emotional insanity? There is no law in this country against a Christian or an Anarchist becoming insane. They may kill and go clear of crime if the insanity dodge is sustained.

Mr. Lively, speaking of the term "Christian," properly applied, covers more liberty than anything known." I infer he is simply a Christian without any classified suffix or suffix as a handle to the term. So Kate and I and all simple Anarchists.

I think it a concession to our enemies for as to admit a good and a bad class of Anarchists, as tho the teaching of Anarchists could lead to evil results. J. C. Barnes. Hindmoor, Ill.

Two Kinds of Anarchy.

Under the above title, Francis B. Lively, the noble, self-sacrificing reformer, whose letters have gone before millions of readers, writes of the two kinds of Anarchists, naming Dr. J. C. Barnes as the representative of one school, and the man who killed the king of Italy the other.

Let us see how much difference there is between the two schools.

If vigilantism should send a call upon Comrade Lively for the purpose of carrying off his wife and children, I am of the opinion that he would make a strenuous resistance if he had the least idea that it would a rail to save his dear ones from being captured. Again, if the ruffians should be successful and depart with their booty, I still incline to the opinion that our comrades would be willing to accept the services of his neighbors to effect their rescue, and that in case they were killed in the effort to retain possession of their booty, he would feel that they had met their just fate. Now, let us look at sort of Anarchists, clearly to understand (with facts) that the people's heritage has been stolen from them, and that so long as the thieves retain possession of the plunder it is utterly impossible to have a peaceable and harmonious society. A matter of morality, is it wrong to kill the robbers to get back that which was never rightfully theirs? Certainly people are justified in taking what belongs to them, and if a member of the "brotherhood of thieves," occasionally loses his life at the hand of one of the dispossessed, why should there be such a huck and cry raised over the incident?

The question, then, resolves itself into one of expediency rather than of morals. So long as ninety-nine out of one hundred men we meet in our daily rounds are ignorant of the fact that they have been robbed of their birthright, it is useless to advocate the employment of force to better things. This being the situation today, it is for us to do all that lies in our power to educate those around us as to the methods by which the fruits of their labor are stolen from them. Explain to them the absolute necessity of having free land, free money, free trade and why the patent laws should be abolished.

When enough of the people shall learn that those are the main factors in stealing the fruits of their toil, then the days of the exploiters will come to an end. Of course we all hope that this change may be made by evolution rather than by revolution, but the men and women who defend policies of "beneficial assimilation" and the open vials of their wealth on the heads of the militant Anarchists, are not the ones to give us points on morality, or aid in the work of establishing equal liberty among the people.


Providence, Mass.

If the coal bosses had to live for one month on what the coal miners get for their work, the coal miners might look at the case differently.—Chicago Daily News.
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Anarchist - A social theory which recognises the union of underclass with all direct government of man by man as the political ideal, absolute individual liberty. - Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

370

If these features correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Free Society, your subscription expires with this number.

Notes.

Comrade T. Apple is collecting subscriptions for Free Society in Chicago. Those in arrears may expect a call from him at an early date.

"Pages of Socialist History" by W. Tcherkerzoff, is now ready. This book is recommended to Socialists of all schools, as it deals with the history of the "International," and the attitude of Marx and Engels towards Bakunin. Paper cover, 25 cents. By mail 50 cents. Send orders to Chas. B. Cooper, 114 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

* * *

To anyone sending us $2 we will send Free Society one year and Dr. Green's "A Physician in the House." Also to anyone sending us one new subscriber and $2 we will send the same. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

Splinters.

A newspaper scribe with more humor than sense proposes to "settle" the Anarchist question by dropping all the Anarchists and, as he thinks, Anarchism—into the crater of Mt. Pelée. This is an ingenious idea—one paper—and perhaps calculated to amuse the thoughtless at our expense; but involves more danger to our friends and the enemy than he imagines. Social agitation becomes dangerous and explosive through repression and persecution; and all the laws, schemes, and plans that have been scattered around like sand during the past year possess about as much use as would the suggestion to drain the Atlantic dry by guiding the water into a crater. Let the persecution be carried on recklessly long enough, and there will be an explosion that will create more havoc than was seen in St. Pierre.

After so much flourishing and display by certain senators and congressmen, the whole melée has finally ended in—gas. This is very antiwar. After these gentlemen had spent all their energy in emitting a fearful quantity of steam, none was left to carry the job thru. For it can hardly be attributed to any remaining spot of intelligence, judging by the abortion produced by the House. Under this measure, if it became a law, a person who really contemplated an act of violence, would laugh in his sleeves, while the talkative wiscare who now smiles approvingly might find himself in a serious predicament, should be expected to escape at the execution of a European tyrant, of the past and the present.

So far as I am aware the committee appointed by the Marquette Club, to solve and bury the Anarchist problem in unmitigated oblivion, has yet belched forth a requisite amount of either pro or abusive gurgles to accomplish the job. Meanwhile the Anarchist awaits the call of the sexton with complacent serenity, feeling that he is indeed very much alive. So much so, in fact, that he looks with amused contempt upon the hopeless labor of ignoramuses and fools.

A nasty story of municipal corruption comes from Minneapolis, which involves the mayor, the police from the chief down, and across other officials. But it is but a repetition of similar exposures in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and New York. And all of these are exceptional only in that the corruption became known. In every city the conditions are precisely the same. In Portland, in San Francisco, in Chicago, and other places, the police are the hired agents of the big gamblers and robbers. The national government has its scandal, the State governments are no better. In Montana, California, Pennsylvania there is open traffic in senatorships; in Chicago courts of "justice" have their juries bribed; in Oregon votes are flagrantly falsified. The story of political corruption is like an endless chain. An honest man in politics is an anomaly; he either gives up in despair, or is bound out unmercifully. Still on top of all this we are told about the State, the utopian State, which protects life and property, punishes criminals, and carries on public works. Let one man tell us that our ideals are utopian; let them first prove their government as they represent it, and not as it really is, and then we can still talk about the abstract right of its existence.

Dr. J. C. Barnes pays Francis B. Lively rather a poor compliment when he says that the latter thinks of Comstock as do Anarchists of Bresci. For Dr. Barnes ought to know, if he does not, that many Anarchists look upon these things as the "red" Anarchists—have only the highest admiration for Bresci and others who have sacrificed their lives in the social revolution. If Dr. Barnes doubts this, let him read Comrade Volturine de Cleyre's poems on Angellino and Bresci, and many other expressions which have appeared in Free Society by other writers.

If the appellation "red" Anarchist is to be used to distinguish a warm-blooded being who can comprehend and understand human passions, which find them occasionally in a violent, desperate deed, from an atom of brain which philosophically sits back in a chair and demonstrates that a human life is sacred, that a king has a life which should be respected, and which he is willing to accept it, and with all the opprobrium those who use it wish to convey by it.

Certain Comments.

I am afraid that Comrade Winn allows his literary predilections to lead him into paths of exaggeration. It is quite possible to admire the unique and solitary genius of Poe without seeking to exalt him to the heights where dwelt Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare and the few other Titans of ages. It may be added that the Greeks of "two thousand years ago" were not in the habit of raising their poets from Helicon to Olympus, altho they deified their early heroes, as the Romans did their emperors. By the way, the Greeks worshiped Zeus, not "Jove and Jupiter," who are one and the same, belonging to the Roman Pantheon, as "the father of gods and men."

Poetry is a master-key to the universe. It is a revelation thru the imagination, of the meaning of man and of the universe. The poet himself, as an individual, may be ignorant, narrow, vicious, egotistical, superstitious, criminal. He becomes nevertheless, in spite of himself, a messenger of truth and an inspiration of men. The poetry is the revealing of the inspired man, not the giving of the poetry, the revealing of the inspired man, not the giving of the poetry. The poet is a spirit, not the spirit. He may be and be not the spirit. But the poetry is the revealing of the spirit. The poet is a spirit, not the spirit. He may be and be not the spirit. But the poetry is the revealing of the spirit. The poet is a spirit, not the spirit. He may be and be not the spirit. But the poetry is the revealing of the spirit.

The English language is exceptionally rich in noble verses. Besides Shakespeare, the greatest poet the world has ever seen, there are exhaustless treasures in the writings of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Burns, Gray, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Browning, Tennyson, Whitman, Poe, and at least as many others of almost equal merits. Even among those living, Henley, Swinburne, Arnold, Lewis Morris, William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Edwin Markham, are names to make the heart thrilled. They are all inspired men and a few are inspired spirits; by temperament, education and literary taste, in the choice of favorites. I love Poe; but I can give him as high a rank as Comrade Winn does on his list. But the "Red" Anarchists "mind the mighty word of Whitman towers above him, as a representative of American genius. Nor can I class "Ulalume" as more "perfect" than "Adonais" or the "Eve of St. Agnes," nor accept the asserted superiority of the "Raven" and "Annabel Lee" to the greatest productions of some of our other poets.

If not the greatest, however, he was sufficiently great to stand as a perpetual reproach to the ingenuity of those who were not even fortunate enough to secure a faithful and sympathetic biographer. Faults he had, and perhaps not slight ones, intensified by the bitterness of his struggle against injustices and lack of appreciation. But in a noble society, such faults as his would not for an instant have obscured the sun of his genius. Our corrupt and greedy civilization cannot understand a Burns, a Chatterton, a Poe. If there were no other incentives to labor in behalf of a free society, it would be enough that only in such a soil can genius
FREEDOM

FRIB Society

expand to its full dimensions to delight and instruct the world.

Conclusion

So the military court in Philippine Islands
has done its duty, and endorsed the infamous water cure. In the twenty-first century, the American government stoops to torture methods of the Middle Ages. How
proud we ought to be of our country! Hur
rash for the anti-Anarchist laws, which make
honorable opinion a crime!

JAMES F. MORTON, Jr.

By the Wayside.

More and more the "freedom" of this
country goes up in smoke, and nothing but
noise remains. With the decrease of democ-

racy the noise on the Fourth increases; and the
parochialism on the Declaration of Indepen-

dence written might as well be sold at auction to Chinamen

— the manufacturers of fire crackers.

The editor of the Labor Clarion has dis-
covered that "congress has betrayed Amer-

icans" and "the laborers" with similar simpaty.

Did congress ever do anything else "in the inter-
est of labor"? If so, the editor could oblige the

curious mind by pointing out the historical

facts of such legislation. No matter what

we may think of the integrity and intelli-
gence of "our" representatives, I am

satisfied that they are not very apt to legis-
late themselves out of existence.

Furthermore, the above editor is grieved that new labor organizations refuse to sail

under the flag of Compos & Co., and thus

threaten to weaken the American Federation

of Labor. True, "in unity there is

strength", but great numbers alone do not

signify such unity. It is the union of aim

and purpose which makes an organization

strong; and the fact that new organizations

with broader aims spring into existence

should teach Compos and his satellites that

the toilers are no longer satisfied with the

narrow program of shorter hours and more

pay. The American Federation of Labor

must broaden its aim or else the public

element in the labor movement will pass

over its head.

INTERLOOPER.

—

— Anarchist Trio Jailed.

Three of the most active Anarchist work-

ers in this vicinity have been jailed within a

week. Comrade Most was called upon to

satisfy the cravings of justice (1) by serving

a year on Blackwell's Island. It will be re-

membered that at the time of the shooting

of McKinley Freidt was come from the press

containing a strong revolutionary article
culled from the works of Karl Heinzen, the

German writer and social critic. The latter

after his arrival in this country more than

fifty years ago. Published at any other

time the authorities would not have noticed

it.

A blow had been struck at the State.

The great "pillor" of society had been threat-

ened. The chief wielder of the secpotor of

authority had actually been stripped to the

eas a body with the momentous right

superior to the power of government. That

was when the foundation of authority

shattered, and why the earth reverberated

with the howls of the privileged who live by

the sweat of brows other than their own.

The ignorant who have been taught to

believe themselves dependent upon the rich

whom they actually feed, clothes, wash,

amuse, and house, just as surely as they feed,

clothes, wash, amuse, and house their own

unwelcome children, also became enraged and added their cry to the capitalist

interest's demands for the blood of the Anarchists.

To reach the highest pinnacle of

popularity with these two social revolutions was to be a bounder of the times.

The capitalist, that austere creature who feeds upon aristocratic fear and popular ignorance, em-

braced the opportunity to his perverted heart, and, with the seal of a bound who

had suddenly struck a new scene, darted off in pursuit of the Anarchists.

Aged Most with his revolutionary article proved an easy victim, so he was hauled up, and, be-

cause Cosgrove cut off McKinley's imperialistic expletives, is forced into slavery for a year.

Heroic deed? Infamous deed! And the

villainy and ignominy that thrusts an old man behind prison bars for reprinting the

honest opinion of a man who was the friend

and associate of Wendell Phillips, Lloyd

Garrison, and Charles Sumner, will go down

on the pages of history as a striking ex-

ample of the knavishness and the ignorance and

the state of civilization we have developed at the opening of the twentieth century.

Comrade Most, that old war horse of

the revolution, will not be dismayed nor dis-
couraged, nor convinced that he is wrong by

his forced retention on Blackwell's Island.

On the contrary, such brutal action will only increase his eminence for the State and

make him even more dangerous (if this were possible) foe of "law and order" when

he is released. Many times before has he

been behind prison walls, and each one came forth more deeply convinced of the

iniquity of the present system of society, of

"man's inhumanity to man," and of the dire

need of a propaganda that will awaken in

the minds of men and women the intelligence

that will make them feel the love that will

make them fit for association with their

fellows in a state of freedom. We may differ

with him about the most efficient methods

of propaganda. He may explain that hate

will free mankind, and that love will liber-

ate it.

"His glass may be purple and wine may be blue;

But, since they are both filled from the same height, be

The one who would guard for difference of hue

Deserves not the pleasure it spreads on his soul."

During his long attachment to the revolu-

tionary propaganda he has seen many come

and go. He has seen scores of impulsive youth, fired with the ardent enthusiasm that

youth can bring to the cult of a beautiful ideal, enter the arena and battle fiercely for

a few brief hours with the hosts of conserva-
tion, and then retire. Seldom do we see

a man or woman of such untried energy in

the revolutionary cause as Most. A crea-
ture of the early years of the propaganda, when the destructive or revolutionary phase

was uppermost, he remains true to his

early training. The more temperate propa-
ganda he looks upon as so much milk and

water stuff worthy only of faint hearted

faddists or silk stockinged respectables who

don't want to be identified with such vile

creatures as revolutionists. A man of strong

convictions and fearless in his crusade for

the cause to which he has dedicated his

life, and after his release a year hence, will

be good for many years of hard work.

Comrades MacQueen and Grossman, who

have been arrested in New York on com-

plain of the mayor of Paterson on the

charge of inciting to riot, are both young

men, MacQueen 28 years and Grossman but

23. Both have been considerably influenced
by Most and follow closely his methods of

propaganda. MacQueen's Liberty is an imita-
tion of Most's Freieheit in bad English.

Since coming to New York he has quite
active among trade unions, and when the

strike of the silk workers was organized in Paterson he went there on invitation of the

comrades, spoke at several meetings, and wrote a mani-

festo declaring for a general strike which

was published in a special edition of La

Quotidienne Sociale. Both he and Grossman are charged with making revolutionary

speeches at the meeting which preceded the

collision of the strikers with the police.

Grossman is a German, who speaks fairly

good English. He was a Social Democrat and one of the editors of the Volks-Za-

tung in New York before Most convinced him of the greater truths of Anarchism. He

then promptly resigned from the staff of the Volks-Za-

tung with which he no longer agreed. He

is now literary editor of the Austro-Hun-

garian Gazette, a liberal weekly. In this young

man the enthusiasm of youth is fully al-

low, and we have no fear that a slight ex-

perience, such as his arrest, will dampen his

ardor as a worker in the good and glorious

cause of freedom. With equal assurance I

predict for both MacQueen and Grossman.

Both will get experience needed to deter-

ment whether their retention be for long or

short. If an attempt is made to "railroast" them to the penitentiary, I trust the labor

unions in whose cause they directed their

intelligence and enthusiasm will not desert

them. I know their Anarchist comrades will not.

JAY FOX.

New York.

Home Defense Fund

Previously reported, $1,615.52. Dr. E. E. B., New


House, Wash., July 29, 1895.

For St. Louis, Mo.

Readers of Free Society, Freieheit, and all friends and comrades are invited to a family

picnic which will take place Sunday, July 20, at the "Red House," Catokia, Ill. Take

ferry boat at the foot of Sydney St. In case of rain the picnic will take place the follow-

ing Sunday.

For St. Louis, Mo.
FREED SOCIETY.

Thoreau's Joy in Nature.

Thoreau found himself growing “savarver and savager every day.” In his thought, wildness and freedom are ever closely associated. He needed space to develop his individuality, and was oppressed by luxury and the needless complexity of modern life. He found it necessary to get “back to that glorious society called solitude.” In one of his letters to his brother, Emerson in this connection — the latter finding his life “so unprofitable and shabby for the most part that he is driven to all sorts of resources, and, among the rest, to men ‘I tell him,’ wrote Thoreau, “that we only differ in our resources. Mine is to get away from men.” His withdrawal, however, was not to solitude, but to companionship with nature. Such souls are never more alone than when surrounded by conventions and the humanity that has adapted itself so admirably thereto. Whittier loved to “inhale great draughts of space,” and had wondrous revelations from silent contemplation. In his man, his freedom was apparently less disturbed by human proximity.

The love of simplicity and distance for the sentiments of civilization originated in Thoreau, no less than in Whittier, in the aspiration for soul-development. They have abundantly justified their own methods. Their conceptions were original here, their outdoor life is light and sunshine. Most people are what Professor Geddes terms “ent-mindled,” instead of eye-minded—they take things at second and third hand. The nature-lover derives his power from the source, not from the-sources-and-sources.

It is thus that the sublimity of assurance is reached. “It is when we do not have to believe, but come into actual contact with Truth and are related to her in the most direct and natural way. When our sacred life pass over us from time to time like flares of sunlight over the fields in cloudy weather.” Openness and receptivity of mind conducive to this result. Man’s life should be constantly fresh as a river. “It should be the same channel, but a new water every instant.” Thoreau’s metaphors are most fascinating; he dwells in an atmosphere so simple that all of our ordinary commonplace levels.

His life was a protest against all forms of tyranny. “It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself.” Yet so few people are conscious of being enslaved! Thoreau was never deduced by popular standards. “The greater part of what my neighbors call good,” he said, “I believe in my soul to be bad.” He demanded something more than material progress. “While civilization has been improving our houses, it has not equally improved the men who are to inhabit them. It has created palaces, but it was not so easy to create noblemen and kings. . . . The luxury of one class is counterbalanced by the indigence of another.” In primitive times, the solitary, the seigneur in nature, but now “men have become the tools of their tools.” We are weighted with self-imposed burdens in respect to houses, furniture, clothes, etc., and must content ourselves with a bare subsistence, though “we need the cry, Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!” Only when we do this will it be possible to loof and invite one’s soul. Our lives are so full of things to be done, but also of exaggerated concern about the doing, that we seldom have leisure to make or keep spiritual appointments. And we are most often preoccupied with what is altogether irksome, if not trivial. Thoreau prophesies that “the truly efficient laborer will not crowd his day with work, but will, in order to do his task excellently, be surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure, and then do what he loves best.” Leaving the “halo of ease and leisure” out of the question, of how many workers, thinking you, today is this true,—that they do what they love best? There are certain occupations, indeed, in which it is possible to take some joy, and some of us enter them bravely enough. But it is the rarest of rare occasions when we learn to acclimatise in conditions in which our desire for self-realization in work is irrevocably thwarted.

When Thoreau affirmed that “the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation,” it was not mere figurative speech. Conversation with the employers of almost every business elicits a testimony as to the joylessness of their work. Yet the uncongeniality of their position is the least part of the hardship—the insecurity is worst of all. The deprecation of the capitalist differs somewhat in character and is attributable to other causes; but it is some of the least of his. In his case it is worry and ennui instead of worry and over-work. He has no more joy in the industry which affords him an income than his dependents, but the dollars which he extracts are his reward. They enable him to lead a parasitic life and, did he but know it, are but a poor compensation indeed for the glad expression of personality in productive work, the fruit of one’s own genius. Compare the success writing the most influential and most influential of our nation’s magistrates with society with that which Thoreau portrays. “If the day and night are such that you get them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, we shall have, perhaps, more healthy, more immortal,—that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself.”—From Whittier’s Ideal Democracy and Other Writings by Helena Born.

63.

Suing Them for Damning Them.

The Chicago Record-Herald contained the following choice from this day:

A fine point has been raised by Mr. Charles Michel of Evanston, N. Y., in his refusal to pay the Rev. Herman C. Pulaski $50 for preserving the remains of the dead at Mr. Michel’s house. Child was drowned, and his father apparently thus not his own of his or his parents, but the revenged gentleman seems to have seen the workings of the hand of Providence in the matter. In his funeral sermon he bid the bereaved parents for neglecting to have their son “properly” made up, and made some remarks concerning the punishment of those who are answerable by omission.

In suing for the $50, which he named as his schedule price for funeral services over drowned boys, the Rev. Mr. Pulaski set up the claim that “the laborer is worthy of his hire.”

The defendant on the other hand maintained that he had not hired the preacher to care reflectively. He insisted that he did not believe he was duty bound to pay for funeral being attended and called names while the body lay his dead son not lay before him.

There can be no question that he and Mrs. Michel had reason to feel hurt, but the jury disagreed, and only $30 was awarded to them.

Here is certainly a “revered” after the devil’s own heart. It is seldom the old harlot, masquerading under the name of the Communist Jesus, conceives and spaws anything that exerts itself on the level of that of Parson Pulaski. A poor little chap meets a sad and untimely—and surely some fault or neglect an unnecessary—death, and a sanctimonious sky pilot, with an indelible that a heaven-like myself cannot comprehend, stands at the open grave and intimates to the sorrowing parents that the child may possibly be sitting in brimstone, and that perhaps the parents themselves are sure to go to the Christian’s hell, and then uses the victims he has damned for six dirty dollars for imparting the cheerful news! And why? Simply because these helpless souls are deceived, and neglected by Parson Pulaski or some of his shanty kidney baptizes the child with water!

Now I strongly suspect, myself, especially with the evidence of the law-suit in view, that Parson Pulaski, as he judges there is enough of the full bag of Noah and glohins tho he may be, cared a diced sight more for the six dollars than he did for the soul of the father and mother combined. It is the business of the Parson Pulaski to get aenny to save suckers’ souls at so many dollars per save, and, nilly willy, to damn them if they don’t come to time. If these gentlemen of the cloth had not the power to damn, where would be their power to save? And if they did not get dollars for saving, where would be their job? You see Parson Pulaski had lost money on the Michel family anyway, and it wouldn’t make him care. There was the baptizing of the drowned boy, with a baptizing fee attached, slipped from his itching palms by the “hands of God” into a dead loss, to always stand on his grave and loom over him. And it was the parents’ fault. No wonder he sued them for $60 for damning them at their child’s funeral!

In a few days he would have sent them to the rack and confiscate all they had—in the name of Christ! That was when Church and State slept together—no night in the same bed. They still form—what, I’m thinking. When the Toucherd Wonder of the White House rings the bell, the old Harlot smiles a willing welcoming still. Killing ten-year old Filipino children is all right with the Church, so long as her paramour, the State, does the murder. The State taxes the Michel family, and damns them in this world. The Church damns them in the next world, and saves them for doing it.

We are a great old nation—smart, rigid, stuff with a barren, desolate and dreary land, helpless and hopeless, it would be, if there were no law suits and passions, no damnations and taxes, no prisons and hell! If all were equally, equally, as it was stood on our book, as it now is, and the only law that would be the natural offspring of a Communist life existed, where would be our boastful glory, our commercial success, our butchery and patriotism? Is it not written on every
trine and across the dome of our democratic ideal, change not an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" Then what care we to a thousand prophets and martyrs declare, "But I say unto you that ye revenge not evil?"

HARRY M. TICHENER.

Trustees or Thieves?

Even Depew speaks of wealth as a trust. If Depew's wealth is a trust how much of it may be put on his own back? The expression is not a commonplace in commensurate day orations. The men who tax and purge with big benevolence go to the universities to instruct their young men upon the intricacies of duty and citizenship. These unsuspecting greenhorns are told that they are to regard property as simply a trust. But what constitutes a trust? The substance of a trust is entirely another's. If that other makes a demand your trust may suffer a predication. Who made you trustee? The people? Who may withdraw the trusteeship? The people again. So you see that as trustees you admit too much. You admit the claim of all the people. But if the people call upon you for a fulfillment of that trust you default in a dusty array of apologies, excuses, and explanations. Gentlemen, trustees, you admit that every time you indulge in legerity, anything beyond your bread and butter, or even the bread and butter itself, you are dangerously near a violation of a trust. You have so confused your personal income with the income of the public that you often reverse their applications, passing the big income of the trust to your private treasury and the simple income due you as a person to the general pocket. And if your money is only a trust how dare you give way in the form of endowments to class institutions but affix your name thereto, as if the gift was your own? Instead of the Chauncey Depew scholarship, or the Rockefeller endowment, how much better it would be if you should yourself take your word and acknowledge that the gift is simply the people's, you having no part but that of a clerk in the donation? The present trusteeship is a trusteeship with an option. You not only appropriate the money of the people, you decorate yourself also with their honors. What is worse, you do it by your own acknowledgment. For are we to have said what you have said and as y and eloquent flattery would be to threaten robbery. You would denominate me as a purveyor of dangerous doctrines. Permit us then simply to take you at your own word. Permit us to believe you do not lie when you take your hat off to an obligation. But even after all the good things you promise and do others, all private names are removed from the portals of institutions everywhere, after all endowments have been transferred from private accounts to the general credit, of which the Trustees are the official. You are appointed trustee by whom? The power that gave way in ignorance is preparing to take back in wisdom.—The Conservator, Philadelphia, April, 1899.

Have a Mind of Your Own.

I have two invertebrate habits, one a very good habit in my own eye, the other, perhaps, a bad one—in the eyes of other people. The first is to take a poke my nose in anybody's business; the other is never to allow people to poke their noses in mine, and I am as firm in my first resolution as I am in the second one.

You do as you like, and I do as I please; your business does not concern me, and my business does not concern you; you like me and I like you; we can be very good friends and get on splendidly together. Voilà. If a man is not well, if he has bad manners and is of good behavior, I do not care a pin what his father is, or what his grand- father was, I was born neither in Boston nor in Philadelphia, and I take a man for what he is worth; and I would rather associate with the son of a hangman if he was interesting and behaved like a gentleman than with the son of a duke if he was a fool or behaved like a fool.

Of course, if your only concern in life is your social position, and the social standard of your acquaintances, be ready to pay for it by being bored to death all your lifetime. I know people who do not laugh, because they declare that it is bad form; who do not eat heartily because it is vulgar, who look blase because it is aristocratic; who are not sharp in their pale适合自己s and try not to say everybody else's part.

They look as if there was not a pleasure in life left for them to enjoy, and very soon there is not one. There are people who have not an idea of their own, who simply copy others; worse than that, there are some who have a few ideas, but who dare not follow them out, because they have no minds of their own.

They are the slaves of everything that comes along, fashion, society fads, shams and impostures of all sorts.

They tell you most seriously that they would very much like to do this or that, but that they cannot, because it is not the thing to do; that if they did, they would lose their social footing and cease to be in it.

And what does society do for those slaves who have a rule to break? Poor old just! It doubts them if anything wrong happens to them, does not know if they lose their money, does not help them if they get into trouble, and ignores their very name if they marry for love and a woman who does not belong to the proper set.

Good heavens, have a mind of your own, do as you please, go where you please, dress as you please, and, before all and above all, please yourself! Have enough strength of mind to put aside all the conventionalities of life. Never mind what people say. Let them back and pass on.

The time that people spend in minding other people's business is time wasted which gives a great advantage to you who are only minding your own. Men who are successful in life are invariably satisfied with themselves and with their own affairs. This is more than a fact, it is an invariable rule.

The only people who are really happy are those who follow their own inclinations, who carry on their own plans, who mind their own business and who have a mind of their own.

The way to paradise is not difficult to follow: Keep straight on and you get there.—Max O'Blenn, in New York Journal.

Liberty.

A point of vital importance on which Anarchists differ with all other social reformers is liberty, freedom from external restraint. State Socialists, Single Taxers, etc., all believe in liberty, but merely as an end. As a means to secure social life they propose to use authority—organized force—and thru it to establish their pet systems, which they claim will ultimately result in liberty, the complete freedom of the individual.

Anarchists claim that social life can never be curred by governmental methods, or liberty achieved thru authority; but proposes liberty first, last, and all the time as a means and as an end. In liberty and in liberty only, he sees the cure for social ills, and no real Anarchist would ever think of affiliating with State Socialists, Single Taxers, etc., as some propose. H.W. Kuhn.

Here and There.

Comrade MacQueen has been extradited to New Jersey, which is illegal, as he was only charged with a misdemeanor.

Dr. Michaels, who officiated as a medical expert at the hanging of political prisoners in Russia, was experimented upon with his own medicine. He was shuttled into a house by the revolutionists and fifty lashes were applied upon his back.

Comrade Elise Reclus’ “Anarchism” is in the Hungarian language. Publisher is Weblesz Bela, Konyvnyomdai, Budapest, Uj illetan 37, Austria.

International Publishing Association.

To promote the dissemination of radical ideas and to aid the revolutionary propaganda, the comrades in London have taken the initiative for the establishment of a printing house, in which works will be published in any of the European languages. If an individual comrade organizes such a house, etc., the association will make it possible for them to do so.

For further details write to the following address: Gaston Lann, 6, Upper Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W., London, England.

For New York.

For the benefit of the radical press a picnic will take place Sunday, July 13, in Liberty Park, Cooper Ave. and Ridgewood, 25th and 20th Division. Music, songs, prize-bowling, and other amusements. Tickets 25 cents, which are good for six glasses of beer.

The park can be reached from all ferries. Take the street car or the elevated train to Ridgewood, transfer to Cypress or Myrtle Ave. cars. From 34th St. Ferry: L. I. R. & Myrtle Ave. Station, fare 5 cents.

For Chicago.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Club a basket picnic will take place in Humboldt Park, July 20. Comrades and friends who desire to participate are invited to gather on corner of California and North Ave. at 10 o'clock a.m. All are welcome.
AGENTS FOR FREE SOCIETY.

The following named persons will receive and accept subscriptions for Free Society:

ALEYDOEY PA. — R. Hooper 75 Spring St., N. Y.

ATLANTIC Cty., N. J. — J. K. Kitchel, 110 Lake Ave.

BOSTON. — T. L. Strobridge, 50 Hanover St., Roxbury.

CHICAGO. — J. B. Mallon Ave., C. LaFrance Schuyler, 4 Emmons of Chicago, Ill.

CLIFTON, N. Y. — M. C. Wyman, 415 Mound St.

LONDON, Eng. — E. W. Seidler, 127 Desertion St., N. W.

PHILADELPHIA. — S. R. Rohleder, 342 N. Seventh St.

SAN FRANCISCO. — R. Eiger, 822 Larkin St.

BOOK LIST.

ALL ORDERS FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

Essays on the political Problem of the United States.

The New Republic. — Grant Allen.

God and the State. — Bakunin.

The Presbyterian Church. — The History of the Presbyterian Church in America.

Whitman's Ideal Democracy and Other Writings. — Helen Horn.

The Emancipation of Society from Government. — Dr. John Boy.

Hill's Home. — Clothes.


Motherhood as a Profession. — Judge Wells.

Government Analyzed. — Caesar.

An Appeal to the Young. — Dr. T. C. Lawrence.

Field, Factory and Workshop. — Law and Authority.

Memories of a Revolutionary. — Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The First Thirty Years of the American Republic. — Dr. J. H., Washington.

Social Economy in Germany. — Gottfried Kinkel.

The History of the Commerce of Cloth. — H. C. G. Vahlen.

The Economics of Anarchy. — Dyer D. Lummis.

Anarchy. — It is All a Dream. — James F. Morton, Jr.

A Talk about Anarchist Communities between Two Workmen. — John G. Collingwood.

A Chamberlain's Diary. — Octave Mirbeau.

Community of Property. — Wm. Morris.


Twain's Life and Labor. — Samuel Clemens.

The Tyranny of the Press. — William H. Vaughn.

A City and Its Countries. — C. J. E. Lasswade.

The History of Our Times. — C. J. E. Lasswade.

Making a Marriage. — W. H. Vaughn.

Revolution and Socialism. — Edward A. Ross.


Perfect Motherhood. — C. E. W. Shailer.

The Temperance Penalty. — Pauline R. Kellogg.

Warfare Investigating Committee. — C. J. E. Lasswade.

Our Worship of Publicistic Socialism. — E. C. Walker.

Guerra de Partisan. — H. J. Watson.


What the Youngest Would Know. — George H. Brown.

The Ballad of Leading Gods. — J. B. Smith.

The Indian of the Wilds. — A. E. W. Horn.

The Life of a Master. — John B. Smith.

Cloth, $1.00. — J. Wilson.

Ram and the Neighbors. — H. W. Bayliss.

The Coming Woman. — W. H. Vaughn.

The Chicago Martyrs. — The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists.

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