On the Wings of a Bird:
A sudden bird sped o'er and singing swiftly toward the blue
From woods and fields dark and still.
Whose wonder-holders I was slowly, sadly wandering through,
And my heart followed him.
Startled from doleful dreams and sick, a sense of doleful dismay,
With eyes upon his flight,
I reached, I soared surely to the glowing dome of day.
Far toward the realms of light.
All strong, as the sun on some gradual, glorious event around.
He softly winged the air;
My feet were laden with, and firm and fixed upon the ground,
Yet I went with him there.
And joined him in his music quest; a melody in praise of love and life.
A song of rapture clear, and of long-drawn, gliding days.
Where vacant shows were sick.
It seemed we sought fair regions for unbridled in the vast,
Which here no eyes may see;
Where hoots of accomplished wonders wait, and joy has strength to last,
And tears may never be.
Forgotten for a season, I am my own desire, of pain, of woe, of death.
Beyond all reach of thought marked with the rear of love's fire,
I hope I drew near my breath.
The soul in which I thrilled with aspiration now began,
Purer came to be and mind.
Winging my way at vast height, which I had scaled and won,
With memory left behind.
On, on we go far toward the distant, placid, purple gleam.
And eastern springs of dawn;
And where some clouds roll, and rose and stretched in many streams,
We vanished and were gone.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

The Morality of Numbers.
Taxation without consent is as plainly robbery when enforced against one man as when enforced against millions. Taking a man's money without his consent is also as much robbery when it is done by millions of men acting in concert and calling themselves a government as when it is done by a single individual acting on his own responsibility and calling himself a high-wireman. Neither the numbers engaged in the act nor the different characters they assume as a cover for the act alter the nature of the act itself.
When two men meet one upon the highway, or in the wilderness, have they a right to dispose of his life, liberty, or property at their pleasure simply because they are the more numerous party? Or is he bound to submit to lose his life, liberty, or property, if they demand it, simply because he is the less numerous party? Or, because they are more numerous than he, is he bound to presume that they are governed only by superior wisdom and the principles of justice and no selfish passion that can lead them to do him a wrong? Yet this is the principle which is claimed and used by tyrants in all their civil relations to each other. Mankind fall in company with each other on the highway or in the wilderness of life, and it is claimed that the more numerous party, simply by virtue of their superior numbers, have the right arbitrarily to dispose of the life, liberty, and property of the minority; and that the minority are bound, by reason of their inferior numbers, to permit the submission and consent to hold their natural rights—any, all, or none, as the case may be—at the mere will of the majority; as if all a man's natural rights expired or were suspended by the operation of a paramount law the moment he came into the presence of superior numbers.
If such be the true nature of the relations men hold to each other in this world, it puts an end to all such things as crimes, unless they be perpetrated upon those who are equal or superior in number to the actors. All acts committed against persons inferior in number to the aggressors become but the exercises of rightful authority. And consistently with their own principles requires that all governments founded on the will of the majority should recognize this plea as a sufficient justification for all crimes whatsoever.

Lyndander Spooner.

General Smith and Imperialism.
If any person retains sufficient credulity to believe that any rudimentary honesty or decency appertaining to imperialism, his childish faith must have received a rude shock on learning the result of the trial of General Jacob H. Smith. "War is hell," and its special function is to breed devils. Nevertheless, even in hell there are certain grades of infamy. The ordinary code of war, sanctifying cruel murder in set engagements, is certainly bad enough. But even this code forbids the torture and murder of prisoners, as well as war on women and children. These latter villains are ranked as before crimes in the eyes of all who pretend to be civilized, however much they may apologize for war in general. The ultra barbarism of American imperialism is shown by its reversion to the atrocious deeds of the most degraded savages. The outrage in the Philippine Islands are no longer denied. The facts people have sunk to so low a depth as to tolerate them with complacency, and to elect to high office those most responsible for these deeds of darkness.

General Smith, it will be remembered, is the officer who in Samar proved himself such an unmitigated monster as to shock the whole civilized world. He ordered his subordinates to "kill every man over ten years of age," and to "make a howling wilderness" of the whole island of Samar. Holding, "The more you kill and burn, the better you will please me." These fiendish commands were only obeyed in part, since they went too far for even the hardened natures of his subordinates; but enough was done to brand the author of it all with the ineffaceable mark of damnable iniquity, and to demand of the eternal disgrace of the American nation.

Now, what do we find done in the matter? The wretch was a deliberate criminal, a murderer on a grand scale, even according to the laws of our country, and yet no crime of the first degree. Yet this unspeakable fiend, instead of being shot, according to military law; instead of being hanged, according to civil law; instead of being sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, according to a meritorious standard; instead of being marooned or exiled, according to the wishes of those who would 'protect' society, without inflicting a mere vindictive punishment on its enemies; this colossal of crime is mildly rebuked, and let off from active service, to be placed on the pension list as a retired officer, to be supported in idleness with the money of the American people. Roosevelt and Root both go out of their way to boast of the howling ruffian, and to regale that they are forced to take action at all. The Army and Navy Journal, true to its calling, defends the william Smith, and objects to even the mild sentence which he has received. It would put a halo around his head, for so beautifully exemplifying the true military spirit. It prates about his being punished for mere "words," forgetting that these words were orders, which must be exactly as responsible for deeds committed in consequence of them, as if he had performed those deeds with his own hands. Quit fact per annum, fact per se, (whoever acts thus...
another, is himself the door of the dead); is too narrow and too obvious a maxim to be ignored even by the Army and Navy Journal.

As an Anarchist, I do not believe in punishment at all. By eliminating the cause of such monstrosities as Judge Smith, we would prevent the necessity of dealing with them. But the advocates of government, who deal so sternly with lesser criminals, are neither honest nor consistent in using mildness toward an individual of the working class. The same type of an individual that could honorably be done, from their standpoint, would be to strip off his uniform, drown him out of the army to the tune of the "Rogue's March," and brand him with the perpetual stigma of dishonorable discharge. But imperialism could not do this, or any other honest deed, without condemning itself. Judge Smith is its fitting representative. What will the future say to this.

— JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

The "Windmills."  

A reader of the New York Times assures me of being correct in his criticism of the Socialist parties; that I am "fighting windmills." They are so comprehensive, they must be captured. The government, and all social opposition, will be solved as a matter of course when the Socialist majority has established "economic freedom." But, aside from the fact that a revolutionary government is an impossible proposition, there are other social problems which would necessarily have to be, individual aspirations are of no avail in judging political parties in which the ignorance of the majority turns the scales. As Schiller says: "Each of them taken singly, is passable, filled with passions; let them assemble..."  

Only their literature, their press, and the tendency of the drift of the movement can be taken as a criterion; and for the benefit of our Socialist friends I will quote a few words from Karl Kautsky, one of the most prominent writers of the Marxian Socialists in Germany. In his book "Social Democracy," in Ch. IX, he says:

All forms of present wages: remuneration by the hour or piece, special bonuses for extra work, etc., all the forms of contemporary wage labor, are fundamentally and practically perfectible in a Socialistic society.

From this the tendency of the present Social Democracy is apparent. It neither proposes to establish equality nor abolish the wage system. Communist Marx is apparently devoted to Statism and is simple, a very natural development in the slippery path of "political economy," which will have no need of a "Socialism." It is the "revolutionary principle" when they have the government captured.

But let us consider their present aim and see whether our Socialism is correct in saying that democracy.

Society is the program of the Socialist administration of things the individual will be free to choose his occupation and location according to talent and inclination. Kautsky does not coincide with him. In the same book, Ch. X, on "Socialism and Liberty," he says:

Socialism is not compatible with liberty of work, that is to say with the worker's freedom to work or how and where he likes. This is true, under the rule of capitalism a worker still enjoys the liberty up to a certain degree. If he does not quite like a factory, he can always change from one to another. But in the Socialist Republic, all the means of production will be controlled by the State and the latter will be the only employer; hence there will be no leisure. New Russia still enjoys more liberty than he will possess in a Socialist society. It is not Social Democracy that eliminates the right of ownership and labor, but the development of production itself.

What wonderful somberness! "Scientific" Socialism performs! But, mind you, neither Social Democracy nor the corrupted leaders are to be made responsible for the slavery the workers will enjoy with a "full dinner pail." Another deity—"development" is its name—has been invented, and no solution is left for the ever-delinquent toilers but to how to bow in silent reverence to this new divinity. As the new man's intelligence but some mysterious power is the absolute factor in the evolution of social institutions, and to disobey this peakal of a new social crime. Such is the result of the theory of "economic determinism," or "idealistic reasoning," which the ancient philosophers very aptly defined as sophistry. But the climax of effrontery is reached, it seems to me, by Kautsky in the following paragraph:

God and movement in the Social Democracy belong together and are not to be separated from each other. When, however, the movement do come in conflict with each other, it is the latter that must give way. In other words, social development must be less than the interests of the individual and the Social Democracy cannot protect proletarian interests when social development stands in the way.

Do you know what this means in plain English? Simply this: Never mind, no matter what may happen. If we compromise, if we act treacherously, if we forsake the interests of the toilers, if we throw not to rebel but patiently submit to such nearer and observe the strict discipline—do not blame us. God pardon me, "social development"—stands higher than the interests of the workers and we can do nothing for you when this mystery, omnipotent and omniscient divinity, stands in your way. "God deliver us from our friends."

And Kautsky has failed to tell his readers by what means the fools' wills are to decide whether it is tracheny or "development" when the Socialist representatives should fail to do something for the ever-hoping and ever-doped workers; but from inference I assume that is to be left, for fate to decide. A wonderful Social Democracy! It has frustrated many hopes and aspirations of many a toiler, a political party. What the parties grow wonderfully! But our Socialist friends would not have it so. "No compromise, we will ever satisfy me," he continues. Very well, but the discipline of the party and the new deity are against you, and so it means either to comply with "social development" or risk, for political parties feel on compromise and corruption. Stoddard Dewey observes in the Contemporary Review that in France and Germany Socialist Democracy has developed into more or less "nationalism." And our "Bernstein, who advocates alliances with liberal parties" is still fought in theory, but in practice we have agreed with him for the last twenty-five years and be member of the Socialist representatives in the Reichstag, now on the editorial staff of a German Socialist daily in New York, recently. At the Socialist congress in Germany, October, 1908, where Bernstein's book was discussed at length, Auer said he had written to Bernstein: "Dear Ned, you are an ass; for such things as [expressed in Bernstein's book] are not said by the Bismarckian Press. I must see that not only are the Socialist voters deluded by illogical reasoning but also by deliberate falsehood."

What is Liberty?

In my last undertone of this I dwelt more on organization, I fear, than on liberty. It is a failure of mine, this harping on "organization." If only its advocates would define the idea and not use the word so loosely. As it is, one never knows what the word means and it is the same with liberty. It seems to me we should delve for the principles.

I early discovered in liberty a principle of right action. I then damned the red cap of Anarchism. I said freedom is the soil in which right actions grow. As Archimedes discovered in water a principle whereby he could determine the true weight of metal in Héron's cask, I had found in liberty a principle determining the right action of men. It is the logic of history. Just as in proportion as liberty has advanced, and restriction and restraint have retired, has good-will-right action—and the betterment of men been manifested. Says Auberon Herbert:

Has any race of men ever fairly tried even the humblest experiment of freedom and found it fail? Have not the human families grown in every field just as freedom has been given them? Have men ever clung to protection and restraint and discussed without experiencing deeper into wells from which there was no outlet?"  

"For always in thin eyes, O Liberty, shines that high light whereby the world is saved."

And I loved liberty and would trust it absolutely, and if I grew, as I did in time, that my teacher who had inscribed this motto of John Hay's over the doorway of his dwelling, did not really dare to trust it, but would establish an organization to assure it.

Freedom established by organization has the same relation the Church has to religion. This truth is well-recognized by J. Wilson in Free Society. He says "there is no need of an organization to maintain or advance morality, any more than there is need of institutions or contrivances to maintain or advance justice, right, kindness, virtue or goodness. They exist and advance by their own inherent power. Truth and right are strong in their own might, and no human service can either aid them or retard their progress.

How can the idea of an organization to maintain "equal liberty" differ from the argument of the governmentalists, that government is necessary to preserve freedom? We are told that only under government is liberty maintained, that government is the only effective organization. Organization to be effective must exercise
the governing power; not only this, but there must be no higher power. And when my text was passed by the Anarchist convention, it was not clear as to the position of all Anarchists. I knew that this organic power was opposed by many, and by many held to be simply another form of government. Victor Varvassor, in defending the Anarchist Club in Boston, said:

Granted that our chairman is a despot, and that on a specific occasion and in certain clearly defined matters we do abdicate our individual liberty; it will still be for our own interest to show that there exists any affinity between such action and the principle and methods of government by compulsion. Individual liberty still involves the right to make and unmake kings, to establish and disestablish governments. If we choose to be governed by a despot, we are simply exercising our sovereign freedom to govern ourselves as we please.

Now while I have no objection to men entering such an organization, I do protest, as a condition, to contemplate such a condition, and what it would amount to if the general government was abolished. Would despotism under such condition be something different than government? Would the abolition of individual liberty under Anarchism be different from the subjugation of the individual under government?

When I broadened my horizon with the study of Anarchist Communism, my vision became clearer, and liberty as a principle governing the action of men became more apparent and more essential.

To me it is the higher plane of Anarchism. I did not like the word Communism, but neither did I like the word Anarchism at first. But association has endeared it, and I may come to love the term Communism. Still I think it superfluous. Anarchism is the whole thing; and our commercial friends are granting us the title. And really as the idea unfolds, distinction and difference are becoming more and more non-essential.

The growth of this system is the establishment of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The evolution of liberty means the elimination of man's dominion, absolute individual liberty. The evolution of equality means the establishment of the sovereign individual. The evolution of fraternity means the brotherhood of mankind.

Trust Liberty, as a plant will spring
And thrive in any soil.
And nurtured it will surely bring
The just reward of soil.
Trust Liberty, 'twill enrich the soil,
The more it grows, we guard,
The more we use its harvest, so
The more our reward.

L. L. D. Read, L. L. D.

Like a Witchcraft Trial

The conviction of Lois Waishbrook, which took place in the federal court at Tacoma, Wash., July 15, is another item of proof that no person's liberty or property is safe who persists in unpopular views so long as they are assured that Anarchism is an unsound mind, whose native prejudice against new ideas is expanded by the rant of an unscrupulous prosecutor. Mrs. Waishbrook printed what is called a "free love" article in her paper, Clothed With the Sun. The Tacoma Daily Ledger states that the article was not obscene in any language; the offense consisted in the doctrine expounded. The conviction, therefore, is a plain denial of freedom of discussion.

Mrs. Mathias Prebholzer, who was indicted with Mrs. Waishbrook, but acquitted, was postmistress of the Home colony. Mrs. Washbrook is described by the Tacoma Ledger as appearing the woman under conviction is white-haired, bent with age, and upon her face the years have left their deep impress. The wrinkles and the shrivelled cheeks and thin and trembling lips are there, the common heritage of age, but in the eyes there is none of the vacancy of senility. They still show forth the gleams of an intellect defiant to the sight of time and unheeding of the body's worn-out vigor. They reflect the maturity of thought that comes with not only years, but decades of thinking and writing along particular lines. For thirty years has Lois Waishbrook written on subjects having to do with ethical questions viewed from standpoints seldom taken by authors, man or woman.

Yesterday during the course of the trial, the physician charged with the strength, taxes, and evidence in each case and by sustaining a rigid examination on the witness stand, gave out and she all but fell on the floor in a faint. She was taken to the court house by friends and partially revived, but was unable to be present last evening, when the verdict of her conviction was returned by the jury.

The judge in passing sentence took occasion to show his disagreement with the jury. He felt free to say that in his opinion the article was not obscene, and that on that account he would impose the lightest penalty permitted by the law, which would be one hundred dollars fine, without costs or imprisonment. The friends of Mrs. Waishbrook paid the fine, and she returned with them to Home.

If some shade from the seventeenth century could have been present on the occasion, it must have revived his memory of the witch trials of that period—Truth Seeker.

Comrades to the Front.

The undersigned and others have united themselves in an association which will be located on 464 acres of timber and meadow land in Wisconsin, about eight hours ride from Chicago. We expect to break ground September 1, for our town, and the necessary buildings, such as a comfortable community home, shoeshop, lecture room, post-office, warehouse, and stables for live stock will be put up very quickly. Our first and immediate step after the buildings are up, will be the cutting and marketing of timber, running a chicken ranch of about one thousand hens, a sheep ranch of one hundred head of breeding ewes, cows to supply milk, cream and butter for our table, all the necessary driving horses, work mules and oxen. By January 1 we expect to manufacture our own shoes and clothing, the spinning and weaving of cloth will be taken up as soon as possible. We now have in prospect, who are carpenters, shoemakers, iron workers, and farmers. Other lines of manufacturing will be taken up later. Our aims are to produce all our wants, or nearly so, as possible, buy nothing and selling nothing. This is not a business proposition. We do not want to make profits from each other or the old world. We simply want to make a living with the least effort. This will be accomplished by eliminating the profits of the landlord, the trader, the Church, the banker, the railroads, and the creations of the fashion carpenters of Paris and London. Commodities of all sorts will be put on the free list, as free as air to all of our members. What we do not want anything he goes to our store room and helps himself or herself, as the case may be. This plan will work all right if people will take their table manners along when they go to the store.

The word free comrades to join us at once. Those who do not believe in common property can buy land adjoining ours and practice free Socialism or Individualism. Everyone has the same social and educational advantages which the town affords. We shall locate our community buildings so that the Socialists and Individualists can locate their buildings right across the street from ours and thus form the town. The following named property, via., a driving mare, two buggies, one work wagon, a set of carpenter tools, a small chicken ranch, household and office furniture, and about $1,000 cash has already been merged into the community. Comrades who are interested may apply to either of the undersigned.

AUSTIN, 54 N. 22d Ave. J. H. ROWELL.

Chicago, 322 S. Morgan St.

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Pity the Poor Rich.

It would seem that nothing in this world of ours may be taken for granted—not even the fact that riches are better than poverty. Again and again we hear or read statements in which someone bemoans the lot of the rich and bespeaks pity for them, arguing that they are hardly any better off than their less fortunate neighbors, the poor, since, with all their riches, "they cannot eat more than one dinner, wear more than one suit of clothes, or occupy more than one building at a time." Besides, "they have all the worry and anxiety incidental to the possession of something small and the management of large business enterprises."

Poor rich! Yours is, indeed, a pitiable lot, and many a tear a rich would shed for you. But there is one thing—which is far beyond the miserable plight you seem to overlook—that may afford considerable relief from the moral poverty of wealth? Why not give all you have to the poor, and change lots?—D.A.M., Philadelphia Times.

A man arrested at the White House as a crank declared that he has "the power of telling where Uncle Sam is being robbed." There are lots of that kind of cranks in Washington, but they are shrewd enough to keep quiet about it—Philadelphia Ledger.

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dictionay—A social theory which regards the government of a state by the individual as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty. —Century Dictionary.

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

Notes.

Comrade T. Appel is collecting subscriptions for FREE SOCIETY in Chicago. Those in arrears may expect a call from him at an early date.

To anyone sending us $2 we will send FREE SOCIETY one year and Dr. Greer's "A Physician in the House." Also to anyone receiving two free numbers this month we will send the same. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

"Pages of Socialist History," by W. Tcherenkov, 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 20 cents. Send orders to Chas. B. Cooper, 114 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In a Socialist publication I notice an advertisement of the work "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," by Peter Kropotkin. That about the "ad" which struck me as peculiar, was the use of the author's name, and the fact that the advertisement of the book is by a Russian nobleman. Certainiy, Kropotkin is a noble man—one of the noblest the world ever produced—and he is also a "prince." I believe. But to see his works advertised by a publisher so weak-kneed as to fear mentioning his name is laughable. I am sorry my Socialist brethren are so badly frightened by Anarchy that some of them do not dare to mention by name its most distinguished apostle. I am glad, however, that the Socialists are reading Kropotkin. From him they will learn the one great truth which political Socialism lacks, viz., that true Socialism is utterly antagonistic to human authority; and when they master this, they will be pretty sure to land in the Anarchist sheepfold. Courage, my brave boys: the Anarchists demand us, and if we have a half of the spirit of our "Old Ladies," we shall demand liberty. The division between Simpson and James on

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by the official class, let him ponder these words from Judge Jackson's decision:

"No person or state, loyal to his country, ever claimed that free speech gave the right to anyone to advocate and defend treason to his country. In its exclusions and its limitations, free speech inspired the Anarchists... and I now ask whether, it is not time for our harsknesses... to consider the position of things... an arrangement so high as satisfactorily to the commercial free-booters and their hireling tools, the government officials. And, if the people will only submit, as the normal people suggest, and not insist on bloody violence the government will very soon find expression in legislation, as the Virginian Jefferies has proposed. The overthrow of this fermenting conspiracy of plutocracy and political power will be achieved by the simple desire of the people, if they desire to preserve the utter extinguishment of popular freedom in this republic."

I advise the writers who contribute to FREE SOCIETY to be careful. An editorial published in an Anarchist journal of Switzerland came near shattering to fragments the peace of Europe. War between the country named and her neighbor, Italy, was only averted by the mediation of the German Kaiser. So you see what a terrible responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the Anarchist editor who may hold the peace of the world in the hollow of his composing stick; and the cause of the world's next great war may be now, or never, reposening on the copy book. Let us be careful.

To some extent, Comrade James F. Morton, Jr. is correct in his recent criticism of my remarks on Edgar A. Poe. I confess that I am not properly qualified. The article was hastily written, and I did not even read it until in print. What I really intended to say was that Poe, in my own poor judgment, was the greatest genius of American poets. I consider Victor Hugo's a greater intellect than that of Poe, and perhaps Byron deserves to rank with the "genuis of the night." Thus, too, my admiration of Poe is for his style rather than the breadth of his intellect. Certainly, as a thinker, a student of human thought and passions, Whitman was greater than Poe, but not in language—in the power of

Liberty! "What crimes are committed in thy name?" And what absurdities! The division between Simpson and James on this subject is both entertaining and instructive; but I fear it will be barren of practical results. Long ago I came to the hyo-idealistic conception that nothing is absolute, that all ideas are merely relative, that mental conceptions are made by ourselves, while the proposition outside of mathematics was never to be exact. The trouble with all plumb-bubblers is that their atom-dividing logic carries them beyond the domain of relative facts, and loses them entirely in a realm of metaphysical speculation, in which the truth of anything depends upon each disputant's arbitrary definition of words. For example, take the assertion that "true" is the same as "equal." Is it justified? And what, pray, is equal liberty? And where is the limitation of "defense" beyond which the use of force becomes invasive? Some one must settle these questions, but who? Ah, there's the rub. If equal liberty and defense and invasion were terms of exact and absolute meaning, all would be well. But they are not. They are mental conceptions of relative conditions, and if by force and compulsion will destroy "equal liberty," overthrow "defense," and set up force in its inevitable form—government. To my notion the non-resistants are the most constant of the Anarchists, but I am not a non-resistant. Having to choose between non-resistance, which leads logically to slavery and resistance, which as logically leads to force and authority. I sometimes feel the old duality, when, who, when, and by? an excited revivalist that one road led to hell and the other to everlasting destruction, cried out: "Bless Grod, dis here pluggers' gwine take to de cause of equal liberty and Simpson will solve the riddle—but The falstest whisper of the wind... Not falstest than my hope...

Phloutocracy, in its contest with labor, has no more servile and pliant tool than the personal power of Judge Jackson of Virginia, in passing sentence upon "Mother" Jones and other labor organizers of the coal miners' strike, for "contempt," let the felon escape from the judicial warden as follows:

In the case under consideration there is no adequate remedy at law: in fact, the law furnishes no satisfactory remedy against professional agitators, unless the powers of the courts of equity be invoked.

By his own admission then, these "professional agitators" had violated no law, and this judge therefore proceeds to make the law he enforces. Can the case of Russia do more? Where, then, is our boasted American liberty and "popular government"? To judge by judicial tyranny, which the stupid people suffer without a protest, blinded by the splendid rhetoric of pulpit politicians, who tell them they are the sovereigns and have made their own rules, we are ruled by a money oligarchy, and the government officials are but its paid and plant tools.

Judge Jackson further gives expression to the growing hostility of the judiciary to free speech. If it were thinks for a moment that this most cherished prerogative of freedom is not seriously menaced in sentiment...
expression—still, to be more exact—in imagination. I confess that I don't approve of Whitman's literary style. I admire him, not as a poet, but as a prophet of sublime ideals—one whose great soul could feel the truth—and who dared voice the truth as he saw it. O we should feel the fault I find with Mr. Morton's criticism was his omission of William Morris from his list of the world's great poets. Certainly Morris was greater than Markham—greater in style and thought. This is not said in disparagement of the author of "The Man with the Hoe," who has undoubtedly enriched the store of poetical literature with one of its finest gems. But nothing else from Markham's pen has so far approached "The Man with the Hoe." It is the author's only masterpiece. 

R. W. S.

The Strikers at Work.

The strike situation is unchanged; no sign of weakness on either side. The coal barons doggedly insist there is nothing to arbitrate, and under no circumstances will they let the miners dictate to them whom they shall hire and how much wages they shall pay, the slaves who dig their miserable lives away, down deep in the earth, in the darkness of the earth. The miners insist the time is now at hand when they must have a voice in the sale of their labor. No longer, they say, will we submit to the indignity of being forced to such terms of employment as the bosses seek to offer us. Henceforth labor in the mines must be conducted upon certain specific plans agreed to by both parties to the contract. The millionaire is steadfast; so is the miner.

The millionaire will not attempt to fill the mines with other miners for some time to come. The task would be hard. It will not be so easy to get 147,000 miners and workers and camp them behind stockades. It has taken little courage on the part of the miners, many of whom had not enough to keep them in food for a week of idle days and every man and woman would make a struggle with such a powerful enemy as they imagine the millionaires to be.

And indeed the millionaires are a powerful foe, for they have not tightly griped within their powerful hands the very earth upon which it has been the misfortune of the miners to have been born? In this respect we are all miners, all victims of the grasping ignorance of a very low strata of civilization. Organized society is a bandit who plunders the many for the benefit of the few. In theory it protects all its members. In practice it throws all its weight upon the side of the millionaire and actually assists him in starving the workers into an acceptance of the terms of labor he, in his greed and avarice, chooses to impose.

What is organized society? The legislator with its law book; the soldier with his gun; and the policeman with his club. These compose organized society. The gun and club are subject to the book; and the book is subject to organized society. The individual is not yet fully aware of this fact; but the force of events will one day implant it in his mind, and he will be a much wiser man for having learned it.

The miner is a sort of blind force moving in a direction he works not of; he knows where he is at, but not the direction in which he moves. He knows he is a slave, but not that freedom is so near at hand. His vision is obscured by ages of slavery and superstition, and in the less he moves in obedience to external activity and faces the hell of starvation rather than submit longer to a condition that has become intolerable. He faces an enemy most powerful. Powerful for the reason that the millionaire, as well as owning the earth, owns organized society likewise.

When the miner awakes he will see that the ownership of organized society—the State—by the millionaire is essential to his ownership of the mines and the earth in general. The State, whatever it may be in theory, is in practice a gigantic trust having for its purpose the protection of its fellow trusts. The miner believes this latter trust is necessary to the perpetuation of the race and the progress of mankind. He thinks it protects him, which it often pretends to do; and if he wishes to assist him, a poor helpless child, from the cold, from the grasp of the coal trust.

Poor miner! So soon as he leads the miner, if he attempts to pull a man down, finds himself on every side by a network of law which must not break; through the whole weight of the State comes thundering down on his head. Even now the military is ready to order him, if he refuses to quieten the road side. He hires an agent to go among his fellows and acquaint them with his wants, and the agent is clapped in jail. A judge, a member of the State trust, convicts him of the crime of agitating among slaves contented with their lot; and more, pronounces him as a vampire.

"Labor leaders," says a venerable looking old fellow named Jackson, as he sentenced some miners to prison for ninety days for the heinous crime of spreading the glorious gospel of dissension among their fellows.

"Labor leaders are vampires that live and fatten on the honest labor of the coal miners of this country, and are bloodsuckers creating dissatisfaction among a class of people who are quiet, well-behaved, and who do not want to be disturbed by the unceasing agitation of this class of people."

This is a very fine speech and will do no doubt start some miners on a line of thought that will lead them to the conclusions expressed in this letter, that the government is the guardian of the trusts; and that all its officers from the president down to the boys who wear a deputy-sheriff's badge, are vampires that live and fatten on the honest labor of the coal miners—and all the other workers of the land; and who are ever ready to order out troops, issue injunctions, and arrest the sacred spirit of life out of any worker at any time the millionaires bid them do so. If this is not clear to the miners I bid them study the development of the strike.

The millionaires, "vampires who live and fatten on the honest labor of coal miners" and other honest toilers, are masters of time, and our questions of right are vain visions. The miners may starve and be damned; the sacred rights of property to crush its creators must not be changed. The millionaires lounge quietly in the cool, refreshing breezes of the seaside resorts, content with the "justice of their cause"; while the miners toil in the dusty coal mines of Pennsylvania and the millionaire waits the miner to starve. Hunger is the weapon that will drive the miner back to the mines at the old terms of employment; but while he toils by the roadside and watches his wife and children slowly starve, he wonders what is the meaning of it all; and dreads the humiliation of having to gring to the haughty toughs who "own" the mines.

For the fact that the miner is the hero in the great tragedy of life. Thus far he has played his part well. It depends upon us, whose turn will come soon to take the leading role, to support him properly; or the whole drama will be a failure. Will we feed the miner? This question no doubt puzzled the miners at Indianapolis. They feared the spirit of solidarity was not yet sufficient in their ranks to depend on the support of the State and the country and the world feeding the miners, so they decided to stay at work and feed the brothers themselves as well as they could. But we must help them, and herein lies the burden of the progressive world. We are the builders of the great cities of America, we are the board of directors of the great trusts of America; we are the owners of the millions of dollars that are the wages of the workers of all lands, awakening, growing, in the breasts of trade unionists. Watch it finish.

JAY FOX.

New York, 210 E. 19th St.

Calculations made by an English paper show that in the past eight years 1,529 people have been imprisoned in New South Wales for offenses committed in the State. The average length of sentence was 10 years. In New York State, the average sentence was 17 years. It is estimated that 40,000 persons have been imprisoned in this country for offenses committed in the last eight years.

In spite of all this, people continue to doubt that Emperor William rules by divine right. - Truth Seeker.

LETTER-BOX.

P. M. O. Park City.—After a period of the article on this subject in the "Bargain House" of the "Mineralogical Record." We beg your attention to the following excerpts from the letters of our correspondents.

C. L. T., Idaho, In—A personal of the "Mineralogical Record"—"The critics of Socialist parties are not 'wholly alien.' Of course there would be chaos for a time, and 'Anarchy would not come yesterday.' So it would be with the administration of 'things,' if it could be introduced suddenly. But people would gradually, bit by bit, adjust their lives to the new order before they could learn to swim. Certainly, 'the more freedom we enjoy, the greater the responsibility'; but the sentiment must evolve spontaneously in a free condition and cannot be forced upon a people. However, read "Populism and Socialistic History," by Therkelmd, and you may 'awaken.'

M. C., New York.—Ask the Defense Committee why we have little direct Comrades Grassmann and French in Paris. All the Comrades have been arrested. The Comrades are not connected with us, and so we do not know what's going on in New York. Others are informed by comrades familiar with things on our behalf.
FREE SOCIETY.

ALDERMAN KRISLEY'S DEFEAT.

The sense of duty well done has a tendency to make the author complacent. The knowledge that he is understood with another to the other's disadvantage, and is ashamed of a good man in most unlikely surroundings, has the effect of giving him an excellent opinion of himself. In consequence, Alderman Krisley was in a comparatively good mood; he was satisfied with his record and his reputation.

It was conceded on all sides that the ward never had been so well represented. His predecessor had been a practical politician of unsavory record who had prospered wonderfully in the city council and had been unexpectedly turned out as a result of a reform movement. The success of Alderman Krisley had not been anticipated, even by himself. He had made a good fight, for he was earnest in all that he undertook; but his election was a surprise. It had been generally conceded that Bennington had a mortgage on the ward, being regarded by the poor, and not infrequently by the evildoers, as little less than a guardian, and there were a great many of both within its boundaries. His influence was always at the disposal of his constituents and they cared little about the nature of his dealings with others.

Krisley was a different type of man. His home was of the progressive kind. He had sympathy for the poor; but, in his opinion, his first duty was to protect the city's interests. He did not hold himself aloof. His office was open to all at all times, and he was ready to do what he could conscientiously for any who sought favors from him.

The lessons of Bennington's long career of success in the ward was not lost upon the new alderman, but there were certain things he could not understand. He would help to the best of his ability, but the man who was in trouble with the law had tickets elsewhere for influence. Nevertheless, Krisley was not a success. The newspapers said he was the right man in the right place. He combined incorruptibility with sympathy and affability. He looked out for the people of his ward, gained their friendship, and one of them. Some day he would read what the papers had to say of him. Krisley was pleased. It was now six months after his election, and he was satisfied that he had been gaining ground all the time.

One day a timid knock at the door of his office interrupted his meditations, and he called out curtly, "Come in!"

A poorly dressed woman entered hesitatingly. The alderman offered her a chair as proof of politeness as if she were a duchess.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Penny?" he asked.

"Can I know me?" she returned, surprised and pleased.

"Of course I know you," he answered heartily, "and I know what a hard time you've had."

"And my little girl?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, speaking sympathetically, "I know. She was killed by a trolley car. It was very sad, Mrs. Penny, and the company is responsible."

"That's what I came to see you about," interrupted the woman quickly. "The company has cheated me."

"Cheated you?"

"Yes. I didn't know—how could I know—and when the man came and offered me $100, I signed the papers and took it. With poor Gracie lying dead in the next room and no money in the house for the funeral, it seemed an awful lot, and—and I didn't know, anyway. I didn't think they'd cheat a widow when they'd killed her oldest girl—a good girl, too, and I guess up the little she earned for her brothers and sisters."

There were tears in the woman's eyes, but she quickly brushed them away with the corner of her shawl.

"Cheat me!" exclaimed the alderman wrathfully. "A claim adjuster will cheat anyone—that's his business. Why, the law gives you $500!"

"That's what the neighbors told me, and they told me to come to you. It seems awful to think of Gracie that way, but—but we need the money, and they say Mr. Bennington did as much as Mrs. Mallory once."

The alderman was thoughtful.

"It's outrageous!" he said at last, "and it's a possible thing I'll get the money for you."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the woman gratefully. "We're so poor, and now we haven't even the $5 per week that Gracie used to earn."

"I'll do my best," asserted the alderman, "but don't be too hopeful. I may not succeed."

"Mr. Bennington did," suggested the woman.

Alderman Krisley scowled, but made no reply.

When the woman had departed, Krisley remained a long time in deep thought. The test he had undertaken was neither an easy nor a pleasant one, and no one knew better than he the difficulties it would encounter. The circumstances were unusual—at least, he thought so. But nothing was to be gained, and much might be lost, by delay; immediate action was important. The claim adjuster listened to his story, and smiled.

"It is part of the business," he said. "We naturally settle all claims for as little as possible. There was no reason why you should be pleased."

"No deception!" cried the alderman. "There was the most cowardly, miserable kind of deception! You took advantage of her ignorance. You may not have assured her in so many words that it was all she could get, but you conveyed that impression, and let her think so."

"In any event," said the claim-adjuster, who deemed it the part of wisdom to avoid a controversy with an alderman, "the matter is now out of my hands. I settled the case and paid over the money. Any further action must be taken by some one higher in authority than myself."

"If you wish, I will take you there and introduce you."

The attorney gave him close and respectful attention.

"Personally, I am sorry for her," he said at the conclusion of the recital, "but officially I can only say that she has no further claim on the road. It is not a matter of sentiment, but of business. We must look out for our own interests. It is not our privilege to be generous with the stockholders' money."

"It is your privilege and your duty to be just," said the alderman warmly.

"The law, for that, has had justice—legal justice," answered the lawyer.

"But not moral justice," insisted the alderman.

"I would not compel her to sign the release," the lawyer argued, ignoring this thrust. "We made no threats. She was free to do as she pleased, and she signed it. She needed ready money, and we gave it to her."

"You took advantage of both her necessities and her ignorance!" exclaimed the alderman, angered by this specious plea.

"You knew her rights and she didn't. You defrauded her deliberately."

"Be careful, Mr. Krisley," cautioned the lawyer.

"I mean what I say!" asserted the incensed alderman. "It was fraud—not legal, perhaps, but moral certainly and most despicable."

"You make me hesitate to say what I intended," suggested the lawyer quietly.

There was that in his tone that calmed the alderman quickly, and he waited to hear the proposition.

"Legally," explained the lawyer, "she has no claim against the road, for she has formally released us from further liability. That is business, and as a business affair the issue is closed. As a matter of generosity we might do more.

"As a matter of self-interest you'd better do more," put in the alderman. The official's point of view was offensive to him; it stirred his anger again.

"Threats," said the lawyer inquiringly.

"That sounds like an attempt to force us to honor an illegal claim under penalty of having your influence thrown against our measures. Is it a fair deduction?"

The alderman made no reply, but he saw the point.

The story would shock your associates," the lawyer went on at a pace. They would not expect you to use your official position to advance the personal interest of anyone. But no matter. I can readily understand that it was a thoughtless remark. If, for instance, you had stopped to think, you would appreciate that you cannot do more to thwart our interests than you already have done. You are the most bitter opponent of our new franchise measure."

"I do not think it fair to the city," said the alderman.

"We need not discuss that now," returned the lawyer. "What I wished to say was that generosity is not a business requisite, and, if we watched out for others' interests instead of our own, we would soon have to pass our dividends. You can see that, of course. But we might make an exception in this one personal favor to you."

The alderman and the lawyer looked at each other for a minute in silence. The lawyer was smiling pleasantly, meaningly.

"Ask it as a matter of justice, of humanity," said the alderman at last. "This woman is in want, in distress. Not only has she lost her child but part of the income that enabled her to exist and feed her children. She is a deserving, hard-working woman—I know her."
It rests with you to relieve her," said the lawyer slowly and distinctly. "We cannot respond to all the calls of humanity, but if you will authorize me to make this a personal request on your behalf I will bring you a check for $4,000, payable to the woman's order, inside of five minutes."

Again their eyes met. The alderman's face grew very pale. "If the money or ten times the sun, had been offered to him directly he would have knocked down the man who offered it, and yet he knew he was being tempted. A bribe. He had thought of the possibility of such a thing when he was elected, but the reality was so entirely at variance with his experience that he was left defenseless and for the moment speechless. Not one improper word or thought had been expressed, but the meaning was clear. Self-interest joined with humanity in tempting him. He was naturally sympathetic, and the poor woman's necessities appealed to him. He was ambitious, and he knew what prestige success in this affair would give him in the ward. Nothing he could do in the council would help him half so much. But the alderman knew that the implied obligation would be binding on him. He could not escape it. In view of the circumstances and his unblemished reputation, that the solicitor might be told, would be enough, he would not dare attempt it. And the lawyer knew it. People who deal in human beings come to know them pretty well; they know just how tight it is necessary to hold a promise to yourself."

The alderman's breathing was quick and short. He was almost panting, but after a moment he controlled himself. "I have done nothing for which you should show me any personal favor to me," he said, "and I cannot promise to do anything. I can only ask it on the grounds of justice and humanity."

The lawyer looked disappointed, but he bowed briefly. "I will present the matter to the director," he said, "but I fear they will not be inclined to take a greater interest in this work than you will."

The alderman made a quick, angry step in the direction of the lawyer, and then stopped short. He had been insulted, but in such a way that he could not well resent it. He could not explain it to others; it was all by inference.

Nor could he explain the matter to Mrs. Penny; he could only say that he had been unsuccessful.

"Mr. Bensinger wasn't, when he was alderman," she told him reproachfully.

The news traveled. Krisley lacked either the interest in their affairs or the influence that Bensinger had possessed, the poor man did not dare attempt it. Then it began to be whispered about that the check had been offered Krisley, and he had declined it.

Why?" asked rumor, "the company wanted some little favor of him, and he would not inconvenience himself to grant it."

What that "little favor" was none knew. He was said to have given a poor widow her rights; that was enough. These rumors could not be traced, they did not gain general currency in the city, but they permeated the ward, and Krisley felt the effect. He was regarded as a traitor to the man without heart, a mere pretender to the throne Bensinger had occupied, a schemer who had sought to deceive the poor as to his real character.

"It will die out," he told himself; "they will forget."

But such things are not easily forgotten in such localities. Gratitude in the emotion which aways all. A man is judged by what he does for the poor; when else he may do is of no moment. And Bensinger appeared one day with the street railway company's check for $4,000, payable to the order of Mrs. Mary Penny. The news spread with electric rapidity; also the fact that he had casually remarked to the woman, "It's none of my business, but I didn't want to see you suffer. Krisley would have got it for you if he'd wanted to."

On the books of the company it was charged up to politics, as a campaign contribution, and it proved a satisfactory investment. Krisley could not know when he heard about it, and he was not even a candidate at the next election. He lacked the "practical sympathy" that the word demanded of its representative. —Elliott Flower, in In the Pilgrim."

In the realm of economics the cleverest arguments are to be found. Old sophistries are sparse and new ones are invoked to support the structure erected by many as the temple of financial prosperity. President Bixley's exaltation of the "rich" as a "creditable type of nineteenth century hero" is novel. It is claimed for the scalp that "in defense of his rights as an individual he deliberately inures the reproach of his injury or death, and that in so doing he displays remarkable courage and readiness to serve his fellow men." This view has won the applause of many good men. And I doubt if it ever occurred to the scalp himself. It is one of those spurious conclusions, born of experience, which issues from the heated atmosphere of the study, to perish in the first contact with the life-current outside. The typical scalp, I take it, is actuated by very ordinary human self-interest. If he has conscientious objections to trades unionism, that fact is incidental and not the motive which prompts his action. Were it otherwise there would be instances on record of men abandoning lucrative positions in order to become scalps. As a rule he is not deliberately obstinate; his attachment to the cause of resistance to trades union tyranny. Up to the time of his backsliding he has perhaps been a good trades union member, but, lacking in class consciousness, he found it impossible to stand the crucial test. He succumbs, terrified lest the wolf, never far off, now cross his threshold. If he is an outsider he is possibly ignorn of the merits of the dispute and not sufficiently educated to allow considerations of equity to weigh with him. When President Chiot, in his zeal to do honor to his newly discovered hero, further maintains that he "risks his livelihood for the future and thereby the well-being of his family," the best classes grant occasional increases. The trades union leaders risk their livelihood for the future. The scalp is either an employee reluctant to sacrifice his wages and to incur the possible consequences of his employer's visitation of his family with work and glad of any opportunity to earn something. In the former case is not usual indulgence in the possibility of promotion; in the latter case the man is often as an aid to the aforesaid "remarkable courage."

Heroinism does not consist in indifference to scoffs and obloquy, tho it may include this. There is a sort of covertly entered "slave prosperity" and "measures itself by its contempt of some external good." The action of the scalp cannot be thus defined, for it is the "external good" which he seeks for himself. The courage to withstand the power and censure of his associates is counterbalanced by the cowardice which refuses to risk immediate personal gain for prospective benefits to be shared with his fellows. There is much to be urged against trades union tyranny, but many people fail to realize that the present alternative to majority rule is anarchy, and that freedom in matters of labor is possible under the wage system, or that organization of labor is an attempt to enable the employer to treat with the employer on more nearly equal terms, and the effectiveness of trades union methods is dependent upon the unanimity of the support they receive. The strike is the barbaric sword which universal love will one day turn into a plowshare. It is a clumsy weapon at best, but it is "Hobson's choice. When labor is organized, the "slave prosperity", and the master of slave incomes," when we begin to have an inkling of the meaning of brotherhood, then all reason for defensive and aggressive tactics is gone. —E. B. M."

"The courage of the doubt is not against the trade union and the closely allied. Both are the victims of a social system based upon inequality of opportunity, avarice, and self-seeking. —From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born."

Here and There.

In Spain the peasants held a congress in which 50,000 were represented, and it was resolved to aid the city workers in all their demands and to propagate the general strike idea. Their "campaign issue" will be "the land for the peasants" and the social revolution."

The pugnacity of the Belgian Socialist leaders during the general strike in April has created a sentiment of opposition against labor's interest, but it is believed in the absence of police action that the idea of a general strike, a group called L'Entente révolutionnaire has been organized, and the members have been promptly excommunicated by the Socialist leaders.

For Chicago and Milwaukee.

The crowds of Milwaukee have arranged a picnic for Sunday, August 17, and the Chicago crowds are cordially invited to take part in the pleasant outing at the beach."

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