To the Sons of Labor.

(From "Songs of the Army of the Right.")

Great is this deep in your hearts,
Forget not the tale of the past!
Never, never believe
That any will help you, save men,
Saying only yourselves.
What have the Gentlemen done.
Fearless hearts of wrong.
Sons not shirkers, what?
They stand great famous names,
Dead gods to their own,
Shadows for all.
To us and ours forever.
Those who love them and hate.
The crime, the injustice they hated.
What can they do but shout.
Wisdom come from our own.
And leave us as we were.
No, but gradually turned.
Our states, our duties more made.
And clear the means that shall win them.
Sold and sold and sold.
Then when the day is come.
When the royal battle's up.
When blood has been spilled in vain.
In hard, heart-rendered war.
Then let the Cromwell rise.
The simple, the true-hearted.
Then let Grant come forth.
The calm, the determined Conquer.
But deep in their hearts one hate.
Deep lies in the mind one thought.
To bring the Iniquity low.
To make the People free.
Ah, for such as these.
We with the same heart, hate.
We with the same soul thought.
What can we do to make.
In the ranks of the great New Model.
In the Army that sees ahead.
Streets, Maple, Whitehill.
The Wildcraes, Pendergast, yes.
But to the blood and the smoke.
The Union victorious safe.
The Commonwealth glorious free.

* The New Model is the name by which is known that organization of the Roundhead Army, without which Cromwell saw that the Cavaliers could not be conquered. No one was permitted in its ranks who did not thoroughly believe in the Cause for which it fought.

The Song of Selfishness.

Thoughtlessness sins more than malice.
Against the language of genius.
Sins of a noble deed person,
They think have said a wonderful thing.
If one found satisfaction in work, without making rapacious
His heart; if one was satisfied to act as
An angel of kindness in a small circle;
One devoted his whole being to the realization
Of a great idea—then they say of him
He was unselfish.
As if these very persons
Did not make their strongest impulses felt,
Their own selves.
As if not even the unselfishness,
Which the Church praises as the highest virtue,
Which led to itself to meaningless
And canine humility, is simply possible
Because the individuality of the confessor
Is a miserable one.
Parsons and religious philosophers
Have from time immemorial
thrown dust in the eyes of the ungodly
people by distortion of words.
Scientific and philosophical materialism
Has no more to do with the vulgar materialism.
"Let us eat, drink and accumulate,
Because tomorrow we die!"
Than the great discoverer of the laws of natural evolution
Had to do with a grocer merchant.
But the common people still believe their
Spiritual schoolmasters,
That a man who
does not recognize supernatural revelations,
must necessarily be a bad man;
And the most ignorant and dissipated sky-pilot can
Feel sure of the approval of his herd when he
Breaks out with the rhetorical question;
"Is there a difference between a hog and a materialist?"
Thus thoughtlessly and
Designedly are egoism and egoism made
Synonymous.
But whoever sets his heart on the sole purpose
To vindicate the external things,
Who looks for power and honors,
Who can only achieve thru the
Ignorance of others,
Who can make a hundred times of a day depart from
His own principles,
He is, amidst his riches awfully poor—
He is anything but an egoist.

Egoism is something sublime and lucid.
It claims its due; it wants its free, natural development;
but not for a moment does it seek
This at the expense of the rights
Of the development of others. It is harder for it
To dominate than to be dominated.
It strives for harmony, but it cannot dismember
Itself from the whole as an independent
Part without bleeding from incurable wounds.
How could it unfold itself universally,
Harmoniously; how could it freely,
Liberally wander thru the world's garden,
When embitterment, irritation and slavery,
Like beggars covered with sores,
Lay in its path?

That is why the egoist is loathsome,
And happiness sinks down behind like Eurydice
To Orcus. But he has moments to which he
can call: "Eingeryet, thou art so beautiful!"
And that is when his ego like sunrays penetrates
Another being; and when he finds himself
In the sublime thoughts of the other,
Egoism burns as the purest flame in love
And gratitude.
To give is to receive, and to
receive is to find one's self.
But when I speak of love,
I have nothing to do with the so-called friendship
Which always terminates in
Dominating or being dominated,
And with normal man does not go beyond the physical
Boundaries, neither do I speak of the
Phantoms of love which are preached and
Admired as devotion, sacrifice, and unselfishness,
But I speak of a natural healthy
And fulfilling sexual love, especially of the love
Which finds its expression in the sexual act itself.
Poor slandered sexuality, what hell have
Not been invented for thee! Such a vile
Word with such a justifed conception,
The lust which does one good;
But an impediment, a wanton offense has been made of it.
Poor sexuality! As a thorn thou standest
Before gray-haired, hypocritical libertines
Who condemn thee because all crave thee;
One sees them turning away from thee
On the streets as from a contagious cadaver,
While secretly they have erred an altar
In their hearts on which thou dost rule as a
Godless. Thou art in fact the unknown
Godess which gives birth to a thousand
Religions, to beauty, to art, yes, even to
Mankind, and yet none want to recognize thee.
But I assert that in sexual lust the
Most noblest feelings of which a man's nature is
Capable assert themselves because the bodily
Barriers have fallen; the satisfaction in
Satisfying, the warmth of pleasantness, which
Springs forth from the fiery lust of the other.
Only here does one give himself wholly,
Without discretion, without restraint, without deceit.
This shall not be disturbed by the deplorable wretches who
Cannot even care to calculate in the embrace
Of love, or who have nothing to give.
Many boast of their sensuality who are
Only libertines; they always seek only their
Own gratification, and are as happy as the
Gormand who revels alone at a well-covered
Table. They always seek only their own
Gratification—the feelings of others do not
Concern them. See there the beast in man,
Which is everywhere the same, whether he
Be the rich man in the boudoir of the finest
court or whether in the legal marriage
Bed whereon he compels the tired and
Languid love-baron to subdue with him, or
Whether during the night of insanity he
Inherits the body which satisfies his amorousness.
Look also at the beast in the woman,
Who like a vampire sucks the heart-blood of the
Best because she wants to be gratified.
Gratification is the conquering of tranquility,
as if it were possible without mutual concord!
That is the greatest tranquility,
when in a spring night the rain falls, even if it dashed a storm; when the clouds give and in the eastern sky the lightning may be the hymn of torches and thunder the wedding music.

Only the highest selfishness knows the highest lust, it alone respects human life; the highest contempt finds much more satisfaction in making others happy than in its own gratification.

If the youths and maidens only knew! But they have no knowledge of law and custom and prevailing prejudices do not permit the trial whether "heart and heart and other hearts" and of what avail is knowledge and trial who the selfish egoism is lacking, which never lowers itself into tool or property of some one else.

"All men born equal are a noble race," sings Herwegh; yes, if only a trace of noble sentiments could be found in all men, then would that disgust and hate which in most marriages is developed in the course of many years, already be born on the wedding night.

Our egoism is cognizant of the bliss of making others happy in sensitiveness, it alone knows the sweetest of all: I myself become greater, better, my own self, in those moments when I take piety in my heart and work secretly in the beloved being.

Nor do I believe in the recklessness of sensitiveness. I pity every novelist, even the most bold and realistic one, when he knows only the earth, he has no light in him, how they their patience or boldness or intrigue or passion, brought about the moment for which they yearned, only to die away finally in the embrace of white arms to lose their scenes for the time being. I rather mean, that sensitiveness is also a spiritual activity, and that the most intense feelings are also the strongest thoughts. And there is a higher expression of self-consciousness than to make mine, to find myself the object of my delight. For weak souls, who must be either slaves or tyrants, love may be hypnotism, but egoism knows nothing of such mystical arts, to the ego it means a living, growing, we are harder by which we can otherwise only survive.

And is not the sister of this love gratitude? If the memory of the union of mirth should ever create even a shadow of aversion and disgust, then sensuality in him or her was a lie. But suppose in both it was not genuine? Inordinate lust is destructive, but the splendor of sprouting leaves and blossoms is the gratitude of the earth to the begetting sky.

But gratitude is also a virtue of the Christians and Philistines who do not like to be egoists. One must be grateful to God for everything he has done for us. He furnishes us with all the good things (of the bitter ones we will not speak now), not because he is in his disposition, but because he knows we are in need of gratitude for God, who is not only man, and not only God, but all says in the rich, the poor must again be thankful. But even if these religious barriers are only shades as white poplars throw over a white highway, to whom and for what must we not be thankful? To the parents who thought we were not enough to bring us into the world, to the tears who for poor pay and with great ill humor knocked all our knowledge into us, to the women who for the celestial roses, and those again to the man, who for 100 years, to people who "wait" that they may bear their labor, to the friend who "obliges" us when he loans us money—all I have paid him high interest and return I have nothing but the good neighbor, but I am thankful anyway sob, such a burdensome chain of gratitude that one is ready to break down under it.

It is assuredly not this gratitude in which egoism celebrates its highest triumphs.

"Except ye become as little children..."—Ludwig Buechner cannot understand this because he does not possess the love and is only a sounding metal and a ringing bell. Have you ever delighted a child before that cursed "thank you" was trained into it? First its eyes brightened bashfully, querulously, beaming more and more, its whole body was quivering with joy and gratitude, and over the gift it forgot the giver. But you yourself were grateful to whom? the world, the child, yourself, that you had the fortune to gaze on happiness. Have you ever had a woman, who so freely gives, who stands under the last kisses whispered into your ear: "I love you because you are so..."? You wandering through the night as if the stars shone only for you in the sky, and you cry: your hand, you traced the dark lives of the bushes as if it were the hair of your sweetheart. Have you ever found a nook in the woods, where a spring was bubbling, and you went to sleep among buttercups and wind drawers, godlike and sacred as on mother's lap?

All of this is the gratitude of the egoist.

But then you must also stand on a lonely island in the ocean of life and en stone tabul und the inscription of the lonely cell, which like lightning illuminates our soul. Or you must find at the resting place in the high mountain chains, the diurnal of the wanderer who assembled higher and never returned—a little patch on the mountain-climber, which at first dazzles your eyes as the spotless white surface of the snow and glaciers, but gradually your heart melts and becomes broader, and you say to yourself: that in this embraces the world; but all says was in me, awake and yet slumbering. You know your hand before the genius, but you place your heart aloof from the man and say: "You are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh."

And this pride is the gratitude of the egoist.

This egoism has done the greatest deeds in freedom, for its name is love; this egoism has created all art in the world, for its name is gratitude.—Robert Reitze. Translated from the German by Interloper.

Methods of Science.

I am glad to see some readers of FREE SOCIETY besides myself are aware that outside mathematics no proposition can be exact; and I am not sorry my little discussion with Simpson has attracted so much attention; I did wish to prolong it; but rather like closing with a few words on scientific methods of reasoning, which may save those who apply them quire a lot of befoulement.

Why is exactness possible in mathematics? Because the terms of mathematics are absolute creatures of the human mind. Quantity, the theme of mathematics, has been defined as "something per which operator and operand derive all their significance from its own law." That sounds rather technical and abstract, but allows of very simple illustration. What is the quantity two? It is the operator (multiplier) which derives all its significance from the law of the operation (multiplying). And as the operation is performed in thought, this operator is necessarily a creature of human mind.

By putting another number for the operator (or multiplier) we may make the two an operand (multiplied). "Twice two are four, three times two are six," these are statements of operation, and thus the products (quantities) four, six, etc., are here operations, in which both operator and operand derive all their significance from the law of the operation. The operation is performed only in thought; the operator is necessarily a creature of human mind.

Time and space are Kant also remarked, are the universal forms of consciousness. Accordingly mathematics pervades all science; and there is much probability in the ancient doctrine of Pythagoras that all relations may be resolved into geometrical quantities and that the analysis of geometrical quantities, but the principle applies equally to geometrical; for all geometrical relations can be expressed arithmetically. The reverse does not hold and therefore we cannot invent all theorems of a geometrical nature and then demonstrate them arithmetically. For in the solution of a geometrical problem, we are not dealing with what we know to be creatures of the mind, whose nature the mind can describe synthetically, but with what appear to the mind as objects independent of itself and only to be described analytically. I am easily and correctly tell what is a circle because I know how a circle is made. But what is sugar? It is usually said by psychoanalysts, but the name "sugary" is a group of sensations, which, under certain circumstances present themselves together. But even that statement does not do justice to our ignorance of the meaning of "sugar" as the thing to which we can experience as above certain intuitions, certain potential phenomena, some of which I learn by experiment may be evoked, but many others probably do not know. "Sugar" is not a name
of a Thing—"vine"—only of an idea. Thus, an early cultivator of modem ideas, John Locke, remarked, that, to a child, gold "means yellow; and he calls a canary's feathers gold; but a jeweler knows that gold has properties unknown to the child—and hence, to the goldsmith; he makes jewelry; etc.; and a chemist adds other still more soluble in aqua regia. Have we got to the end now? inquiries the phalologist Max Mühlbchler. What does "gold" mean in the mouth of a broker? Then the stock market, it has taken wings and flown away. The broker may know all about gold the chemist must know. He certainly knows a lot more—that it is, e.g., the measure of intrinsic value. It follows, first that we do not know natural objects as we do abstract ideas, and that the attempt to define them similarly, is a pedantic concealing of our ignorance which will lead only to fighting over words. We need must speak of them loosely, because we know them only imperfectly. But there is, we see secondly, another method of dealing with them, which is that called induction, and which is a more natural process, as Newton did in astronomy and Dalton in chemistry. We did not make them (that we remember) and therefore cannot synthesize them. But, by observation and experiment, we can analyze them. And thus we may finally arrive at their mathematics, which is still more for a living organism; most of all for a society, containing millions of such organisms. Sociological definitions are to fit the most complex objects of any. Then they are to be evolved, after mathematical fashion, from our inner consciousness. Above all others, they require to be founded on analysis by wide and careful induction.

That the induction leads to Anarchism, I have several times said, and given my reasons for thinking so. But it would be a very different proposition that induction has already led to final and last conclusions, either of Tolstoy or Thoreau. The sociological field, till lately entirely occupied by dogma and speculation, is the field of greatest complexities. Therefore it is that into which induction advances most slowly, and carefully, but in which its vain precursors, dogma and speculation still gambol, as Bottom says, most "eloquently and courageously." What induction, I think, has already fully demonstrated, is Tendancy. In prophecies about the application to social matters, they become (I am persuaded) less disposed to revere authority and precedent, to desire power, to prize violence. Behold the solution of Ross Wain's riddle—if he wants a solution, not a wordy battle, he which shall not get out of me. Resolve to practise non-resistance as much as you can; and I think you will probably not receive the aged credulous individual's crusades. If you happen to arrive at them, my advice (speaking, too, strictly as an Anarchist) is—take the one you like best.

C. L. JAMES

The true work of all governments is to do away with the necessity of any government.

-Elbert Hubbard

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Certain Comments.

I do not think I can be justly accused of personal hostility toward the Socialists, many of whom I count among my nearest and best valued friends. I believe that the Socialist movement has been doing a vast amount of good, in the last few years. The cries and the cruelties of both Socialism and Anarchism, the two movements interpreted so closely as to appear almost if not quite identical. Kindred in principle, and the term "collectivism" altogether, in his "Appeal to the Young." Several of the Chicago martyrs spoke of themselves indifferently as Anarchists and Socialists. Now that the two movements are more clearly differentiated, it is still plain that they have much in common.

Both condemn the present order of things and aim at the emancipation of mankind from exploitation of every sort. There is some difference, however, in the ideal to be attained, and more as to the means to be employed to reach that ideal. The Socialist is sure that we must begin by rectifying economic conditions, and the Anarchist is quite as convinced that no such program will ever prevail to set men free.

A natural criticism of methods does not show unfriendliness or intolerance. But when Wilshire does the whole Anarchist movement a nuisance, or when the Worker or the People indulge in the hortatory slander that Anarchism is bourgeois and bourgeois. Advance had the nerve recently to apply this term to Kropotkin—and the paid agents of capitalism, the bounds of legitimate and honest criticism have surely been overstretched.

That the Socialists, as a body, do not desire freedom, is evident from their own actions, and those are a few splendid exceptions. Lawrence Goulard, in his "Co-operative Commonwealth," decreed that Socialists have more in common with the pope of Rome than they have with the Anarchists. The Weekly People, in its issue of July 20, declared that the Socialist Labor Party looks into the daily conduct of its members, and "rightfully," among other things by expelling free lovers from its ranks. We should enjoy a wonderful amount of liberty in a nation ruled by such people!

That the Socialists do not wish their movement to be confused with any other, is natural and right enough; and I do not in any way blame them for not wishing to be called Anarchists. But I do blame them for attempting to carry favor by false denunciations of the Anarchists of the country. I blame them for their gross falsehood during the era of persecution which followed the assassination of McKinley—a cowardly strongly contrasting with the manifest courage exhibited by several of the leading Socialists. If the Socialists, as a body, want liberty, why do not their representatives write papers and orators any say? However they may differ from the views of Anarchists, they should at least be willing to accord them the rights of human beings. Yet the Socialist press of this country was silent when Millard and his colleagues prohibited the International Anarchist Conference from assembling in Paris. It was practically silent while Emma Goldman, the Isaak family and other Anarchists were under arrest. At conventions in Chicago, the book carnival of public immunity, the entire Socialist press, save two or three little papers of small circulation, protested only against any interference with Socialist propaganda, but left the words which condemnation for the cruel and infamous outrages heaped on Anarchists in every part of the land. Nor is this case any different today. The Socialist press has nothing to say against Sunday legislation and other acts of religious tyranny. They raise no voice against Capitalism, and the devilry wrought under it. They have spoken out against Muddleness only when Muddlen selected some Socialist paper as his object of attack. Is this line of conduct characteristic of persons to whom liberty means a great deal? Free speech has become the great issue of the day. It is measured at never before by the millions of power. Without freedom of expression, it is impossible to gain economic freedom or any other kind of freedom. Yet the Socialist press has remained silent on these issues. Their platforms are silent, where their presence should ring loudest of all. Does Mrs. Whitehead still think that Socialists, as a body, understand and desire liberty?

The principle of liberty includes all its manifestations, of which free speech is only one. Perfect economic equality and universal cooperation in production and distribution could exist under a most rigid and hateful bureaucracy, without allowing any freedom of speech or of sexual relations. On the other hand, freedom from government would at once destroy wage slavery and all possibility of economic exploitation, leaving the resources of the earth at the command of all the dwellers thereon. Thus meeting on equal terms, the men and women of a free society will be simply following their own interest, so uniting their interests each may have the largest possible share of the good things of life. Socialism as a system; Anarchism as a growth. Socialism is mechanical; Anarchism is vital. A free society is the soil in which every good plant may grow.

JAMES F. MORTON, Jr.
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ANCHESTER--A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of men by men as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty. Century Dictionary.

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

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

As was announced some time ago, the Philadelphia comrades have issued a pamphlet on the New Jersey anti-Anarchist law. It places in striking contrast the constitutional guarantee of free speech and press and the right to assemble with the actual laws in New Jersey. For copies address N. Notkin, 242 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Wadbrook announces that she will receive any aid proffered to pay her fine. Address her at Home, Wash.

The International Defense Committee is conducting the defense of Comrades Gaessmann and MacQueen. Contributions are solicited, and may be addressed to the treasurer, A. Salsberg, 30 Paterson St., Paterson, N. J. We have on hand some subscription blanks, which will be furnished on request.

CHICAGO.—Anthropological Society, 26 E. Van Buren St. J. H. Rowell will address the society Sunday, August 24, 8 p. m., on "Communion in the Ultimate Basis of Society."

Current Comment.

The French government, by the enforcement of what is called "the law of associations," is seeking to wrest public education in that country from the clutches of the Catholic Church; and to thus force the conservative mass to accept the ultimate secularization of the schools. I say ultimate, because the law of associations really does not take the present schools entirely from the influence of the Church; it is, like all government measures, a half-way measure, all too sufficiently weeping to be radical. As this law is an innovation, it is resisted, and particularly by the rural and most conservative communities. This resistance has, in some cases, taken the form of popular revolt to the extent of armed defiance, and, as a consequence, all France is in turmoil.

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This term in France is essentially reactionary in character, otherwise it might be regarded as portentous of revolution. But revolutions never die out; besides, the spirit of the French nation is not in harmonious with the spirit of revolution, which is at the bottom of the present agitation. The government, unless it weakens from some cause now invisible, will inevitably triumph, because the object it aims at is progressive and is in line with the irresistible trend of intellectual advance, an advance, in which the French people lead all other nations.

Taking this casual view, those of progressive tendency, even the Anarchists, will at once conclude that the French government is doing a righteous and commendable service for the advancement of human progress and enlightenment. For certainly, the control of public education by the most conservative and reactionary of religious bodies, is an evil, the fruits of which can be seen in every country where it prevails. Therefore, when the French government undertakes to free the intellect of the nation from the harmful influence of sectarian education, all freethinking people, the Anarchists included, will instinctively approve.

But let us reflect who appointed to the French government the right to determine what is and is not good for the people of France? While the French republic is closing the Catholic schools for the good of the people, the Russian empire is closing the liberal universities of the country on precisely the same pretext. In order to find ample reason to justify one and condemn the other, everything depends upon our individual mental attitude. In order to be logical we must concede that either the one or the other justifies the means in every case, or it does not in any case. If we agree to the former, and, at the same time concede the right of individuals to resist, logically justify the suspension, and every other act of tyrannical perseveration by those who honestly sought to serve a good purpose by bad methods.

Therefore, even tho we concede that the French government is in the right in that which it seeks to achieve, it does not necessarily follow that its crusade against the sectarian school should be approved. On the contrary, it has all the semblance of persecution. It is no defense to say that these schools are supported by taxation. If that be the grievance, then abolish, not the schools but the taxes. Otherwise, Catholic schools should not be maintained by compulsory taxation. But it seems to me the French government has gone about this business in the wrong way. So long as religious schools are desired by some people, however insignificant their number, I see no reason to justify the attempt of somebody else, who happens to hold a contrary opinion, to prevent their existence, when the ordinary and natural condition of a tropical republic is a state of revolutionary upheaval. Yet at present there is fun alive in Venezuela, Columbia, in some of the Central American States, and in Hayti. In all these countries, revolutions are in progress. In Hayti it is merely a contest between rival candidates for the presidency. But in Columbia and Venezuela more serious issues are involved.

In the first place, Columbia and Venezuela are at war, but the outside world has no official knowledge of the fact; and the two countries maintain the most peaceful of diplomatic relations. This peculiar state of affairs is due to the fear entertained by both countries, that open hostilities between them would involve the United States. Besides, by carrying on the war unofficially, so to speak, both countries can confine the fighting to the frontier, and leave by mutual understanding their ports free for commerce. Commercial intercourse with foreign countries is absolutely necessary, for both countries depend upon their import and export duties as the chief source of revenue. While a state of actual war exists between
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Resolved. That the time is at hand for the creation of a new
system of economic order which will put an end to the
tragic and deplorable condition of the world's labor.

The universal movement for social revolution is in
full swing, and the time has come for the people of the
world to realize that the only solution to the problems
of capitalism lies in the creation of a new economic system
based on the principles of liberty, equality, and
cooperation.

The resolution calls for the establishment of a
collective ownership of the means of production and
the distribution of wealth based on the principle of
everyone working for their sustenance. It also
advocates for the end of exploitation and
oppression, and for the establishment of a just and
equal society where all have the opportunity to
participate in the decision-making process.

The resolution further urges the
international community to support this
movement and to work towards a world
where peace and prosperity are
attainable for all.

The resolution concludes by
encouraging all to join in the
campaign for a new economic system
that will bring about a better world for
everyone.

The resolution is signed by the
members of the Free Society
Committee, who are dedicated
to the cause of social change and
will continue to work towards
achieving a just and equitable
society.
The Prisoner.

There was no doubt that he was a brute. One could see it in his face, which was distorted by vice. His eyes were bloodshot, his clothes torn and dirty, and one could feel nothing but disgust for this debased type of humanity. A fouled garment and three other men to hold him. I must have been very strong and made every effort to escape. His cries attracted many of the passers-by. Some looked with curiosity, others joked at his expense, and I could not help but pass hurriedly, for scenes like this have no special charm for me, when I was attracted by his cries. Cries, that one would scarcely expect to hear from such lips. This beast in his helplessness and despair was transformed again to a child, and cried to his mother—who had long ago, no doubt, passed to her eternal resting-place—to help him, Mammy!'' he cried, and tho’ I knew not how benignant the crime was that he had committed, whether he had robbed somebody, or whether, even worse, he had murdered a companion in a drunken fight, I could not help pitying him. I no longer saw him the strong man he was, inured to vice and crime, with no idea of right. I no longer saw the beast before me whom it took four men to hold. Instead I saw a可怜的 baby who, amid ignorance, filth, privation and disease, received his first lessons of life. I saw this child grow old enough to walk and sent out to the streets, to beg, to sell newspapers and in the end he was seen as he stared jangly into the windows of fine restaurants, where men were eating and making merry. How happy and impossible their condition seemed to him! He would linger in this hordes of others who, as he manipulated the roulette wheel, shouted, “Andale chumacas,” and regarding him closely as he watched the wheel go round, I saw very little difference between him and his more fortunate brothers engaged in the same thing in the various stock exchanges of the world.

I saw him, this time hurt at work in the street excavations. His legs were bare to his thighs, and from morning until midday he stood knee deep in the sewerage of the city, the dirty water freezing his legs in the morning, the hot sun beating down upon him in the afternoon, while his whole body, even his face, was covered with the filthy slime. After a hard day’s work he would go to the only place where he would find friends and companions, the Pullman, and stay until the next day, with pig’s ears and would either be arrested for drunkenness, or, if he hadn’t enough money to get drunk upon, would return to the dirty hole that he called home, to sleep off the effects of the liquor could see it, be able to go to work again in the morning.

Amid all of these surroundings he might have grown into a model of virtue. He might have learned that man had high motives in life. He might have been ambitious and aspired to be president, or done the thousand and one other things that the good philanthropist and ethical culturist advise the classes to do. He might also have been economical and instead of spending his money for the sake of the good society that has saved the city, and of his centavos and finally have become a millionaire, and endowed settlements, colleges, churches; but instead of taking the advice of these good people, he had done what seemed to him more natural under the circumstances, had become a criminal, and was now in the hands of the law.

I thought sadly over the man’s fate, his family, the thousands of others who were being born daily, and who at their very birth were destined by society to become its scavengers as this man was. This and many kindred thoughts were awakened in my mind, and in my part in thinking sadly the object of my thoughts was dragged to the Commissary.—Harry Lichtenberg, in the Comrade, New York, August, 1902.

The Last Stand against Democracy in Sex.

Physiologists, rational dress reformers, and Androphob societies have done good service in calling attention to the more flagrant violations of the laws of health and humanity—sometimes they have done more than this, nevertheless, the pictorial ideal maintains its hold. True, the number of women is decreasing who may be described as "unhappy statues and miserable trifles, Poor shallow chimes, piece ornaments, ugly, graceless, etc."

But they may still sacrifice dignity, concentrated power, comfort, leisure, culture, art, beauty, individuality, on this altar of fashion, and society applauds. Specialists advocate for emancipation dismiss these facts and focus their energies on the removal of the particular grievances that appeal to them. They do not remember that "it is not what is done to us but what is made of us that matters." They confess their fear of imperiling the reform they have at heart if they attack the popular idols. Higher education, the franchise, economic independence will bring them all these. The perpetuation of the ideal of submissiveness in which women are regarded as adjuncts, objects of use or pleasure, or both. Thus woman appeals primarily to the body of man, not to his soul.

Men are not only sufferers from these evil deeds; they are also offenders. Their love of ostentation and sense of what is due to their self-importance often cause them to demand in the dress of wives and sisters an exhibit of financial prosperity. At the summer resorts, or in any form of outdoor recreation, the interests of the men and women is painfully apparent. The men find strenuous, adventurous, health-giving enjoyment in all weathers, but the women have to consider whether the possible damage to their wardrobe makes it worth while to quit the safe alternative of the rocking-chair and novel. Genuine comraderie is possible only when the man be comes effeminate or when the woman to some extent rationalizes her costume. Decorations that lend themselves for practical work might, if fitwise were the standard, be reserved for occasions of festivity, where they would enhance the gayety and need not be restricted to one sex.

Condomes are not a substitute for the external naturally breeds neglect of the body. Hence the shame of the physical, parent of grave ethical disaster. Even in a woman’s gymnasia, where some appreciation of the dignity of the body might be expected, the rule for restricting the wearing of the gymnasia suit to one part of the building is enforced without protest, lest profane eyes behold the nudes of women in garments so eminently sensible and decent and suited to the requirements of free and graceful motion.

The conventional poison is imbued very young. Juvenile critics manifest their lofty disapproval of any design from the authorized width or pointlessness of shoes, or the regulation length of skirts, while the fondness for martinet artificual floral adornment and for decorations derived from the plunder of laughter-taint and all too often are permissible by society, are considered vicious and undecent not, of course, that they should not be indulged in, but that they should be made to serve a useful end. Paper dolls, modeled upon the latest matured atrocities in style, contribute to the vitiation of the form and color sense, and prepare the young students to graduate in a dissertation on conventionalized clothes-pieces. Thereafter the milliner and dressmaker, experts in the technique of their trade, but, with rare exceptions, without a knowledge of the first principles of art, wield absolute sway over matters which should be, according to their nature, chaste, refined and elevated. Simplicity and chastity should be characteristic of the dress of the humbler classes. Cloth and fiber, observed and governed by different rules, should be a guide to every class. What is the use of dressing the humble classes in the same style as the rich? The working classes should be dressed in a style appropriate to their condition. The rich should be dressed in a style appropriate to their condition. The rich should be dressed in a style appropriate to their condition. The rich should be dressed in a style appropriate to their condition.

The evidence of the power of fashion and the devotion of its votaries, after all, but express pathetic aberrations of the love of the beautiful which will dictate the usager and transform the world. These blind gropings are prophetic. Something beautiful is evolved now and then by accident, and wins deserved but unintellectual admiration. Novelty is sought because it is mistaken for beauty. No one has once looked with appreciation on a group of artists in liberty woolens, in art colors, simplicity of art, gracefully following the lines of the figure, could ever again fall into the error, and perhaps no one who has not had the advantage of some similar basis of comparison can realize what we lose by subjugation to the usager.

To the above is appended an extract from "Whitman’s Ideal Democracy" by Helen Dorn.

...and those inevitable persecutions broke out which ensure the triumph of new religions.—Zohn, "Jutardes,"
I have always been a curious student of the comparative attitude of the wild man and the tame when brought in contact. Have you noticed it? The accounts all agree. If they meet together as friends for the first time, how invariably the attitude of the latter is superior to that of the white man? The behavior of the former—frank, generous, trustful, hospitable, dignified—all that of a true man should be. The white man is superruous, insolent or condescending, critical, suspicious, shrewd, treacherous, plotting. The dark man is opening his heart and home to a friend, the white man is seeking advantage. The whole relation is typical. The "savages" are chivalrous, the "citizens" tricky. The first a gentleman, the second a jockey. It is typical, and explains all that follows.

At home, with his friends, the wild man is a Comrade, a true comrade to his last drop of blood, sharing all to his last morsel—and when the white man comes to him he receives him as one of the tribe. But at home and abroad, with friends and enemies, even with his own family, the white man is always a Jacob. Baa and Jacob, the wild man and the dweller in cities, the lesson reads even the same. To the white man and woman, the great thing in human life is the thing important to make man; to the civilize property is central and humanity its tool. The savage is sensitive, high-spirited, and it is the embodied insult of the whole man to be slighted; a great deed gives him finally into a frenzy. He is bigoted and doped at the same time he cannot endure—but always the insult is the worst. But the Indian triumphs, and 'savage' sees that his brutish at goodness is confused, destroyed; he sinks into moral chaos, debauchery; the center of his life is gone; he has no genius for social Gain; he is artist; not a grumbler; despairs of his health; he dies of sick disgust; he will despair. "Civili-" lization" kills his faith in virtue and his self-respect and so shows him sweeter than mulberry.

The whole savage was no creation of fiction, but a living fact. And until we revive his virtues—the supreme admiration for mankind, comradeship, character, Nature—we shall not like in a sty and pessimism be the breeders of our accursed-showpit of cheats that we are.

It is not the defeat in arms that breaks his savage heart. He can admit that; but the victory of the contemptible over the admirable. He cannot understand it, and interest in life dies.

The white man's supercilious insult to the "negro" explains the situation in the Philippines today—"The Free Comrade West," N. J., August, 1902.—A.

Opposed to Violence.

"An Invitation Declined." I acknowledge receipt, thru FREE SOCIETY, of a Boston Investigator, containing an article by an anti-vaccinator, who bears the fictitious name of A. Section. On the margin of A. Section's letter, it is thus written:

Let James (skirmish with this writer a bit).—J. E. SMALL

James has something to do.

James has never thought that the "negro" is a mere animal or a mere victim. Secrecy worthy of his steel, except when they are made to make a stamping-ground of liberal papers; under which head he has long ceased to include advocates of materialism alone. Remember, oh ants, however hard it is for you to get lever upper to the scratch, and what happened when he got there.

"Remember the slaughter, remember the day!"

After having slain Goliath, James does not think it necessary to "skirmish" with Philistines of his own side any longer. He shows them off forbidden territory, perhaps.

Bau Claire, Wis.

C. L. JAMES

A Free Society.

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