A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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Toll.
(From "Songs of the Army of the Night.")

I toll, I toll as tolls a jaded horse
Around the ever-changing changeless track
From sunrise on to sunset, till the moon.
That grinds to floor my heart and soul, is still
And the rays are closed, and I may leave my course
And silent, along with the night, go back
To misery and the cruel sleep whose breasts,
Bitter to seek, give poisoned milk.
And this is my life. And everything attests
Hell's relentless hand that holds me pinned.

— O —

Labor Day.
(An unedited speech.)

This is one of the days, fellow laborers, on which politicians and priests—pillars of plutocratic society—think it worth while to flatter, exult, and bumbug us; in short, to buncose us. The politician, especially the labor politician, will assure us that we are the very salt of the earth, and that here, in our "free country," our august and irresistible will, expressed at the ballot box (that palladium of our liberties!) and translated into law by our humble and obedient servants, the legislators, and enforced by our old-time servants, the judges, the policemen, the gauntlets, etc., alone makes that the free land.

The sleek and oily manipulator of men will suggest to us certain reforms (?) that will benefit us, and offer, in the fulness of love and devotion, to bear the burden of office in order to get them for us. And we all know that he is a liar and a swindler; that he will sell us out, for cash, for preferment, or extenue us away, for a little social recognition from the aristocracy. All this we know, and won't hesitate to say so in private conversation; and we also know, that, if some strange chance an honest man is elected to office, he is wholly powerless, and soon retires disgusted and deheartened, or yields to temptation and becomes as bad as the rest. But in spite of our knowledge we will applaud the politician's speech, and very likely elect him to the office he seeks; and when in due time he sells us out or gives us away, we don't be disappointed, for we knew he would before we elected him.

And when the twin brother of the politician, the priest, addresses us in the name of God, the All Wise and All Beneficent ruler of the universe, and promises us our eternal heritage of happiness in another world, in return for quiet and resigned sufferings here on earth, we know that he, too, is a liar and a swindler, who preaches renunciation to us while he takes mighty good care of himself right here and now. We know that he and his kind are only a sort of police, paid to keep us quiet while our masters are shaming us. We don't believe in his fables about the good God any more than we believe in nursery tales of "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Little Red Riding Hood." And yet we will listen attentively, put on a solemn air of deep conviction, and treat this swindler with profound respect.

And, finally, if some benevolent little capitalist condescends to address us as men and brothers, and repeats a few conventionalities about the "dignity" of labor, or explains once more that the interests of capital and labor are identical, and raises a warning voice against the "wicked agitators" who seek to disturb the beautiful harmony that naturally exists between employers and employed, we will pretend that we don't know that he is a liar or a fool. We won't recognize his insulting condescension; on the contrary, we will treat him with severe deference, and quite confirm him in his belief that he is rendering us a great service by sweating our life's blood out of us for his own benefit.

Of course you won't like what I have told you. We never like a disagreeable truth; we prefer an agreeable lie, tho we know it to be a lie. But the time has come when we must face the naked truth.

Why do we all continue to applaud and uphold a set of lying swindlers and blood-suckers, knowing them to be such? Probably because we don't realize the true significance of our own knowledge, and still more because we believe that government, religion, and private property, are necessary evils anyway; and our own institutions are no worse than others. Indeed the belief still prevails that our political machinery is so admirable that it will turn out a pretty fair sort of legislation and administration, even the manipulated by a set of selfish scoundrels in their own interests.

But there is still another reason for our dull and stupid submission to things as they are. We instinctively feel that to act on our knowledge would be to kick down the whole framework of our society; in other words, to inaugurate the Social Revolution. And we don't realize the full significance of our own knowledge. Do we? We know that our politicians are a set of self-seeking parasites, who are in politics for what there is in it. And that all their phrases about "conservation to public duties," and so on, are mere buncombe, quite compatible, for instance, with the use of public vessels as private yachts and the accumulation of a private fortune of several millions during a few years of such "conservation." True, we have a spasm of virtue once in a while; a few unlucky plunderers are exposed, a number sent to prison, after which the reformers are elected to take their places, and then we settle back into our normal condition of stupid resignation, while the chains of our slavery are riveted tighter day by day.

Of course, you may say, this is mere Anarchistic exaggeration; so listen to what Justice Brown of the Supreme Court of the United States has to say on the subject. In a recent address to the students of Yale College he said: "Bribery and corruption are no universal ills to threaten the very sturdiness of society." And Judge Brown knows what he is talking about. He can't help knowing, for instance, that Stanley Matthews was appointed to the same Supreme Court of which he is a member in return for a campaign contribution of $100,000 by Jay Gould. Moreover, Judge Brown knows just what universal suffrage amounts to, and does not hesitate to say that if this is skillfully manipulated as to rivet the chains of the poor man, and to secure to the rich man a permanence in politics he has never enjoyed under a restricted system." Put that in your pipe and smoke it, you sovereign citizen of America, on the next occasion when you can't raise five cents for a paper of tobacco; or rather cut it out and paste it in your hat (if you have one) and read it to the next politician who promises legal reforms that will help you, and curb the power of your plutocratic masters.

Reforms? Yes, reforms, on paper. You can have as many as you want of them; the politicians are smart enough to know how cheap they really are—much cheaper than machine guns and smokeless powder. Take the factory laws of Illinois for instance; they were warranted to protect women and children from the greed of soulless employers, to abolish sweating and improve the condition of the laboring class generally. And when Mrs. Kelley (an excellent lady, no doubt, and a sort of a milk-and-water Socialist), was appointed chief inspector in Chicago a howl of joy went up in the labor papers. Now we were to have genuine reform; the law was to be strictly enforced, and the lords of capital compelled to exploit their employees decently, and with some regard for their health and well being. It was a charming picture.
FREE SOCIETY

But alas! Read Mrs. Kelly's recent report, and you will see that her honest effort to enforce the law has not helped the workmen in the least. The powers of darkness will oppose you to the uttermost, they will consider you as living as free men and women; if you really believe that you have a right to live in comfort and security, by enjoining your brothers to persevere in the free and healthy life of the soil, to work for the satisfaction of their wants, and to maintain the rights of all the workers among the free society.

But between us and this earthly paradise lies grim and brutal civil war. Our exploiters and parasites will never give up their privileges peacefully. And, therefore, I hope that all socialists, who wish to proceed peacefully—that is, to submit and beg—set up the familiar strain about the horrors of the French Revolution.

But what happened to the workmen during the revolution? What becomes of the unemployed? What becomes of the sufferer? What becomes of the honest man who has to work for his living? Is he reduced to a state of destitution? Is he made to live in want and misery? Is he forced to work for less than he is worth? Is he compelled to work for less than he is capable of doing?

We who labor wish to live off the fruits of our labor; let those who now roll in luxurious indulgence, and all who help maintain the present system of speculation, take warning, and let them profit, if they can, by the lessons of history.

The Morals of Lying

This article received the first prize in a symposium on the question, "Is a lie ever justifiable?" printed in the Philadelphia Times.

The question upon which you this week invite expression of opinion, "Is a lie ever justifiable?" may be discussed from two radically different points of view—the sentimental and rational. And the answer that anyone gives to your query will depend largely upon his natural bent of mind—whether it is sentimental or rational predominates.

The sentimental view that lying is in and of itself evil, or even a sin, and therefore never justifiable, is probably that with which most persons take without reflection. Most of us feel instinctively—and instinct is based on long experience—that falsehood is to be shunned and avoided at almost any cost. Some of us, however, refuse to trust instinct alone, no matter how universal, being aware that not all our natural instincts are perfectly trustworthy guides. Not content with this blind safeguard—instinct—we ask ourselves, "Is lying really never justifiable?" and why?

It seems to me that, apart from its evil consequences, no valid reason can be given why telling a lie should be, or, indeed, why it should not. Indeed, the very act of truth telling has only expediency to commend it. Long experience has shown that habitual adherence to the policy of this code is conducive to man's social well-being. And we have found that unless they habitually trust one another with perfect confidence and assurance in business, political and other relations; unless neighbors, husband and wife, parent and child can take each other's word; unless these conditions subsist, true social and individual happiness, which would show a systematic disregard for truthfulness would speedily come to grief. Experience has shown, I say, that as a general principle, lying is inexpedient; we, therefore, number truth-telling among the virtues.

But most rational minds have learned to beware of rules which allow of no exception. There are hardly a dozen truths universally held. The law of the jungle, as men say, is the law of the strongest, and no one has found, needs modification. We must be especially cautious with respect to "general" or "unvarying" rules in morality, the science of which, if it can be said to exist, is certainly very inexact. We should not, therefore, subscribe to the broad generalization that it is never justifiable to lie.

Truth-telling, when conscientiously adhered to, is not an end, but a means to an end—a means to render life better worth living. And, like all principles adopted by man as guides to conduct, veracity—the means—cannot be greater or more important than the end—truth-telling, or happiness, for more happiness. This being the case, all our principles must serve, not master, life. A temporary departure from a policy generally wise or a principle in most cases expeditious, seems from the view thereby justified, should occasion arise when more permanent or greater good can hardly be secured. Let me show by illustration how these exigencies may arise.

The United States, we will suppose, finds herself at war with Great Britain, over, say, a misunderstanding as to our sympathy for the Boers. The enemy takes a prisoner who is a member of the United States Board of strategy, or an ordinary rank-and-file citizen possessing information very valuable to the enemy of our plans of defense or attack. The prisoner is pressed heavily for his secrets; threatened, tortured, and threatened again. Should he tell the truth and help ruin his country, or lie? Which course is he to take? Where is the man with a reputation to lose who would not agree that lying is in this case justifiable—no, not justifiable?

Take another instance. A man is very critically ill. His chances of recovery are very slight. Some hope, however, that he will recover, which depends upon the patient's mental quiet. In the meantime a close relative of his, long sick, dies. The patient discovers news on the face of his attendant, and asks that it be disclosed. Should his inquirer tell the truth, the last hope of recovery is gone. He lies to help save his patient's life. Who will deny that in this case, too, lying is justifiable?

Numerous other instances could be cited to prove the same point—that exigencies arise in social life where lie would hesitate to tell the truth. But, let us not always, or even, a lie; all depends upon the motive. Lying to betray an honest neighbor; or to gain an unfair advantage over another is dishonest. But sometimes it is necessary to tell the truth. Falsehood, on the other hand, resorting to in order to save one's country or the life of an individual, is justifiable, especially if, as in the second case, no harm comes of the falsehood itself. I think I may safely assert, therefore, in answer to your question, that lies are sometimes justifiable.
"The City Dead-House."

By the city dead-house by the gate,
In the contemplation of a poor dead prostitute brought
The divinity of human body I look for the spirit.
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I

Painful fear—inequality of soul—in itself a soul,
Untouched, sacred home—take one breath from my trembling lips,
Take one tear deep, as I go for thought of you,
Dead house of love—house of madness and sin—cross;

House of life, cruel talking and laughing—and, oh, poor house, dead ever then.
Months, years, an echoing garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead.

This poem, "The City Dead-House," of which I have quoted the salient lines, seemed to me at one time of the masterpieces of Whitman; but it has since dwindled in my esteem to a place below, not above, the average of his work. The reasons for which change of front I trust will prove of interest to all lovers of the great and manly poet. Great and manly y Whitman is indeed, a giver of life, a master in his art, a friend to us and not remote, is the great poet—and Whitman is near indeed. And because of that very nearness I criticize this poem. And while I may let one own that it is Whitman's self, and to his own influence on me, I owe much of my criticism; for true it is that great poets educate us to be critical of themselves. What is the purest sublime of Whitman's teaching? What is it that stays with us ever as we sit and muse; with us as the incorruptible soul of his doctrine after other elements have vanished in the stress of life? Is it his faith, hearty, absolute, imperial in the good that is and must be ever in the human heart—somewhere all the hidden, showing itself where least expected, lurking even in the darkest alleys of consciousness, a well-spring of good, pure and infinitely refreshing. This is what Whitman gives to us; gives us not with blatant optimism but with the voice of one who also has suffered and wept; and for his faith in man, so eloquent and so inexpressible, how often have our hearts given him all that hearts can—the utmost of their fervent thanks! But in this poem of the "City Dead-House" it is Whitman's vision of the faith in immortality who speaks; it is one who, with all his melting tenderness, says of her, the magdalen, "Months, years, an echoing garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead."

With this verdict, tremendous in sincerity and overwhelming in pathos, we have to reckon. On first hearing it may drag us along in the agony of its utterance; but time and meditation change many things.

In our cities there walk abroad many upon whom the fiery soul in its idealism cries out, "Dead, dead, dead;..." but should we choose first to look at that wretched paltry of lust? Are they not the signs of a dying body and not that reason enough that we should not add a word even of grave and tender blame? Are there not lords and ladies and a vast number of luxurious and pompous persons lied by flattery, upon whom first we should cry—"Corpses, over the land is the stench of your rottenness"—the rich and approved, do they not offer fine select objects for utterance by the poor and despised?

A nobler pity, a deeper understanding, should await the last-devoted of the streets: Whitman himself, in other poems, is the first to plead so. Poor faces, often dull and gross, are they themselves devised of pity of life or of love? or of a harlot who fore-ordained to stroke a starving cat may give even a great poet pause. She is the bleeding quary of man's lust—lust—but is the quarry as ignoble as the iron ore? How came these women on the streets? The answer would be a million histories, some doubtless very ignoble, some pathetic, heart-rending, pitiful, thoroughly human. Did not my lady countess sell herself the other day to a rich old lord? There is more prostitution than meets the eye. And have we not heard of the sad harlot who, pitying a poor man, and helping him as she could, fortune coming to him and he wishing to marry her, refused him, being conscious of her shame? Who is there that will deny to these outcasts a moving and lustreous knowledge of love and purity? —Will the "Christian Conscient, Philadelphia, August, 1889.

Marriage Safeguards.

Whatever marriage forms may in future be deemed most favorable to individual development, and hence promoting the best interests of society, it is obvious that any woman who has engaged in the conventional ideals may well hesitate to place herself under the jurisdiction of existing marriage laws. It is futile and inhuman to put such a heavy price on freedom as to deter all but the most reluctant from the grasp of the law. This requires but little imagination to realize the bitterness which such indulgences as the above formulae of marriage, by Edith Lancaster, of London, in an address, at the Marriage Society, October, 1883, may have entailed on a finely wrought nature, true to conviction beyond the mere lip-loyalty of less sensitive types. The world continually puts a premium on insincerity. An institution need be sustained by such an iniquitous expedient as the abduction cited would appear to have little inherent vitality.

This is but one among many instances in which the idea that human life is held in abeyance until marriage has been denigrated into a mere superstition, blinding its adherents to the reality symbolized. And here the reality, which law and public opinion have attempted to stereotype, is too valuable to be sacrificed on the altar of custom; it is nothing less than a union based on such free and spontaneous love as compassion renders impossible.

"As I may love be compelled by necessity..." For soon as nature's own, sweet love is non
Take them in sunshine and noon away and gone.

Since, then, the self-appointed custodians of morality are determined to preserve the artificial bond, without modification, at all costs, whatever the situation, I would advise freedom lovers but to unite in a crusade against the enforced irrevocable contract, for the protection of true marriage relations; not indorse or approve, but insist, because women's "social and moral salvation" lies in maternity, or that voluntary celibacy is to be regarded as a misfortune; but in order that men and women alike may be relieved from their choice of such life conditions as they deem best calculated to promote their all-round development.

In this way only will the cast-iron codes—more rigid, perhaps, in sex matters than any other—give place to a saner, more democratic attitude, encouraging freer relations based on sympathy, enduring affection, and "sweet and friendly" comradship. The scaffolding required to rear the structure above the mere physical groundwork, when the higher planes are reached, will have served its purpose and may be removed without disaster. The distinction between essentials and non-essentials cannot be too much emphasized. From "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," by Helena Born.

Time and Eternity.

There is no defined or measurable present; all time is past or future. You, my long-jailed, nameless Church friends, tell me you are preparing for eternity; to that end you were born, and that you consider the sole object of life. I am living, just revelling in eternity right now, here, now, in California—but doing whatever I have to do with spirits, delighting in gay straight or watered, and I would not taste a drop of your sacramental wine, to save my soul, whatever part of me the Church saints may decide that to be.

KINGPHRASIS.
San Francisco, 36 Geary St.

I send you the names of the juriesmen who decided that my article was obscene; not that I claim the opportunity to annoy them, but that you and (if you publish) your readers may have the opportunity to send them from time to time such reading material as will inform them what is going on in the world. I wish, as the judge did not call that article "obscene," that the paper would publish it on the ground that the public has a right to know what its members are up to. I fancy such a course would break up such persecutions sooner than in any other way. Below are the names.

LOIS WASHBROOKER.

D. V. Dunham, Cathlamet; C. S. Brumbaugh, Shelton; Frank Binns, Shelton; Louis Taussman, Stella; Robt. Marshall, Merton; A. B. McDonald, Miallita; J. Cook, Boistfort; John Lindeberg, Otysterville; Lee Wallace, Kelso, Jas. H. Marner, Randle; John Bashford, and A. A. French, Tacoma, all of Washington.

Literature.

LA COMPTE ITALIENNE EN FRANCE ET LE THEATRE. —B. M. Bernardini. Schémas d'après le texte, 15 Rue de Saintes Péres, Paris, VI, France. Price 2.50 francs (50c.).

The author's interest in the history of Italian theater in France from the sixteenth century to 1701. Of special value and interest are those portions relating to the study of these institutions and the role of the written word in the development of the Italian theater in France.
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If these figures correspond to the number printed on the wrapper of your Free Society, your subscription expires at this number.

Notes.

A number of comrades have volunteered to collect subscriptions in their districts in Chicago. The delinquents may therefore expect to be called on 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 sending us our new subscriber and $2 we will send the name. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

"Pages of Socialist History," by W. Teherkesoff, 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 30 cents. Send orders to this office.

The International Defense Committee is conducting the defense of Comrades Grossman and MacQueen. Contributions are solicited, and may be addressed to the treasurer, A. Salberg, 30 Paterson St., Paterson, N. J. You are invited to send some subscription blanks, which will be furnished on request.

"Pure Eulogy," by J. Herbert Rowell, is an excellent pamphlet for propaganda among people who are not radicals. The price is 10 cents for single copies; for retailers and distributing agents, purchasing not less than 20 copies, 5 cents each. Order from Free Society.

Chicago. The Chicago Philosophical Society will resume its course of lectures on Sunday, September 7, at Humboldt Hall, Randolph St. and Washington Ave. W. F. Barnard will speak on the "Social Parasite." The speaker is no stranger to the radical thinkers of this city, and the purposes of the club, as well as Mr. Barnard and his subject should receive an enthusiastic endorsement by a general turnout of progressive people to fill the hall and hear him.

New York. The Radical Reading Room will send a collector around to visit the sub-

scribers in arrears. Those in arrears are requested to leave money orders at home, so that the comrade volunteering his services may not have his labor in vain.

The Chicago Group.

A meeting of comrades took place September 1, at the Free Society headquarters. A group was formed, and it was decided to start an educational propaganda, which will be continued throughout the entire season. A collection for Free Society resulted in $14.85 being raised on the spot. As a means of raising funds to disseminate literature and aid the paper in a material way, a Russian tea party was agreed upon. The particulars will be given in a later issue.

As for the Sunday propaganda weekly business meetings will be held. The first meeting will take place Friday evening, September 12. It is to be hoped that all comrades who are interested in the movement and would like to see a lively propaganda carried on will attend in order to help to make the meetings a success. The Chicago Group.

Splinters.

The frequency and ease with which alleged Socialist plots are "discovered," is positively disgusting. About a month daily, the Record-Herald of Chicago, got sick of the business, and confined to the public that in many cases the police have nothing to do with these "discoveries"; in other words, that they are pure inventions of reporters anxious to sell "news." However, the police certainly do share the blame of the "plot planting," for by the time the cowards' heads are about uncovered enough to discuss several regiments of the secret policy, and they are naturally anxious to keep their jobs, hence the effort to convince their bosses of their usefulness.

A court in Manila denied a jury to the editors of the Manila Freedom, on trial for sedition, on the ground that the American constitution does not apply to the Philippines, unless congress enacts that it shall. The crime of sedition has always been suspiciously frequent under all despots; it is a very convenient way of disposing of agitators. And among civilized nations the jury is denied only in Russia, in cases of treason; the constitution specifically limits the powers of congress; a petty court assumes to deny a jury trial on the ground that has congress not sanctioned it. When it has no power to deny it is absurd to sanction. These are some of the first fruits of imperialism.

Those Socialists who were fearful that the Comrade of New York had Anarchistic tendencies, on account of its marked admiration of Tolstoy, will find themselves simply reassured in the August number that such is not the case, so they need hesitate no longer in introducing it to their friends. In an editorial on the frequent violations of free speech which are continually occurring in this country, it has occasion to mention Discontent, and the anti-Anarchist crusade. Suppressors of free speech always begin by attacking those advocating unpopular and misrepresented ideas, so few will care to incur the odium of defending them, even on the common ground of a principle—that is evident. But the Comrade hastily forestalls any prejudice by assuring its readers it has not "the slightest sympathy with Anarchism," and "regards the Anarchist as a foe to progress." That the Comrade should defend free speech it commendable; but some will venture to hold the opinion that a cowardly defense of free speech is better than none at all.

In the same issue of the Comrade, Professor Nurse uses the following language in a fable: "Now the Anarchists were a bloody mob which had already occupied the land, but they were for killing 'Society' outright. And the Socialists were sore because they were called Anarchists." It is over a hundred years ago since Thomas Paine made a marked and precise distinction between government and society, and Anarchists have repeatedly insisted on the distinction ever since. If Professor Nurse is not yet aware of it, he had better stop talking thru his hat, and learn something about Anarchism, when some of the swelling soreness may flatten out considerably.

Anti-Anarchist Roosevelt has been doing some talking recently, and incidentally dropped a few remarks which might be used as texts for an Anarchist speech. "The State cannot carry anyone," he says. "The State cannot do as much for you as you can do for yourself. Under no circumstances will it be possible by law to shape conditions so that each man shall succeed. If the man has not in him the will to make himself worth the State cannot supply it." The whole statement is entirely correct; its source only is a matter of surprise. If the State cannot render an equivalent for services which it demands, it is evidently a cheat and a fraud. What excuse has it for foisting itself on a suffering people, when it does in an inferior way what they can do better for themselves? And by what right does it demand more for itself than it gives to us?

In "Labor Day Thoughts," quoted from an exchange, among some pointed aphorisms the writer states that labor should "vote to abolish the police and the 'writing' delusion is an important share of the profit system which labor must rid itself of before they can abolish it. So long as they place their fate in the hands of a few politicians, who are always anxious that labor should vote early and often, they will see to it that their jobs and "soft snips" are not imperiled."

Order is better preserved by liberty than by restraint. . . . Liberty would prove the greatest order. The real order of New England (in the early part of the last century), without a soldier and almost without police, bears loud witness to this truth. —Dr. Channing.

Wear, plagues, or that greater depopulator than either, a tyrannical government.—Malcolm.
The Strikers at Work.

The Greater New York Central Labor Union has passed resolutions calling upon the president to convene congress in special session for the purpose of ending the coal strike. The supporter of this measure do not explain how congress could act in the matter, provided it was not the one that acted last week. The question is the extent of its power. In the constitution and laws of the country the rights of private property are paramount. Expropriation is for the public benefit, not for the private. Thus, if the miners were expropriated, and the coal producers were expropriated, how would it redress the grievances of the miners? How wide is the power of congress to make laws which would accomplish these ends? Let us consider this question with the mining companies which would surround it?

As to the matter of the old ladies' sewing society, and these labor men ought to know it. But the State supervision is yet, so strong that people think the State can do all things.

It would be more sensible to appeal to Morgan, for he is one of the strong men who have made the public with his millions. Morgan has a word settled the miners' strike two years ago. It was not, however, the fearful walls of the hungry miners and their wives and little ones that made it so sympathetic. The safety of the Republican party was threatened; and what is more dear to a true capitalist heart than the G. 0. P. ? And now there are people who have the fancy he will now interfer in behalf of the starving miners. Nonsense! A man whose aim is the accumulation of the country's wealth must be hardened against any such trait to the enterprising nature of a few thousand starving miners. Trust operating is business, and the successful operator accepts his sentiment within the four walls of his mansion, which is his state; and all human beings outside it he regards as base material to be manipulated and converted into shine-dollar bills to fill the bottomless chest of his greedy ambition. Men and women possessed of a trifle of wealth and power know that Morgan and his calls, who are grasping for the earth, will not stay their hands just because "a few dirty, ignorant slaves" have got to be crushed under the wheels of their carriage of commerce as it dashes proudly and with universal conquest.

The government is a trust that sells its services to those who can pay it. It has a monopoly, therefore its rates high. Like every other purchasable article, its services go to the highest bidder. The highest bidders are those with the most wealth. Now, whom do Congress serve?

If the foregoing analysis be correct, (and anyone reading it will, therefore, commit himself to the doctrine that men cease to be human when they are elected to office,) it is clear what steps congress would take to secure a monopoly. Morgan and his calls, who are grasping for the earth, will not stay their hands just because "a few dirty, ignorant slaves" have got to be crushed under the wheels of their carriage of commerce as it dashes proudly and with universal conquest.

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The Labor Parade.

The parade of organized labor in this city was an imposing affair—60,000 men, an army which would soon change things for the better if they were conscious of their strength, their servitude, and the remedy for emancipation. That such was not the case was evident by the conspicuous presence of well known politicians who are always fishing for the fish. There was also a sleep in the parade, perhaps to symbolize the present attitude of organized labor. The proud lion of the African desert would have signified a little more than a sleep, I think. Another disgusting feature were the politicians and "leaders"—the humble "servants"—in contrast to the colored, "sovereign citizens," who were wearing their slippers. It seems to me as long as the servants are ruling in carriages and the masters are trudging along on foot there is little hope for a healthy labor movement. Not until politicians will be conspicuous by their absence will the workers ride in carriages and live in fine houses.

Chicago, Ill.

INTERLOPER.

Labor Day Thoughts.

Labor on this day should seek to know its place in the scheme of things, and insist that all who share in the wealth produced shall do their share of the work.

All the capital in the world and all the capitalists will never add one cent of wealth unless labor is applied. Labor can produce wealth without the aid of capital or capitalists. Thus the interest of labor is superior before the capitalist.

Bringing forth wealth in the form of fine houses, clothing, food, etc., presupposes that labor would enjoy them. But look at the shack in which labor lives, look at the rugs in which it is covered; look at the cheap and adulterated food which labor eats, and wonder why.

Of all the parasitical animals, the idle, liberal capitalist is the most useless and most dangerous to the human family. Yet labor supplies the wealth with which the capitalist builds the worker's home. Some day the workers who will retain the wealth they produce for the protection and beautification of their homes.

Ranke as it will under the present industrial conditions, labor must learn that wage slavery will continue until the wage system is abolished; and it will not be abolished by the capitalist who profits from it. Labor must free itself, or continue to suffer. And what complaint should a man have who refuses to cure the ill which affects him when the cure power is in his own hands?

Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you, should be labor's motto. At the same time it should aid to change the motto of the capitalist—"We do others so they can't do us any good"—by voting to abolish the profit system upon which the capitalists thrive.

Always keep in mind the fact that so long as the wage system basis men will take advantage of it, so that they may not suffer its bad results subsists. Quit cursing the "bosses," and strengthen the backbone and arouse the intelligence of those who are now willing to be tossed.

Youth and beauty are being exploited and despised to satisfy the greed of the owner and the mill. You don't go to the seaside for recreation and health, but the boss and his family do. You pay the freight and get none of the freight. Aroused you, on this Labor Day and just hands and hearts with your fellow workers who desire to put a stop to this exploitation of labor forever. —Colorado Chronicle, Denver, August 27, 1902.

I am glad to see that the terror at dam and Anarchist is disappearing. Mass meetings, in its heroic days, had no government,—was an Anarchist. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor; and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Montana. —Mr. Hempton, in a Kansas Relief Meeting, 1856.
FREE SOCIETY

The Psychology of the Anarchist.**

"Why, bless me! the same that one has in view in writing all history—
the truth."—E. Renan.

Anarchists, like all other men, have diverse tendencies. A certain number of these are common to them, and constitute, in their aggregate, the determining philosophical mentality of the psychical type of the Anarchist. This psychical type of man and his comportment is special to the individual defined as Anarchist predominate in his cerebral organization, differentiating him from other individuals.

In the course of our psychological analysis we have discovered and shown those tendencies, those mental preponderances, which are: the spirit of revolt or one of its modes (the spirit of criticism, of innovation, of opposition); the love of liberty, of self, of others; the sentiment of justice; the sense of logic; the curiosity to know; the spirit of proselytism. These particular tendencies subordinate to them all other tendencies; they promote the atrophy of the latter or hinder their development. In their aggregate, they are really creative of the Anarchist as such.

In the Anarchist, then, there exists a mental harmony resulting from equilibrium—not in respect of equality of tendencies, but of the subordination of tendencies to some central point. The other tendencies partly override the others and traces for the individual the path he is to follow. There is a unity in the life of the Anarchist, of which there is no possibility in the life of what he designates Truth, of what he holds to be the Just, the Beautiful, the Good. Uniform types are those in whom the harmony results not from equilibration of tendencies nearly equal in force but from the subordinat-

of the mind and the death of the organism by the rupture of its responsible organ of power.**" It follows from this that the Anarchist is of the unified type: the tendencies common to it, determined by our analysis, form a system predetermining over other individual tendencies and characterizing the Anarchist.

In the Anarchist mentality there meet the faculties and the defects that enter into the sense of logic, curiosity, and proselytism. It follows that the Anarchist participates in the reflexive type. With M. Paulhan we propose thus to designate the individuals who have attentive minds, who examine their sentiments, their desires, their acts, their qualities, their thoughts.

The Anarchist is an observer of social phenomena. He collects in his brain, compares them, and draws from them conclusions. He is an analyst of his sentiments, of his joys, of his desires. Immerable are the "Why"s which he puts to himself. He passes thru the sifter of reason all his sentiments, all his sensations. It is then with justice that we class him among the "reflectives," the "masters of themselves." Even when, propagandizing by violence, the Anarchist accomplishes a still more reflexive task, "a master of himself." When a man examines his thoughts and his desires, his activities, whatsoever they be, it results that he is pleased with them, and when he is pleased with them, he is not far from being pleased to set them in action, and sometimes desiring that others should think fit to admire them.**This just remark would be still more so if it ran: "He is not far from desiring that others should partake of them." The Anarchist is affected with proselytism. He writes that others should partake of his ideas, which for him present the True, the Just, the Beautiful, the Good. They are thus representative for him of Truth, Beauty, Goodness, because he examines, because he analyzes, because he thinks, because he is, in a word, a rationalist of sensibility.

In the Anarchist mentality there exists the spirit of opposition; thus the Anarchist participates in the "refractory" type. At the same time, it is not the opposition, thanks to his curiosity to know, he does not study opposition for its own sake. The Anarchist does not contradict for the mere pleasure of contradicting. Certainly he enjoys contradicting, but that pleasure is not his end. He has for aim, in his contradiction, to enlighten himself, his knowledge. He wishes to attain truth, and to that end he examines the pro and the contra, maintaining the one or the other relatively to his in-

sector. In the process, contradiction in itself has given him a pleasure which progressively intensifies by his attainment of what he considers truth, and attains its maximum when the Anarchist has realized his final aim, the expansion of the Idea.

Generally, the Anarchist is not balanced between contradictory beliefs. He has asserted something, and so he always knows that phenomena weaken or confirm that conviction. Being affected by his sense of logic, he cannot remain swayless between two opposed ideas. Once he has attained a conviction, he aliment does not use to the attacks that he can be refuted; he is read and mediated with such impartiality and disinterestedness as we have written it.

he ends there. He is not a doubter, a hesi-
tator. He knows— or believe he knows—what he wants, and he wants it very much. His passions are keen, but only slightly changeable. He has fixity in his ideas, his opinions. He is become Anarchist at the beginning of his life. He has elaborated his ideas; he has deliberated his opinion. He is more convinced than believing. He does not arrive at conviction by force, but by necessity.** This fixity of ideas does not imply invaria-
tibility in the individual. It signifies only that the Anarchist is not a prey to a permanent conflict of his tendencies. There does not arise in him a continuous change of contrary tendencies. When the Anarchist ceases to be Anarchist it is from an infinity of causes, more or less notable, productive of a delib-

eration. It is this deliberation—a new re-

sultant—which generates the non-Anarchism of the individual. By "fixity," "fixed," then, I mean that the Anarchist is not con-
tinually hesitating between tendencies or groups of tendencies, that he is not con-
stantly a prey to oppositional desires; that he does not undergo the alternative domination of contrary tendencies.

The Anarchist is endowed with the love of the Good,** with the "charity," with the "curiosity to know." Thus he is interested in many things, indeed in all. There is no natural or social phenomenon which does not attract and retain his attention. He wants to know more than he knows. He wants to make his progress; he desires that others should perfect his. With Terence, he says, Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto. From this interest in all things results an almost inextinguishable "largeness of character" which supposes a great number of tendencies, of emotions, of sentiments, of beliefs, of ideas. Large general or abstract sentiments will generally indicate a very large character, or at least a large-

ness proportional to these sentiments.** It appears then that the Anarchist possesses a large, an ample character. What character can be more ample than that of a man whom everything interests, who has frequent emotions—the Anarchist joined to a great sensibility, who for country has the entire world, who considers all men, no matter what, or brothers? In the view of the author of "Les Carac-
teres," "anti-patriotism comes of hurt feelings, or of reaction against the excess of an uninte-
telligent patriotism, or of general ideas which are "very elevated, only a little pre-
mature." M. Paulhan admits alternatives in this generalization. He is wrong. The efficient causes of anti-patriotism are the ag-

gregation of the causes enumerated—hurt of feeling, reactions against Chauvinism, gen-
el ideas. These causes add together, compose together, and their resultant is anti-

patriotism.

With the Anarchist, the general ideas pre-
dominate. In origin, this predominance im-
plies the existence of mental qualities,** some of which are defined as "anti-patriotism," and, like his anti-patriotism, he deliberates it, reasons it out. From his personal hurts of senti-

ment, he infers the hurts of others. From the particular, he concludes the general. In


† Paulhan, as cited, pp. 72-73.
this generalization, the personal grievances are effaced, because remote, and not showing more the general trend of the social system. Quantity for quantity, then, they subordinate the other causes which have thrown the individual on the path leading to anti-patriotism. The love of the totality of men in addition to the predominance of general ideas in the "state of mind" special to the individuals we are studying. In respect of his "altruism," joined to his "proselytism," the Anarchist is a humanitariam, that not very actual type, according to Mr. Paulhan, who seems to consider it the type of tomorrow.

This catholicity in altruism, including inevitably anti-patriotism, which involves anti militarism—all tendencies found in the Anarchist, and confirmative of the characteristic "sense of logic"—denote a real largeness of character. There can be no question here of largeness of tendencies considered individually—that is to say of the complexity of each one of them taken in particular. This largeness varies with each individual. Here we treat of the collective mentality constituting the Anarchist: type, and not of the individual creation of each Anarchist.

M. Paulhan in his "Nouvelles Annales de Politique," p. 126, defines "purity" as "absence of desire or passion of every discordant or heterogeneous element." Given this definition, the Anarchist possesses purity of character. He can consider himself a perfectly pure individual. From this it is not difficult to see why the most precise analyses will not discover in it any discordance. Under the influence of circumstances the psychic qualities develop themselves. By their development, these characteristics of the Anarchist hinder that of other heterogeneous and hostile tendencies. They atrophy them, or at least cover them with a thick layer of their own. The "homogenization" is thus completed. There is conflict between diverse tendencies, climatized by the weaker; there takes place a selection; and soon the Anarchist mentality is fixed.

Every element tending to produce "homogenization" has been eliminated, and the result is an extreme type. The Anarchist tends towards his end; the diffusion of the idea. This "spirit of proselytism," hyperexcited in many, exaggerated in all, is the undeniable proof of the purity of the character of the Anarchist.

Let us consider now the intensity of the tendencies—I mean the development of each one of the tendencies—we shall then see that the Anarchist is an impassioned type. Often, in the course of this study, we have noted the exacerbation of psychic qualities. They are almost always developed above the average; that is to say, in other men they are carried to a less degree of development. The tendencies specially exaggerated in the Anarchist are: the spirit of revolt; altruism; the love of liberty; the spirit of proselytism.

The great intensity of these tendencies implies as cause a keen sensibility, an emotionalism such that the reaction is always quickened, and sometimes violent. The Anarchist is impassioned. Apparently calm, cold in manner, sometimes indifferent in attitude, he is none the less ardent. Such was Proudhon, whom he could call his master. He is "master of himself," even when in part he belongs to the impulsive

* Work cited, p. 78.

Being then impassioned, the Anarchist faces with concern the annoyances of every kind which his proselytizing zeal inevitably causes him. What to him is poverty, the prison, the treadmill, death! From this arduous exercise of secondary qualities: the spirit of enterprise, audacity, energy, courage, economy, fortitude, under its many forms, is above all things the revealer of such characters, enterprising, audacious, energetic, courageous.

In respect of his possession of the qualities of the constant, the pursuit of logic," the Anarchist is to be classed among the "constant" and the "tenacious." He is constant because he is not satisfied with possession of the truth, he holds to it obstinately. He is tenacious because he persists in his ideas on a solid basis: love of others, sentiment of justice, sense of logic. The tendencies of the Anarchist are persistent. His tenacity even degenerates quickly into an unreasonable obstinacy unless his love of the process comes to partly counterbalance this persistence.

Tendancy and constancy are the passive modes of the persistence of tendencies: perseverance in its active form. Perseverance does not tire; it tends towards a determinate end by force of patience and without care for the length of time. In the continuous, uniform reflection the action for the realization of an end. The Anarchist is persevering. He has an ideal, and this ideal he seeks to realize; he tends without ceasing to make it a reality. Each one of his acts, each one of his thoughts, tends, as we speak, to this realization of his dream. Yet nevertheless he generally knows that he shall not see it, that he shall never enjoy it. Like Jesus he may say: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Still he persists; he even sacrifices himself to the idea. To the varied circumstances in which he lives, on which he acts, he adapts his means of propaganda. He is persevering because he is an enthusiast of proselytism. This tenacity in opinion unless his love of process comes to partly counterbalance this perseverance in an ideal and its realization, comes out clearly in the reading of the judicial proceedings relative to the Anarchists. They are always saying to the judges: You may peremptorily condemn us, with your unleavened opinions. We are and we shall remain Anarchists!

* This tenacity, this perseverance, this reflection, this self-mastery, which meet in the Anarchist spirit, constitute the Anarchist one of the self-made men. As he is not the love of the "Me," and constantly seeks to perfect it, he tends uncannily to cultivate his will. He trains himself to be self-willed.

A. HAMON.

(To be continued.)

* This audacity and energy are constantly being shown, sometimes with great sensation. On the dressing of late at St. Etienne, M. Chautemps exclaims: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a bandit!" Harrah for the perfidy of the state!" In the same, M. General de Vaucaillade, the "Reform of 1848," declares that the course of events is a series of revolutions. In the ministerial court, at Marseilles, another cried: "Harrah for Anarchists! It is worth a month in prison!" At Saint-Ouen, in the very hall of the majority, a scribe refers to draw his hat, and "Vive Harrah for Anarchists!"

We may recall the affray on the walls of Paris of the placard "L'Union des Anarchistes"—the Anarchists of the Government—"and the affair of Jorquera, Levée, and Desnoyers at L'Association Internationale de la Personnale, high, the Anarchist's write: "Down with Authority!"

The Affair of the Police (De bretagne, "Bulletin des Etablissements de police," 1893, pp. 110-105, 237, 225, 224-244.)

* On "Prendre Société et Politique," 1890, 1891, and the volumes for 1892 and 1893, which are in preparation.
BOOK LIST.

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Plain Words on the Woman Question...

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The Same. (London edition).

Professor Draper's Lecture on the
Powers of the Divine Being. -1971...

Old Feminists. -1872...
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