An "Assassin."

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

They caught him at the bend. He and his son.
Said in the car, resolvers in his lap.
Lumbered with the homely appetite and bread.
There flashed thin extractors in the rainy dusk.
That later twisted and fell, shot through the dawn.
The sun was up, but one more footstep beyond.
Close from the push-hack of a stick-like brush.
Nor footprints farther and lit all the face.
Of life which saw the wharf at the bulbins streets.
For last of him who gave one yell and fell.
Plot on the story read a second case.
Then they came out, the men who did this thing.
And looked upon their barrel’s reputation.
With h deducted the meeting on the street.
They passed old Wolf, you know for paupers’ blood.
For paupers’ sweat turned gold and silver and bronze.
Be there for ever, and ever and ever to show.
It had been fine, no, no more gayish in the lips.
Shod however to feed your color’s (he) last.
Shod for the dead to stir the stirred dusts.
The round sound mumbled. The dead were left alone.

I talked with some of those who did this thing.
A laughing half-assisted, lie there wise and wise.
I said, "They found upon those dead more gold.
Why did you not take it?" They with muffled heads.
He looked at me and said, "You are not chosen."
Brother, Dean age and ancient are in bond.
Steven with one foot and bones, weit with one blood.
Let that great Word go up to unjust heavens.
And smile the cheek of the Devil they called’s bond.

Is it All a Dream?

The old cry that Anarchists are haters of mankind, and apostles of wholesale destruction, is beginning to die out. The educational propaganda of today is making its influence felt in most unexpected quarters. Multitudes of earnest and thoughtful men and women of every class are beginning to recognize the sublimity of the Anarchist ideal. The ground of criticism has entirely shifted. Instead of being denounced as human vagabonds, Anarchists are now accused of being impractical idealists. Only the grossly ignorant now assail us from the old standpoint. It has become quite the fashion, for the more progressive Socialists, Single Taxers, and reformers of other schools, no less than for many scholars, artists, philosophers, and men of letters, to announce themselves as ultimate Anarchists. Yet the very name of Anarchy appears to them so lofty and distant, that, out of sheer despair of attaining it without centuries of struggle, they fall back on what they consider measures of immediate practicability. Hence they waste their lives in senseless political contests, chasing one ignis fatuus after another, only to be repeatedly led astray into the swamp. For lack of a uniting principle, each petty success proves utterly futile, as a means of securing permanent results. The cause of social evil is being left in full operation, all tampering with mere results is as vain as the labor of Sisyphus. Experience demonstrates that it is wiser to move straight, without the true goal, concentrating all our energies on the removal of obstacles from the path, than to wander in devious by-ways, however attractive, along which rapid progress is possible for a time, but which invariably end in a cul-de-sac. The truly practical man is he who conceives clearly the end to be sought, and swerves neither to the right nor to the left in his determined course.

It is with justice that well-informed thinkers now regard Anarchy as the highest ideal of human society. The free association of men and women in satisfying all the needs of life, the blossoming forth of full individuality, the redemption of the earth from the exploiters, the collapse of the wage system with its cruel inequalities, the vanishing forever of poverty, crime, and interminable, the reduction of disease, insanity, and burliness, may well form the almost negligible minimum, the full realization of the joy of existence, the expansion of art, science, philosophy, literature, to a degree only possible among free peoples — then, and such as these, are the fruits of such liberty as that to which we aspire. Is it any wonder that we wax earnest and enthusiastic, when picturing to ourselves the glories of the free society of the future?

After all, however, is this magnificent conception anything more than "the baseless fabric of a dream"? Are we merely wasting our energies in striving for the unattainable? More sentiment is an insecure foundation for a social structure. Close investigation will demonstrate that Anarchists, so far no living dreamers, are the most practical of human beings. They know exactly what they want, and move directly toward it. The mass of mankind in every age can conceive of no conditions other than those to which they have become accustomed. Garrot's predictions of the French Revolution were treated as the wildest ravings by his cultured hearers. Blackstone could not imagine the slightest improvement in the common law of England. The abolitionists of the United States, hardly a generation ago, were reviled and persecuted, even unto death; and many thousands, even of sympathizers with their idea, were swift and persistent in declaring that slavery always had existed, and was therefore too deeply rooted to be overthrown—at least for many hundreds of years. Such speculations are always easily and glibly pronounced. The inertia of the mass has always to be reckoned with; but it is not an insurmountable barrier to the accomplishment of great social changes. What can be conceived by man, can be effected by him. The only question is whether the result is worth the effort.

The conception of full human liberty is by far the grandest social generalization that has ever entered into the mind of man. It is in full harmony with the trend of history, and the conclusions of science. It does not, as is often superficially objected, presuppose a superhuman race of beings, but appeals to the fundamental traits of average human nature. It demands no excited self-sacrifice from individuals, but appeals to motives of intelligent self-interest. When we talk of brotherhood, we do not appeal to a mawkish sentimentality. We merely state a fact in nature, on the recognition of which sociable harmony and the happiness of the individual alike depend.

To the thoughtful student of life, it becomes increasingly evident that the method of living by which alone the common ann of happiness can be attained is the fullest development of all the faculties. Man is a complex being, with multifarious wants and desires. No cut and dried system can fully satisfy his present needs, and leave ample margin for the constant shifting of conditions inseparable from growth. Flexibility, above all, is an imperative necessity in the more advanced stages of social association. With the disappearance of authority, and the setting free of natural resources, all monopoly must vanish, and with it the power of a few to hold many in economic subjection. Rent, profit, interest, taxes, and all other forms of vested robbery cannot coexist with equality of opportunity. A free people, meeting on equal terms, is capable of making whatever economic arrangements best subserve the interests of the individuals concerned, and of readjusting these arrangements as often as may be required, with the least possible friction. No elaborate machinery, no continual dependence on a stupid majority, no waiting for the often unsatisfactory decisions of a "Central Committee," no clinging to political bosses, no party organization, no na-
Free Society.

A history of the evolution of Cant would be interesting. What is Cant? Broadly speaking, it is the expedient of the corrupt and the refuge of cowards in their contest with the world. The unsuccessful and the deluded discover that, by using Cant, they can monstrously expensive divinity and it is a great consumer of the people's money.

...Public opinion! There is no such thing! There is the opinion of this man and that man, or of one hundred men. But that is a very different thing from the opinion of the public as a whole, which really has no opinion.

All law is based on pretense; it is founded on deception and wickedness. It is an instrument of the Devil. It is a form, a formation, a mere trick by which wicked ends may be subserved. It is merely a veil pulled over people's eyes to prevent them from seeing things as they really exist. It is a cunning deception, a scheme devised to make people forget the situation and understand their own interest. To have men do right, requires no law—that is, no law is required to have men do what they wish to and ought to do. The only effect of laws is to enable some people to advance their interests and to enforce their views upon others. When we once begin to make rules for other people to follow, we never know when or where to stop. Really, it is laws that make people do wrong. All crimes come originally from the law, which defines, describes, and determines what is and what is not a crime. If nothing was forbidden, we should have no disfigurement. If we gave no orders, there would be no resistance. That is the mistake that made the laws of Adam and Eve. That was the cause of all the trouble that has followed since. Parents and teachers are perpetually making the same mistake by laying down rules and giving commands that generally should not, and often cannot, be obeyed. Let everybody do as he pleases and take the consequences. That way we have no demand on laws for people who mind their own business and do not wish to trouble others never have any occasion for laws.

Men are continually confusing cause and effect and mistaking one for the other: this is true, not only in physics but in government. Herein lies the one great source of most of our troubles. We are continually taking nostrums to cure us of certain diseases, but we never know to a certainty whether they help us or not. We might have got well without the nostrums—and then we might not. Who can tell? We make laws and we try experiments, but what good do laws do? Who knows? Every day someone comes along with a new remedy, not only in medicine, but in politics. If such experiments should have with such people we would be thru the key-hole. In other words, we would refuse them admittance.

Eight hours work for a master—a is eight hours too much—Kropotkin.

British Cant.

In the Middle Ages they tamed, or in other words they robbed, the people ostensibly to support the Church and help God. Now people are taxed—in other words robbed—to maintain an idol and support a few rich men, all known as the government. Then, too, we have a great multitude of minor idols or fetishes that have to be nursed and fed. The ideal that goes by the name of "education" is the most noticeable of them. It is a monstrously expensive divinity and it is a great consumer of the people's money.

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Eight hours work for a master—is eight hours too much—Kropotkin.
in England, and the field opened for the spread of the Gospel of Love. But where is the intelligent man who believes that the force was sent for the purpose of suppressing human sacrifices? Not one sane man in fifteen thousand tells the true story. The incentives to the expedition are simply plunder, lust of territory, and a love of warfare. Our truculent Saxon ancestors were more honest. They did not snarl about humanitarian improvements; they didn't blow off the politicians to the sea, and the idle races of Wales and Scotland.

Cant is the hand thrown into our eyes to blind us to our faults as a society. The priest, the politician, the journalist, and the schoolmaster habitually Cant for gain or for aggrandizement. If a man in any of these professions speaks or writes as openly and truthfully in public as he often dares to express himself in private and intimate converse, he very soon learns that safety lies in the utterance of conventional claptrap, and that truth-speaking spells starvation and ostracism. Notwithstanding, there is a demand for a Cant reform, and for a true literature.

These would rather languish on the crust of penury than prepare themselves for a full draught of the wine of life. They will not trim their sails to the winds, and leave the laurel or the ivy. Let others take the conventional lie into their bosoms and hug it closely. To the fearless and the free, the lie is a viper to be stampeded upon and destroyed.

It is an age of Cant. I doubt whether the social history of England has ever before afforded the spectacle of so many millions being driven to the sentimental ideal. And the spectacle is the more annoying when we consider how many thousands are awakening to the light shed by modern science upon old superstitions. But the greater part of this homage to Cant is lip-service only. I can best describe the attitude by the ease of a friend of mine to whom I had been talking plainly on a vital subject. "Yes," said my host, and accompanied it with a cordial nod, "I understand it all. But it's not a popular thing to say, and J should be sorry if people thought that I think so." Here we have the problem in a nutshell. At the present time, tens of thousands of the secretaryships of the letters of baseball clubs; but the old virus of Cant still lingers in their minds, and they continue to bend before the leash as they feared to bend it.—V. M. Summer, in the Truth Seeker, Bradford, England, May, '95.

The Coal Strike.

Every day we are attracted by sensational headlines in the dailies announcing that the coal strike may be settled, but up to writing this the strike is still on.

President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers' Union has succeeded in forcing his recognition upon the representatives of the government which protects the exploiters that he ostensibly fights. But the Republican administration would never pretend to interfere were it not for the impending campaign, and I rather fear that if it does it is for the poor reason that it is not.

President Mitchell has secured the governors, for in the special convention of the miners to consider the situation he composed, with law and order preserves, the threat of a general strike. But I must hold back my temper of criticism, because President Mitchell is a conservative man, and so-called radicals, like the State Socialists of France, have adopted the same policy; even one of our best comedies has found grounds on which to justify the conduct of President Mitchell. But by adopting Mr. Mitchell's strategy, the resources of the working miners are reduced to the starvation point, while the strikers are actually starving. It is true that the solidarity of the organizations is greater than in the past experience of the United States, as witnessed by the moral and financial endeavor; but these contributions to the cause are not the same as the sacrifices of the people. We know that the great machinists' strike of England was lost on account of lack of funds to prevent the strikers from starving.

But how different would it be if the coal miners organised a fund to help the strikers. Imagine the coal miners all going out on strike, instead of as now half the workers supplying a market which the other half are trying to parallel. Even some of the parnasites of the workingmen, such as the whole wholesale and retail dealers, would have used their influence to force the operators to make concessions in order to induce the miners to go back in the hope of being able to resume their profits.

ALFRED SCHNEIDER.

Blind Enthusiasm.

With thousands upon thousands of men and women daily thrown out of employment for every new invention, with poverty and unemployment more and more general for every improvement, in processes of production, it is impossible to overestimate the benefits of inventions.

I know that nothing appears simpler at first sight than that machinery and other inventions, since they greatly facilitate all kinds of industry, should prove very beneficial to the laboring classes. Indeed, under proper industrial conditions great and lasting benefits would actually accrue. But, for various reasons which I cannot mention here, such conditions do not now exist, and (if I may indulge in prophecy) are not soon likely to exist, because most persons are as yet extremely ignorant of the elementary truths of social science and philosophy.

This being the case, let us not harp too much upon "the blessing of inventions." Even without superior insight into social and political science we cannot help noticing that, so long as industrial conditions remain as they are today, inventions will continue to be to the working-classes—to the least of them—nothing but a blessing, a bane, to fortune.

DAVID A. MORGAN.

An Investigator.

Not long since I had very unjust notices of Anarchism. I had read only what I saw in the press of the country. Since coming to this city, I have had the pleasure of reading your paper Free Society.

Now I have a different opinion of "Anarchism," and regard it as a system of teaching worthy of all respect and honest investigation. I think its positions, to say the least, are logical and very strong. In fact I do not think they can be overthrown—certainly I do not now see how they can be. There is a world of good teaching in your system, and a thing so simple makes rapid progress. Ignorance is so dense, and prejudice is so cold and impenetrable, it will, I think, be a long time yet before the masses catch on, but certainly the doctrine is making headway in very unexpected quarters.

I find many, who are in no way connected with your brotherhood, holding views identical with your own, and I feel, if not tending your way, at least am unable to discern tendency. People in masses, in this country, are becoming convinced that mankind government is an absolute failure.

But the object of this letter is not to give you my views nor tell you how much I have been benefited by reading Free Society, but to ask you, if you will do so, to request some of your scientific readers and correspondents to give a statement of the laws of nature, as far as possible. I want to know what are the laws of nature. I think I know some of them, mightily few, and when I come to ask a question as to what are the laws of nature, "not knowing what those laws are, the article has no meaning to me. I suppose others of your readers are in the same condition. I hope your readers are known by any man. I think he would do the right thing if he should give a formal statement of them in book form. We can find the laws of Texas in the statute book; we can find the laws of Moses in the law books; but where can we find the laws of nature? And how can we observe the laws of nature if we do not know where or what they are?

I will close this letter by saying to you that on many of your principles and propositions I agree with you, and desire them to run and have a free course. At one time I was unable to defend your doctrine when denounced in my hearing because I had never seen any of your literature, but in the future I shall be better prepared.

Dallas, Tex.

W. P. F. DEACON JONES' Non-Arrival.

The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley, and noted with surprise the prominence given in the press reports of the president's condition. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterwards he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a man of some distinction in the community, so the editor put a series of bulletins, as follows:

"10 a. m.—Deacon Jones has a relapse.
"12:30 p. m.—Deacon Jones has no better.
"2 p. m.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse failing.
"4 p. m.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.
"7 p. m.—Deacon Jones' family has been summoned.
"9 p. m.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven.

Later on this day a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletin, and, going to the bulletin-board, made another report concerning the deceased. It read:

"4 p. m.—Great excitement in heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."—Philadelphia Inquirer.
FREE SOCIETY

Philadelphia.—The Social Science Club will hold weekly meetings at the Hall 920 Girard Ave., entrance on Hutchinson St., every Sunday evening. October 12 J. H. Allen, of the A. F. of L., speaks on "Why Trades Unions should be Socialists." Everybody invited. Free discussion.

Spinetters.

It is not now about a year that the insanity following McKinley's death was at its height. Leon Ckgogos, altho forbidden to make any kind of a statement in his own behalf either in court or before the dead man's de
cendants against all custom, was known as an Anarchist; and this was sufficient to release a perfect flood of misrepresentation, abuse and vilification on the Anarchists.

Not to mention newspaper tirades, the amount of stupid gush poured forth on the subject of "Anarchy" was perfectly appalling. It became the fashion for meetings, conventions and societies to condemn "Anarchy" with the utmost of vehemence. Just as it meant nothing, and presented the more sober magazines followed in the tracks of the mob and the daily sensationalists in the crusade of one-sided lies.

Of course the politicians and law officers could not neglect such a fine opportunity for display. The police, always foremost in all the genuine official despotism and folly, began to show their "usefulness" and activity. Arrest of Anarchists here and there took place for their being such; to make a disre
table name for McKinley or the unknown anonymous twits of a vile press, was constituted an offense by police judges; and some savage sentences were passed on hold
groups of less importance, though less transgressed or some other cause.

The legislator followed in the wake of the police. A Virginia constitutional convention, just then in session, eliminated from the proposed constitution the guarantee of free speech. New York and New Jersey each passed drastic anti-Anarchist laws. The national congress not sitting at the time, its activity was restricted to the mountings of individual members.

But a speedy sobering up took place. The police were compelled to drop their cases after all the ridiculous boasting they had indul

ged in. The persecutions were a miserable failure. The whole thing was centered on John Most, who was sent to prison for one year out of fashionable regard to tradition, and three indictments in the Home colony, which resulted in a victory for the accused. That is all. The revolution and the authori
ties could get out of the desired harvest. In New York opportunities to enforcethe new anti-Anarchist laws were quickly dropped; the Virginia convention called its previous bluff and congress when it finally assembled, did nothing but listen to a laughable drivel on "Anarchy" from Terrified Ted that would disgrace a dime novelist.

But all this trade of abuse deceived only

denly ignorant; intelligent people soon asked themselves what this Anarchism was, and many sincerely investigated the subject. The silence of the press was at once sudden and complete. But neither criticism, nor abuse, nor any other abuse, nor any other attack can stop honest investigation, which is above all what Anarchists want. Several essays on Anarchism appearing here and there showed at least a fair grasp and intel

ergent thought.

What surprised many people, even some Anarchists, is that an assassination of this kind should take place in America, when they would have taken such an occurrence as a matter of course in Europe. And yet it was but the logical climax of a series of events during many years. Imperialism has been a growing factor in American politics since the civil war, capitalism has assumed the most hideous proportions, and rebellious discontent was universal. Strikes of great significance verging on social revolution had shaken industry several times; and arrogant brutality marked the response of the above. The underdogs had laid up against them the bitter memories of Homestead, Chicago, Lattimer, Wabash, and countless other affairs since the great railroad strike of 1877. The situation was ripe for rad

calism and revolution.

And then came McKinley, with his career of usurpation, aggression, and hypocrisy. Averted chauvinism and lover of the workers, he gave us a practical demonstration of this in Idaho; pretended humanitarianism for Cali

fornia, his benchmen surpassed Weyerheim in the Philippines. And this man was struck down by the hound on one of his towns of triumphant glory and imperial splendor.

It is an inescapable fact in nature, the harmonious equilibrium of all relations, with their action and reaction. A certain amount of tyranny and oppression from one side, will bring on its resultant rebellion and rev

colt from the other. McKinley came to serve and reap honors from the oppressors and Czolgosz came in his wake to vindicate the people and die for his deed. Without McKinley, Czolgosz could not have been and without Czolgosz history would be incomplete.

It is said that Czolgosz's act was a bad deed, a foolish one, which it behooves us to condemn; for it does harm to the cause. So much prejudice is aroused; the propaganda is disturbed; and persecutions are the result. But the logic of revolutionary thought demands that we accept them, these theoretical protests transformed into action. No propaganda that has achieved anything has been without all of them—persecutions and abuse, rebels and philosophers.

The Coronation.

The heart of his blindness

lives down to us and stands

The English protest tears

To pity, despise, and honor.
By the Wayside.

The Pennsylvania coal strike is an excellent illustration of the uselessness of money and trade unionism. Wherever the workers lay down their tools everything comes to a standstill: neither money nor power can create the necessities of life. And some day there will be a general strike, not for higher wages, but to claim the earth for all alike. History may "repeat itself" before the dawn, but it will not be the workers who need heed the warning of the New York district attorney.

Both rulers in heaven and on earth would soon pass into oblivion if "the root of all evil" were abolished. Esther Lamb, of this city, told her dupes last Sunday that they could neither enter into "holy matrimony" nor the "cultural heaven" unless they paid the price in advance.

The "God-inspired Bible" is in danger, and the clergy of Germany have taken up the cudgels. Prof. Delbrueck claims that the "canons of the little art of Babylonian origin, and even the name Jehovah can be traced to Babylonian sources. Thus religious threats to smash Jewish and Christian gods alike. Unfortunately other gods are suspect, such as "majuscule letters," the "sacredness of law," equal liberty," etc., but their divinity is already questioned, and with their abolition mankind will at last walk on solid ground.

Not long ago I reported that a Socialist police commissioner in Germany, Kloos, had voted in favor of extending their "partisan effort," in clubbing striking street railway men. I owe him an apology. "Comrade" Kloos explains in the Berlin Vorwärts that the police were overpowered in time: "in clubbing" and having been compelled "to take their meals in restaurants.

Again we were given a fine illustration that government protects the weak against the strong, this time by stopping the plunder of government. The legalized highwaymen in Wall street were "hung up," after a period of reckless gambling, and the government treasurer immediately offered the money sharks $547,000,000. But so far we have not heard that the benevolent government has offered any aid to the Pennsylvania miners, or the laboring men who are left without food.

The Comrade introduces George Plechanoff, a Russian Social Democrat, as "a profound thinker" and "remarkable writer." But in his pamphlet "Socialism and Anarchism," he starts out with the assertion that Anarchism is an impossible proposition, in capable of realization, and then he proceeds to show that we are living in Anarchism now, a contradiction which does not indicate much profundity.

By reading "Miss Nordha and others," Editor Waterman of the Torch of Reason has discovered that there are two men living in Russia-Tolstoy and Gorky-who are "sentimentalists" and occasionally "talk about Christ," and forthwith the learned editor "ventures" to advise his readers not to waste time "with unbelief literature." The "venture" reveals somewhat the advice of the priesthood in the Middle Ages against the "unbelievable literature" of the heretics. Torches and scissors were also in evidence among the "sentimentalists," and there is consolation in the thought that Mr. Waterman is not "wasted," and the Torch of Reason is somewhat antagonized and appropriately symbolized by its name.

But miracles still occur. In the next issue of the Torch the editor has suddenly been transformed into a pure sentimentalist and pleads for love as the bond of mankind. All Souls' Day is published, and the editor at bottom, "mindful unconsciously, really gets that love" "Love—the greatest of all." Exactly what Tolstoy says. But the editor now repudiates Paul, the father of all the brethren, and the book of St. Luke. He now advocates "personal redemption." Mr. Waterman is evidently in the "awakening" stage, and a little rubbing of the eyes may enable him to see that personal redemption must precede the redemption of the race.

An interesting article on the subject of hallucinations and visions appeared in the Academy of Literature (August 23). The authors, J. Legge and his wife, who have been investigators, and people who occasionally witness "hallucinations," and "communicate with their dead friends and relatives," will, perhaps, profit by a careful perusal of the treatise. All's well that ends well, and "the knowledge which the mind of man shall more thoroughly its material nature and dependence as when it awakes" is different from itself, it is not unlawful to that the change of matter. Jahrbücher.

Chicago Meeting.

Last Sunday, Reverend Josiah Liedt Jones gave an excellent address before John Ruskin, before the Chicago Philosophical Society. John Ruskin has been most easily disposed of by his critics. They say he is impractical, erratical, a dreamer, and what not. But Ruskin stays as a social and art critic, and he has left behind him a rich storehouse of ideas upon men, and a stimulating writer. He made an impression on his time, and he deceased around truth. But the critics insist that by "a wave of realism" and the "time of sentimentality is past." Emerson and Wendell Phillips were also disposed of as sentimentalists, yet they are still living and inspiring men with new thoughts into actions. Ruskin not being born, but his ideas. He disposed profits, interests, and abstinence—militarism. His letters to the workers are full of sympathy, disinterested, and prophetic. The negroes, as old and new ideas, "would have liked it his members would not engage in the law-making business. Kings he considered good enough for decorating purposes. True, at the Reformation, as John Ruskin feared, but still he is not. The Hun House and other social settlements are the results of Ruskin's writings. He exposed the false use of wealth. His father left him $500,000, the sale of his books were profitable, yet he died a good man. But the workingmen gave him no friendly response, although he wrote for them with love and sympathy. He shocked his pews with the truth, and "she gave him away for Christ's sake." He had not only the power to impart information, but also moved people to action.

Little criticism was offered Mr. Jones, and only one critic found fault with the impractical dreamers who never accomplished anything. The people ought to vote righteous. Anarchists were all dreamers. These words mark a lively discussion, and the poor fellow made great efforts to hide himself in his chair. He was shown that the world suffered from the lack of dreamers not from their abundance. If the people would only dream of a better condition the dreamers would soon be realized. But there were also "practical dreamers." For instance, those who dream that the workers can emancipate themselves by voting. They compensate being slaves and the return to subutility to authority would free mankind from their slavery. The Anarchists are very much dreaming but not from the dream unfettered," said Comrade Goodhart, "for people who dream are at least half awake, while those who do not dream are sound asleep." —REPORTER.

Here and There.

A policeman in Indianapolis had uttered some unfavorable remark on Emperor Teddy, and was promptly discharged for insubordination. The brutal subhumanities of the Pennsylvania mine owners seem to know no equal exception: In a meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor, the strike was disapproved, it was plain that the majority present had no faith in legislation. Learn to resist," exclaimed one of the delegates.

In the State of Nuevo Leon, Mexico, the constitution has been amended, abolishing capital punishment for political "crimes." The "true country on the globe" should take credit.

In the Bahia district of Brazil the peasants are in open revolt. As usual, the hungry peasants were fed with bullets, and in the first encounter four were killed and many wounded.

From Berne, Switzerland, comes the news that the street carmen are on a strike, and so far twenty-six cars have been demolished. The strike was caused by the superintendent, an American, who attempted to introduce "American business methods," which the European workers evidently do not admire. But what about the initiative and reforming, Mr. Donners? Didn't you tell us that strikes would be unnecessary under reforming conditions? If the masses are led by the leaders, the masses will be led by the leaders. These people were guilty marching toward the millennium?

Four years of solitary imprisonment have already taken on Emperor Theodore. A report is current that he is slowly losing his reason. He has been subject to fits of madness, in one of which lately he tried to throttle a waiter. For this he was placed in a dark cell. We shall probably hear one day that he has been tossed to death. "Bruce. French."
Zola.

The incomparable Zola is dead. The man whose name is written in a thousand battles with ignorance, superstition, pruriency, and patriotism, the man who had uncompromisingly uncovered the sordid rottenness of conventional life, the man who had helped to stamp out a nation by defending a hated Jew, the man who had put his hand on the social scree a thousand times and said you all here, and here, and the others a thousand times. Society, his score, his counts, his scores, his counts, his scores of this man fell in no revolution, nor died for truth's sake, but was suffocated, it is believed, by accident.

Such is the irony of existence. Adulation and hatred mingle as those who speak of the dead lion tell us of what Zola has been to them, for he is the best educated and best hated of men today.

How he rose from the herd of poverty, and by compelling art, showed the world's reflection in the mirror of truth! From "Nana" to "L'Assommoir" he worked as a novelist but with one aim, to make us see what we are ourselves. The hopes of the ages, not to be something better than we are now. Alas, he knew his world, this Zola; he knew what it had to give, he knew what it demanded for that which gave. He knew the whole story of human decay and degradation. With a sympathetic hand he filmed the picture of our life.

How the Church hated him; but he was stronger than the Church. He could not be bought; but poverty never did him concrete. How the politicians, how the few bards cursed him and wished him dead! But thus it all turned on, till now.

I saw his home in Paris stoned by the mob because he had asked for justice to a Jew; I saw filthy and obscene placards on the walls in which his name was given a connoisseur's place; I saw the Paris crowd forget its manhood, cursing his name in the streets and reviling him; I saw the lines of the press, a silk-hatted but backhanded crowd, of subsidized assassins, surrounding his carriage day by day as he emerged from the door of his house.

He was being employed to save "the honor of the army," blurring their civic duties in his face, thru all this he was calm, courageous, patient, uncompromising, loved by all he loved and believed in France.

He was not one, "who saw life steadily and saw it whole." He had his limitations, this great man. Liberty did not mean as much to him as we could wish, that it had, the little meant a great deal, a very great deal to him. But Zola did more for liberty than any who are always calling upon her name, and his great novel, "Dreyfus," made it clear how close he was to the solution of the social problem. His sympathy is with William, the Anarchist, tho his mind pulls away from his heart. In "Labor" he shows us the kernel of the dynamon of regeneration, the man whose faith sustains his judgment in a future burst of heart-sunlight, and carries him along in a project which fails at last because it is not part of the dynamo of cooperation in industry. This book is full to the core of libertarian thoughts and aims.

Zola's novels are all powerful. They were written to present the world to itself, and their microscopic fidelity to detail is really something of this. Early one of these stories were supposed to be written and late we find him with prodigal art investigating, tabulating, criticizing and summing up the life in all its multitudinous affairs. We are filled with wonder, and at his feet, in pathos, taking, at his genius. Look at "Lourdes" as a scientific work, or as a novel, it will bear either test. And the unfulfilling humanity, the sympathy is there thru all the cutting and sorrowing. Zola hated nothing so much as deceit.

When this man put justice above patriotism in "J'Accuse," he took a step which few men would dare to take at such a time. The Jewish race have reason to thank this great soul for their part in the results of so daring and mighty an effort. The suicide of Colonel Henry came at an opportune moment and put public wrath back for a time; otherwise Zola might have paid a great penalty for his rashness. Thus that long struggle to free an innocent man from the hell of Devil's Island he remained staunch, his soldier of honor, as he was to the last. At the funeral of Alphonse Daudet, I stood in the street and saw some of the great men of France pass by, the last tribute to their dying friend, and I stood in the midst of them and in that modest men and that injured kindly eye all the promise which had been fulfilled in his public efforts and in the masterpieces of realistic fiction to which his name is appended. He was the man of such a work; no one else could have done it so well.

And he is dead; in the ripeness of his manhood, with a great work accomplished. His name is secured as a lover of his kind, as an artist, as a man.

He died as all of us should wish to die, who must die in these fervid days, with many enemies, but with more friends. Immortals.

A Picture of Leo Tolstoy.

Over the fields of Yasnaya broods the mist of an early autumn morning. The year is grown old, and the air is full of memories of the coming winter when the last of all light will lie over Yasnaya. From between two whitewashed towers steps a man, a man in dress, a god in consciousness of power. A scythe in his strong hand bends over his breast, his shoulders, and, as he crushes the dead grass by his elastic stride, in his grey eyes there sparkles the light of two worlds, and he looks like a Titan breaching the way for a new epoch in the history of man.

Other peoples, who do not walk like gods, come down the dilly path which leads from the village, and open the gates, and the opening field, where the oats full beneath the sharp scythes; he leads; they follow; he cuts a broader swath than they, so broad, so wide—broader and wider than the Russian mind ever heard of even in its most fantastic times. It is ten o'clock; the county leaves the mules at their work, and walks back to the whitewashed towers which mark the entrance to his estate.

Along this path thousands have come in these later years, with hardships great and small. They have come and gone, a few disappointed, many with burdens lightened, all of them saying, 'We have seen a man,' and if they know anything about men, that is Tolstoy. When a man is sent from God, and his name is Tolstoy.
light is seen in the village, yet the night seems brighter than ever, because I have seen its light; I have not been blinded by it: may I ever see better, and better! The silence has a voice in it, soft, yet strong and strangely melodious. His last words that memorable day when I shared with him his great secret: "Good night, comrade!" and there was to me in that voice the prophecy of a better morning—Dr. Edward A. Steiner.

"Self-Government" Again.

However much the word "government" may entail "enchantment" or "cures," upon peculiar natures, even or moving forces, directing all action, even the "making your own business." (1) We naturally direct our energies toward what we judge to be the "best and easiest way"; we cannot drift there without a rudder, or some governing power. (2) Governing forces are of two classes: one centripetal, controlling and harmonizing in its nature; the other centrifugal, diffusive and disorganizing, diversifying from every center round which to form a symmetrical and harmonious development. (3) The ideas of "self-government" are forgotten by victor power alone, lesser forces. I entirely agree with my critic that the latter has been the "great curse of time." The former are described to be the "self-respecting person constantly preaches." (4)

"All men act just as they must act at the time being." Can it be that we are understanding this from that man who is wholly passive and possessed of no power? We freely admit that when a cannon-ball is speeding on its mission it has left its "must." Its must is merely the completion of the generating forces, and losses its identity when the act, so-called, begins. These forces are exceedingly complex, sometimes from sensations from without, and sometimes from sensations formed from an inter-blending of both. In either case they lead to the inception of its resultant act, with force and cause. I mean, of course, the cognitive force. (4)

"The more we are determined to shape our environment, so as to cause the least friction," carries with it what our friend would call perhaps a "spurious" must, in that it determines at all. (5)

"Our will does not determine our sensations." Absolutes well will, like absolute freedom of any other attribute, cannot of course in the nature of things belong to finite entities, but the will-power within us, is that which renders us active beings, giving us the liberty of creating for ourselves some extent plausible sensations. (6) In so far as we are devoid of this controlling, choosing quality, (if you please to abolish the word "intellectual," as a pretense of chance and circumstance, drafting hither and thither, willy nilly, into any nook or cranny left open by the positive forces of exterior life.)

As I conceive it, it is one of the fundamental tenets of the Anarchist philosophy, that we are capable of voluntary action; that we should and do as we please, that voluntariness implies will-power. We cannot "please" unless we will. The very words, "Will you, please?" involve this idea.

J. M. Clarke.

FREE SOCIETY

REST.

1. "Control [governing] or will" is a confusion of terms very convenient to escape argument. Of course we have "will," decision, or control; and "will" are not synonymous terms.

2. If we "naturally" do what we "judge," the best, where does the "government" come in? The "ruder" or "ignoring power" is consciousness and experience.

3. This simply implies that, according to our opinion, one acts wisely and the other unwisely. Or does the self-respecting person "control" himself and the other not? To assume that I deliberately direct my energy toward what I judge to be the worst and hardest way, because my action happens to be a "centripetal" nature, is utterly absurd.

4. No, man is not "wholly passive." But when his "generative faculty" conceives a new idea, a true idea, it is for speed in "finishing his mission" with the same "must" as the cannon-ball. But again, if in "other cases" the sensations "lead to the inception of its resultant act," when does "self-government" come into the picture? Here is another key to the riddle.

5. No, the "must" is not "spurious," but "genuine." People who have not perceived that government causes disorder, poverty, alienation, have not understood it, nor have they seen the manner of the sensations we have assimilated.

6. I have not denied "will power"—the power to act. Neither does the denial of free will include the term of "choosing quality." But the phrase will be determined by the sensations received from within, and sometimes from sensations derived from an inter-blending of both, and not by a control independent of the sensations we have assimilated.

7. Consequent validity is the "choosing quality"—intelligence—and not "self-government" which determines our actions.

INTERLUDE.

A Dangerous Fallacy.

The decision of the Italian Socialists at the Lyons congress to adopt political methods for the attainment of Socialism has brought forth the usual stripe and unprofitable arguments of those political reformers who still call themselves Socialists as to the advantage of the ballot-box over the barricade. The New Age, for instance, foolishly taking the word "revolutionary" as indicating violence and bloodshed, says that quick-firing guns have rendered barricades impossible, and that they will in the future give place to the more certain because more simple policy of the reformists. All this implies a want of all perspicacity of the situation. It ought not to be necessary to remind the New Age that Socialism—not "reform," but true Socialist—implies a revolution, not necessarily of street and bloodshed, but essentially of thought and action. On the other hand, more political reform aims at a community more free, or more human suffering than the overthrow of a rotten economic system. Another point of view is that of the reformers, the fact is that these very "reformers" themselves become the users of these quick-firing guns against the people when they find themselves in power. It is sufficient to mention one, Mr. M. M. Maistre, the responsibility of the French government. Finally, it must be clear to all unprejudiced persons that the quick-firing guns are waiting to fall on him himself, and the reformer, more probably I shall not last long if he stands in the way. Abraham, you say? Not at all. Recently the reformers tried their powerful methods with the Belgian government. What happened? Many of the unfortunate people were killed or wounded. But Van der Vloed believes in living comfortably in the end of plenty. London Freedom.

THE LITERATURE.

A Little Story at the House of Industry, acre, by Clifford Richardson, Indianapolis, Tuesday 25 cents.

The author of this satire announces the "little journey" as coming from the "Rake's Progress." It is not so, but the "Roguery" of the "Little Aurora"—whether true to facts I don't know—and is a better story than his numerous names for the "Little Aurora." The booklet is a bit at Eliot Hubbard generally, and particularly his "little journeys" with Wolfgang Mozart. Much of it is clever and deserved, but sometimes Clifford Richardson overshadows himself. He aligns himself on the side of the guards in order to strike what he undoubtedly thought "telling" blows, as for instance his sneer at "Mr. D. Howard and the organisation against Hubbard generally on the next page. It is no disgrace to Hubbard a literary mark, his books with the "scrap sign," but rather a disgrace to a public that tolerates such unspeakable insults to their intelligence.


LETTER-BOX.

1. L. E. Arrowood. We are sorry for the errors in the preceding list, all caused from the same source. We are trying to put the blame on the printer's desk, but as we are just now "one and the same," it is not very convenient.

2. A. C. Playbooy. We shall soon begin the publication of a series by Conrade James, "A Violation of a Promise," in some form of preparation, and is based on his Anarchist Reading Club. We are, of course, extremely pleased with you some. The papers containing the course can be had only in this.

The coldest bodies warm with opposition; the hardest sparker in collision. These are wholly mistaken zealots in politics, as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a material collection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.—Janius.