All in All.

I would "dare to be a Daniel" and would condemn the notion that a great and allwise father could create beings for the sole purpose of seeing them endure torture forever and forever. The preacher would have been terribly shocked and would have accused me of trying to disturb his religious services—there would have been no "beauty" in my "daring to stand alone," in such a case. Well, I considered the shock would be in excess of the good I would do, and did not "dare to stand alone". In that instance, religious bigots are not the only ones. It takes a—"I was going to say after the old form a "saint," but that would not describe him—it takes a philosopher to be always tolerant. We’re so apt, after we have taken an idea into our very being, suffered for it, fought for it, lived for it, proved it in every way to our own satisfaction, to claim toleration for that idea, and not to advocate toleration because it is just, and would be for every idea.

For instance, a little party of serious people who had suffered for their rational ideas in a community of severe theologians, had come to believe that it was brave and daring and right to defend and advocate their ideas under all possible circumstances. One day they entertained a gentle, sincere little woman who loved her religion, and was very true to and happy in it. She was not "ashamed of Jesus" and talked for him, defended him and her belief; talked with tears in her eyes of her beautiful religion and urged those people with trained intellects, and skilled combinatorial faculties, pitched into the little woman with all the strength of their convictions, reduced her theories to finders, scorched her, shouted her, and left her without a religious leg to stand on. They did not convince her, for, pale and trembling she stood still by her colors, a gentle, sincere little martyr as tho she had been tied to the stake. And they never suspected they had been intolerant.

I have seen the "liberal" of some years ago, stand as doggily against any and all pleas for greater justice to the laborer as any old-time capitalist with every interest in the world to urge him on, could be. His "liberality," extended as far as "the equal taxation of Church property," but if an Anarchist came and wanted to argue that an organized band of robbers called a "government" had no right to tax anybody, he would have him arrested and imprisoned if he had his way.

The Socialist who has argued his way thru to the "materialistic conception of history," who has studied evolution into every phase of human thought, and who has seen only the power of "environment" in deciding events and the trend of human character, who has been defamed, persecuted, misrepresented for his logical reasoning—has no patience with any other method of thinking. Those who try to reach some of the secrets of society by any other track, are "crazy," those who would admit even for calm investigation an occult thought, or one not deduced from actual materialist experiences, are "those thinkers" and not to be trusted as probable discoverers of truth. The only difference is, the "scientific." Socialist has no hell in reserve for his heroes; he who might happen in case someone started up a paper expressing views in exact opposition to the authorized State journal of the Commonwealth when it is once established, remains to be seen.

A true, well-informed, intellectual Anarchist ought to be one of the most tolerant and most lenient of people. Very often he is. But if he has gained his pedestal through much struggle of soul and consumption of gray matter. He has read Darwin, Spencer, Fiske, Huxley, Llomardan, as well as Proudhon and Kropotkin; he is a marvelously well-grounded in his theories, and as far as he has gone, he never right. His general ideas, gained thru the most arduous courses of scientific reading and study, are in line with the best and highest thought of the world. Approach him with a purely ideal thought, a sentiment, a speculation on the unknowable as up to date; see his thin, intellectual lip curl, and his cold, calm reasoning eyes light up with a sarcastic gleam; watch how he picks you up gingerly and impales you while he microscopically examines you, and finally lets you down with a dull sickening thud. He might have mercy on a new comer from the ranks of conventional sleep; but you! If you have traveled with him thru the hardest, thorniest paths and shared his victories as well as defeats, his hopes and despairs like a true confidante up to the standpoint he has reached, and then you dare to suggest that there might be truths in some of the things you have passed and pushed aside on your way—be desperately brave, for he will demolish you if he can!
It is so hard to be tolerant! And the more we have suffered for our opinions, the more difficult it is to allow another the right to believe an opposite opinion; especially if he has been with us most of the way; then it savors of treachery, or seems so. When someone makes the biggest conclusion from his ideas of liberty, he cannot be satisfied if others do not draw the same conclusion. The one finds his highest ideas of liberty in a trivial daily life with one of the most secured human enterprises—love; if another ventures to say that "this seems to be unwise, weakening and demoralizing to you," the first will declare the latter to be "bigoted," "hide-bound," conventional. Well, harsh names are not physical violence or actual tyranny when they cannot prevail. But they hurt sometimes and are in one sense an invasion.

We all need to admit into our beings, nature—we will not say souls, when this is a disputed term—a great deal of the much abused element, love, in dealing with one another. It is broad, charitable, know, forgetting, not the exacting, narrow sex passion so many of us have accustomed to call love. Why ought? Why must we need give entrance to that emotion if we don't feel like it? In absence of a better data of ethics than Spencer established, we answer, because it will make you happier.

Lazar M. Holmstam.

How Teddy Settled the Strike.

Weeks ago labor unions throughout the country were passing resolutions asking President Roosevelt to intervene and end the coal strike. Trust they are well satisfied now that what a really small man the president of these United States is when surrounded by a few railroad presidents.

"Gentlemen," said Roosevelt to the railroad and union presidents, "for the sake of the public good, each of you ought to accede to a step from your standpoint position. Winter is upon us, and rail transportation is essential. Let us agree to settle the dispute as soon as possible and give the miners the satisfaction of having the conflict arbitrated by experts in their own care.

"We are deeply moved by the condition of the country," said the railroad presidents, "but, in behalf of the widows and orphans who have entreated their little savings in our keeping, and in behalf of the thousands of honest workingmen who have large families to support, and who are willing to work and relieve the country's distress, if protected from harm, we must decline your good offices, and appeal to you to order the judicial and military power of the government to proceed against these wrongs in accordance with the requisition of the United Mine Workers' Union, who alone are responsible for the country's lack of coal and the autoftid misery and privation of the poor widows and orphans. We are working to keep our lines running, and in whose behalf we have the honor to speak. We appeal to you in behalf of the liberties of our country, and in pursuance of the divine right of those into whose hands the 'great' God has entrusted the wealth of America and the destinies of

FREE SOCIETY.

its people, to crush this octopus of a miners' union, whose vain and sordid tentacles are clenching the throats of the poor workmen. Crush it, and the strike is settled. Good day, Mr. President." And they bowed themselves out with a critical, but an air of triumph that bespoke their power.

Teddy was mortified. He had met and brought to their knees wild strikers in Texas, grizzly bears in Colorado, prostitutes in New York, and Baptist preachers in Cuba. Over the corpses of these he had ridden to glory and the White House, the highest pinnacle of fame on the mountain of American stupidity, only to be crushed to earth by a few well-groomed railroad presidents.

"John," said he to Mitchell, who was turning away in disgust, "you are the only friend I've got. You see how I've been humiliated, how the dignity of my great office has been swept upon and mangled in the dust by these gentlemen who have just left. I came here as their servant, it's true; but they ought not to treat me like that, and dim in the eyes of the people the illusion of power that is attached to my office. John, my friend, the Republican party will be ruined and the dignity and power of my office destroyed if the strikers are not working people unless I can settle this strike; won't you please let me settle it?

"But how can you do it?" asked Mitchell, looking aginst at the sorrow plight of the president.

"Why, like this," answered Teddy, "you order the men back to work on my promise to appoint a high commission to investigate and see that justice is done in the end."

"What do you take me for?" said Mitchell. "Do you think because I am a coal miner I am also a chump? Goodby, Teddy." New York, 07 Avenue D.

A Union Man on the Strike.

It seems to me worth while to make a brief statement of the moral and economic factors of the coal strike. On the one side we have the coal trust, made up of a few men, who have complete ownership of the mines. They hold their title from the State thru the law, which has given them this title, and they are undisputed, and is legally perfect. It could not be interfered with without upsetting the whole institution of private property, and to do this would be to make a greater revolution than any that has taken place herebefore.

The State is under imperative obligation to protect these men in possession of their property, or it would cease to exist. For this reason the trust has a right to call on the State for effective protection, and if this should necessitate the shooting to death of every miner in the State, it would have to be done, and neither policeman nor soldier would be legally culpable. If the property rights of the trust are not maintained inviolate, they are no property safe. Neither is the trust under any obligation to arbitrate, why should we desire to arbitrate what has already been settled in its favor? To import moral considerations into the matter is to make confusion. The trust is right legally, and all it has to do is to insist that the law be carried out.

On the other side are the miners 150,000 strong. They have no rights in the mines at all—not even the right to work—for the mine owners are not bound to employ anyone. There is, in fact, no such thing as a right to work. It is the right of the market to withhold as the employer sees fit, and if no employer sees fit, there is no power in the State to make him do so. If the opportunity to work is denied, the worker must go to the army or the market is part of the business of the State to see that he has work.

Seeing this, the more intelligent of the workers have come to look elsewhere for help, and have joined with their fellow workers into unions. These unions of workers have never been legal. At first they were under the direct ban of the law, and were prosecuted as conspiracies, which they undoubtedly were. They grew in numbers and power, however, until they were, and are, able to defy persecution, and so they have secured tolerance. But they are not, and can never be, strong enough to enforce the law, because they cannot be. They may be properly described as extra legal, being, in fact, secessions from the State, and they strive to gain their ends by other means. Sometimes they do work for the enforcement of the so-called labor law; but most union men know well enough that labor legislation is a farce, and is only effective when a strong organization will enforce it. And if a union is strong enough to enforce a law, it is strong enough to do without the law altogether. And so we find this miners' union making this great strike for a decent living and law and when the work is done. Some of these points are for the future, for so long as there exists this law, made inequality strikes will continue, no matter whether this one goes down or up. But sympathetic means can for a moment accept present conditions as final.

One word as to preventing the non-union man from working to the injury of so many of his fellow men. Why does he not join the union and help in the common work of bettering conditions for all? He would be made welcome, and would find a greater measure of equality there than on the outside. He would have a voice and a vote on every question that came up, and if he proved himself able, he would rise to leadership, and so be able to determine policies. What freedom would he lose by being given the freedom to work for lower wages than his fellows? Are conditions outside the union so free and favorable for the worker that this is too great a sacrifice to make for the privilege that may or who work? —George Brown, of the U. L. L., in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
A New Era.*

A new era seems to be dawning. Questions are now asked that have not been asked before, and answers have been given that would have been considered ridiculous only a few years ago. The public only a decade or so since. Government has hitherto developed to such an extent, and presented itself in such odious and offensive forms, that to the thinking and reflecting government and mind of the average man was a repulsive idea. This new thought, this new development, this new revelation on the subject of government is not confined to any one race or any one people. Wherever civilization is advanced, and wherever thoughts are published and books are read, these same questions are asked—not by any means by all, but certainly by a very respectable and very important minority. This is especially true of Germany, of Russia, of France, of England, of Italy, and to a limited extent of America also.

There is a prevailing unrest, a feeling of intense disgust with the processes and results of government as witnessed through the present day. Those things are wrong, shockingly, shamefully wrong as they are, so few-minded or sensible men dispute. The evil is conceded—the remedy for the evil is alone in question. No doubt ages will clasp and unclasp, there will be experienced by the world for a long time, before any useful or reliable results can be attained. People are slow to come to an agreement, and it takes a long period of agitation before it is possible to make their theories and conceptions harmonize. Until they do harmonize, no relief will be obtained and the evils complained of, instead of diminishing, will continue to steadily increase. That there has been the history of this world thus far, and history always repeats itself. If history did not repeat itself, with an over certainty, there would be no way of living in this world without a change for the better. If there were no chance for learning, no need of study or thought, no possibility of progress or improvement of any kind. All the calculations of all the dead and the living are gone. We are left with the unknown, and what that has happened is sure to happen again, under the conditions and like circumstances of course. There may be slight variations, but the results in all cases will be substantially the same.

The civilized portions of the world have lived, for long years past, a great many sins in connection with these burning questions of government and human rule. We have had Peronism, Saint Simonianism, Mormonism, Socialism, Communism, Populism, Anarchism, and scores of other ideas that is not within our time to mention now. We have had them, and we have them still. An idea is never lost; it never really disappears. It may take a new form, a new name—but it is the same old idea still. Unfortunately, no two men can be convinced in this still further unfortunate, no two believers in the same name agree. But without agreement, without concert of action, nothing will be done, nothing will be accomplished. No man can alone accomplish results acceptable and agreeable to a great people. What one person says, a new name and a new form, another person says, a new name and a new form, a third person says, a new name and a new form."

FREE SOCIETY.

President.

Aged Man a Criminal.

November 30, George Wilson, aged 93 years, died in the old man's home as an inmate of the hospital and insane asylum. He was the last of the prisoners to receive a sentence of indeterminate sentence for insanity. He was convicted in 1869, and the crime for which he was convicted was that he had a place to spend his last years. His sentence was to run 20 years from the time of his conviction, and when he was sentenced to the asylum.

To possess considerable property you must be a criminal at large; to obtain a living in your old age, you must turn to the penal institution. And if you are not of the criminal type? Well, keep off the grass then.

R. G. Goodhart.

A Life of their Own.

Some Rough Riders were telling about their exploits in Cuba; while a veteran of the civil war sat silently by.

Presently one of them said to him: "Well, haven't you any experiences to tell us about?"

"No," said he, "nothing worth mentioning; but I know a story of a hero that you might like to hear. There was a man who was nearly thrown in the fight in the civil war, and was told of telling how many lives he had saved, which was very interesting.

"After a while he died, and, of course, went to heaven, and St. Peter introduced him into one of the attractions of the Heavenly City."

"One day Peter met him and asked him how he liked the place. 'Oh, very well,' said he. 'The people are very much interested and are always talking about their exploits, one thing I don't like. There's a man that follows me around and every time I've told my story, he says, "Oh, hell," and it's very annoying.'"

"So Peter said it he would point out the man, he would try to have it stopped." "Why, there he is now," said the hero of the Johnstown flood. "Don't you see that little old man?"

"Why, don't you know that man?" said Peter, "That's Noah." —Bolton Hall.

LETTER-SHEET.

A. L. W.: Your letter seemed to me on Tuesday afternoon. Your article this time was not delayed longer than to get a reply.

B. F.: Excuse me, Theodore Roosevelt, Chicago—Will the Fitchburg editor kindly give us the good news where Theodore Roosevelt's statistics, used in "Papers on Socialism," have been "exploded"? We are anxious to investigate the matter. We are also anxious to learn what the plagiary has been convicted of for plagiarism. The plagiary is the guilty party.

S. W. F.: The plagiary does not return Theodore Roosevelt's charges and criticisms, and some of his letter to a news writer. I would suggest.

* This article comes from an American professor who is not a senator in American. According to his own statement, he does claim to be an American. That he does not agree with the president's position, to say

The Woman of the Play.

There is no critic so accurate, so severe, so true, as the public. Emotional roles appeal to my own temperament. The women are alive, they breathe, they are real. Now, among the "good women" of the plays, the conventional, the idealized women, there I fall. They may not do, but they are not in the plays. Take Shakespeare's women: admirable, some of them, heroic, characters of the greatest plays ever written. But they are not modern. They lived and died in another age, another language. They do not, they cannot move between the public as a flesh-and-blood woman who wears French frocks in a modern setting.

And I want to touch the hearts and the hands of people. The public doesn't care what sort of a woman it is, so long as it is interesting. Beauty is that sort of a woman. Her life is not a lie. She goes back to the heart of nature. Do you know what I call an immortal woman? It is the woman who has a soul and a heart and a brain. She has love; it is the woman who is never true to herself, to her own instincts, and who consequently never can be true to others. What sanctity does a marriage license and a marriage service give to a union where the essential element of sanctity is lacking? As I said, for eight years, I have studied women of all sorts—not difficult, not difficult, rather, of unimpeachable character. It is my opinion that any of these women as better than the man or woman who marries without love. Sex is the first thing to be thought of, because the first duty of all for a woman is to love her friends, not to love her friends, but just to herself. Now, that sort of a woman has violated the custom of the country, I admit. Often, in spite of it, and in the teeth of everything, she has at least lived and has had time to be herself. There will come a time when men and women both will be honest, will be moral; not because they are afraid of not to be, but because they choose to be the best. It will come in time when men and women will be to sin against one's self, and to go out of the world leaving behind a child miserable and crippled and deformed. It is terrible thing to feel that the misery of the world is more than one man has lived in the world. I have said to myself, I intend to set my own ideals, to be two things—true and honest. My friends insisted that I leave off "that sort of woman" and I tried. To play Shakespeare one must have a Shakespeare audience. It is almost impossible at this day to produce the public deep-thought poem but a modern play. —Oheh Nethersole, in an interview in Chicago (1899).
FREE SOCIETY
Formerly THE PERIODICAL
Published Weekly by
L. DOLLK

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 321 WALNUT ST, Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the Chicago post office as second-class matter, October 26, 1901.

The publishers as such are not necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors.

Anarchism—A social theory which regards the union of labor to the absence of all direct government of men by men in the political form, absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1890.

354

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

Notes.

Thru the liberality of the Boston comrade, we have been enabled to publish the article "Origin of Anarchism," which appeared some time ago in FREE SOCIETY, in pamphlet form, and it is now ready for distribution.

The essay has been considerably elaborated by the author, C. L. James, and dispels the idea that Anarchism is a "foreign plant" or that it means "the destruction of society." The historical references and logic of the essay will not fail to impress the professor and toiler alike. It should have a wide circulation. The price is 50 cents. Ten copies, 25 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.

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

Chicago.—The Chicago Philosophical Society meets every Sunday, 2:30 p.m., at Hundell Hall, Randolph St. and Wabash Ave. October 19, Raymond Robins will speak on "Evolution of Freedom." Free discussion. Mrs. Florida Mudgett Deshon and Mrs. Douglass will entertain the audience with music and recitations.

The Progressive Club will give a little tea party every Friday evening. Friendly discussions will take place. Everybody is welcome. Free admission. October 17, the gathering will be at 410 Talman Ave, near Western and North Aves.

The Tolstoy Club meets every Saturday evening at the home of Dr. Mary R. Carey, 337 W. Adams St. Tolstoy readings and discussions.

Workmen's Educational Club meets every Saturday night at 8 p.m., 278 Blue Island Ave. October 18. A. Schneider will speak on "The Coal Strike." Free admission.


FREE SOCIETY
Splinters.

General Torrance, in a speech delivered at the Grand Armory movement in Washington, wanted all Anarchists "rewarded" with the goathorn and dungeon. That has a familiar sound, and is a dying echo of the anti-craze which the general should know that it is out of fashion now, and gives us a little intelligent criticism instead of ignorant declamation about "doctrines of universal hate and chaos."

The prolonged coal strike, and threatened prospect of terrible suffering from cold this winter, are having a wonderful effect increasing radical sentiment. Even the staid and conservative Chicago Tribune reports that "necessity knows no law." It is not so very long ago that Emma Goldman was sent to prison for saying that. Further, it says, "the people of the United States will have coal at reasonable prices, peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must." And yet the operators have all along been acting within the law; it is the institution of private property that is responsible. It has required but one extreme case of the logical exercise of legal power to show that institution in all its hideousness. If the government has a right to seize the mines, the people have the right all the more. And some day they will do so, when all talk of "compensation" will be idle. These natural utilities have been stolen from them by force and fraud, and it is the height of folly to pay the thieves for what they do not own.

Terrified Ted has a wounded leg—at least, for all public purposes he has. Some Democratic politicians are afraid enough to say the chilly reception Ted got as he entered the city had something to do with that wound. These "chills" may also have something to do with "cold feet"—which, after he left Detroit, where he was guarded like an emperor with limousine and cordon, as he approached Chicago, the home of the wicked Anarchists, so that he was finally forced back to a warmer climate. A former detective was quoted as informing the public that the whole thing was a fraud. But these are only surmises; as some people are really unkind.

At the Presidio, the soldiers' camp of San Francisco, anti-war elements have been distributed, and according to the army chaplain, "are having a bad effect on the men." Inasmuch as some of them are trying to leave the army, and the officer of the peace preached a war sermon, trying to justify war and the killing of men on the ground of "national honor." Truly, the ideas of some preachers (and others) look more powerful than these sermons.

The editor of the New York Tenth Seeker says that some "slush" the reform prosecutor of New York has been uttering "calls for the slipper," and that "Hungarian brutality in the mines, where the 'union' miners are mutilating those who want to work in the mines," demands the sheriff. There are some things which demand a strong remedy than the slipper. To repeat such stupid nonsense after the coal operators, is the task of ignorance and -stockholders. What the editor of the New York chaser of ancient gods needs is six months' work in the mines without any outside aid; and then he will not be so glib in repeating gab and demanding the sheriff to turn the stragglers into the mines, now, when the attempt to gain decent conditions under which to work.

It will be reelected that last year, during the anti-Anarchist craze, many societies, to prove their patriotic zeal, detoured Anarchists from membership. A Philadelphia comrade furnishes an instance where the society apparently has not recovered its balance yet. The following is the scene:

Chairman: Mr. — has been proposed for membership. What kind of man is he? Does anybody know anything about him? He's not in Anarchists, is he? A Member: No; he has no opinions on anything. Secretary: All right, then. Mr. —'s nomination for membership is upon [illegible] exceedingly active.

It may seem deplorable; but it is a fact that this sort of qualification would hardly be appreciated among Anarchists. It is.

Here and There.

The grand jury at Providence, R. I., has not indicted Comrade J. Cook, who had been arrested for setting fire to the street during the railway strike. The malicious persecution of the police was evidently too transparent.

Comrades Grossman and McQuire have been indicted on five counts. They were arraigned at Paterson on October 18 and pleaded not guilty.

The strike of the opera chorus singers in Amsterdam mentioned recently, has resulted in a complete victory for the strikers.

In Geneva, Switzerland, a general strike has been declared, to aid the street car men in their struggle against "American business methods" of the local trams and the strikers clashed, and the hospitals are crowded with the wounded. The attorney general notified Sebaste Sante, the Anarchist, to cease his agitation or he would leave the country. Meanwhile the strike has settled, and 452 Anarchists were subsequently expelled.

In Barcelona, Spain, the exploiters must feel as if they lived in the neighborhood of Mount Peale. The revolutionists have advantage of every opportunity to bring their ideas and theories before the masses. Long before the Monttischi tortures Barcelona was a stronghold of the workers' movement, but especially since that time the revolutionary propaganda has been exceedingly active. Regular street battles have been of frequent occurrence. The last one reported was the result of a commemoration of the death of Leopoldo.

Throwing off the disguise, the police announced a meeting to this effect, which the police prohibited. Demonstrations followed, and when the police attempted to arrest some of the paraders, the people tried to resist them and line up the battle. The police fired their revolvers into the crowd, and were fired upon in return. At the finish seven persons were wounded, after which the "police" regained. The police reports however do not state for how long.

At Gibraltar Socialists and Anarchists
attempted to hold a protest meeting against the closing of a Socialist club. Troops interfered and twenty persons were killed.

RUSSIA—Revolutionary propaganda is still carried on quietly among the troops, the police being watching or assisting. Well-thumbed anti-monopoly pamphlets are found in the soldiers' mattresses, the mouth of a cannon had a thousand leaflets, an old priest when searched bled with revolutionary papers which he had been distributing among the privates, in the pocket of a young officer on whom suspicion fell a scrap of paper was found on which lay the legend, "Try to distribute at once. Your Colonel, a Punishment, who have understood the spirit of the literature flows on steadily. "Soldiers to their Comrades," ran the title of one document discovered, and the following phrases occurred: "It's by order of his majesty, that all edicts are suspended. It is easy, therefore, who is responsible for all the outrages we suffer, for the death ever before us. It will be for us to judge him. We should deliver the people from the rich, but the peasants and workers against the rich. Let us adhere to the cause of the people and cry with them: 'Down with the czar!""

Let him give us liberty or quit his throne."

Let us conquer liberty for all. The power is ours if with one accord we refuse to fire on the people. The peasants and workers are with us, and we have bullets and bayonets in our hands."—Freedom.

The traveler De Wendt, who has been making a journey to America ever since he returned to Paris during the last six months, states that, when struggling through northeastern Siberia he visited Kolymsh, a district to which political prisoners have been removed from the other parts of the Russian government are exiled. The lot he describes as pitiable in the extreme.

He was the first visitor the colony had seen for thirty years, there had been four suicides and three had gone mad in two years. It is a station outside the pale of humanity with a winter of ten months duration. Freedom.

ITALY—The Grido della Poveria (Cry of the People), our new contemporary recently started by a group of men and women from the stormy waters. The first numbers were suppressed, and when it continued to appear its editor and staff were suppressed, either by being arrested or kept out of the city. In spite of this il Grido is not yet silenced, and we heartily wish more power to its voice.

Justice is pretty well an unknown quantity in government circles anywhere; but determinately so where anarchists are concerned.

A comrade was lately sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Rome that inability to pay a fine for a press offense. When the day came for his liberation he was detained in prison until the authorities could arrange for his removal to his home, refusing to permit his return to Milan where he had been. He was a comrade imprisoned at Ancona since 1900 for a number of political offenses and while in the garrison that day, he at length been freed, and we surmise are likely to add a good deal of pent-up energy to the movement. Peter God's has been holding an extended lecture tour in the country. At Genoa the Socialists were invited to meet him in debate, but as usual preferred silence. Still, they show more of a taste for action in Italy than elsewhere. Latey they provoked an election riot near Rome and were not dispersed till fired on, some two dozen on each side being there or less wounded. In Milan the child workers have shown some of the spirit of their fathers. The factory ladies under 13 and the poor little girls messengers of the shops strike still go on. Their demonstration was reported recently. They work 10 to 14 hours a day for an average daily wage of lire one. At Lugano on Italian currency, 750 lire, well known, so the story goes, in society, has been arrested for distributing pamphlets and preaching revolt among the workers. Would we had more such, for an earnest woman with a gift of oratory can pierce darknesses that men cannot reach. It is known there are women of "birth and breeding" nowadays everywhere to whom the idea of international brotherhood has come as a commonplace in the midst of their own midst in happy homes note that the poor are oppressed, that justice and mercy are mere terms of convenience to their rich and well-dressed opponents. But when it comes to women's suffrage or liberty for all, it requires indomitable spirit and courage for a bourgeois woman to step out from her own rank and say openly and in the revolutionary sense: "From today I am with the people, for I will work for them, speak for them, help them against their oppressors to the utmost." Her own house rises at once against her; she is stoned, ostracized, shut up to the thieves and scorn of her own little world—the little world on which till then she had labored all that love and devotion so immortal to a womanhood which has never yet overthrown the bounds of home and custom but the community has been the better for it. But it requires courage to face contemporary, misrepresentation, and family persecution, the covert sneer, the scoffing—quite usual. Be firm and shut up. All honor, therefore, to the women who dare and do, to those who with eyes fixed on what is right and just dare follow their convictions to the bitter end of tradition, customs and passion—Freedom.

In the south of Italy, near Trogir, fresh disturbances have occurred. Four hundred farm laborers went out on strike owing to differences about wages. They guarded the entrances to the town to prevent others from taking their places. On account of this they came in conflict with the gendarmes in which the latter received a beating. Then the military came to the assistance of the gendarmes, and were received by the strikers with a volley of stones. The soldiers fired, and five laborers were killed and ten wounded. In the meantime reinforcements for the troops arrived. It is now that "peace" and "order" have been restored.

Meetings.

"Corporations and Trusts," was the subject discussed last Sunday before the Chicago Philosophical Society. The speaker, A. W. Mitchell, of the Board of Trade, did not ag- raise the coal mine owners, but attributed the coal famine and all other economic miseries to "the stupidity of the people who, in their ignorance, seek safety in numbers in a defense of titles to land and the power of government." Without monopoly in natural resources, without government to protect the monopolies, the trusts and monopolists would go out of business and it would not be dangerous to society. The abolition of press would declare as a ridiculous law. If private property in land was retained, then the coal barons were justified in demanding government protection in their game to rob the public and workers alike. If monopoly was wrong, then all titles of property should be repudiated and government deprived of its property. Governments were not only protecting the exploiters, but also robbing the public by means of compulsory taxation, to invade and murder foreign nations.

As usual, the political Socialists thought it necessary to inform Mr. Wright that common ownership would solve the economic problem. They were shown, however, that extending the national ownership from land and industry, free people would not have a chance to make their own living and determine their own destiny. Freedom and with majority rule would reduce the individual to abject slavery. There should be neither collective nor private ownership. Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, however, coincided with the Socialists. Altho she believed in the broadest freedom in social relations, yet social utilities were to be conducted by majority rule. The anarchists looked perplexed, but seemed more or less reconciled after Mrs. Parsons had informed the audience that she was considered a sort of fossilized anarchist not up-to-date. —Reporter.

The opening meeting of the Social Science Club of Philadelphia, held September 28, was encouraging. It was well attended and a lively interest shown. The speaker, Mr. G. M. Morris, editor of the New Era, described the condition of labor in the coal regions from which he had returned. "We are tired of asking for a little of what belongs to us," he said among other things. The homes of the miners were crumbling down to the ground, their existence was imperiled. The workingmen's tool, the leading Co. had refused to sell for $12.50 a ton, was mostly slate and rock, for the mining of which the miners had never received any pay.

Other speakers followed, all agreeing that the public ought not allow such affairs to continue, and all schools of thought close ranks against the common enemy.

In Providence, R.I., Comrade Grassman spoke before a large audience in German. He not only denounced the mine owners and government, but criticized also the workers, who, in their ignorance upheld and support their enemies—the institutions of government and private property. President Mitchell was scored for not grasping the situation. A general strike declared in the beginning, instead of hardening the workers all over the land with assessments from their small earnings, the strike would have been won in a few days. Finally, the general solution was not looked for by higher wages and shorter hours, but by the abolition of government and the institution of property.
The Demolished Pier.

The sun is hot. A soothing breeze gently blows. The ocean lightly rocks itself. Our boat glides quietly over the waves; the sail is spread. It is broad and free fill around. In the distance is an old, demolished pier. We are approaching it. The waves beat violently against the stones, low and gray and easily roll then the breach.

"The ocean does not like any hindrance," remarked my companion, an old, passionate seaman.

"And is it not long ago that this pier was broken thru?" I asked, involuntarily gazing with astonishment at the terrible force of the waves, which carried off these gigantic rocks.

"Likely long ago," he answered as tho lost in thought.

"And you are," he continued, familiar with the favorite legend of our seamen about the light the ocean had with these rocks? If you like I will relate it to you.

"As the free birds of the air, so were once the ocean and its foam; it sang songs for them, and in joyful carelessness they rolled in the boundless distance.

But man, the gloomily meditating and mischievous tyrant, curved the waves their desert journey, straightened suddenly come over him, to curtail their freedom, so that they would not so proudly roll over the boundless depths of the ocean; that they should neither play with the bright sunrays nor with the blue skies.

He sent obedient slaves; they took from the depth of the earth cold boulders and began to throw them into the sea. The ocean formed joyously. The waves looked on merrily, as the rocks went to the bottom. They jumped, crowded each other, and goggled; they kicked the clumsy stones and threw themselves hither and thither exultant with the loosened freedom. Such a glorious life!

"From the depths of the cold earth there come to us gloomy-looking guests; let us receive them with joyful songs; let us cheer them, for they are more soothing than the old stones; we will play together in our ocean and jointly praise light and freedom. The young waves feel gay.

Only the creators of the waves, the storm and hurricane, receive; the guests with an angry whistle and give them a malignant look.

But the rocks fall and fill up the ocean, close together; a solid wall grows up; they begin to embarrass the waves of the ocean; they obstruct their free current. The waves become conformed; timorously they go at the high and gloomy wall; for the first time their way has been obstructed. But they went on pursuing their course as usual, thrusting and breaching themselves against the wall. With a shriek of pain they tore thru the wall. The wall stands cold and impenetrable.

The ocean was seized with horror. Terrific the waves roll, breaching their breasts on the gloomy wall. A stormy tide comes thru the ocean, garglingly the waves roll. "Dearest reason," they cry. "We thank them as our friends. Freedom, they have stolen our freedom; endless ocean: "We are coming, we are coming; we are coming; to rescue, to rescue. Rise, ye mighty waves, break the fetters, destroy the obstacles!"

A powerful call it was; it aroused the demon, it rejuvenated the old, it fused them with courage and bravery.

The waves, dependent on our will! Thou wilt steel, when one tells thee to steel, they replied with a heavy groan; and persistently they continued to chance to the ocean.

Winds, the creators of the waves, the storm and the hurricane, were flying in a hurly across the ocean, calling the waves together and telling them of their sorrowful fate.

"O waves, 0 poor waves! Lost, lost is freedom. From now on you are slaves.

Thus the parents spoke and hurried away.

The ocean was benumbed. The powerful old waves sank to the bottom of the sea. Neither the storm nor the hurricane awakened them.

And the young waves mightily rolled in grief; one heard no laughter, no song of former freedom. The ocean was overcast and the sky was so gloomy, so gray everywhere. Seldom did the young waves, exhausted in slavery, jointly throw themselves against the enemy. Only in closed ranks did they attack the heavy rocks. But the rocks were impenetrable and immovable; only the echo of stilled sighing was audible: the sighing from the lacerated breasts of the foolishly constant. The ocean wept.

Years elapsed. Many years fled.

Many young waves dashed their chests against the rocks.

Sadder and sadder it became all around.

The waves were sorrowful. "We will wait.

The young waves grew strong. In all directions over the ocean they sent messengers to awaken the dormant, calling all waves to a battle against the rocks. The messengers plunged into the depths to the old waves—lived hither and thither to call the old waves; they join them in the old line.

The old waves sorrowfully shook their gray heads. "There is no strength in us, no buoyancy. How shall we struggle against the rocks?"

Then the messengers set off to call the creators, the storm and hurricane. In vain they searched the ocean; only in the ravines they found them.

"As messengers of the waves we are come to you, beloved, with greetings and reverence. Leave the narrow mountains, hurry to the ocean, break the shameful chains which close our brethren! Inspire the old waves with the breath of life and the thirst for freedom. Unite the threatening hosts and lend them all to battle against the rocks. We bent not the light and we fear not death—only to preserve the freedom of our brethren is our desire."

The great heart of the storm trembled; with a flash the bloodkindled in the veins of the hurricane. The appeal of the messengers rang true. The wind removes the beautiful time of the past.

With a glad heart of love they looked at the young messengers. Out of the visions a powerful and joyful voice sounded over the

endless ocean: "We are coming, we are coming; we are coming; to rescue, to rescue. Rise, ye mighty waves, break the fetters, destroy the obstacles!"

The waves weep no more, they pray no more. Too many have perished, it is too idly, too naively to avenge the fallen.
And with gloomy bravery, under the battle-ery of the powerful storm, they crowd forth against the moist-bright wall. One feels at the terrible toil of bulldozers will be brought to fail or it is all over with the ocean.

Regularly, fearlessly the waves flow ahead. In closed ranks they throw themselves against the stone wall.

The rocks treacherously under the forcible pounding of the waves... The waves chill, rebound, and with terrible fury renew their attack. Everything becomes confusion in the struggle. Sighing and roaring resound over the ocean, and the ocean is stirred from the bottom and unites with the sky.

And the rocks tumbled down!

They succumbed under the last blow, and fell into the depths of the ocean, where the fallen waves were smeltering.

"Away, ye shameful corpses!" the ocean roared at the falling stones. "Here is the tomb of the soldiers of freedom, here sleep the young waves!"

The bottom of the ocean opened, and called out as it fell into the ocean:

"Are we to blame? The waves are given fire!—we eternal shame for the infamous work!"

The far-off rolling ocean replies. It broke the strength of the all-powerful enemy. And the waves move freely and praise the fallen fighters, who restored freedom to their brethren at the cost of their young lives... Honor to the fallen! To the living survivors!..."

I sat enthralled by this remarkable tale... With respect I gazed upon the free waves, which breathed strength and sublime bravery.

Above me was the azure sky; under me the endless ocean, sprinkled with the soft shimmer of the brilliant sunrays of May. Far away the noise of city life, the giggling of pudibund sentiment, black smoke, the white of the ship, the clink of chains and lamentation.

And it seemed to me that far away, beyond the base of the ocean, rested the storm.

Oh, humanity! Oh, poor, deplorable humanity!—Maxim Gorky. (Translated for Free Society from the German by Interpreter.)

What is Freedom?

Liberty, according to Mr. James, means "for every man to do as he pleases, at his own risk and cost." I asked him where the liberty comes in, and he replied, costs have to be considered. (1) Mr. James stands for absolute liberty, and will have nothing to do with equal liberty— or what some have dubbed limited liberty. Absolute liberty, I should consider, meant to be able to do as you please without any fear or thought of consequences. If all that is meant by liberty, it is what Mr. James says it is, then we have liberty now. The coal operators are doing as they please, and taking the not altogether unprofitable consequences; (2) and so all along the line of struggle between the armies of Right and Wrong. But every friend of freedom knows that this is very unequal liberty.

"Absolute individual freedom is the secret of complete harmony," says Mr. James, because it leaves men free "to rub each other's angles down." This is a euphemism for mob law, or lynch law. (3) Now I have no objection to the mob doing as it pleases, but I do not violate equal liberty. But it is precisely because the mob does not act on any principle, other than doing as it damn pleases, that I dislike mob law. A mob of Anarchists is not part of the same class as the equal liberty would be just as tyrannical as any other mob. No greater crimes have been committed than by ignorant men in the name of liberty. An Anarchist, therefore, prays to God that he may be relieved from the influence of men who are less than men. The dharma phrase is taken to others in doing as they please,—unless what they do is what pleases him. (4) This is why so many Anarchists are not better to live with or work for than those who do not call themselves Anarchists. Emma Goldman, who perhaps knows more Anarchists than any one of us, has been so impressed with this contradiction that she prerequisites that what is, in fact, the substance of the whole human life has been in the nature of sentiment.

The woods are far from such cases. The case rested, in a sense, on the question, from Boston, of a man and his mother, and the liberty for Protection of Children, is a consequence of the lack of knowledge by the father of the true law of Liberty. On this ground also is explained the inconsistency of Mr. James,—who does not believe in natural law, who revives peace and love, and who demands to his position that tyrants have rights in the liberty they deny to others—and yet he justifies assassination and the petty tyrannies I mentioned in my previous letter. According to us, in his latest reply to me he infers it was relative approval and not absolute approval. It is well to have a hole in which to run into escape charge of inconsistency. Somebody in Free Society also complained that it was rather tardy approval. (5) Mr. James rejects the law of equal liberty on three grounds: first, every man can't agree as to what is a government. Second, a case can't be settled on basis of equal liberty without a "common judge, that is, a government." Third, equal liberty is not a scientific induction. The first and second objections can wait on the third, before receiving an answer.

Professor Huxley rejected the law of equal liberty, not because it led to government and judges, but for the opposite reason. He says, "But I fail to connect that great induction of political science—equal liberty— with that practical ordinary which is instantly drawn from it." (Anarchism.) Just so, Huxley was an Individualist, not an Anarchist. He was not his equal liberty required government, and was assured enough to say instead of putting on the liberty of the Anarchist bearings to see what good he could do, but he didn't believe any liberty's being an induction, observe that the word equal is yet complete, which it has become since. The truths that men are not created equal, and that the intellectual equality does not harmonize with liberty, the often united by the opponents of all liberty before, was just beginning to be forced on Huxley and Spencer by their own religious and political inclinations. If I misunderstand Huxley here, my correspondent is to blame for not giving more of the context; and for such slips (which I don't mean to overdraw) as saying that Huxley "rejected the law of equal liberty," but immediately afterwards that he pronounced it "a scientific induction." I am sure he did not do both.

C. L. James.

June 1.

1. And I replied that God Almighty himself could do nothing without accepting the consequence that it's contrary must remain undone. Therefore absolute liberty is not to be named in a metaphysical but only in a practical sense—absolute freedom from tions commands and prohibitions—no "should not," this or that, but then must be done without thinking or acting—do it if you think it right—

2. At their own risk and cost. It strikes me the people of Pennsylvania are going to the political and social experience are now left them from risk; and that not because the people sympathize with them at all, but because the people superstitiously think a common good can only be obtained when they are doing exactly what they generally profess to believe, and that it is beyond their mothers, they must protect the property of others, this is practical. Give us some more of it.

3. Not isn't. Individuals rub down each other's angles without dashing themselves into mobs.

4. Then he is not a good Anarchist, but by what right does he say this? The testimony I have heard—from hostile sources too—about Anarchists' personal conduct is widely different. If Emma Goldman reflects Anarchists to set up their principles that proves one Anarchist like these Anarchists, and does not prove that others some what anybody else would think for short.

5. You and the individual who talked about "f trades" are witness that the man who is not for what is a better of a Peruvian than an Alexander. I will dispute such a point as that this is a real distinction with no one who pretends not to read.

6. The quotation from Huxley is much too short and disconnected; but, supplying a context from my own knowledge of Huxley, I find it harmonious enough with what I said. "(5)" says Huxley, "to connect that great induction of political science—equal liberty— with that practical ordinary which is instantly drawn from it." (Anarchism). Just so, Huxley was an Individualist, not an Anarchist. He was not his equal liberty required government, and was assured enough to say instead of putting on the liberty of the Anarchist bearings to see what good he could do, but he didn't believe any liberty's being an induction, observe that the word equal is yet complete, which it has become since. The truths that men are not created equal, and that the intellectual equality does not harmonize with liberty, the often united by the opponents of all liberty before, was just beginning to be forced on Huxley and Spencer by their own religious and political inclinations. If I misunderstand Huxley here, my correspondent is to blame for not giving more of the context; and for such slips (which I don't mean to overdraw) as saying that Huxley "rejected the law of equal liberty," but immediately afterwards that he pronounced it "a scientific induction." I am sure he did not do both.

A. L. Starson.

"Amidst the applause of over 50,000 human beasts, in the State of Mississippi a Negro has again been strung up," says the Free

And the railroad that has taken extra taxes to enrich themselves by means of absolute tyranny. And this pack of brutes imagine they march at the head of civilization and feel entitled to suppress beastly societies for their treatment of the Jews! Shame!"
FREE SOCIETY.

BOOK LIST.

A BOOK LIST FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

Enquiry on the Social Problem. 8. Addis. 05
The New Buddhism. Swami Alian. 05
Plain Words on the Woman Question. 10. 05
The Story of the Women's Movement. 05
The Woman's (London). 10. 05
Walsham's Ideal Democracy and Other Writings. Helen Bos. 10
Prophet's Daughter, or the True Virtue of Rachel Campbell. 10
The Woman's Exposition. V. de Clerc. 05
The Enfranchisement of Society from Government. Talbot Do. 05
Hyla's Home. Claire. 05
Woman's Society and Anarchy. Rosalva. 05
Motherhood in Freedom. 06
Government Anarchy. Keno. 06
Anarchist on Tolstoy. 06
Anarchist and Outrage. 06
Rousselot, Cudlipp, Anarchist and Communal. 06
Anarchist: the Philosophical and Idealistic Concept. Peter Kropotkin. 06
Anarchist Community in Its History and Principles. 06
An Appeal to the Young Anarchist Morality. 05
Field, Factory and Workshop. 45
The Police and Authority. 05
Measures of a Revolution. 2.00
Organized Vagrancy. 05
Expropriation. 05
The State: Its Historic Role. 06
National Anarchism. 06
Social Democracy in Germany. 06
History of the Commune. Cloth. 75
Pure Anarchism. J. R. Rowl. 10
Anarchist. (Is it All a Dream? James P. Morris, Jr. 10
A Chamberlin's Diary. 05
Responsibility and Solidarity in the Labor Struggle. J. Nocita. 05
A Revolution and Government. The Spartan Women. 1.00
The French of the Community. F. Pidem, Minor. 05
Subjects of Socialist History. 05
The Slavery of Our Times. Cloth. 75
Levy Tolstoy. 05
Marx or The Community. Which? W. H. Van Oosten. 05
Revolution and Evolution. Roots. 05
One Act of Direct Legislation. J. E. Smith. 05
Perfect Motherhood. Cloth. 1.00
The Temperance folly. 05
Whereas Investigating Commissions. 05
The Academy of Practical Science. E. W. Roper. 16
Revival of Purgatory. 05
Vice. 05
The Female Friend and Female. 05
What the Young Need to Know. 05
The Ballet of Reading God. 05
Life Without a Master. 336. 05
What Is Life. 1.00
The New Dispensation. Cloth. 1.00
The Coming Woman. Little White. 05
Chicago Martyrs. The Life of the Labor Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court and After. The Reason of the People. 05
Collected Works. 05
Send orders to Free Society.

SEND ORDERS TO FREE SOCIETY.

FIELD, FACTORY AND WORKSHOP.

BY PETER KROPOTKIN.

This valuable work has now been published in a popular edition. No student of social and economic affairs can afford to be without it.

The book contains the following chapters: The Decentralization of Industries, The Possibilities of Agriculture, Rural Industrial Villages, Brain Work and Mass Work, and full Appendices. It is written in clear, concise language, and the subject matter is of the greatest importance. A work that the student and social reformer cannot afford to be without.


COLLEGE OF MEDICINE & SURGERY, Chicago.

Four years Graded Course. Laboratories fully equipped. Tuition moderate. Application for information and Circulars to W. F. C. FEES MODERATE.

Prof. Colson, D. M. S. Preisig, M. D.

Write today for Catalogue.

FLORENCE DRESSLER, M. D., Sev'ry
249-247 Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.