Contrasts.

The Noble.
An emperor sits in a sumptuous room,
With the chandelier’s mellow glow,
While close-drawn curtains of richest weave
Shut out the frost and snow.
The fragrant air is warm and still,
Rare pictures adorn the walls;
Veddic statues and works of art
Are found in every hall.
His hands are slender, small, and white
No useful toil has he known;
Sheltered by those whose hearts
Burn with a love of a thousand;
The shadow that has held the race
For ages north its ban,
The column of a dying creed—
The rule of man by man.

The Ugly.
The factory girl, as night comes down,
Turns homeward with weary feet.
Her pallid form covers and shields in vain
From the pallid wind and cold.
The room is dark, the fire is out,
Her friends are far away;
The rent is due, and so she speaks
The pleading she cannot say.
The rent must come. From the cruel street
She returns with a nameless dread.
For food and fuel she needs must wait,
She suppresses tears to keep
In the darkness of that cheerless room,
A life is wrecked tonight;
With a breaking heart she sells herself
For a little warmth and light.

Which is the most, the mileless king,
Surrounded by wealth untold,
This is the workman, the poor,
Or the sinner’s pure white soul?
Arms and navies, kingdoms and power,
With many faces, every sphere,
Are not worth one thrill of the girl’s pure heart
Ere it breaks in wild despair.

Watkins, Kansas.

Radical Reflections.

A great many years ago there was born,
In an obscure village of Palestine, a babe;
And its parents were so poor that this little
came into the world among the cattle
And was laid in a manger upon a cobweb
Straw. This bundle of lovely origin had not
The birth-certificate of legal parentage,
For his mother was a virgin, and he was the
Progeny of the gods—which in those days
Was the polite term for bastard.

But above the humble place of this poor
Babe’s nativity there shone a bright
And radiant star—the star of genius.
The great world of that day was as indifferent to the
doings of the common people, the toilers,
as it is today.
The birth of a prince was an
Affair of great moment—not because a
Prince was wiser, or better, or more noble
Than other men, but because he was a prince,
The son of a king. But this babe in the
Manger was not a prince: he was the nameless
Shivering of poverty and shame.
But the star of genius, which seldom lighted the
Birth-adjacent of a chivalric prince, stood over
That lowly manger, and from the portals of
That stable in Bethlehem, a new age
Issued forth, an age that has been made
Glorious by the greatest achievements of
The human race.

This child, Jesus, as he grew to manhood,
Was not much of a success in life.
He had no business enterprise, no financial ability.
He was not even industrious, but showed a
decided aversion to work. Instead of adapting
Himself to circumstances and going in
To make his pile, he began to tramp around
From place to place, making speeches against
The rich and well-to-do, and stirring up
Discontent among the poor.
He even attached
The religion of his time, and called the
Priests hypocrites and assailed the established
Church with all the bitterness of the inward.

He went around with a bundle of ragged
And shillless followers like himself, for
The most part ignorant fishermen, who
Could neither read nor write. He associated
With rough and dissolute characters and
Was himself known as a wincheliber and
A glutton. He refused to condemn lewd
Women, but intimated that they were
Little worse than their male patrons. His
Beard and hair were unkempt, he never
Changed his wearin apparel, and no one
Ever heard of his taking a bath.
Of course the respectable well-to-do people called him
An Anarchist, and thought he should be
Locked up as a matter of precaution.

His teachings were perfectly incomprehensible
To the people of his day. Not even his
Own disciples understood him. He wanted
To divide up everything. He was con-
Stantly agitating against the social order.
He talked—about the rich as though they were
Thieves, and even declared that a full grown
Dromedary might gallop thru the eye of a
Camel’s needle with less difficulty than a
Wall street magnate would experience in
Squeezing under heaven’s golden gate. Like
The true Anarchist, he was always “again
The government,” and was a perpetual nuisance and calamity bother.

He went around making stump speeches
And street talks, in violation of the city
Ordinances. His motto seems to have been
That of John Burns: “Down with all that’s
Up, and up with all that’s down.” He
Not only wanted the rich to give everything
They possessed away to the shiftless poor,
But he insinuated that this course in the minds
Of the industrious. He said “take no
Thought for the morrow.” He wanted people
to despise money and business affairs,
And to emulate the example of the fowls of the
Air and the flowers of the field.

He was opposed to authority, to government.
He decried punishment, repudiated
Resistance to evil. He said let the robbers
Rob; if they take your best Sunday coat,
Give them your Roosevelt hat or your
Neckerchief, or anything else that will satisfy
Them. Now, it is reasonably certain that
He was not rightly understood.

We do not know that he was correctly reported.
He certainly would not be by a Chicago newspaper
Paper reporter of today. But assuming
That Jesus really said the things attributed
To him, it is little wonder that the ruling
Class of his day were anxious to bid him

I suppose some people will object if I call
Jesus an Anarchist, but I am sure the whole
World would call him that if he lived today,
And preached such doctrines as I believe
He has only one consistent disciple of note
In this generation, and that person, Count
Leo Tolstoy, of Russia, is an avowed
Anarchist. And I am certain that the Church
That bears the name Christian, does not believe
In the doctrines taught by Christ.
I am sure that the people who put a lighting
Rod on their $6000 churches do not believe
In the precept: “Take no thought for the
Morrow.” John D. Rockefeller is a
Devout Baptist, but I suspect that he is not
Worrying much about what Jesus said of
The camel, the needle’s eye, and a rich man’s
Chances of heaven. And so I say Jesus
Was not understood in his day, and that very
Few of his preferred followers today care to
Understand his teachings now.

The ruling powers of his day had no use for
Jesus, and accordingly he was put to death.
That was not strange, if we reflect that, in
Our own times, about nineteen centuries
Later, five men were put to death in Chicago
For holding and teaching views very similar
to those held and taught by Jesus. You see
the ruling class of all countries and all ages have very little sympathy with reformers and revolutionaries.

For three centuries after the death of the Galilean reformer, his followers were the object of persecution, and thousands suffered martyrdom for their convictions. It seems very strange that in those countries the Christians should have been regarded as enemies of social order by the Roman empire—that nameless crimes should have been charged to them. History tells us that the Christians were outlawed; that every act of violence committed against the Roman government was laid upon the Christians. They were supposed to be thieves, assassins, and innumerable. When Rome burned, it was charged that the Christians did it. They were persecuted with ruthless vigor by the Roman government. They were hanged, beheaded, burned at the stake, and fed to wild beasts, their persecutors generally believed that they deserved this persecution.

This all sounds strange and wonderful in the light of our present triumphant Christian civilization. But is not history being repeated again, right in our own time? Is not Rome’s empty and imbecile prejudice directed against the Anarchist parallel to the experience of the early Christians? Does not the dominant power today view the Anarchists very much as the dominant power of Rome viewed the Christians? Are not the Anarchists charged with all the crimes under heaven, and persecuted as no other people are persecuted? And yet they teach, as did Jesus, a doctrine of love and peace. Their very philosophy is the negation of violence—the antithesis of crime. Yet it is proposed in congress to make even the teaching of this philosophy of love and peace and human brotherhood a crime, punishable with death. So far, we have not advanced very far—our Christmas today are not very far ahead of the pagans of Nero’s time. And if Jesus was to appear today, he would probably be hanged, but he would certainly get the cold shoulder from the Church that is the inmost in his worship. And he would find Jesus not so fair a judge as Pilot; he would discover in President Roosevelt a kinder spirit of Herod.

Lombroso and Anarchy.

In Everybody’s Magazine (published by John Wanamaker) of February, 1902, there appears an article of Cesare Lombroso, entitled: "Anarchy among the Criminals." The author admits that there are some very striking truths embodied in this theory and points out as one of these that it is not necessary to surrender one’s own initiative into the hands of others, individuals, classes, magistrates, ministers, etc., since they are anything but infallible, and often more apt to do harm than good.

"Even if men of infinite knowledge and intelligence could be made to direct our destinies, by the mere fact that they belonged to the government their power for good would be paralyzed, from the necessity of urging men at the head of affairs to settle matters upon one another? The best government is apt to do more harm than good, says Lombroso. Then whence his terror of a society without government? "No, nor do these theories seem to be the ideal government. But how can a collectivity that has no power of authority over its individual members be oppressive? Do Anarchists rule, lead, dictate, coerce, condemn, punish, or even admonish each other nowadays? The Statists, Social Socialists, and Social Democrats do. But we have no party bosses. What is the great Cesare talking about, anyhow? Is he really ignorant of the fact that Anarchism and invasion are absolutely incompatible, and that the largest collectivity of Anarchists cannot invade the sovereignty of the individual, without violating their own philosophy, for the reason that to let the great masses of the people go to their natural life?"—Michael Corin.

Was Czolgoss Insane?

That the crime of Czolgoss was primarily of a psychological interest rather than of political significance, the outcome of purely personal animosity and not of any doctrine or propaganda has just been positively demonstrated by the impartial and scientific investigation of the whole case that has yet been attempted. At the instance of Dr. Channing of Brooklyn, Mass., Dr. L. V. Briggs of Boston visited the home of Czolgoss, his family, former associates, and examined all the evidence relating to his habits and general mental condition with all the painstaking thoroughness that the scientific mind could suggest. The facts collected and conclusions reached were made the subject of an address by Dr. Channing on January 25th, before a body of medical experts.

Some sixty persons in Cleveland, Buffalo, Auburn prison, and elsewhere were interviewed by Dr. Briggs, whose purpose was to exclude unauthorized newspaper reports and obtain data from original sources. Czolgoss appears to have had a taste for reading, but his brother, "Leon had the best of reading to read because he said it always told him his lucky days." In March, Leon became restless and in July began his trips to the city. Just before Leon went away from the farm he told Wallack that he had to get away. "Why?" asked the brother. Leon answered, "I cannot stand it any longer."

His friends told him that he would brush off away but never to forget to stop his wife while he would walk to strangers, and would sit alone all day reading, sleeping or thinking. He was abnormally suspicious. For years he not only refused to talk with the others, but he was afraid of himself. This, says Dr. Channing is the case with people affected with hallucinations of persecution.

In summing up his conclusions, Dr. Channing says, it is a fact that in the following cases:

1. The history of Czolgoss for several years before the assassination throws more light than we have hitherto had on his mental condition.
Anarchism Exploded.

When the economic development had transformed the social relations of the past into a state of society in which the "material interests" of one class of individuals became diametrically opposed to the material interests of the other class or classes of individuals, there naturally appeared various "economic classes" which in order to preserve themselves were compelled to avail themselves of every opportunity in the "struggle for supremacy" which ensued. Therefore it was but natural that the class which had secured "economic supremacy" should make some claim to "divine authority" and the right to "govern" the economically inferior, while at the same time claiming to protect society. All this was done in order that the class which had attained "economic supremacy" might perpetuate its existence and destroy and exploit the "economically inferior" more successfully, hence the appearance of the State or government, which the Anarchists talk so much about, but understand so little. (1) Then the State is a monopoly of violence intended instead of a method of the assurance of the abolition of the State without abolishing the "class struggle" which is the cause of the existence of the State. (2) Anarchism declared war on the State, which is just as meaningless as the Democrats "smashing the trusts," etc. Socialism would not smash the trusts or declare war on the State, but will absorb the State, and by so doing will absorb the trusts (3) and all the instruments of production and distribution, the result of which would be the abolition of economic classes and consequently the abolition of the oppressive capitalist State, and the inauguration of the cooperative commonwealth. (4) G. E. Lane.

ORDER AND DISORDER.


On the contrary. Who says government, says negation of people. Who says negation of people, says affirmation of political authority. Who says political authority, says individual submission. Who says individual submission, says supremacy of caste. Who says supremacy of caste, says inequality. Who says inequality, says antagonism. Who says antagonism, says civil war and disorder. Then who says government, says civil war and disorder. —Bellagrange, 1850.

The British are rapidly adopting American methods. It has been alleged in the house of commons that $40,000,000 have been stolen from the government by its agents in the purchase of horses. They are doing just what government agents did here during our civil war —winding the government. —Southern Mercury.
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ANARCHY: A social theory which regards the union of order without the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal: absolute individual liberty. —Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1902.

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

Notes.

The office of La Question Sociale was destroyed in the recent great fire. The Proprietor, M. J. B. We have no further information than that given in the press reports, except that our comrades had no insurance, and their loss is therefore complete. They should have the immediate aid of all comrades who feel able to assist them in any manner.

Those of our subscribers whose subscriptions have expired are urged to send in their renewals, if not for a year, then for at least three or six months. This is the dull season of the year, and our expenses are greater. The existence of every journal of Anarchist propaganda depends upon the support of the readers. You can aid us greatly by renewing your expired subscription, by getting some new subscribers, or by sending names of progressive people to whom we may send sample copies.

O —

Leon Czolgosz.

I do not know whether Czolgosz was an Anarchist or not. And I do not know whether his act can be reconciled with the philosophy of Anarchism, because I am not sure that that philosophy, in its last analysis, does not imply non-resistance. I say frankly that I am not clear upon this point. But I do know that the ethics of Anarchism can only apply, in their universal sense, to a state of Anarchy—to a free society in which all aggression is eliminated—because aggression denies non-resistance. As long as there is aggression, non-resistance admits slavery; and the slave can no more be a consistent Anarchist than the enslaver. So I say, that this question of resistance or non-resistance, in its relation to the philosophies of Anarchism, is, with me, an unsolved problem.

But I believe that human nature is stronger than social philosophy. I believe that environment has more to do with socialization and with individual conduct, than theories and ideals. If the slayer of McKinley was an Anarchist, he strayed, not because he believed in principles, but because he chanced to be an aggressor; not because he loved liberty, but because he hated tyranny. Because he knew that peace would not be established by his act—that freedom would not come from McKinley's death. Peace could be made by discussion, but never by force. It was not the ideal of Anarchy that pulled the pistol's trigger, but the misery and wrong and crime of the existing order, of which McKinley was the representative. Czolgosz was the expression, which wreaked wrong, clothed in official purple, nourished and brought forth. The power that shot down defenseless workingmen at Hazleton under the very shadow of the American flag, and which spread death and desolation through the Philippine Islands; which murdered by majesty of law and pilfered in patriotism's name, that power created Czolgosz. It sowed injustice; it reaped destruction; it called forth the workingman and violence to be the servant of its last and greed; and the servant, for one moment, turned upon its masters.

I do not think Czolgosz was insane. His act was not an insane act. He showed none of the characteristics of insanity. He was as sane as Brutus—as rational as Booth. We really know nothing of the psychology of his act. We can only guess his motive.

Other alleged criminals were allowed to tell their own story, but Czolgosz was sent to the grave unheard.

Czolgosz was not insane. Neither was he a criminal. He was not the father of law, but rather the embodiment of war and violence, to the cause of its last and greed; and the servant, for one moment, turned upon its masters.

And, as I have said, the cause of Czolgosz's act was those conditions that generated in him the spirit of violence. Under Anarchy, the spirit of violence, having mighth upon which to feed, will die. Under government, which is the embodiment of violence, there can be nothing but violence. Like is the creator of like.

O —

R. W.

Current Comment.

The British government has again rejected the peace overtures of the Boers. The men at the head of the world empire seem enamored with the idea that British supremacy must be maintained in South Africa at any cost, and they are prepared to sacrifice any number of lives and any amount of treasure in pursuit of this phantom. But it remains to be seen how long they will carry the approval of the English people with them. Should a few more disasters befall Lord Kitchener, the growing sentiment against the war may move the British public to re-entice the Tory party, in which event the new Liberal administration would be mora4lly compelled to a peace policy. One thing is sure: the war party's lease of power hinges upon the military situation, and the battle field, of South Africa is the real forum of British politics.

Lord Salisbury, the British premier, in the course of a speech the other day, referred to the hostility of the Irish nation to the English government, and confessed his belief that this hostility is today more intense than it was forty years ago. He said that he felt that, with arms in their hands, the Irish would be a greater menace to the British empire than the Boers. This is tantamount to saying that England's security, at least, is to be kept up by her Irish subjects defenseless, by preventing them from acquiring arms. And we might reasonably infer that what is true in Ireland is applicable to the oppressed classes of all countries. A people with arms at command cannot be oppressed with impunity.

The European powers have lately engaged in a rather animated discussion of the oft-repeated claim that European intervention in the Spanish-American war was averted by the friendly stand of Great Britain in behalf of the United States. From the evidence furnished by the various documents of the continent the conclusion is irresistible that no such intervention was ever seriously contemplated, and that America owes no debt of gratitude to England for preventing the European powers from aiding the Spanish government.

That governments are essentially non-peaceable, is shown in the plans for the approaching coronation of King Edward. The ceremony, as mapped out, must strike the twentieth century Londoners as a monstrosity; and that those who participate in it are perfectly serious, should excite the laughter of the onlookers. Perhaps this eighteenth century pageant, enacted with official solemnity, will open the eyes of the English people to the fact that this whole government apparatus is a barbarism, long ago outgrown by the people themselves.

Turning from foreign to domestic affairs, we note that Congress has made but little progress in the matter of the proposed anti-Anarchist legislation. Several bills have been introduced, but no definite action as yet has been taken. The members of both houses seem to have taken a conservative view of the matter, and to be going rather slow with the proscriptive feature. Indications are not sufficiently tangible to enable us to forecast the result with certainty, but there is reason to believe that no attempt will be made to proscribe either the Anarchist philosophy or its advocates.

It does not appear that Congress is making very extensive progress along legislation lines in any direction. The most important measure so far, the Nicaragua canal bill, a measure to which the Republican party is committed by platform pledges has met with little progress from one passage, and even to jeopardize its prospects of final adoption. The opposition has its source in a powerful lobby representing the Panama scheme; and doubtless, the presence at Washington of a fat corruption
**FREE SOCIETY.**

The Church ever stands in hostile opposition to progress and human freedom. We need not wonder, therefore, at the formation in Italy of a Catholic anti-Socialist organization, the avowed purpose of which is to combat the growth of Socialist ideas in that country. This new movement is the result of the present attitude of the pope, who has placed himself emphatically against Socialism in all its phases. I doubt not that the Italian Socialists will go on in their wickedness, as the there never was a pope or a Catholic Church.

The judiciary committee of the house of representatives has at length reported the long-threatened anti-Anarchist bill. While its adoption as reported is by no means certain, or even probable, it at least shows the trend of congressional thought at this time. The third clause of the bill, as given by the newspaper report, is as follows:

To prevent the open and deliberate approval of certain times and places at which any public exhibition which, if permitted, are calculated and intended to breed licentiousness, obscenity and crime against and calculated to defame individuals in the executive of government.

Indies own? The other sections of the bill refer to the protection of officials from assassination. But this third clause is a marvelous piece of subtle wording, so elastic in its character that it admits of unlimited construction. It could be enforced against any party or individual, whose teachings contemplated the abolition of the present form of government, by whatever means. But especially would it be a danger which would envelop the propagandists of Anarchism, the teachings of which indisputably culminate in the destruction of government.

This bill is the darkest, and most subtle blow ever aimed at freedom of speech and thought in America. It should be known as the bill of abominations.

President Roosevelt issued an order that federal employees must not ask for a raise of wages. And forthwith a bill was introduced in the house of representatives to increase the salaries of members of congress. The mail carriers and others who work for the government are forbidden to ask for more wages, while the government’s higher officials increase their already fat salaries, without a word of censure from the president. That’s equality before the law. But, if congressmen can agitate for an increase of their salaries, why can’t other government employees do likewise? Let Teddyboy stand up and answer.

The recent love-feast between certain labor leaders and the Mark Hanna gang is apparently bearing fruit. In opposition to the unanimous sentiment of the delegates of the miners, their president, John Mitchell, has averred a strike, by which the mine-workers throughout the mining regions are forced to accept a continuation of the present wage scale. “He warned the workers, as a last word, not to forsake the teachings of their leaders, nor to heed the language of the newspaper reports. The organized miners will permit me to procure my unadvised advice upon their attention. I would suggest that the moment is opportune for an effective strike, and the place to strike is located a few inches below the termination of the spinal column of this fellow Mitchell and other leaders of like kidney. They should be summarily ejected, if the general motion, and a box of Tutt’s pills to do it. Organized labor is actually suffering for the want of their absence.

General C. P. Egan, formerly United States adjutant general, and general agent for the Armour Packing Co., is to fight a duel. Pistols are to be the weapons, but whether the general intends to use confined bullet for his ammunition the papers do not state.

Senator Hoon, whose name is suggestive of the general character of the entire official gang at Washington, is agitating the tail of his senatorial toga and puncturing the atmosphere with a verbal Niagara of silly gossegorable about the hapless Filipino, who he thinks is not getting a square deal in a little game of conquest and plunder. The senator is blissfully ignorant of his own inconsistency, however. He condemns imperialism in the Philippines, but deplores it when its opposite is approached. If a Massachusetts senator is going to leap out of the boat, the distinguished senator from Massachusetts is that he is looking for the imperialism microphone thru an intellectual telescope with too long a range.

I stated last week that Dr. Heinrich Mueller, a Socialistic member of the German Reichstag, "hadd called for the suppression of Christian Scientists. This was incorrect so far as Dr. Mueller’s political affiliations are concerned. He is not a Socialist. I did the German Socialists an unintentional injustice in my criticism, and take this occasion to make amends. R. W.

**Chicago Meetings.**

Sunday, February 9, Geo. W. Warrelle spoke at the Society of Anthropology, his subject being “The Law of Property.” The speaker said that property was the creation of law. Property, outside of law, was an anathema. It existed before the first man, and would be here in the ages to come when the present “owners” of it were dust. He defended government, and asserted that the best government was in the one which governed most. He thought Jefferson’s famous declaration, that “government is best which governs the least,” utterly false. He said that to eliminate certain subjects of criticism, he would admit that the lawyers as a class, were willing to champion any cause for a suitable fee, but he thought human nature was pretty much the same with all classes.

Ross Winch addressed the Jewish comrades Sunday, February 2, on “The Malignant Influence of Wage Slavery.” He said in part:

“Capitalism, the fact that it was the dominant force in our social order today, is a fact that is made clear in civilization. It has been weighed in the balances of human society with final results. Its death-warrant is signed by the world’s intelligence. It has got to go.

There are vast number of economic students who believe that wage-slavery is the result of the private ownership of land,
FREE SOCIETY.

A PARABLE.

There was once a beautiful little dog, and his name was Lebreton.

This dog had a scruffy little runt of a tail, and the name of the tail was Capital. And the dog wagged the tail.

But in the course of time the tail, whose name was Capital, conceived a thought, and it spoke unto the dog and said:

"Look here, my dear sir, do you just wag me? That's all wrong. I ought to wag you. Look at my importance! Why, every time you bark my hair breaks up and you make all the other dogs laugh out of the object of your wrath. And you who are you, except to sustain and carry me, the important and dignified end of the company? Just look where you would be at if I should be bothered off—why sir, you would be a bobby-dog all your life! Indeed, you must wag me no more! I can take care of you all by myself."

"Aha! the rascal!"

Yes, the rascal! God would not have caused it to speak so, and he acquiesced.

And everyone, you see, has been wagging the dog and hanging him against the trees and bumping him against the fence posts, and dragging him thru the barbed wire, and lashing him around among the weeds and thistles and cockleburs, and mopping up the earth with him generally.

But some of these days the dog will also conceive an idea—that is, if he has brains enough to perform such an action—and the dog will again wag the tail, and in his new-found joy he may wag the tail so hard that there won't be a tail left at all. —R. H. Richardson, in Socialist Spirit.

BY ORDER OF THE POLICE.

An Epistle of 1894.

I was sleeping peacefully when I was awakened by the sound of loud knocking at the door of my flat. Puzzled by this unusual and ominous circumstance, I lighted a candle and ascended, and my receiver was fully loaded. The clock struck five. While I hurriedly threw on some clothes the knocking redoubled at the door; one might have thought it was some battering-ram trying to break down the door of an anxious, benighted, and benighted city. I walked firmly to the door, which shook as if on the point of bursting open, and in as firm a tone (being, I trust, no politician) I demanded: "Who is there?"

"An odd voice, which struck me instantly as being disguised or hoarse from much drinking, replied: "Monseigneur's chiropterist."

"What?" I said, 'at this hour! But you must be a fool and why all this noise?"

"If monseigneur will only pardon me! But tonight there is the Speller banquet, and the day will not be long enough to lead to the feet of everyone!"

The words should have around my suspicions. I never employed a chiropterist; yet, strange to say, I felt suddenly impelled to accept the services of one. From what incoherent impulse I became oblivious to all my usual habits, and why I was persuaded by the stranger's explanation which was no explanation, I cannot tell. I could have been half awake. I opened the door.

At once there rushed in, like some perambulating waterpaw or cyclone, a gentleman with a big moustache, followed by six others with as large moustaches, bearing armfuls of nantes' bags across their shoulders. "Tipsey idiots!" I cried, vexed to have fallen a victim to so silly a ruse.

The gentleman with the big moustache related me ironically, then, with heavy heart on his side, and with his bare fists clenched, his moustache bristling, he suddenly confronted me and continued: "By the right that we assume, Raynal, Lepine, and myself, to visit the citizens at our own hour—and in complete without explanations! Such at least will not assist you. Show me your library!"

I saw no use in resisting; to tell the truth, an official search on my premises is an intensely droll. Having nothing compromising in my rooms the fictitious aspect of the incident ruffled my spirits, and I promised myself much amusement from the prospect of my new acquaintances conversing with my mighty book collection.

"All right," I said, "let us go to the library."

Directly he was in the room the superintend began to rub his hands as if filled with amusement, and some of his books (my dear books!) reposing peacefully on their shelves, he grumbled:

"Ah, ah, here we are again in one of these revolutionary canters—one of these hotbeds of Anarchism! Ah, ah, there shall be some fun here! The burglars! Shall we find convicting evidence—plenty of literature too—we cannot carry it all away at once.

"Open these glass fronts."

As, owing to their thick fingers and ignorance of the delicate locks they could not do this fast enough, the superintend calmly seized the bookcases, and made book cases until the floor was strewn with fragments. "Make haste, make haste!" he urged his men, "you don't seem to know how to set about it—you are as limp as eels. Come now, give me the names of some of these master works."

While five of the ruffians unbraided their books and opened out their bags, the sixth called aloud with the horns of a herald: "The Dictionary of Laroche."

"A dictionary of a rogue? We begin well. An outrage on the police. Take it away!"

The "Dictionary of Littre." read, in the measuring the dictionaries! There is a mass of words in them full of danger to the social order, seditions and subversive words which can no longer be tolerated by governments or societies. Take them, take them.

The police officer resumed his task: "Universal Geography," by Elisee Reclus.

The superintendent almost bounded into the air—his nostrils dilated as those of a
found who has just struck the scent.

"By heavens! I believe you! Hold it carefully—perhaps you might go some lengths! I am afraid of the municipal laboratory—Is there a fuse attached? No? That is well—we have arrived in time." "Turning to me with an air of triumph, he added: "There! you can deny nothing—your business is quite clear.

Things no longer looked quite so funny to me. I felt my limbs and head, to be certain I was not sleeping. Then I was astononished that I could not even protest. The officer continued reading aloud the book titles:

"The Imitation of Jesus Christ."

"Seize it! he was an Anarchist—a rabid Anarchist—a notorious member of a body of criminals; to imitate him is an offense recognizable by law. Come, things are going well! Go on, go on!"

"Introduction to Social Science."

"Science and Social...

No double offense! Take it. To lighten the job, take every book you find within, with the words Science, Socialism, Socialistic, Socialist, society, liberty, equality, fraternity, philosophy, psychology, evolution, revolution—all with them all! Let me see as these words are to be found in this book, take all the books in a lump; it will be quicker!"

But the man called out once more: "Principles of Biology."

"Biology also," roared the superintendent of anthropology, "you all know, all know? Excepting works by Spurrier and Reichenbach."

My wits were returning, but I could not even yet openly express my indignation in face of this senseless vandalism, its ludicrous side was too strong. I addressed the superintendent mildly. "Sir," said I, "will you permit me to name a place where you will find more dangerous books than mine and in greater number?"

"Name that place."

"The National Library."

"I will go there, and I will go," he added, "and also to the Magazine Library and Sainte Genevieve. I will go everywhere! We have had enough of books and their makers!"

He grew excited, and began to pace the room with long, angry strides. Suddenly he paused before a picture frame. "What—and what is that?" he asked.

"A bust."

"Is it hollow?"

"Yes, it is a hollow bust."

"It is hollow! Take away that bust also—take all the busts—take everything that is hollow!" He reflected for a moment, stamped a foot impatiently on the floor, and added: "And everything that is solid, too."

The search continued for two hours. At the end of that time I was forced to the conclusion that my flat was empty. I had to take it.

That evening I read in the columns of my numerous admirable and well-informed journals, the following paragraphs:

"A search was instituted this morning at the domicile of the warden of the Anarchist, X. Infernal machines of an undoubtedly dangerous but, as yet, unknown nature were seized; the better toaffle police investigation they had been made in the form of busts.

The papers found are of the greatest importance. We are able to state that the authorities are on the track of a formidable plot. X—has not yet been arrested. Why the police do not assure themselves of the safe keeping of this dangerous individual is a mystery."

—From the French of Octave Mirbeau.

Before the Scaffold.

A man passed, and the crowd bowed at him: he was the hangman.

Another man passed, and the people took off their hats with respect: he was the judge.

"Why do you despise me?" inquired the hangman.

"Because you kill," answered the crowd.

The hangmen replied: "I execute the judge's sentence. His sentence is death, and you should sorrowfully despise."

The judge objected, saying: "There are some laws affecting penalties. I would not pass any sentence, consequently do not protest against me, but against the law.

The law said: "If you had not formulated me. I would not exist; do not blame me, but yourselves, and the condition of your existence."

The crowd dispersed silently, thinking that probably they were the guilty ones, as the hangman was only a tool of the judge, the judge a tool of the law and the law a tool of the people. —R. J. Requena.

Voices.

"They are taking the children's pennies in the Sunday schools to build a monument to McKinley. Shame! Won't they be collecting from the Sunday school children later to build a monument to Judas?—Southern Mercury.

THE PLOTOCRAT'S DREAM.

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