To H. B.

Lena, of all who called me friend in name,
And all who said they loved me more than life,
Who did compete for favor with sweet smile,
And watched me close for long years without blame,
How few at last could judge me by my aim;
Those who voted to kill, and did it grimly.

Such false tears which but gave me name of wise,
Yet which were making me exist--are lie!
But you, due sister woman, saw beyond,
More form and emotion, and were unafraid,
Hearing the pathos of the human cry,
To rescue you is mercifully said,
And find society in tree and sky.

Deed by those you sought, like Christ, to aid.

Mark Twain.

Government or No Government—Which?

"Some writers," says Thomas Paine, "have so confounded society with government as to leave little or no distinction between them; whereas they are not only different but have different origins: society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affection, and the latter negatively by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse and the other creates distinctions.

"Society in every state is a blessing; but government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state, an intolerable one; for when we suffer, or are exposed to the same miseries by a government, which we might expect in a country without a government, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer."

"Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence, the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the hovels of paradise."

"Government! What is it, if not the abuse of power all thru history? What is it, if not hereditary absolutism in one country and republican absolutism in another? When was there ever a State that has not upheld the strong and crushed the weak? All thru the ages it has served the master against the slave just as it has always been the most constant enemy of progress, liberty and new ideas. It forever clings to what is, and shuns all change or reform. The history of government is one of war, bloodshed, and tyranny. It is a history of crime, fraud, and oppression perpetrated in a legal way.

"Laws and institutions once established, remain finally fixed; and conservative prejudices make it an easy matter for interested parties to retain the old and prevent the new. The conservative element always asserts its prerogative; and the conflict is between error, supported by prejudice, bigotry and interests on the one hand, and the light of advancing thought expressed in new ideas sought to be applied to the welfare of society on the other. Government never aims at justice; it only professes to administer law and preserve order."

"Our judicatures were established hundreds of years ago in the Roman empire, in the feudal ages, or in monarchical governments, attended with imposing ceremonies and fixed forms, is preserved in its material characterisations and is transmitted to us."

"Precedents," says Dr. E. J. Schellinghaus, "are from decisions, the conditions which gave rise to them having ceased hundreds of years ago and in localities thousands of miles away, form the basis of judicial decisions today. That is to say, when a case arises that comes under no previous decision, they go back even as far as the heathen institutions for light, ignoring the judgment of modern thinkers and all the benefits of modern science and philosophy. New conditions, common sense, and the promptings of natural justice are alien to it, and we have a fossil system an arbitrary and anything as the bed of Procrustes."

Government, like religion, is a remnant of barbaric ages, when it was used to subdue the rebel, when might was right, and brutal force ruled supreme. There will never be true civilization established until man cease to use coercive force—organized or other—against his fellow man.

"But," you say, "there will be disorder and chaos; one man will kill the other, and the human race will surely perish by its own hand, if there will be no government to restrain our base passions and punish our heinous crimes."

"Now, if human nature is really as bad as all that, the world race would have perished long before this, in spite of all the most powerful government ever preserved. It; and besides, can anyone conceive of a more horrible pandemonium than the nonexistence all over our civilized world today? Is it not a fact that the most discontented and hence the most disorderly and rebellious nations are the very ones which live under the severest discipline and the strongest of the States? It is a well known maxim that "punishment breeds crime"; what is true in physics seems, in this respect at least, to be true in social life as well—the harder the blow the more forcible the rebound; for the centrifugal force cannot possibly stand in inverse ratio to the centripetal one."

Was it not when the Roman empire had reached the apex of power and glory, every social function being centralized in the hands of the most mighty oligarchy conceivable, that the Roman people became so desperate that they revolted and the whole empire and disrupted the very foundations of that powerful government?

As long as there will be want there must needs follow crime in all its phases and aspects. Instead of abolishing the causes of crime, we strike at the helpless criminal. Instead of restraining the "evil" passions, the governments only succeed in arousing them by inflicting cruel vengeance upon their victims, thus adding fuel to the fire.

From this immorality, the priests and rulers have been nurturing their "beloved" people on the fields of battle, in the cruelties for an imaginary grave of an imaginary God, in Spanish Inquisitions, etc., etc.

Recently the "civilized" States were shedding rivers full of blood in "uncivilized" China. Mighty England is exterminating the handful of the sturdy Boers, and our own government is reaching the poor Pilsen lesson in republicanism independent by means of the bayonet and the cannon.

Now, then, can you expect the people to live otherwise than by wasting endless war upon one another, when the crimes and earthly superiors subclass on nothing else but invasion and murder, eternal damnation and imprisonment?

Two million people were slaughtered because one Napoleon, who happened to have been stuck with the bloody mania of subduing the whole world under his dominion. And this we call order! The wonder is not, how people could live without any government, but how the curse does exist, with government. Take the case of Russia, the man who rules with an iron hand over a hundred and thirty million people. Is he the most noble, the noblest, in all the Russians? Is he really the most ideal person to rule such a mighty empire? Is there a rational human being who could hear all the petty tyrannies of the guardsmen and the brutal haughtiness of the Russian officials? Have not the people of that unhappy land a right, a duty, to rebel against such a wretched despotism?
subjected to the whims and caprices of an imbecile, who claims to have received his holy scepter from the Almighty himself; and that therefore when he commands the American seafarers to shoot down his mother or his sister, it is God speaking through him and has got to be obeyed? Would you want to take the consequences of the idiotic benevolence law? Or do you prefer Turkey, Italy, or Persia as inspirers of yours?

Well, no; you are a staunch republican and nothing short of a republic will satisfy your liberty loving heart.

"The practice of modern parliaments," says Carlyle, "is merely sitting among them, and twenty seven millions, mostly fools, listening to them, fills me with amazement."

And Ruskin: "You will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal garbage of its fools, and of the shills that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past times inaudible."

MICHAEL CORN

 Shall We Always Submit?

Our government of money-grabbers, clergy, and landlords, is openly engaged in the work of destruction and abolition of all rights and liberties gained by our forbears in popular revolts and struggles against early oppressors.

They are destroying even our imperfect and meager education, knowing that the enlightened and reasoning worker is not submissive enough to their yoke of moral and economic enslavement.

They have deprived the workers of the right of combination and practically killed the trade unions, because, they say, organized and united workers cannot be tolerated where privileges and the right to excursion must be guaranteed to the nobility, clergy, and plutocracy.

They are starving the whole population of different localities (Farmers, Cotton, Hosiery, etc.), forcing on the workers the will of the masters by brutal police and military assaults.

Encouraged by the popular apathy in their wholesale destruction of two small combats, they began to treat the workers of England in the same way as they practice in South Africa.

Last week at Grimsby we saw the police rushing on the people mercilessly beating the heads of peaceful onlookers, women, and children.

But that is the old and natural way of the growth of despotsim and oppression. The enemies of the people, and all such as George III, Lord North, Salisbury, and renegade Charnamier, begin their policy by brutalizing public opinion in the name of national interest; and when the national conscience is sufficiently brutalized and the conscience of the people extermination abroad, they direct the same brutal hordes of mercenary soldiers against the people at home. But against the oppressors of foreign centralization, they employ popular discontent, agitation, and revolt were roused. Quite different, however, is the spirit of our generation. Instead of resisting the brutal force of our oppressors, instead of opposing to those organized robbers a vigorous popular defense of our rights, of the fruits of our labor, of the future of our children, we are cowardly submissive and indifferent. When last April at St. Petersburg the Cossacks treated the people as the police did the crowd at Grimsby, at least some honest and courageous men appeared to give a warning to the all-powerful ministers of the czar.

But here: Who will have the courage to say to the second governing family, that of Salisbury, with his sons and nephews in power, to the third governing family of Charnamier, that their policy of South African massacres, of suppression of schools, of abolition of the right of combination once conquered by revolutionary struggle—that all their policy of exploitation and oppression is a disgrace to the country, to our traditions, and that they deserve to be damned by history and posterity?

Hardly a few will be found. Because our organized workers, by State Socialists, the Independent Labor Party, Democratic League, and others have been too long delayed into the belief that a parliamentary government is neither more nor less than the State, which serves the interests of the people that the people can always impose their will on their elected servants by ballot. That the days for using violent means in a revolutionary movement have passed, that a present peaceful propaganda is sufficient to obtain social reorganization, that the criminals who possess power, capital, the brute force of the army and the police, of a vile and mercenary press, that the whole powerful organization of the indigent, the essence of social robbery and oppression, will submit before naive declamatory phrases and bluf.

Men like Chamberlain, Rhodes, Milner, and their equal servants of the men in the street! Not only are they masters, but the most rapacious and rascal masters, who will not fail to treat us as they have treated the people of South Africa, of Trinidad, Orange Free State, and Cape Colony. But the people of those States resist courageously while here not a political, no Socialist party exists of stout enough hearts to offer opposition by the force of a popular revolt.

The people of the present time forget that during the last fifteen or twenty years they have enjoyed some rights, some shadow of liberty of conscience, of free speech, of labor combination; that all this was obtained by incessant struggle. As soon as that spirit of revolt was killed by reformers and State Socialists, men of quite different, inaccessibility, the policy of oppression began which of late years was inaugurated by the condition of nobility, Church, and capitalist interests.

This formidable condition is only to be checked by the resistance of the people. Therefore we ask you, exploited workers, scorched, oppressed and condemned to ignorance, these vital questions:

Will you allow your children to grow up in misery and ignorance?

Are you disposed to live under the absolute power of your masters, without the right of combination?

Will you calmly submit to the oppression of your unjust employers?
Anti-Military Movement.

It is but four years since when Jean Grave was sent to the penitentiary for writing the chapter "Militarism," in his book "Moral Society and Anarchy." He advocated resistance to the brutalities, humiliations, and degradation of life, which he thought the French republic could not let pass without impunity. But the world moves in spite of penitentiaries and jails, and "governments become alienated" as Switzerland and the International Anti-War League has been formed, and threatens to undermine the glitterings of militarism in Europe.

Next to Leo Tolstoy it is undoubtedly the French writer Urbain Glober who has been instrumental in awakening the European people to the dangers of militarism. After the appearance of his elaborate work, "The Army Against the People," for which he was also imprisoned, he published a series of articles in Aurore, disclosing the atrocities and barbarities perpetrated by the "Christian nations" upon the heathens in China, and the immediate result of these articles is the International Anti-War League.

About five hundred people gathered in Geneva, Switzerland, from all parts of the world when the league was formed.

"We have no bad gentleman," said the chairman and initiator of the league in opening the meeting, "to protest against those most atrocious evils, war and the soldier, and express our sympathy for those who have been dragged into the galleys against their will and with militarism. The question of universal peace has been before the civilized world for a long time; but it required a Tolstoy to give it a clear and definite form. In order that there be no wrecks, no soldiers, no military; in order that there be no military, people must refuse to be soldiers. And examples of such refusals are not rare now. In Russia several thousand men refused to serve the army. I will speak of the so-called Dukhobors, who were so outrageously persecuted by the Russian government and compelled to emigrate, -by the same government under whose auspices the first Moscow leads had a splendid display at the Hague. In France the same movement has been started, and, in the name of this league, I wish to express our respect to our member and coworker, Urbain Glober, who thru his articles in Aurore has awakened much public interest in this vital problem.

Already a broader question is ripening: a general military strike, a general refusal to serve the army. The beginning has been made. At several Socialist and Freethought congresses it was resolved to go on strike in case of war. We invite all sympathizers to join us. Wherever you are, you are our comrade; you are the organ of the international war. All who will aid us in the struggle against militarism are welcome."

The gathering was in enthusiastic air, and the chairman declared that the following cheers: "Long live freedom," and the general military strike!"

The league publishes a paper, La Voix du Peuple (Voice of the People), devoted entirely to anti-military movements.

-H. W. Korns.

The Man on the Heights.

The human race is not formed like an army, standing shoulder to shoulder in regular order and solidly united with rhythmic footsteps that beat as one. We are all struggling up the hill, impelled by the haunting unrest with which God has gifted the soul of man, and urged from behind by the first step all those who have left there. We are united and driven on by unseen forces. Now and then a man with superior energy forces ahead and gains a height, never beyond calling distance, but still much before the point occupied by the multitude. Then this lone pilgrim, enthused by the view which he obtains, calls back and urges the multitude on, crying: "see, the hill is not so steep after all!" One would suppose that the multitude hearing such a voice, would respond to it, rejoice in the message, and hurry forward with redoubled energy. But, somehow, that is not human nature. First of all the crowd begins to laugh: "Ha, ha!" they cry: "Look at the fool! He thinks that he sees more than we. Really he sees nothing at all. All he sees is in his own eye - the eye of a disordered mind. Ha, ha!" cries the multitude. But the man on the heights keeps on calling. Then the people begin to get angry. They curse him. They revile him. They declare that he is trying to ruin the whole human race over a precipice. They throw stones and mud at him. And in the end they probably drag him down from the height and kill him, and contemptuously begin to say another: "I wonder what he saw up there, anyway!" and they will climb to find out, and will discover that what the scout affirmed was true, but that they will climb, until they reach the spot, explored by the man of courage and energy first of all, becomes the starting ground of humanity.

-From Common Sense, by Frank Oliver Hall.
FREE SOCIETY.

Formerly The Freeeman.

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Anarchy—A social theory which regards the union of without the absence of all direct government of men by any one as the political ideal, absolute individual liberty—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 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 issue.

Current Comment.

It is a mistaken notion that the publishers of an Anarchist journal have any troubles of their own. On the contrary, they live in magnificent splendor, surrounded by voluptuous luxury; and for them life is a midsummer's dream. If the columnists are not in armchairs, do not imagine that the publisher expects them to pay up. It would hurt his esthetic feelings to send him vulgar cash; while his attacks are long articles for publication. I hope the readers of Free Society will bear this in mind, and act accordingly. Conrado Isaac, the publisher, is a Monte Cristo in disguise; he publishes Free Society merely as a means of spending his idle, useless cash. Subscribers are expected to get in arrears as soon as possible and stay that way as long as possible.

The abolition of the class struggle will only be accomplished when all classes are eliminated. Political or Social State would not eliminate classes, because they propose to retain the State, under which there will be at least two classes—the workers and the State directed officials. Anarchist Communism alone will eliminate all classes, by making all men free, and enabling each worker to produce how, when, and as it pleases him, without official direction or bussiness.

It is said that incidentals of the medical specialists do with the disease they make their specialty. Professor Lombroso, who makes criminology his specialty, sees in every human being the germ of crime, and even explains a man's moral theories through his philosophy of criminology; as, for example, the Anarchists. It may be that the professor, like the medical specialist, is a victim of his own habit; that his study of crime has soaked his own mentality with the germs of the criminal mentality.

Both optimism and pessimism lead to stagnation. The pessimist believes that everything is bad, and cannot be remedied, hence it is useless to strive for better condi-

FREE SOCIETY.

tions that are unattainable. The optimist, on the contrary, thinks everything is perfect. Hence he becomes negative for a change. The revolutionist is both pessimistic and optimistic—pessimistic of the present, optimistic of the future.

The American is in convulsions because President Roosevelt has referred to the civil war as “a war against Anarchy in one form.” The American is right. This attempt to cast further oilum upon the grand name of Anarchy, by associating it with the slaveholder's rebellion, is unfair, and I am pleased that the plutocratic American has come to our defense, but not with intending it in that way.

Henry, the Frenchian parasite, has come and gone, and left nothing to our gain, bringing a faint odor of sauerkraut and the incense of the licentious adulation of the plutocratic mob, who “dearly love a lord.” This procession was bordered, petted, and “wined and dined” a week and a half, and yet the span of human knowledge has not been widened one jot by anything he has said or suggested. His visit has benefited no one, intelligently or otherwise. He is an intellectual incompetent, a mental mountebank. He was worshipped and flattered, not because, like Kopotkin, he knows something, but because he represents a title. It was not Henry that was worshipped, but his title—not the man was worshipped, but the prince. Every dog has his day.

Nowadays, when we see as a newspaper, hending the words “Pugilistic Affairs,” or “Fistic Matches,” our minds turn to a perusal of the Intergovernmental Arbitration of the United States Senate. In course of time we may see in our daily papers such announcements as this: “Horn, So-and-so has gone into the ring, to demonstrate his candidacy for the Senate. He expects to succeed Senator So-and-so, of such a State, of the middle-weight class. Or, “The Senate ruled in its session under Marquis of Queensbury rules, that Senator So-and-so is precluding as referee.” Or, “In the debate on the anti-Anarchist bill, Senator Tillman and Beveridge came to close quarters in the second round, and the Senator from South Carolina got in a beautiful upper cut, but was sent to his corner with his left arm in a morphealessy counter, delivered by his opponent with artistic effect,” etc.

“Anarchy is of the devil,” says the Christian Advocate. I believe you. According to the Bible, man’s first knowledge was given him up the Garden of Eden and knowledge is the progenitor of Anarchy. If the Bible be true, the devil was in heaven, known as Lucifer, “the Angel of Light.” He was the first champion of liberty, and was cast out of heaven because he agitated man for a republic. Coming to earth, he asserted himself in the Garden of Eden as a defender of investigation and advocate of rebellion. He first lie of authority, that the fruit of the tree of knowledge was death. He insisted that man should know, that he should doubt until proven, and that man should know good from evil. God, who is sometimes flattered by the Christians, who call it worship, was the father of authority, of government. Therefore he was the foe of freedom, of knowledge, of investigation. And the first sword—the first bloody implement of war—was drawn by this god against man, that he might not partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and become a god, knowing good from evil. The devil was ever the friend of man—best one of the godly push,—and we gladly take him into the Anarchist fold.

How often, we have been told that figures do not lie? And how often have we seen those same little Washingtons used to bulk up some of the most monstrous falsehoods of the age? Especially government statistics. I am sure of this: If figures cannot lie, no such limitation affects those who use them.

Ross Wiss.

Observations.

It is reported that the Chicago local of the International Association of Machinists is going out on strike next May. As I am a machinist myself, I would like to give the boys a piece of advice, that is to put all the machines out of order before leaving their workshop. It is too easy, and every machinist knows how.

The editor of Chicago announced that upon the arrival of Peace Henry, the sailor boy, 1800 policemen were stationed from the Union Depot to his hotel, in order to keep the Anarchists from breaking thru the line of march. Why this protection? Do they fear the Newanya? If Henry the sailor boy is a good and useful individual, no one will care to hurt him. But the parasites were conscious of the fact that they were playing in on the American people, and are fooling them every day, therefore this protection; but some day they will not be able to get enough seconds to do the dirty work.

Alfred Schrieder.

The Experts and their “Faits.”

In Free Society of February 14, W. T. Tyler comes forward with the information that “‘Turn a scientific investigation conducted by Drs. Cuming and Briggs of Massachusetts, it has been positively demonstrated that the crime of Leon Czolgosz was the effect of insane delusions that had pursed him thru life and continued to the day of his death.” I gather from Wat Tyler’s article that the evidence which led to the “positive demonstration” was procured from the body of Leon Czolgosz’s family. From that evidence it appears that the rebel, who has been the victim of so many scientific (2) demonstrations, was fond of his own company, that he loved to read and think and sleep that—like the great American citizen—he studied the Almanack.

It may not he out of place to remark that all the people I know do these things, and that we are not free people. Not all the people I know have faith that every things forecasted in the Almanack “come true.” They are practical people for the most part, and
their sanity unquestioned. Dr. Briggs further learned that Crolgroz prepared and ate his food apart from the family. These were the main points gathered by the latest scientific investigation, which led Dr. Channing to declare "indicated a considerable degree of mental impairment, probably amounting to actual derangement.

Now it is a well known fact among radicals that there are comrades who are considered their relations to be insane or deprived because of the strange views they hold, so at variance with popular tradition. The fact that Crolgroz's family practically deserted him in his extremity, that they were Catholics while he had repudiated religion, shows that the ties of kinship as well as sympathy had long been broken between them. This, coupled with ignorance and fear for their personal welfare, made their testimony weak, and the weakness extended to the conclusions drawn by the learned gentlemen. Moreover, we learn by another scientific investigation that material evidence gained in a post mortem, that many of the organs of Leon Crolgroz was in perfect health, if anything the brain being better than the average. It matters not that these experts added a postscript to the effect that the subject was "socially diseased," physically healthy, the case being overthrown by a careful examination that he was sane and healthy. I will call their decision Scientific Demonstration No. 1. Drs. Briggs and Channing, by holding a post mortem after each other's conclusions, have admitted a little modesty in regard to things being "positively demonstrated." The words a typical regicide convey about as much meaning as does socially diseased. It is enough to prove that a man was sick, but when we consider how so-called learned men, in the name of science, tax human credulity in the effort to prove a king slayer either insane or a natural fiend. But who ever desired to hold a post mortem over the rulers who say thousands in invasive wars to satisfy the lust of conquest and greed? The public executioner, who expresses so much pleasure over his neat method of killing a fellow being, and the lurid ambiguities connected with the proceeding, never interest our savant. A great naval officer who speaks of a sea fight he took part in, whereby another man lost his life, as "the most beautiful night he ever saw," they silently ignore, and so long as they do, thus ignore licensed murderers, and express not the slightest interest in discovering why the other man lost his life. In killing, I shall regard with contempt their scientific (?) researches that demonstrate, by their very incoherence, what foolish, knavery and lies these researches are. Had Messrs. Friedla, McDonald, Channing and Briggs held a post mortem over the industrial condition of this country and the crimes of those in power instead of dissecting the remains of Leon Crolgroz and a lot of gossip, they might have demonstrated a few facts that would prove those conditions responsible for human expiation. I am no judge like that at Buffalo. As it happened they preferred to ignore social conditions and assume that Crolgroz was either insane or a lend incarnate. In regard to those "Anarchists who believe the death of Crolgroz at his own estimate," being mistaken in such acceptance, I heartily concur with Comrade Tyler. A rebellious workingman who de liberately gives his life in exchange for that of a worthless barker of a ruler has such a very modest estimate of his own value, that I for one would not dream of taking it. While I mourn for every noble life that has thus been given, I recognize and accept the act as the supreme protest of a brave and generous heart against the curse of government.

KATE AUSTIN.

Capitinger Mills, Mo.

The Charitable Man.

Once upon a time, a man owned a herd of cattle, which were lean even to starvation, and their bones stuck out of their skins. He owned also a luxurious pasture, from which his cattle were excluded by a strong high fence. But there might be said of his wits, was a kind hearted fellow, who occupied himself daily in pulling handfuls of grass from the pasture and showing them to the hungry animals outside. Nevertheless, the weaker cattle starved and died. One day a passerby said to him:

"Friend, do you own these cattle?"

"I do."

"And do you own the pasture?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you let down the bars, so that the cattle can feed themselves?"

"I have as yet failed to see that letting down the bars would be a panacea for all the leanness these cattle are heir to. Instead of broaching far-removed theories, do something practical, jump over the fence and help pull some grass and feed it to the calves."--From "Even as You and I," by Bolton Hall.

Be a Kicker.

Be a Kicker—don't be a Clam! The grandest institutions that we have today come from the efforts of the kickers. Christianity is the result of a kick inaugurated by Christ against the evil of bloodshed, cruelty, hypocrisy and hate. We owe the United States republic to the kickers of 1776, notably Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and others. The grandest man of the century, Abraham Lincoln, kicked against the institutions of slavery, and the proclamation of emancipation echoed around the world. The criminal recidivist is the one who benevolently his fellow man, not the conservative bigot who knows to existing authority as something sacred. No, it is he who is about to interfere with the rights of man, tho it be hedged round by the accepted conventions and customs of centuries. Kick religiously, kick politically, socially, commercially. You will be called a fool, a fanatic, a poltician, and may be branded with the awful stigma of an "Anarchist," but it is an honor to be shunned and despised by some people. Kick the bottom out of anything that is hypocritical or mean; kick against the conditions that oppress the workers. Don't indulge in personal kicks, but kick for the benefit of all.

Subscribe for this journal, but don't kick against paying for it.

Be a kicker and you will make others unhappy; happiness is contagious. You are a social scab.踢踢, kick, and you will find others to kick with; lay down, and there will be plenty to trample your frame. We celebrate—be a Kicker; don't be a Clam.

—The Vampire.

B rigoty at Work.

While the Committee of Fifteen, which was appointed to deal with the social vices in New York, has come to the conclusion that nothing short of better codicils and a more rational education in sexual relationship will eliminate this social evil, Comstock and his tools continue to persecute those who try to shed his light upon the subject. The last victim is Mrs. L. H. Craddock, who has been arrested for "spreading indecent literature."

We are not familiar with the details of the case, the fact that Dr. Poole, the anti-prohibition champion, is free press, and free mails is appealing for funds to defend the case, will be sufficient for our readers to lend Mrs. Craddock a helping hand. All who are able to do so should lend this Dr. Poole his substantial sympathy" for Mrs. Craddock and her defense to E. B. Foote Jnr., M. D., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.

For New York.

To commemorate the Paris Commune, a mass meeting will be held on March 17, 8 p.m., at Apollo Hall, 120 Clinton St. The speakers are Comrades M. Cohn, Wm. MacQueen, Joy Fox, and Brossmann.

Sunday, March 24, 8 p.m., at New Irving Hall, 212-222 Broom St., a concert and ball will be given for the benefit of Breck's family. Admission 25 cents. Friends and sympathizers are hereby invited.

The Letter-box.

Crits R. Whitehead, Teacher, Cora.—The crutches at present exist well their charm to the millions of the people, by removing this, and also the fear of want, (hunger is a necessary condition to a free society) the strong man's specter vanishes. How can one have courage, when they are educated up to it? Certainly, educated to hunger. The woman's property (monopoly) rests on the protection afforded by government; therefore it could not exist without government. All natural resources should be as free as water and air; monopoly is here in these as prodigiously as privileges. Why not all monopoly.

F. W. Grootman—It is hardly possible to discuss Comrade Morton's proposition. We have challenged Senator Hart's bull, and it remains for them to act. Free is the word, and to all men's use to "Redistribute" (appropriately labeled by the Utopics) but what they would gladly exchange an opportunity to go to the other side.

F. G., New York City.—The price of old volumes of Free Society is 50 cents in cloth, and 1 dollar, paper. The publishers request those who wish to purchase the old volumes to address the publishers.

H. W. Koch.—Our short and political articles are very appropriate, and we hope you will continue them. However, the last one is a bit out of date since its issue to appear.

FREE SOCIETY.
THE BLACK CAPS.

It was day. Thadawna brightened in the Spiritual Dust with a breathless, intense growing light. Two purple wings of clouds hung over a large sphere which were revolving in dusty space, and seven amber feathers of the moon brushed the dust of darkness from its surface ere the sun shone obliquely upon it.

"What is that planet below us?" I cried, wonderingly to my strange associate.

"The Old Theater," he answered, smiling slightly at me: "it is the Earth."

"But are we upon it as we are not?" I questioned mildly; "am I bereft of my senses?"

"You are but just sane," he said, gently taking my hand; "concentrate therefore on what will pass upon the Stage beneath, for it concerns the world to have a true report of its own performance as seen from the air circle."

Strength filled me, and I took the golden quill he gave me and dipped it in an ancient bottle held for my use.

"This ink will be invisible," he said, "to those who may not read what you write upon this line, but the least breath of sympathize will render its characters visible to a few, if not to a single human being, at any rate, who have experienced grief."

"I see one side only of the hall, Europe, Asial Africa, set in opal oceans."

"Upon the other half the play is the same," he said, "but with a different scene and less victoriously and realistically performed."

Below us a seething multitude of many nationalities thronged into a Hall of Justice, the vast proportion of which were in keeping with the occasion. The sun was high before the last man and woman had entered and the door was shut.

"How many are there?" I inquired.

"Almost all the inhabitants of the Islands and Continents," my friend answered: "there are comparatively few in the prisons, the really a considerable number."

"Why do they all wear black caps?" I asked again, for I had observed the fact as an eccentric one.

"They are all judges," he answered graveley, "self-appointed, full of temporary and temporal power, and desiring to wear their symbolic headdress, so they sit to condemn the minority who have offended them, to Death, and Death in Life."

The Roof of the Hall of Justice was filled, and I saw the Christ, throned and crowned, by his executors into its precincts.

"Who is the accused?" I asked the crowd.

"A blasphemous Jew." His crime.

"Anarchy." He seeks to subvert the social order by teaching the divinity and equality of men. He defies authority.

"Crucify him. Crucify him. Away with him!" cried the multitude, till he went forth raving with the load on his shoulder.

Very different was another criminal dragged from the dungeons into the light. A young Prostitute outworn with unprofitable work, covered with scaly sore, cursing and protesting hurled by one and another into silence at last.

For her Death, but Death in Life. To live away from her fellows. To have no change over a man's love because she had once lusts. To be obliged to starve, enter a dis-
FREED SOCIETY.

want it, poor little thing, and what was I to do? After a bit I crawled back to it, but it was cold and dead."

The women were very eager in this case, but they were divided into two factions, one of which would have incarcerated the girl for life, but the other, the majority, decided that she should be hung. The criminal was called out, shouted and silent. But the misery of him being vibrated the air about me as she passed dumb, with no one to stand by her and comfort her, but a champion who took a salary for his pity and his prayers from those who slew her in the prison-yard.

More, more, more, I cannot write them all here. I saw public opinion oppose and try to squash every effort at progress in turn; Communists shot upon the steps of the Pantheon, Socialists put to the sword, Royalists slaughtered upon the field. It was a war of extermination.

A young lady of the middle class, with a jaunty, coquettish hat upon her head, was in the dock.

"The crime?"

"Smoking in a garret."

I laughed aloud, but the women judges gravely sentenced her to social ostracism (death in life).

And I cried angrily: "Do they condemn for trivial offences? Is there no appeal?"

And my companion said: "There is no appeal, and there is nothing you can do which is not an offense to some section of the black caps. But watch."

The last of the types against social law and order had been brought to the Court. An old man, white-haired, was struggling in the arms of his captors and sobbing, "Let me alone, I shall soon trouble you no more. I want Liberty. If you take me, it will kill me."

"His crime?"

"Omitting to save for old age."

Condemned to the workhouse, Death in Life.

"Has he worked?"

"All his days."

"Could he not provide for himself?"

"The products of his labor were fleeced from him as profits by rich men who had employed him. He had only enough wages to obtain necessary of life for himself and his family. He had breathed the 'Union' all his days."

"Will he soon die?"

"In three days, of a broken heart."

And this is the end.

A woman in the crowd was going about speaking to one and another of the cold man. "Could we not support him for a time in his room as he wished?"

"He ought to go to the Poorhouse. It is the place provided for such as he."

"The individuals would have been few in number who would not have felt, with a humane and creditable shudder, that they had not the weighty task of condemning a man to death."

"It is not so," he replied. "Look again."

"Is it not cruel, cruel?"

"It is never over."

"But there are no more in the jails who differ from them?"

"They are condemning each other."

And I saw that the black caps were accosting their own acquaintance and kind, and that few remained in the Hall of Justice. And I said: "These are old civilizations, the relics of which are dished with morbid matter, the accumulations of centuries. The other side of the sphere is younger, better."

The watchword of America is Liberty. Let me see what is passing there. One glance, I pass on."

And the Globe revolved.

Some Chicago men were being tried with the semblance of a trial, and I noticed that they were, not black, but red caps. They were charged with killing with a bomb the police who attacked them at their legitimate meeting. A jury was called, and I was surprised to see that, out of one thousand black caps summoned only ten were of the same class as the accused. Anarchly endangered the interests of the monarchists who were determined to brusque his head in Chicago at once and forever. Speeches were made, which appealed to passion, not to reason, by the accusers.

It was a foregone conclusion that five men were condemned to death, three others to death in life, for holding and propagating what was called anarchy, which, I could not understand, would prevent greed from usurping the people's rights. Men of opposite opinions and tendencies from the prisoners watched the scene from the gallery with the same interest and pronounced their conviction that the accused were innocent of the act, and that, in their eyes, it had not been justly proven.

Sick at heart, I followed these martyrs to the end, all minor citizens overviewed in one cry against the evil murder and the mock trial.

"Will they indeed make forever the voices of those who are being killed? Can they exterminate an idea?"

And he who was by my side answered: "They cannot. Look at the sight a little longer."

And I saw that the blood of bleeding men splashed those around them with crimson stains, and that both men and women conceived a new idea and grew big with Anarchy. These did no longer bow the knee as theretofore in the Temple of Man's Law, but walked erect, every one controlled alone by love within himself, free and unaffected by his fellows. And he who aided me report these things said: "Each martyr is as the pollen dust of a tree. Those who rudely cut it down when the golden flower is ripe do not destroy the tree, but further its life, for the nourishing dust flies far and wide in the air and straightway a forest sprouts to birth."

And, behold, I saw a red stain upon my own breast, and was glad that I too had received from the Christ of Chicago.

Once more the throng heavily around. From the Hall of Justice, on a sudden, they called me by my name.

And answered boldly from where I stood:

"Here I am, David Tuttle, at your service. I have done no work which I cannot defend as an abstract principle. I am not a judge, moreover, but judged I will not be. What is the nature of your charge against me?"

"You have been false to Society. You report things which have been set down in by-gone ages and other things which must not be discussed. You will harm the morals of the ignorant."

Then I answered them gladly, and was unutterably glad. "Who are you who would stop freedom of speech and of the press, and who would deny to the accused the best pleading? Who are you who elect to be final judges of what is not good, and who cater for others' souls? By my teach you shall hear and read and choose for themselves between Authority and Liberty. O monarchists of all wisdom and power, do you not see that good is invariably alloyed with evil, that evil is disproportion, and that no one is perfectly virtuous and no one is utterly vicious."

But I noticed that they were mostly blind who wore black caps.

"At any rate you shall listen to truth," I said, "even if you cannot see it."

"But be it by me said," they were dead to Truth itself. They would womanize their elders. They were fearful that their taff might crack their drums. Besides, they are impure at heart. Only the pure in heart see God."

And I asked him: "What is purity?"

And he said: "To have a perfect will to follow the highest path open to the Soul."

And I asked him again: "What is God?"

He spread his strong, shining, passionless, as he answered: "Love and Intelligence, or just, and light, or Female and Male, in dual principle forever working rhythmically in the Universe."

And the golden spilt in my heart was transformed into a bronze trumpet, and I blew through it three strong blasts which shook the Hall, "Awake, Awake, Awake! O Dreamers! Take off your black caps. O People! The day is here. And Love and Light and Liberty."

It is one of those tiresome dream stories, says the reader, the author will presently tell how he awoke.

Now, if a dream, still a dream, and I yet write from a tear, jaw, with one at my side, of things seen from the air circle—

MIRIAM DUNBAR.

Attention! The Conspiracies Against Free Speech and Free Press is a little 8 by 11 of a pamphlet by Cournoyer, Geo. Polhamus, M. D. The author reviews the events of the last few months with much vigor and clearness, searching the pressers of the gospel, and the oppressors, the newspapers, and together in the length of legislation to suppress the press, and free press, from a constitutional and libertarian point of view and without short, it is an excellent pamphlet for distribution among all classes of people, and is to be hoped that the commodity anywhere which will bring it into circulation.

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