The Strikers' Funeral.

[The following poem was written by Ada Negri, the Italian poet, on the occasion of the funeral of one of the striking stone-sawyers of Milno. The translation here given was done by Melbourne Grace of Berkeley, Cal., and printed in the Advance of San Francisco.]

A world dead that, lowest of the bow, tattered ungodly.
The stone's husband lies approaching the Dwellings of the dead,
Like a king's car on to that repose; that grave, that is for ages,
The train is glorious that with thee goes
Far more than man can say.

Ten thousand are they, yet serene and clear,
Almost as one they seem.
Upon the serried crowd one grand idea|
Shines like a lightning gleam.

Intricacy of longer, strike and toll,
(What was their will to do?)
Despite their faces' pallor, voter's roll, Superlative bent.

These unheeded soldiers in a new Crusade
Follow the aged dead:
Let no wild cry, no shouts of shrill uproar
That silence came and dead:
Their Comrades, those in whose passion's blood
Within the arms of thine,
Merges with us all in conflict bared, yet grand,
Over the lying in that glory.

Teach back thin eyes—behold thy comrades here
Attendant on thy pall.
They never can destroy us, brother, where
We stand together all.
Linked fast by faith in the Ideal we seek,
We shall renew the world.
And on the back of the crooked and weak—
The dead stone, blindly hurled:

Furibund gesture, fire's blood-red gleam.
The hero of a new idea;
We are the allies, the mighty stream
That flows on to the sea;

We are the glider's lifting, still and white
Till against the day,
That, bathed by breezes from the mountain height,
Glides on incorruptibly;

Our only prey and our last poor lot
Tommorrow will have sped.
But fear not, Comrade, for our hearts faint not
Alas! we want no bridle.

What in our wiles and little children felt?
The ever Holy Light
For which we strive is far above their plain,
Their misery. Let us fight!

How distant still—also, the long remove—
That's something unalike.
Song of songs of children radiant with love
Beneath a dozen of gold!

How many vicissitudes are we to endure
From stone and thorns we are free.
In this unequal warfare, this obscure
And endless agony,
Of heartlessness that seeks a comfort spot
Of pulpy earnings as the.

Of hard dry loaf—also, O Comrade dead,
Sleep, sleep thou in thy faith!

"We are ten thousand told in thy form—
Tide more wonderful more!"

An this our wrath is no mere passing storm,
Heavy with lash and roar.

"Tis an advance in slow and unconscious power,
Shoulder to shoulder bold.

Endurant, day by day and hour by hour,
Transport and uncontrolled.

"The limitless beauty of the living mass.
With heavy hammer's shock,
Resinizing as in the moment's pain,
The lockhearth of the rock.

"Anxiety above the laden in the right.
 STL, violence, by one,
And forward, forward thru the weary night,
On toward the rising sun!"

Radical Reflections.

I do not know how Anarchey will be achieved. That is to say, I am not a prophet. But, while I cannot forecast exactly the manner in which the order of Anarchism will supplant the disorder of authority, I can, at least, designate some of the factors that will play a part in bringing about this transformation. Some very good people, who imagine themselves extremely practical, and who are really very impractical, think that Anarchism is vague and indefinite, and that the question of tactics and methods, because it has no published "plan of campaign," like the political Socialists and other innovators. This leads me to attempt a few observations upon this question of methods; and it may be that I shall be able to give a little light to those friends of Anarchism who have been unable to see the way to its realization.

In the first place, all human action is the result of thought, and thought precedes action. Before any change in the established social order can be effected, a very large number of people must be induced to think. The number need not embrace the majority, for changes are never brought about by the conscious actions of majorities. It is the few who think, and move the mass to action by the power of thought. The mass, in turn, follows its leaders, and the real leaders in all great movements are the thinkers. So in our case. We are striving to bring into existence a new order. We wish to expand the horizon of civilization, to bring the human race forward upon the endless road of progress. And to do this our first task is education.
the good we desire to establish. This deed may be destructive or it may be constructive in character. It may be one of violence, such as the throwing of a bomb, the removal of a tyrant, or one of passiveness, such as the refusal to vote, to take interest, to pay taxes. But whatever the character of the deed, the doer should be sure of his motive, for deeds which violate the existing routine can only impress the conservative public because of the clearness of their object. If I refuse to pay taxes because I do not like to part with my money, my motive renders my act contemptible in the eyes of the public. But if I refuse to pay the tax because I do not believe in compulsory taxation, my motive makes my act an impressive protest, and invokes the sympathy of fair-minded people. So with those who resort to violence. The man who says a bad official may be condemned for his act, but if his motive is understood, such an act tends to direct public action to the evil against which it is directed.

I confess that I am not partial to that form of propaganda by deed that uses methods of violence. Especially when it is carried out by assassination. To me life is not a sacred thing, even that of a tyrant, unless that life stands in the way of the life of a better man. We Anarchists who condemn government because it destroys life, should be careful how we approve deeds of assassination, even when directed against the representatives of government. The spirit of retaliation, of revenge, is the most ignoble of those savage instincts that have survived the barbaric age that gave them birth. Assassination is a form of justice that, when analyzed, is not very different from the legal idea of capital punishment.

Anarchy can never be brought about by aggressive violence. Violence and aggression, when they go together, constitute the essential spirit of authority. But I would not have Anarchists to be non-resistant. Against the violence of aggression I would oppose the violence of defense—the only question being that of expediency. For a Canovas, who individually is responsible for the death and torture of human beings more valuable than himself, to kill him is an act of justice. That is simple defense of human life. But in this struggle against Anarchy and government, let each blow for Anarchy be one of simple defense, not of retribution or revenge. We cannot avenge the crimes of government by doing the thing we condemn the State for doing. In the noble words of Thomas Paine, let us destroy the king but spare the man.

After all, it is not the lives of individuals that support the existing order, but their power. And the basis of all power to-day is property. In our warfare against the class interests, it is a question not of the individual but the thing that makes the individual a power—private property. That is the real vital spot. A refusal to pay rent, if carried out by a large section of the tenant class, would very speedily abolish this rent. A refusal to pay taxes, if persisted in by a large number of people, would tend to weaken the taxing power, and the taxing power is the life of every government.

These suggestions do not fully answer the problem I set out to discuss, viz., how shall we bring about the realization of Anarchy, but they at least offer something on the problem of methods, which continually presents itself. I give them, not as an Anarchist program, but as my individual opinion of the methods revolutions of the libertarian school might find most effective for propaganda purposes. Ross Wrio.

The Paris Commune.
The Commune is held up as the personification of misrule and destruction. Communes are represented as that worst element of city life that delights in blood and conflagration, and Paris of 1871 is described as a scene of frightful anarchism, submitting to Anarchist, pillage, and murder.

I was present in the city of Paris during the entire period that the Commune held sway. I was there from the day of the entry of the German army into Versailles, which destroyed the Commune, and the experiment of communal government was wiped out by the death of forty thousand citizens, who fell in battle in the streets of capital of France.

I saw that great city of central Europe held for five weeks by two million of men at Villette, Montmartre, and the Eaux-Bois St. Antoine, by the ardent workers, who for the first time in seventeen years had the opportuni
ty to bear arms. There was the Bank of France with its hundred weight of coin, the House of Rothschild, the Bank of the Hopes of Amsterdam; there were the great magazines and storehouses filled with costly fabrics; shops with jewels of untold value; palaces with costliest gems of art; pictures and marbles of inestimable price. There was a vast population which had for months endured privation, hunger, and distress. The gendarmerie had been driven out, and there was no other government than that of the Commune.

And yet in five weeks—with weeks of menace from without and suffering within—I saw or heard of no single act of pillage or murder.

For five weeks the great forts of the en
circle sent their destructive missiles to the heart of the city. From the Tocadero of a Sunday afternoon to the Pere Lachaise, the Commune soldiers contended against the Versailles troops. From barricade to barricade, from one open space to another, fighting inch by inch, in desperation, the soldiers of the Commune, with their wives fighting by their sides, suffered, piling up every stone, brick, and rail—flying flags to the cemetery, and there amid the graves of the dead, the last of the Communists laid down their lives in hopeless desperate valor.

They may have been wrong and misguided, but that they were thieves, murderers, and inhuman, I most indignantly deny.

During five weeks I saw no act of vandalism; I saw no plunder. I saw organization and order.

During the week of government victory I saw scenes of unparalleled brutality. I saw a hundred inexorable and bloody acts, I saw a well-dressed matron stabbled to death in the back, and flung like a dead beast into an open port cochere in the boulevard Haussmann, because she had refused to give the train of prisoners. I saw five little girls lying dead in a heap near the Palace d’Industrie, with little petitioners thrown over their faces, shot as petroleum by Ver
salies soldiers. I saw a man torn from his carriage and killed by a hundred deadly bayonet thrusts. I saw hundreds and hundreds of Communists assaulted and buried in a tunnel beneath the river Seine. I saw every sub-lieutenant of the army of France armed with the power to arrest, try, and execute citizens, and thus after the fight was over. I have read the death decrees of exile that for five years followed this communal uprising.

I do not believe that the Communists either burned or attempted to burn Paris. I believe that the whole petroleum story comes from an absurd source.

The war of the Commune was the great revolution what the mad rial of John Brown was to the civil war. It was the first electric war, the first on an angle of white clouds. It will ultimate in the adoption of all the scientific principles for which the Communists contended.

The Commune was composed of the scholars and thinkers of France. It was a band of scientists, men who had lived the life of fanatcism, it may be excused. If oppressed labor classes looked to it for relief, it was but natural. If fanaticism and disorder killed themselves to fight under its banner, it was the only way they had to make the world recognize their claims. It was a battle for the world.

The history of the Commune is written by its enemies. Like all lost causes it will be misrepresented. What there was of good in it will be suppressed. What there was of bad in it will be exaggerated.

The effort of an eye-witnes, at this last time and in these columns, is but a feeble effort at stemming the tide and current of oppression running against the Communists of Paris. Nearly all the press of Amer
can and England, read, everywhere, a microcosm of Christendom, has denounced the Commune. The press has thundered its anathemas against it, and the throne of God has bombarded it from every Catholic and Protestant priest and preacher’s desk, with unlifted censure.

Why the Roman Church should do so I may guess. Why the Protestant should I do not understand.

This little fragmentary scrap of observation may be gathered up for history, and may help to swell the protest that in the interest of truth may some time be made.

To the reader of what I have spoken I bear the testimony of a living witness. You may ask me, even of the Commune I was a part. I helped to build the barricade at the Place du Opera. It was begun by a woman in a purple frock, and a red kerchief on her head. The rule was that every passer-by should add a stone from the Belgian pavement of which the boulevard was made. I made occasion to pass often. From my window in the Hotel de Bretagne, Rue de la Paix, I saw the bloody fight of the Place St. Ole. At this barricade I saw this woman bring wa-
ter, load the guns, and hear away the empty ones; and when the soldiers of the Commune were driven out from near the gates of Amazon, with disheveled hair and bloody arms, alone defend the ramparts that had aided to raise, till she was stabbed to death, and raised a new flag.

I rode to two midnight soirees with Dombrzycki, and I breakfasted with Ockolowitz in the Place Vendome—for the Americans had the universal pass with the officers and soldiers. I treated them to a regime of Valletta to build a cask of red wine. It was sweet, and I was paid in hearing them toast the toast. I gave them in very bad French—"The Two Republics—the Republic of France and the grand Republic of America."

I shall live to see its retribution.

I rode in an open voiture at midnight to the heights of the Butte de Montmartre, where we could witness the artillery duel between it and Valerian. I met with polite attention; I was not robbed.

Let London, or New York, or San Francisco full understand the worst of it, and we and the soldiers, and we should see scenes of pilage, rape, violence, drunkenness, theft, and murder. Yet in this great, rich city of Paris, given over to the Commune for five weeks, with all its wealth and wine, I saw order, sobriety, and respect to persons and property.

Hence I feel it my duty to say that Communism does not mean a forcible and unlawful distribution of property, nor is the word Communist a synonym for every crime. —Frank M. Pixley, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

Monkeys—Men.

Those who accept Darwin's theory of man's descent from monkeys must admit that the descent has been, from the ethical standpoint of monkeys, awfully foul and degrading, it not being their law and custom of their societies that certain of their fraternities should be compelled to gather ten or a hundred of them in a room and make a monkey, before the gathering would be allowed to retain peaceable possession of the remaining one cocoon for his own use.

Christians today would see more brotherly love and less selfishness among a tribe of monkeys than can be found in any church in Christendom.

Christian civilization has made men, in his relations with his fellows, the most irrational of all animals. The lion does not go on killing day and night, week-day, Sundays, holidays, all, as Christian usury does—nor the ape, whose sins only to satisfy his needs—signalling Christians on cooling money out of the blood and lives of their brothers and sisters, after their needs are provided for, millions upon millions of times over.

Four-legged hog attempts to conquer all the food he locates in a field, and in a large quantity it is true, but he does arrive at a satisfied point; our irrational two-legged hogs never do that; they control the food, the clothing, the oil, the iron, and the trade in gold, and all the labor and employ all the rubies, emeralds, diamonds, gold—the standard of the values of human bodies and souls, if the bodies may happen to have souls.

Christians, according with Darwin must also logically admit that their God—the Almighty who formed the first man and murdered his son to save monkeys, as well as their degraded descendants, men.

If the aim of existence is to attain the greatest happiness of all, then men are to be either saved or lost, and it is to reach the heights and depths of folly, man has reached that most pitiable condition.

Monkeys have no money, and there lies the secret.

Money is the root of all evil; you may have heard this before, but if you were forced when young to attend to church, you know the persons put the "loaves and fishes" before 'money'—falsely stating that money is good, only the love of it, is the devil. Nevertheless, Christian civilization has commanded that, those who love life—who follow the first law of nature—they have money.

There is only one question before the world today—MONEY—the sumnum bonum—the necessity of life—the CHRIST; for this men and women lie, cheat, steal, murder, from the lack of it. In short, it is more than fortune, DOLLARS are now the only moral of worth.

Kingshore Jones.

Influence of Public Schools.

Seeing that children are also given an opportunity of expressing their ideas freely and openly in free society, I hereby wish to say something concerning the public schools.

In my opinion the teachers of the public-schools have a powerful influence over the children. They lecture to them for hours, and speak so pathetically that I do not blame the children for being shocked at the word Anarchy; and were not brought up among radical people who talk and explain to me, I would not doubt be of the same opinion as they.

At the time of Kinkel's death, compositions were written, children were dressed in mourning, special receptions made, his favorite hymns sung; and all because he, a tyrant, was killed. Who could not look on calmly at the sufferings of the working people. But in the tunnel accident in New York, so many lives were lost, and yet they would not think of writing compositions about them, oh, no! for they were only the common working people; but they forget that it is these "common people" who support the country and its bands.

Another thing, in speaking of Alice Roosevelt, christening Emperor William's new yacht, our teacher told us that it was a great honor to all the American people (I wonder if she includes the Anarchists?). The Americans say they are against monarchy, and here Alice Roosevelt will christen the yacht, and they will welcome Prince Henry here, and give feasts and diners in honor of him. But no need in speaking of that, for I think I may safely say that the United States is becoming as despotic as any European monarchy. Thus the children are taught to honor those "superior individuals," and to consider themselves inferior.

Meaningfully, I think that Anarchy will cease being misinterpreted, and our teachers acquire some more knowledge as to what Anarchy really is, that their influence in the public schools will change from worse to better. I doubt whether their influence can ever be good so long as they are the tools of government.

Annie Perrz.

Bigamy 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 it is nothing short of a "social evil," a more rational education in sexual relationship will eliminate this social evil. Comstock and his tools continue to persecute those who try to shed light upon the subject. The last victim is Mrs. Ada Cradock, who has been arrested for "spreading indecent literature."

We are not familiar with the details of the case; the fact that Dr. Foote, the suffering champion of free press and free minds is appealing for funds to defend the case, will be sufficient for our readers to lend Mrs. Cradock a helping hand. All who are able to do so send money to the "Substantial sympathy." For Mrs. Cradock's defense and comfort to R. B. Foote, Jr., 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, 123 Clinton St. The speakers are Comrades M. Cohen, Wm. Mackenzie, M. Fox, and C. Grossman.

Sunday, March 28, 8 p.m., at New Irving Hall, 210-222 Broom St., a concert and ball will be given for the benefit of Brown's family. Admission 25 cents. Friends and sympathizers are cordially invited.

The Letter-Box.

1. B. F.,—The Socialist Reading Room at Portland, Ore., has been taken off its list. If they are so afraid of new ideas that they find it necessary to burn our paper upon its arrival, they are rather to be pitied.

2. G. A. C. E. X.—The number on your wrapper has been changed. Your present wrapper can be exchanged for the new one by writing to the publishers, 423-425 Broom St., New York.

3. C. S. P. M. M. S.—The story that you copied may appear in the near future. Your kind effort is duly appreciated.

4. H. G., New York,—From your letter it is quite clear to which sentiments you take exception. The writers for the paper have generally expressed their own opinions, which were various. The testimony of your correspondents is certainly not rejected, except that which bears upon its face the probability of being more freely spread.

5. A. H. B., Kingsport, Tenn.—Your suggestion to print Comrade James's "Wong of Anarchism," as a booklet will have to be deferred for a time, as the state of our printing presses is impossible to bring out just now. With a few advance subscriptions from comrades who desire it the work could be readily gotten out.

6. J. L. R., Yonkers, N. Y.—Comrades Nosek and Overton did not "give up everything" after their marriage to a much younger beautiful woman in this issue was written by her since that event, may not be quoted as an earlier poem, in which she expressed a desire to have as companion a man of tall, whose heart beat in union with humanity, instead of an emperor of his kind. At present she is resting in Kalamazoo.

7. Milwaukee—Comrade F., you have a severe attack of sickness about two weeks ago, and we were very much surprised not to hear you in the paper, but we are very glad to hear you are getting well and unwarmed for so long a time. We hope to have the honor of seeing you again in the near future.
FREE SOCIETY
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An Exponent of Anarchist Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Freedom; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition, Man is a failure; and that Capitalism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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A. F. PAK.

—A social theory which regards the means of society as the means of order; of the absence of all direct government of men by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 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 6th annual Russian Tea Party, consisting of concert and ball, participated in by Misses Maryon, Burke, Hollocks and Francis, will take place on Sunday evening, March 28, 7:30 sharp, at Pennsylvania Hall, 5th and Christian Sts. Dancing till 3 a.m. Tickets $0.50.

All friends of liberty and progress are cordially invited.

It is with great satisfaction that we are in a position to announce the appearance of Comrade Peter Kropotkin's books, "Modern Science and Anarchism" (10c), "Reports of the International Revolutionary Congress" (25c), "Bread and Freedom" (50c) in the Russian language. We sincerely wish that all Italian speaking comrades will do all they can to send our books among their friends and thus aid Comrade Kropotkin in defraying the expenses. The books can be ordered from Free Society, 652 S. Milwaukee, 370 Henry St., New York, H. Maisel, 637 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Natscha Natkin, 214 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Current Comment.

Sam Gompers, of the A. F. of L., is one of the "influential" labor leaders of the country, and a bigger rascal never made a trade. T. T. Power has deservedly been scourged with the scorpion lash of scorn, until his name is a stench in the nostrils of labor; but there was never a time that Sam Gompers couldn't give Terry cards and spades, two ace qualities of his profession, and a dead right at any game of rascality. Sam's chief aim in life is to sell his uncertain quantity of "influence" as a labor leader to the highest bidder; in fact, Samuel is as saleable as a five year-old used, and about as uncertain. Whenever photocracy requires the service of a laborer in rank's trade, to do its dirty work, it whirls softly for Gompers. It has only to mention the size of the missionary fund to strike him a warning. Whimsy body of men, and especially workingmen, should not permit themselves to be made merchandise of by such a transparent fraud as Gompers, surpassing understanding.

Those reformers who advocate passive resistance, work in a ballot box or through methods of industrial cooperation, are ignorant of human history. No established power ever yielded to the persuasion of peace. The moment reform lays its hand upon the sword, it finds that the sword must be its ally. See how soon the fronting wave of armed force appears, how quickly the sword leaps from the scabbard, and then—dare anyone assert that this force will yield to the arguments of peace?

An Indian Republican, who is loyal to his party, his country, and his god, writes me an ingenuous letter of protest. A sample copy of Free Society smoldered out of his hand. He wants me to stop writing for Free Society and join the Church; but I shall have to disappoint him. He says, among other things, that I have slandered the nobles, statesmen of the land, by charging them with falsehood and double dealing. In the eloquent language of the Arkansas banner I deny the allegation and defy the aligator. I never uttered one harsh word of the dead, and if there are any statements in American today they will be found in our columns. I shall not change even the language with the times. My Inland and friend has simply misunderstood the import of my language. What I did say was, that the politicians are ridiculously poor marksmen when they use their rhetorical pop-guns with truth for a target; that they circumnavigate the universe in dodging facts; and that their aversion to the truth is so great that they would rather negotiate a ten days' loan on mendacity than handle truth in a strict cash transaction. I have marked that these politicians are the most shameless and extreme in carelessness in handling facts, and that they manipulate words with the skill of a thimble-rigger or that card monte sharp, and with the same end in view to deceive the gullible auditors. But I never accused them of lieing. Certainly not. The politician loves the truth; but he prefers to view it thru the reverse end of a telescope.

The American people are a nation of clumps, regular moss-covered greenies from Pumpkin Hollow, whose veracity will lure the loving herds of flesh and blood, for genuine monumental animosity, take the cake, bakery and all. With the shadow of slavery upon the homes of the wage workers, a mortgage upon the taxing powers of the government in the interest of bondholders; the greedy clutches of as corrupt a money oligarchy as ever conspired a people; with the powers of federal courts trampling representation; the government into the mire of wealth producers rapidly approaching the starvation level, while a few-crowned, class-privileged banditti rove to their heart's content and the average American, sometimes with a stomach as empty as his soul, is seriously offended at the idea that anyone should presume to tamper with our blessed "instriosums"; and he is dead sure that we are the greatest and truest nation under the arc of heaven. How often do we hear some poor ragged, half-starved cuss glaring the public tommyrot some corporation bribed politician has pumped into him, repeating the foolish falsehood that this is the class of the country, when, as a matter of fact, if old Diogenes were to go hunting for liberty anywhere in Roosevelt's republican empire, he would have to search all over, for breakfast. As I said at the beginning, we are a nation of rainbow chasers, fake worshipers and clumps.

The Reverend Sam Jones, who has for some years been playing a star engagement as champion pulp comedian, ministerial mountebank, and all-around ecclesiastical ass, and who lakes conveniently located "the mouth of hell" just one mile from the corporation limits of each town in which he has preached, albeit his avowed mission is to pilot life's weary wayfarers to a different hotel, has delivered himself of the opinion that all Anarchists and Socialists ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered and otherwise summarily disposed of, Jesus, whose gospel Jones falsely professes to teach—when he doesn't even comprehend it—was an Anarchist. The trouble with Sam, however, is that he mistakes himself for his master—imagines that his seamless gobbles is the voice of God. In spite of his superficial gentility, his superficial gentility very clearly perceives the lettered side of his hot-cake, and tickles photocracy's ears, that wealth's reward thus may follow fasting.

R. W.

Dividends, who need a doctor, are frauds.

Men, assuming to Doctor Dividends, are fools.

Johnston-Jones.
The Workers and the Strike.

I wish to discuss some of the points brought up by the Comité Wim in their reflections on the general strike. In the present place, I write that those reformers who wish only to reform the State, not abolish it, might unite on some plan of action, which, if carried would amount to nothing, for the State reproduces every evil that is scotched, if not in the same form, then in another. The movement against all government cannot possibly unite with the reformers of government.

No one need be discouraged over fears of contrary ideas, agitation forces men to think, and human thought will in time kill government. But it is well to recognize all that the people must understand before they can question the all-powerful State. They, in common with their masters, consider property rights more sacred than life. As long as they do, they disclaim themselves and their foes.

Petroleuses and the Commune.

. . . The time that the conflict was raging, Petroleuses were among the bravest. In the delirium of the moment this was attributed to the Commune's incendiary, and the idea grew with feeding upon itself, until the crazy notion was that the Commune would be put down by the work of the women. What was the handiwork of petroleuses and pétroleuses. I have not seen anywhere one iota of evidence that there were such beings. The only testimony is on dit. I heard a man minutely describe the manner in which a certain house which was being all washed with petroleum, the furniture painted with it, the curtains steeped in it. "It seems to me," said a bystander, "you know too much about this business for a bystander." On this the first one shrugged his shoulders and explained that his only authority was on dit.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, after twenty years' reflection (see Century Magazine, November, 1862), pronounced no higher authority for his assertions that the Turilies was fired in flames "kindled by damnable petroleum." It is known that the terraces of the Turilies were well covered with fuel and shells from the Versailles guns, and as shells do not always fall within a few yards of the mark intended, there is cause enough in that fact for the conflagration. Here is Mr. Forbes again: "They [the Versailles] had a field-battery in action a little below the Arc, which swept the Champs-Élysées very thoroughly. I saw several shells explode about the Place de la Concorde." The Louvre, naturally a part of the same building, but facing the opposite way, was not fired. Why? Simply because it did face the opposite way, and shells were directed against it. I was in the Tuileries, and I also saw the shells entering the foyer of the Versailles, and I saw no signs of petroleum or pétroleuses. The place was deserted; and the only person I encountered was a Federal soldier carrying away from the cobbles an armful of crates. My name is not important to these.

The Ministry of Finance is another building often spoken of as fired by the Comité Wim. As already stated, I saw the building thrown into flames by Versailles shells, and every room in the building will be found on reference to the first number of Gallianais Messenger that appeared after the entry of the regular troops into the city, and no one will accuse that paper of printing a single sentence in favor of the Commune. Again, Mr. Forbes himself informs us that on the "Versailles batteries were concentrating a fire heavy enough to be called a bombardment." But let us look at the numbers in which Mr. Forbes sought shelter was fired by a shell while he was standing there, but from which side is not quite clear; while in 1861 an American Officer, "in the Commune." (The Century Magazine, November, 1861)" I read: "A shell went down our street without touching anything until it struck the last house, which was set on fire." Indeed, there is abundant evidence everywhere that many of the conflagrations were produced by the ordinary process of cannonading, and naturally most of the many would be caused by the offensive and not by the defensive batteries.

There was no burning where there was no fighting. In Boulleville and La Villette there was hardly any conflagration, and prejudiced persons at once said, "See these places are not taken, they would not have been burned, but spare there wretched houses." Is it not a more reasonable thing to say that, as there was but little fighting in Boulleville and La Villette, there was but little conflagration? If the Versailles battery before the Corps Législatif, which, as is pointed out by Mr. Forbes, was vigorously directed against the Communist batteries, fired not the house, it was sufficient to account for the great conflagration in that street, then on this particular occasion the laws of cause and effect were suspended. It was in reference to this street that Mr. Forbes, in one of his pamphlets, wrote to England that the very firesmen were pumping petroleum oil on to the burning buildings to feed the flames, instead of sending water there to quench them; and older high scientific authorities in England warned English readers that such an act was an impossibility, yet, in the maddening banquet of blood that was being daily served, few cared to trouble their heads about "our old men's vapors." It is likely that I have already indicated what caused the conflagrations in the west of Paris. Here are Marshal MacMahon's own words in his official report on the taking of Paris: "Les canons du mont Valérien, les batteries de Montreuil, et toutes les batteries de Boulogne, Issy et Vanves, dirigent sur la place un feu teint en vert et blanc, et qui menace la porte. . . ."
Says the author of "What an American Girl Saw of the Commune": "I am obliged to confess I never saw a pétroleuse. I heard my sisters talk of them, and say they seen them going to be shot, and literally pulling their hair out by the roots." That is the experience of us all. Letter-box slits, cellar windows, and ventilators were stopped up with time to prevent the pétroleuses being conveyed through them; an imaginative English artist has depicted wrinkled bags in the act of pouring the liquid down chimneys; even a public excitement (at least, it suggests it) could suggest itself; but I know that there has been any crime, and thousands of persons were mercilessly shot on the most frivolous pretext; hundreds of others were marched off to the more remote parts (Drabes saw two hundred) in one batch to be tried, as a justification, as I have said, for shooting the others who were not tried. With what result? Stand aside, you young cigarette-smoking colonels; be silent, ye motherers of the Marquis de Gallifet type; hush your screams; you children of delirium; and now that the fires of hell that distorted man’s vision have cleared away, listen to the report of the proceedings of the Tribunal at Versailles: "The French police are unable to discover a single case of incendiarism. They therefore withdrew the charges and substitute one of general delirium to the people of the Commune." Is it astonishing that the so-called pétroleuses arrested in Paris and led out to be shot "literally pulled their hair out by the roots," that the English newspapers, the Times, etc., have never mentioned that the story of the existence of pétroleuses and pétroleuses had no foundation in fact, and this on the authority of the very correspondents that first sent forth the reports that subsequently had the slander and honesty to contradict? All the subsequent discoveries bear out the statements made by a writer in Macaulay’s (September, 1871), who, also opposed to the Commune, had been pressed into its services, and exceptional opportunities for knowing its innermost workings. He says that if there were no pétroleuses or pétroleuses, or any organized movement. As an instance of the widely spread belief in their existence I may mention that while I was spending a night in a cell at the Conciergerie, having been placed in a cell opposite that in which Commissaire Berillon, one of my fellow-prisoners, was there under a charge of being on the scene in a boat, attempting to skim off petroleum floating on its surface. The only ground for so wild a story was the vivid reflection from the bosom of the river of the blood-red sky that hung over burning Paris, that gave to the flowing stream the appearance of incendiarism, and led to a belief that the stream was being used as a means of carrying burning charcoal to the mission of destruction. In face of what I have written, I deny the existence of these bands of the Commune. I know it is difficult to prove a negative, but it should be remembered that there has been no evidence to the contrary; and in such cases negative evidence is not only admissible, but valuable.—William Trant, in The Century Magazine, August, 1861.

Unpunished Crimes.

Under the above title a daily exchange inverts largely and at length against "pétroleuses." Now, it is a fact that the constitution of the United States declares that the right of the citizen to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed, and it is further true that pistols were carried in the pocket of the New York street-car conductor when the contrivance was adopted. But this is inappropiate, we are making. It is our purpose to note here a few of the "unpunished crimes" not mentioned by our contemporary. And the petty offenses that move from having been transferred to our exchange in every small particle of dust compared with the colossal mass of unpunished crimes passed over by this journal. We mention a few of these crimes, which so far as having been sanctioned by the slightest attempt at punishment, have not been approved by the photographic press and in all photographic circles. These are the following:

1. Judges Gary, Grinnell and Joyce, and their henchmen and co-conspirators, who murdered Spies, Pegler, Fisher and Parsons, under the pretext that they were the ring leaders of the Haymarket riot in Chicago, have not been made to explain their crime by a judicial process.

2. The judges who have perverted the law to grant injunctions against working men at the instance of the corporations have not been impeached for corruption in office.

3. The three New York judges who twisted a statute against an indecent exposure of person cells a meaning under which they vastly hoped to send Johann Most to the penitentiary, are still unshackled of justice.

4. The Pinkerton who has murdered innocent workmen on numerous occasions have never been even arrested.

5. The deputies hired to shoot down strikers while peacefully walking on the highway have received the encomiums of the corporation press.

6. Tom Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, told Governor Hartstran that he wanted the militia "to give rise to the strikers for a few days and see how long they will live in that kind of bread." Scott died highly honored as a member of the Democratic party.

7. The Chicago Times said, at the time of the sailors' strike: "Hand grenades should be thrown among those union sailors who are striving to obtain higher wages and less hours." There was no objection made by "respectable" citizens to this incitement to murder and assassination.

8. The Chicago Tribune said that tramps should be given a string of bread with the food that was given to them, and that the government was applauded by the pillars of society, and there was no talk about incendiary language.

9. The Pinkerton men who blew up street cars in St. Louis in order to charge it upon the strikers have remained unprosecuted.

10. The assassins hired by the railway pool who shot to death seven men and one woman walking peacefully along the railroad track in East St. Louis were sent home after their murderous deed with pay and bonuses.

11. The conspiracy to arrest and hang, for political purposes, innocent men and women for complicity in the assassination of McKinley has never been brought to the attention of a grand jury by any State’s attorney.

12. The offer by a government official of the bribe of his life to Crozglow if he would accuse innocent blood of complicity in his crime, has not been noticed, and if it had, the refusal would be braver still if his official position.

13. The desperate efforts made by the photogenic press to stir up a mob to kill Mr. Haywood and dismantle his newspaper, by charging him with being in a conspiracy to assassinate McKinley, have been approved by all "good citizens."

14. The presiding, judges and members of the various congresses have taken bribes and robbed with impunity.

15. More than ten thousand millionaires and corporators swear lies annually to escape just taxation and some of them are sent to the penitentiary.

These are a few (and only a few) of the enormous crimes leveled at the existence of society itself which should be chased as criminals.

The Southern Mercury, Dallas, Texas, January 23, 1902.

How the Doctors at Last Agreed.

A patient with a rope twisted tight around his feet was brought to the Sociological Hospital. His skin was chafed and bruised by the cord, and fever burned him so that he was like to perish outright.

"Dr. Divine," said Dr. Socialis, "first do away with competition, which makes men enemies, then if the patient needs religion, it may be administered."

Dr. Antichrist: "Good homes would prevent this. Now here is a plan for improvements—"

"Too much animal food," said Dr. Vegetarian; "he must learn to live on oatmeal; then wounds will readily heal—indeed, no one will infect him."

"You are Mr. Mornost," said Dr. Monopolist: "Take the gold cure, my good man—one pill after—"

"That's just the matter—too much gold now," remarked Dr. Coin. "But here are some new white death pills. Take three or four.

"Nonsense," said Dr. Ballet. "When the complexion is all right, your whole body is well. I have here an Australian wash which will fix you right up."

FREE SOCIETY.
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"First take this aqua pura to steady your head," said Dr. Prohib. "Here is a prescription, the effect of which combined with it:

"Nonsense," said Dr. Legis, "he needs a law forcing him to lose of that fever which is eating him up."

Criss Masters Freedom: "Cut the rope which causes it."

Then all the doctors united in yelling: "Amnesty, Visionary, Crack, Quack, Radical, Utopian, Revolutionary, Fool!

The patient died, and the coroner's jury decided that his death was due to natural causes. —From "Even as You and I," by Bolton Hall.

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A Dream.

Allow me to relate a dream. One night an angel carried me on its flight to heaven near the Creator. I felt myself being lifted to the space above the earth. As we slowly arose a sad and continuous sound reached me from the earth below; a sound which resembled the unmeaning ripple of a stream that is heard on a mountain top.

But this time I distinguished human voices: sobbing mingled with prayers, groans resounded with benedictions and despairing supplications, sighs of dying hearts echoing Frankish.

I then realized that all these sounds blended into an immense voice, such a sad symphony that it filled my heart with pity: the sky darkened.

I no longer perceived the sun or the harmony of the universe. I addressed my partner and said: "Do you hear?" The angel stared at me with a calm and serene look, and said: "They are the prayers of men directed to God. While he spoke his wings glistened in the sunlight, but appeared to me in a horrid color. "If we were God we would burst into tears," I exclaimed, and I really wept like a child. I abandoned the angel's hand, and lowered myself to the earth, thinking that there were no more members in me to live in heaven. —M. Gyan.

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Persuasion.

There have always existed three ways of keeping the loving and loyal. One is to leave them alone, to trust them and not to interfere. This plan, however, has very seldom been practised, because the politicians regard the public as a cow to be milked, and something must be done to make it stand quiet.

So they try plan Number Two, which consists in hypocrisy; the public by means of shows, festivals, parades, prices, and many paid speeches, sermons and editorials wherein and whereby the public is told how much is being done for it, and how fortunate it is in being protected and wisely cared for by its divinely appointed guardians. Then the hand strikes up, the flags are waved, three passages are made, one to the right and two to the left; and we, being completely under the hypnosis, hurl ourselves hoarse.

Plan Number Three is a very ancient one and is always held back to be used in case that Number Two fails. It is for the benefit of the people who do not pass readily under hypnosis. If there are too many of them, they have been known to pack up courage and answer back to the speeches, sermons and editorials. Sometimes they refuse to hurrah when the band plays, in which case they have occasioned arrest and contravention of the general rule of full-throated aclamations. The army is used for two purposes—to coerce disturbers at home, and to get up a war at a distance, and thus distract attention from the troubles near at hand.

Napoleon used to say that the only sure cure for internal dissension was a foreign war: this would do the disturbers away, on the plea of patriotism, so they would win enough outside loot to satisfy them, or else they would all get killed. In case they got killed it really didn't matter much; and as for loot, if it was taken from foreigners there was no sin.

A careful analyst might here say that Plan Number Three is only a variation of Plan Number Two—the end being attained by hypnotic effects in either event, for the army is conscripted from the people to use against the people, just as you turn steam from a boiler into the streets to make the house more insidious. Possibly this is true.—Elbert Hubsard, in "Little Journeys," August, 1901.

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Random Thoughts.

One Elbert Hubsard, a man who can organize for good, is worth more to the world than ten thousand theoretics. Boilier Washington has done more for his race than Fred Douglass, who would establish Negro supremacy. Is it not true that all tyrants have been practical Anarchists? They have been eugenists and disregarded of all laws. Most of them assume to be gods on earth. Nature proceeds in a systematic manner—call it what you please. The government of Socrates, Mills, Hugo, and George is nothing but an attempt to find out and apply a natural rule. Remember the old tale of the Red and White Knight. The shield was red on one side and white on the other. If the radial movement wound in the way that Wynn it would make more progress.

A FLAME DEMOCRAT.

[To say that tyrants are "practical Anarchists," is the veriest absurdity. Tyranny is always fostered by and parasites under the mask of the law—not Anarchy.—Jr.]

Our Salutation,

We, the individuals whom this little paper represents, are unorganized, crested, homeless (from the ordinary standpoint, and moneyless, for there is more depth of union in a harmonious group of unorganized individuals than in a band of self-appointed ones; more fidelity manifest among a group of freed individuals than a church of creed-bound ones, more spacious and harmonious home to those generally being than in the gilded mansions of slavish exclusiveness, and more wealth among the empty purses of liberal hearts than among the fat, sealed purses of the avaricious.

We come then as a voice in the wilderness: a joyous cry amid chaos. A voice that breaks the great, dark solitude with gladsome accents. It is not a wailing or plaintive voice, but simply one that speaks and sings because of its fullness and gladness; because of its vigor and its strength; because of its pleasure in awakening a gladsome response in all things, until by and by the solitary places will perceive of themselves, and all things will radiate the warmth and life within them. —Williamina H. Geiger, in Alpha and Omega, Chicago, Ill.

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If we study what crimes are, the most anti-social, most common, and against which the code is clearly directed, we shall soon discover that outside of crimes of passion, which are very rare, and concerning which judges and physicians agree that leniency should be used, attacks upon property furnish the largest contingent of crimes or misdemeanors. Hence rises the question to which only those who studied society in its nature and effects can reply: "Is property just? Is an organization which creates such a number of crimes and suffering as the codified?" If this regime involves so many crimes as an inevitable result, it must be very illogical, it must crush out many interests; and the social compact, for having been freely and unanimously agreed to, must be disintegrated by arbitrary and oppression.

This is what we have undertaken to prove in this work; and the fundamental vice of the social organization being recognized, we shall show by the evidence that in order to destroy criminals we must destroy the social conditions which begot them. Let society once be so arranged that every individual shall be assured of the satisfaction of his needs; that nothing shall fetter his free evolution; that in the social organization there shall be no more institutions of which he may avail himself to enslave his fellows, and you will see us disappear. —Jean Grave.

John P. Altgeld.

Just before locking up our forms, the news of John P. Altgeld's death reaches us. But a moment before he was raising his voice in protest against the brutality of England in its warfare against the Irish people and almost in the midst of his prophetic words the Great Reaper claimed him as its own. That he was a man, with a strong love of justice and his fellows, is true; and he may be revered as a man to be feared and respected. The radicals of the world will always remember him for his act of justice in pardoning Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe, and in boldly and vigorously exposing the monstrous lies which resulted in the Chicago martyrdom. Probably no one knew better than he that this act would bring down upon him the bubbling mob of aristocracy, but he did not fail.

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Financial Statement of Kropotkin's Meetings

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