Courage, Strength, and Love.

It takes great courage to train
To modern service your ancestral brain;
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand, and support
With the other the weak steps of a new thought.
It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back.
From new attempts the old habits' truck.
It is no more a dry back, to risk
So hard to live abreast of what you think!
It takes great strength to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pressure and succeed at length
Is feeling now—be well; it takes strength.
And courage too. But what does courage mean
Save strength to help you face a pain forever?
Courage to undertake this lifelong strain
Of shutting yours against your grandfathers' brain;
Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
Out of the easy paths that used to be,
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
When love meets truth, and truth must ride alone?
But the best courage man has ever shown Is daring to cut lose and think alone.
Dark as the unit chambers of clear space
When light shines back from so reflecting face.
Our sons' wide gleam, our heaven's shining blue,
We over to fog and dust they felled there;
And our rich wisdom that we treasure so.
Shines from the thousand things that we don't know.
But to think new—oh, taken a courage grain
As led Columbus over the world's rim.
To think it cost some courage. And to go—
Try it. It takes every power you know.
It takes great love to stir a human heart
To live beyond the others and apart.
A love that is not shallow, nor small.
Is for one, or two, but for all.
Love that can wound love for its highest good.
Love that can love love like the heart may bleed.
Love that can love lower, and family, and friend;
Yet steadily live, loving, to the end.
A love that is not a sacrifice but can live
Moved by one burning, doubtless force—to give.
Love, strength, and courage. Courage, strength, and love.
The heroes of all time are built thereof.
—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Anarchism.

(A paper read by P. E. Birkhoff at a meeting in England September 15, 1901, and translated from the Russian by David A. Mordell.)

The ideas of Anarchism are spreading more and more. That which the preceding generation understood by the word "Socialism," and in which they saw the banner of progress, has been superseded by Anarchism. The whole of Socialism used to be divided into three main schools: libertarian Socialism, or Anarchism; scientific-govern-ment Socialism, or Socialism simply; and opportunistic Socialism, which has already penetrated into governmental spheres and, seduced and intoxicated by its power, is rapidly degenerating.

Acdem of all comes Anarchism, and, as a pioneer, feels its way, slips, falls, wades thru mud, becomes drenched in sweat and blood, evokes ridicule, contempt, detestation—and enthusiasm. It holds high the banner of liberty and loses no courage, because the chief source of energy—the ideal of freedom—lies in its path, and it will attract the masses.

But within Anarchism itself ramification is noticeable. I shall speak here of the two more prominent branches which share the Anarchistic ideas of Communist revolutionary Anarchism, sometimes called libertarian Socialism; and of religious Anarchism, Christian or Idealist, frequently called " Tolstoyism."

I intend to set forth in a few words the relative merits, the points of resemblance and of difference, of these two doctrines; and ask you not to expect from me a full, systematic exposition of each of them. I shall take up only those fundamental points in which I perceive great similarity or considerable coincidence; and such other points as characterize this or that divergence.

Every new, living idea is born of dissatisfaction with the existing order of things—whether internal or external; this is, as the mathematicians say, a necessary and adequate condition for the birth of a new idea. And with regard to this point the two branches of Anarchism, of course, similar.

But this similarity runs still farther. These two schools also coincide in much of their criticism of modern social conditions, whether on the political side—in considering every government a hindrance to progressive development, or on the economic side—in regarding the present distribution of property as highly unjust, or especially on the moral side—in finding the suppression of individuality by all sorts of disciplinary measures (military, civil, and ecclesiastic) deplorable in the extreme, or more especially still in their protest against the perversion of the human heart by all kinds of so-called religious teachers and institutions.

The likeness of this criticism is so obvious that the representatives of the respective schools frequently borrow the best specimens of each other's critical literature.

Thus the point of origin in the two schools is much the same.

But, for the development and popularization of these ideas, we need their consecration of faith, their application to life. And, fortunately, in this, too, I find considerable similarity in the representatives of both schools.

The sincere adherents alike of one and of the other school of Anarchism, condemning and renouncing the two main elements of modern evil—deceit and coercion—take it themselves to exclude these from their own lives.

And so in the sphere of political and civil relationships, they desist from taking any part in governmental or State organisations, even tho' these be Socialist, and, of course, do not enlist for military service, nor resort to judicial and police measures for the defense of either person or property.

Again, in the economic realm, these persons, in the first place, stop accumulating capital, as an instrument of coercion, and then endeavor to find as wise and as just as possible a use for the wealth accidentally remaining on their hands from their former life; and in all practical matters seek to form voluntary cooperatives, to simplify their lives and to reduce their wants to a minimum, taking care only not to interfere with their healthy physical and spiritual activities.

Finally, in the moral sphere, the representatives of one and of the other school try in their lives to preserve individual liberty, for themselves and others, and create a circle of judicious, affectionate relationships among people, endeavoring to make of themselves a source of every kind of usefulness.

In a word, the followers of the one and of the other school do not wait for the evolution of economic, historical, and political laws which should reform the world, but begin this reform with themselves, at their own risk and cost.

But evil exists, and the positive activity of good encounters in it what often proves insurmountable obstacles. And here, in the struggle with these obstacles, the two schools which we are composing differ in considerable degree. And this difference is not accidental, but follows from certain principles corresponding to their conception of the world.

Anarchism, as the term is popularly used, rests upon a materialistic conception of the universe, "Tolstoyism" upon an idealistic conception.

The essence of the materialistic view upon,
FREE SOCIETY.

which Anarchism rests, is a rather inconsequent determinism, viz. the negation of free will without a negation of free initiative. On the other hand, it rests upon the idealistic theory that the best of life is attainable through a harmonious satisfaction of all the needs of the organism.

The idealistic conception of the universe which Anarchism advocates, for "Tohuwabohu," briefly stated, is summed up in this: the life of the outer world, including myself as an object, is the manifestation of a wise, existing, and effective mind, expressing itself in the various manifestations of activity of the soul and in the external forms and activities, serving as signs of corresponding ideas.

Let us suppose that in the way of his serious activity the Anarchist, alike of the first and of the second group, meets an insurmountable obstacle in the shape, say, of a gendarme, who arrests, banishes, imprisons or punishes him—in general, removing him from his activity.

What should be the course pursued by one and by the other?

The activity of the non-Christian Anarchist, if it does not cease entirely (as in the event of a death whereby he becomes, as it were, a concubine of voracity), is that moment interrupted or considerably hampered. Moreover, the activity of the Anarchist changes, so to speak, the end and means of the struggle; instead of the remote, ideal end, which constitutes the purpose of the whole course of the obstacle he encounters, and for this purpose takes up the weapons which he himself denounces but which he sees in the hands of his enemy—force and deceit. And in this he makes an awful compound, doubling the whole cause, which he serves so heroically.

But he cannot act otherwise, since he fears that the obstacle will put an end to his activity and he must, if not save himself, at least sell dearly the life of which he is deprived.

When the Christian Anarchist meets with the same obstacles in life, these need not stop him from changing the course of his activity, nor disturb in the least the loftiness of his principles.

The obstacle that appears before him in the form of a gendarme, with all that follows, is realized as a concentrated sample of the evil toward which the destruction of which his life is directed, and therefore tries to marshal all his strength in order to resist it—opposing force with force and deceit with deceit. Thus, the spiritual activities are coarsened, the more powerfully his inner nature begins to work, and when the end of the activity of his physical organism approaches in the form, let us say, of a gendarme, then, at that moment, his spiritual nature attains its greatest power and highest influence.

Thus, in this bearing toward the obstacle standing in the way of the realization of this crude idea, I see an essential difference.

The difference consists in this, that when the Anarchist persists in the heroic struggle—either physically, under the pressure of unusual pressure of circumstances, or morally, under the pressure of circumstances inevitable in his struggle—then the Christian Anarchist becomes unchained, casting away his personal, egotistical covering, and blooms forth into a new, eternal, ideal struggle, leading him, undoubtedly, by the road of progress toward universal good.

If I have ventured to select this theme, in response to public demand, it was because I wished to communicate to you my views upon a subject most dear to me, since I know of nothing higher and more necessary than these two schools. I would sincerely wish to see the presiding minds of an Anarchist brotherhood and the Anarchist brothers to be united to the best of their ability the development of their own particular and character strength of character, so frequently lacking with us, and would gladly offer them in exchange the great majority of people and courage of conviction, which so often for-sake them.

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Arbitrary Arrests.

There is as much tyranny under a democratic form of government as there is under a monarchy, but it comes from other sources and appears under other conditions. While our republic is considerably older than one hundred years, we have had no tyrants as yet, no ambitions and unscrupulous rulers like Henry VIII or Louis XIV, no government or press so contemptible as to create a desire to suppress the liberties of a people where arbitrary arrests are tolerated—where the humblest, most incompetent, and most uneducated of our courts can arrest and imprison any man on mere suspicion, and no precise of suspicion, and hold him without trial during his, the officer's, pleasure! As if it were not a serious, a dreadful thing, to arrest and imprison a district at any time! And yet it is done in our country almost every case where some frightful crime has been committed, some murder, some case of assassination. The police wish to demonstrate at the same time the constancy and their activity. Perhaps a big reward has been offered to spur the police to hunt down and arrest some boy, whether guilty or not. What a state of society this is! As far as I know, the law is as good as the country was in, and the home factories. Has anybody ever heard of or read of a court so simple as this? The idea that we should obey a law because the people are supposed to have made it, while every intelligent man or woman knows that in this enlightened and progressive age of ours, the people have absolutely nothing to do with the framing or enacting of laws! It is well known that nine-tenths of all our laws are passed and put into operation against the wishes of a large portion of the people. If our laws were based upon justice or principle, the case would be different, but it is universally known that every law enacted at the present day is simply and purely somebody's job. It may possess some good features—as the worst of laws may—but nevertheless laws are always somebody's pet scheme either to make money or gain a reputation or score a point in some way. Hence arises, as already intimated, the tyranny involved or implied in all our legislation.

But we do not stop with worshiping law in the abstract, or with law as it is spread out on our statute books. We also worship the law incorately, law in the concrete form of courts! Here in the courts, lies the great danger to all republican forms of government. In old Roman times it was the dictator, or the senator, or perhaps the emperor, that made the law by promulgating a decree. In this country the court representatives make the new law every day, by giving some new construction to old enactments, or declaring it unconstitutional, or possibly by granting some of its own, or issuing an injunction! Our courts have the right to make the law, or, in other words, they are making wonderful progress in that direction still! Will they ever stop? Probably not so long as our present form of government lasts. We are wedded to the legal fiction, and it will last as long...

—

"How will a Free Society Come and How will it Operate?"

I am not surprised that my dear friend Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead says, "The more I read of Anarchist writings, the more I puzzled to know how Anarchists propose to abolish government and usher in a free society." The fact is, Anarchists, and Socialists too, usually have their heads in the air and talk only of generalities of the sweet by and by. Anarchists believe that the voting business has proven a failure; for in these later days, money, and not love, "rules the court, the camp, the grove." And why vote for new masters when the old ones are bad enough?
The crying need of the times is intelligence, individual self-government. John Sherman said, "The way to resume is to resume"; and so, in order to set aside a government in its doings, administered by a self-appointed regency, variously called Trust, Syndicate, Money, Multi-millionaire; Army, Navy, Party, Power, Law, Necessity, et al., the way to abolish is to abolish; not by a formal declaration of opposition, not by party, guns, and power, but simply by letting alone. No weapon was ever so effective, commercially speaking, as the by-cryptor—who was there ever a remedy for numerous social ills capable of being so peacefully administered.

The ballot is no longer a remedy, if it ever were before we outgrow it,—yet mencling amidst the mire of the maelstrom ever after party on the ruins of the old, hoping still to regain their lost foothold as arbiters of national destiny. Still the purest and newest of parties, no matter by what label known, on the contrary, it looks as though the only seeker, who, riding the topmost wave, ever manages to survive his constituencys, the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

The alarmists tell us the international trust owns the earth; that we shall soon have to buy the air we breathe. Do they not take from us the enviable right they have themselves paid legislatures and congresses to bestow upon them; they pay by some subtle process, based on money or its influence, carry on the ballot system to fool the voters? And are they not beautifully hooded year after year; and the most they could sell is the "people's representatives," without their votes as with them? And do not little children, unable to buy enough air to breathe, die by thousands of the factory system? To shut the people from their air, sunshine is equivalent to shutting the air and light from the people, isn't it?

Then, logically, the people by consenting to legal consent to be governed, by elections that change nothing, by ballots that change nothing, by voting at no solution of their problems for relief. The masters are still masters, good or bad, as they see fit; masters, however, always masters.

As Anarchists desire only individual liberty—not to be hindered from doing good to one another by laws other men make—the very simplest way is to ignore those laws and go on peacefully obeying the higher commands nature has inscribed in every heart. We are entirely capable of managing our individual affairs, if left alone so that all may have the results of their own labor as well as free access to natural resources. Fear and ignorance keep us from freedom even more than law. The bold, cheerful worker who says nothing but laughs away the ill of a fraudulent government while he keeps on "saving wages" will not be much more successful in doing more to abolish government than all the office seekers; and no matter what the name of his party if his comrades, like him, keep on minding their own business, cheerfully and intelligently, they will be in time succeeded in abolishing government. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and so long as we would be reformers quarreled by the way as to names and methods, politics and spoils, killing others of robbing them of their freedom, which they have bravely given up to the spook of government, just so long will they stand in the slough of political despond only when driven to ignoble tasks by their own elected masters.

Now what can we do today? Just what a quiet minority are already doing—applying the "initiative and referendum" among themselves in their daily life. They are not working against the "working class" system, but against the "petitive system" (want of system), absorbing labor and its products among themselves, refusing to measure prices by legal tender, but fixing exchange according to cost.

A voluntary tax paid in labor or its equivalent supports public necessities. When they are ready to "take possession of public utilities," an act of what was anticipated, each coal miner demands, instead of money, stock (in the mines). Together they strike, not for shorter hours, more pay, better houses or lower rent, but simply for consuming what they mine, honestly, cheerfully, bravely and persistently taking their share as may be reasonably arranged. What will they do with that coal?

Meantime workers everywhere refuse to be paid in legal tender; they demand that the share of the natural product which they are taking from nature, or the laborer from his work, also as a natural product. They arrange to exchange, then depositories, the various things they have—wages wrested from private monopolies, and at a fair valuation possess themselves of the things they need. For a medium of exchange printed paper dollars (made by the striking grummers who also boycott legal tender) will supply all money.

But products and labor thus thrown upon the cooperative market, which will prove a larger absorbing power anticipated, will be not alone coal, lumber, gas iron, metals, railroads, and such things as are most prominently before the business world, but small home manufactures of women, children, in the streets, in the barn, in the blind,—all well joyfully wish to contribute toward the happiness of their fellow. Wages will disappear, workers doing what they like best or are best fitted to do. But we do not expect to join us in that day all of the strike to the top at once. Without haste, if without rest, we will take one step at a time,—concentrating perhaps on one great need, then another, until all are won.

Do not think that taking a man's investments in an oil well, it is his. It is yours also if you help develop it, and it is mine, too, if I feed you while you work. As the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker also contribute toward the living of those who shall, make, the machinery, refine the product and place it on the market or in the hands of those who want it, each owns a dividend in the saleable product. This arrangement is not, as political laws dictate.

Is your rent due? Go to your landlord or his agent and see what you can pay him besides money. Bring forward your self-esteem, your courage, your conviction that these things are true, and present the matter kindly with that love for good (even the landlord has good in him—dig for it!) which thinketh no evil. The things he buys with your money he will take of you if you have them at command. If not—remove! Find a house that suits—then see if the owner will accept your terms. If not, look further. Some Anarchists advise to pay no rent, when forced out of your place go to another, when forced from that, go to another, and so on; but this cannot be done if someone will be wronged by it. There are many cases, however, when such a course would be only rendering robbery.

When you need anything, look first among your neighbors; see if there be a surplus of the thing you want. This will bring about a community of interest, if you can supply their needs by an exchange. Keep aloof from big stores and their bargains. Save your legal tender for the tougher propositions you cannot yet manage. Give and take fair prices—always a definite bargain and pay down. This leaves a clear and kindly feeling.

FREE SOCIETY.

Almina L. Washburne.

Denver, Colo., 178 S. Broadway.

Voices.

When the late L. Hung Chang visited Germany a few years ago, the Kaiser is reported:

"How do our women compare with those of China?"

"I really cannot tell," said Li, "only fastening his eyes on the corse of a lady who was present; we never see half as much of our women as you do yours."

_Argonaut._

A fine old mansion in the Latin Quarter containing many mural pictures by the celebrated Fragonard, was rented by an English lady, whose sense of decorum was so shocked by the pictures that she had them covered with white canvas. The next year she was succeeded by another tenant of more robust constitution, who removed the canvas and found nothing but defaced walls. The modest miss had taken the pictures to England.—_Figuero, Paris._

There is a question whether this bill will not increase the danger to the life of the president. As the law stands every man who is on an equality with his life is attempted. This bill raises the matter to the common level, and whenever this is done the Anarchist is more determined on destruction than ever. His target is ever the man who has nothing to lose, and he would come to see in the president some of the elements of a king or emperor.—_Nashville Daily News._

LETTER-BOX.

Richard Smith.—Much pleased to hear that a "large sized mental revolution" is taking place in Massachusetts. However we have a suspicion that to "vote for Socialism" (I) will not facilitate its progress.

W. W. Keeler.—Subject to designation of Anarchism as a "Religion." It is not a religion; it is a revolution.

G. W. Allston, Houston, Tex.—We are not in for "saving the poor." We wish they would not come to us...

Alick Williams.—We do not object to long articles occasionally, when the subject demands the space, but our space is too limited for an indistinct expansion on a few minor propositions.

M. I. R., Indiana, Tex.—We do not "refuse to accept anything short of perfection." Even the Anarchist philosophy is fortunately far from perfection, there is a tendency to look to the future for the compromises which always mar the abandonment of principles, and to follow tactics which must inevitably lead to corruption, selfishness, and finally change nothing. If we were given a guide, we merely get nothing at all.
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ANCIENT - A social theory which regards the union of earth with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty - Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1902.

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

Notes.

Comrade Emma Goldman will lecture in New York on April 8 and 9, at New Irving Bible, 220 Broome St., on "Modern Phases of Anarchism."

Discontent renews the appeal for funds to defend the cases of Louis Wainwright and Mattie Penhalonga. The expenses will not be so large as in the first case, but still considerable. A small sum from many will make the task easier for the few immediately picked out as victims by Comstock's henchmen. Send contributions to O. A. Venly, Home, Wash.

La Grève Générale (The General Strike) is a new Anarchist monthly published in the Italian and French languages, Address 33 Greene Street, Rutherford Place, London, W., England.

Comrades who are anxious to remove the cobwebs from the eyes of the dupes of government should not fail to distribute the excellent pamphlet "Roosevelt, Coolgoss, and Anarchy," by J. F. Fox, including an article on "Communism," by H. A. Acheson, which can be had for fifteen cents for the postage. Price, 3 cents single copies, postpaid. For free distribution only 1 cent a copy, in lots not less than 25. Send all orders and money to R. M. Ives, 261 Madison St., New York, N. Y.

"The Conspiracy Against Free Speech and Free Press," by Comrade G. Pyburn, M. D., is also a very appropriate pamphlet for distribution, especially among those who are not yet ready to jump up on Anarchist but can be interested in the question of free press and free speech, and thus will have their eyes opened to the machinations of the powers that be. The booklet contains 32 pages, with transparent cover, and can be mailed in a common envelope. Price is 5 cents a copy, or 3 cents in lots not less than 10. Send orders to E. C. Walker, 444 W. 144th St., New York, N. Y.

I--

Mrs. Craddock's Case.

Mrs. Craddock was tried on March 14 in the Court of Special Sessions at New York for violating a State law. The judges were Hendricks, McKean, and Mayer. Hendricks is one of the judges who sent John Most to the penitentiary on general principles. Hugh O. Pentecost defended her. He urged that her pamphlets were not obscene, but that Mrs. Craddock was engaged in a work of instruction. Several physicians were present to testify that the knowledge contained in her books was physiologically desirable, but the court would hear none of it. Attorney Pentecost asked the court to read the whole of the books without prejudice. On the 17th Mrs. Craddock was sentenced to three months in the city prison, which is the workhouse on Blackwell's Island. In passing the sentence Judge Hendricks betrayed his utter ignorance by making some very foolish remarks. "I have never before known of such indescribable filth... We consider her a danger to public morals." And yet her books discuss the sexual functions of men and women in a sober, earnest manner. Are the minds of these judges so depraved and obscene that they cannot read of natural physiological causes in a book about abortion? Are they "lewd, lascivious, and obscene" thoughts? Comstock also had Mrs. Craddock arrested under the federal statute. The case had been set for the same week, but had to be postponed.

Current Comment.

It has taken the American republic a little over a century to travel from Washington to Roosevelt, but, great as this distance of time appears, it is infinitesimal compared with the yawning chasm represented by the two extremes of presidential leadership.

It was Macaulay who said that the proper cure for the evils of freedom was more freedom. Those political doctors who are hunting a cure for what they call the "desolate condition of America" may make a similar discovery later on.

For nineteen centuries the Christians have been trying to save the world with religion, but they do not get anywhere accomplished anything worth mentioning. Religion has very little to do with individual character and conduct. Religion and morality very often wear the same hat. The trouble with the Church is, that it has wandered too far from the teachings of Jesus. About the only people nowadays who advocate the doctrines taught by the Church are the Anarchists, and the Church denies them as teaching the same thing as Anarchists.

A Socialist exchange is much pleased to note that all the Chicago Anarchist journals published in this country since "The Peaceful Revolutionist," of 1840, all save three are dead. No Anarchist was ever narrowing-minded enough to rejoice over the suspension of a reform paper, whatever its creed. But when this Socialist editor adds, that all of these Anarchist papers were published "to stifle the Socialist movement," he lies. There is no doubt that the Socialist movement has been pretty "stifled," but the work was done by the political trimmers and place-seekers within its own fold, and not by the Anarchist press.

The first number of Liberty, a new Anarchist journal, has been received. It is published in New York, and the editor is Wm. MacQueen, late of England, and formerly publisher of the Free Commune. We welcome this new recruit, and wish Comrade MacQueen every success in his undertaking. The way they are "stamping out Anarchy" in this country is just awful.

Old Diogenes went down to Washington with his lantern to search for an honest man. Later he was seen wandering aimlessly about the streets of the American capital, with a look of disgust on his face. "Hello, di," said one who met him. "Still looking for that honest man?" "Oh, no," replied the old sage, shaking his head ruefully, "I gave up that long ago; what I'm looking for now is my lantern, which somebody stole before I'd been here ten minutes."

Those labor leaders who are advocating compulsory arbitration as a means of settling disputes between labor and capital ought to be hung up by the heels and gibbeted half to death by young dacks. Establish compulsory arbitration under which the government would represent labor and capital in possession of the government, and every labor organization might as well disband. Brainless stupidity can go to no greater lengths than the advocacy by laborers of any scheme of State interference in the controversy between capitalism and labor.

S. W.

Splinters.

Russian students are being deported to penal settlements by platoons. It is estimated that one fourth of St. Petersburg have been banished, and the arrests continue. Strikers are shot down everywhere. This is for demanding the right of free assemblage and better wages. It is gratifying to note that in places where the soldiers refused to fire on the people who have occurred. In Moscow an officer who gave the order to fire on the people has been turned in and was killed. Even the nobility, who have long been placated with economic benefits, and are denied the right of criticizing administrative acts, are joining the popular movement. The Revolution in Russia moves on apace.

The Socialist, of Seattle, Wash., has been attacked by Czar Maiden. It has been summoned to show cause why it should not be excluded from the second class mails. The methods adopted by the postoffice are illuminating. The paper is simply act on a presumption of guilt, and demand of you that you prove your innocence. This method of procedure was followed in the Helen Wilm case and others.

A brilliant reporter, with more imagination than accuracy or honesty, has at last uncorked the Anarchist plot to assassinate McKinley. According to this industrious pencil-shaver, a convict in a Wisconsin penitentiary has declared himself an Anarchist, and that he was present at the lodge meeting where Coolgoss was chosen. Emma
Goldman was in it of course. Now for the conviction!

The latest newspaper dispatches have it that the young king of Italy is saving for a rainy day, as he believes that Socialism is coming. He has dismissed some reliable employees, sold second-hand, and reduced the salary of the chef from $100 to $80. It is not stated, however, that any reduction in taxes is being contemplated.

Judge Taylor of Chicago has made the statement that every time he sentences a "criminal," he feels like a giant placed in his position by society for the purpose of taking revenge on victims produced by society itself. And yet in spite of this he seems able to do it. There is nothing which blunts the minds of men as does the law. What man would do such a service for private parties?

On the question of why Porto Rico did not join Cuba while under rebellion against Spanish rule, the Porto Rico Herald, of San Juan, contains some interesting statements. "We did not follow Cuba in her efforts to expel Spain," says this paper, "because we feared that the act would take the place of the Iberic one. And therefore it was not worth while to sacrifice two generations to banishment or the grave to obtain freedom. Slaves with Spain, slaves with America, the ancient servitude was preferable." It then goes on to say that Spain had offered an almost complete autonomy to Porto Rico and Cuba; while under American rule they are ruled absolutely from Washington. The Porto Rico paper is profoundly right: between two masters, one of which robs you, and the other of which impoverishes you, it is worth no sacrifice of blood for a choice. If we nevertheless sympathize with and encourage those who, like the Cubans, are in rebellion to established authority, it is only because that is a manifestation of that spirit of liberty which finally set the world free. It is not a change of masters which will help us, but the overthrowing of all masters. That the Cubans have succeeded in throwing off Spanish masters and taking the tasks of yet casting off American and Cuban masters remains. And Americans also, as well as the people of every nation, must join in this work of discarding of all the old masters, when there will be hope for liberty, for humanity.

The Commune at Barcelona.

Ludovic Nadeau, a special correspondent of the Journal of Paris sends his paper a long account of the events in Barcelona, on February 25, from which we take the following facts. The correspondent was obliged to cross the frontier to send his message, as all news from Spain, and especially from Barcelona, was strictly censored.

One hundred killed, three hundred wounded, and five hundred imprisoned was the list up the time of the account. The strikers in the city numbered 70,000, while in the environs of the city they are estimated at 200,000 or more. The governor prohibited all dispatches immediately on proclamation of the state of siege (martial law), until he had personally censured them. None of the local papers appeared; all the Madrid and French papers were not circulated, and the few newspapers that were sold sold at high prices.

The shopkeepers and newsdealers were terrorized and closed their shops, but they were compelled to open them again by threats of the governor-general, who declared if they did not open them they then never should.

The factories were deserted. On the streets masts of vehicles grew larger and larger as they surged everywhere. All street corners were guarded by squads of infantry, while the cavalry galloped hither and thither with drawn sabers. At the harbor we witnessed soldiers rushing a crowd. They made no resistance and fled. Had they done so they would have been shot down.

The correspondent explains the condition as first, "Anarchistic revolution," and second, "the government military. The first has been suppressed, the second remains."

The strikers, he declares, are not all revolutionary, and divide them into four divisions, the mere workers, who compose the movement, the political strikers who went out to obtain the shorter workday, the militant Anarchists, and slum-dum. The two latter have been either shot down or put to flight, so that the strikers only remain.

Spanish cities afford, as a rule, great facilities for civil warfare, and Barcelona with its middle-aged, cramped, narrow, crooked streets, dark rooms, narrow sidewalks, and terraced houses, is an ideal place for a street fighting crowd, which accounts for the regular outbreaks having been kept at bay until large reinforcements of troops had arrived. And in many cases become united by the rebels, yet, as usual in such popular uprisings, there were also among them some that did truly heroic deeds from their own standpoint. An Italian, Claris, correspondent of a Madrid Anarchist paper, threw himself bodily into the midst of a detachment of soldiers at Ramillies street and killed their commander, only to be immediately shot. Another was loaded to death with bullets. It was a case of courting certain death.* Other Anarchists in the face of the same fate fell in the attempt at working prisoner communed from the soldiers.

On Thursday the battle in the street was fierce. At one place over 800 shots were fired, and it is a marvel that the casualties were not greater. If the insurgents had been better provided with arms, there is no telling what might have happened. Only a few of them had guns, the rest had only small revolvers or knives. Poor wretches, what chances did they have with such inferior weapons? While 400 of the rebels were armed, they had to fight the superior forces of the dragoons, only about fifteen of the latter were brought down by the rebels. But the tragedy is that most of the victims were Anarchists from the Mausers, whose wives and non-Anarchists who were exposed as they passed furiously 1,500 to 2,000 yards in the rear of the fighting insurgents. Many cases of such wanton shooting and terror are charged to the police and troops armed with deadly rifles. Indeed, dire atrocities are charged.

* Later reports state that Claris is not dead, but in a hospital with twelve wounds. a.e.
AN AGITATOR'S WIFE.

Wife (in a loud voice)—"Aye, a nice time of night to come home at, indeed. The poor old sick, and the children might be dead, or the house burned down, or anything awful might have happened for all you knew or cared. Socialistic meeting, you say. Oh! oh! yes, the same old story, working for freedom and keeping your own wife a prisoner inside the four walls of the house.

Other men's wives have their husbands besides them sometimes. There was Mrs. Gillespie; but she was married to Mr. Gillespie's brother's wife's husband. The Tomboy's wife's brother's wife's husband. Mr. Tomboy's wife's brother's wife's husband. No, Mrs. Gillespie, dear, it is not politics, but he can stay beside his every night in the week, and she gets four bags of coal every quarter from the ladies who come home such as that.

"That's the kind of politics and the kind of man I would like to have, but I'd do no such luck. My husband, my intelligent husband, four gifted and energetic uncles,4 spends his evenings at all-night meetings or other meetings, and his Sundays on the top of a four-legged stool ranting like a Hailsham lassie, and I am left stuck up here to look after his squalling children, and he cooks his breakfast, and he cooks his clothes, and then he will mount the platform and tell the crowd that the Socialistic party are the only party who, in seeking the emancipation of women, are actuated by principle, and not by expediency."--

"For a right hypocrisy, give me a Socialist. Can, parc unblushing cant and humbug, dear husband, coming home at twelve o'clock at night, with an all-decent people ought to be in bed. Why, there was Mr. Gillespie. What do you say, don't bother you about Mr. Gillespie. I had no business to say anything about him, he was carried home on Saturday night singingRule Britannia after spending all his wages in booze.

"Don't bother you, indeed. And who are you that I should speak to you? Who are you I would like to know? That's not the way you spoke to that brown-faced jade who came to lecture for you last month. You didn't tell her not to bother you. Oh, no, it was, 'Would you like a glass of lemon-ade,' or in the midst of your address, or in the midst of your address, or I will hold your wraps for you, if you please.' And then, when conversing what 'dye call him up and said how pleased you were to have the company of a true woman in this fight, you could be heard all over the field shouting. 'Hear, Hear.'

"But you are not over-fond of the company of your own wife, it seems, or you would stay with her longer, you hard-hearted wretch (tears). I'm not a true woman, I suppose (sobs and tears).

"What 'dye say, 'We must all try to leave the world a little better than we found it.' Rubbish, leave the world a little better than you found it. Ha! ha! and you're a nice looking character to leave anything better than you found it. You've left me anyway, a great deal worse than you found me. You've never wakened the baby with your scolding.

"Wakened the baby, indeed! Me wakened the baby! Oh, no; but it was the sound of your voice that wakened the baby, for it is very seldom indeed the poor darling hears the voice of its respected parent; very seldom, indeed. He has to save it all up for the propogation of the race. The baby, they say, is a darling. Don't be frightened; it's only the man who comes here to take his meals and change his clothes. He won't hurt you, oh, no; he would not intrude for the world. He is so bashful that he never comes here; he can avoid it. Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha.

That's the man, only your father, your respected parent, your affectionate sire; that, baby, is the 'heinous agitator,' the apostle of the new righteousness, who tells people that 'society in the future must be founded upon a right perception of love and duty,' and then neglects his own wife and children, and stays out till twelve at night attending meeting, and discussing problems on the way home. Yes, baby, your father."

"I wonder if the person who wrote that verse was the very same Mr. Gillespie. If not, she must have been inspired. Ha-ha-ha, baby, look at him, your beloved, respected, darling father, your male parent of my children, the revolutionist, the man who talks of uplifting the masses upon the ruins of the hitherto, but turns white with fear if I ask him to hold the baby whilst I run a message."

The flag of the future upon the barricades is only a bad expression you say? Oh, yes, and explained it away, of course. What is there in Socialism can't explain away? It's no wonder you hated old Gladstone; he was the only rival you had in the explaining-away business. But, of course, I am only an ignorant woman, for nothing but washing dishes and looking after children (sobs). I know nothing about economics (tears), nothing about the theory of value (sobs and tears), nor the laws of wages (more sobs) but I am the woman you married and promised to love and cherish, and I love my babies and my home, and won't have them neglected for no meetings, my darling children (kisses the baby and sobbing, falls asleep).--Beximole.

THE SLAVE OF A SLAVE.

One December evening the Tomboy was "pumping" home after dark. He had been showing all day long—one of those gentle clinging storms, lumps and houses, the old church steeple—a common object, all touched with snow, hoarded beautifully unfamiliar; but now, only a few flakes glinted in the lamplight, and the quiet streets were growing livelier again. Boys and men were out with bright eyes and eager for the job of clearing a sidewalk, and sidewalks run easily along.

The Tomboy jumped off the back of a pung with a good night to the driver, and climbed down the street which led to a poor quarter of the town. She made deep tracks with her new rubber boots and scooped up the snow for balls. Away they flew, hitting fence and fences, and so on, but no gentleman's loss. There was anything for a target suddenly she stopped with a half-made ball in her hand. Yes, before her on the sidewalk was a woman! Shoveling—a woman in a calico dress, trying to keep a thin sheet about her shoulders while she scraped the snow in the gutter. The light from a street lamp fell on one of those quenched faces, not uncommon in that part of the town. The Tomboy had seen it often at the window.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"I want to get it done before my man comes home," answered the woman, daily.

"Well, you go into the house and get warm, and I'll do it," said the child, impulsively seizing the shovel.

After a feeble resistance the woman let go the heavy load and went into the house, and when she came back to the street as she had seen men do. Her cheeks grew warm and rosy as her red tam o' shanter, and she did her strong little hands, until she was obliged to stop a minute and pull off her wet mittens. Just then she felt someone looking after her, and, turning quickly, saw a man near the doorstep—a big red-faced man in a woolen sweater and warm overcoat, carrying a dinner pail and smelling of whiskey. He was evoking her curiosity, but as soon as she saw him he went into the house, and shut the door.

Presently the woman appeared, distressed and flustered. She put a nickel in the Tomboy's hand, saying: "My man told me to give you this." "You keep it," returned the child. "But don't you let him know," she cautioned.

The woman's cold fingers shot greedily over the life of money; she and the Tomboy were so close together now that it was hard to answer her questions;" "Why don't you run away from him?" I would.

"I can't," the woman faltered. "There's the baby; he's ill—and I can't have him cut off; I can't. And he says he'll take the baby." Then, as if afraid of what she had uttered, the woman shrank within, and as the door closed behind her the Tomboy heard a baby screaming.

Ah, the incomprehensible weakness and the shame! She had never seen anything so quite so bad as this; but she had heard women beg and plead—and lie; she had heard the drunken curses, the threat of the other woman's tears which her little heart was throbbing fiercely. As the Tomboy shoved on in one of those wild revolts that rent her childhood, the blocks of snow weighed heavily and heavily; she didn't care; she didn't care if her arms broke with asking; she would clear that sidewalk to the end, which she did scrupulously; then rang the doorbell, and the woman answered. "Don't be afraid," the child insisted, as she handed back the shovel and asked for a room; but the woman hastily shut the door in her face. She had said too much already, and she was afraid her man might find out.

So the Tomboy trudged wearily home, late to supper, thinking she was glad she wasn't a woman, but then she had much upper mind long ago that she would "never be a woman!" And she thrust her little hands into her pockets with a sudden satisfaction, for she had earned a five-cent piece—

--_any wayling plant, The Curmudgeon.

"We know how readily acts of successful injustice change their objects as surely and surely, like the wolf in the fable, under the clothing of the law."--Hallam.
For Free Society.

Vereschagin.

Vereschagin is a Russian painter. The fellows who claim to know—artists mostly—say he is great. They say, in fact, that he is seldom artistic; that he paints impres- sive facts while he has only a limited sense of their artistic possibilities. Vereschagin made a whole roomful of careful studies of Indian city streets and building, very full of color—reds, blues, and every sort of varied tint, in all the intensities of warm and cool and the delicate tints. The artist follows said the display was brilliant and interesting, but it was not art. They said Vereschagin drew the beauty, and with his “camera house,” and they colored them in oils. Artists love one another—some of them.

The case of Russia does not know art. The case thought Vereschagin was a painter, and gave him the job of painting a few scenes from the Russo-Turkish War. Vereschagin went to the front to execute the imperial order, and got so close he had a hole shot in him. So he threw in a few hospital scenes with his camera's, or rather with a camera of big canvases. Besides bloody surgical scenes, there were groups of suffering soldiers in the snow, frozen legs and arms, rotting off and the sort of thing; miscellaneous horrors of war. The fellows lay bleeding in adjun- dant ditches.

The pictures were not flattering to the civilization of the Russian army. They were unaccountably horrible and unutterably true. The motive was one big canvas which showed the car sitting on a hill, viewing the far off battle — in safety. There was something about the picture that this last in the faces of those who looked at it; that rulers loved war when the common people fought it. The car did not like the job. He would not accept the pictures. He found that Vereschagin was not as good a painter as he had thought the Russo-Turkish War.

Vereschagin lit his pipe and thought a few minutes. Then he picked up the collection and took it to Paris. The French people thought the pictures were first rate. They liked them so much that Vereschagin thought they would enjoy a few pictures on French subjects. So he painted a series of canvases on Moscow—while Napoleon Bonaparte was there. These pictures were even more terrible, and they were also quite true. The Par- isians were furious at him. The fellows who claimed to know said that if Vereschagin would learn how to paint he would be an artist.

The people saw war in the brass bands and the gay uniforms of marching men—inspiring spectacles. Rare and grave beauty hides a ghastly fact. Vereschagin brings the other aspect before them. Men slumbering their kind; men bleeding in the grime and dust; disembowled men; bold, sickening, brutal murderers.

Vereschagin might be painting flowers. He has been painting sunsets. Then he would hurt no people's vanity and expose no people's shame. It is always safe to paint flowers and sunsets. The people will not look at them.

But the people look long and earnestly at scenes of carnage; the images sink into their hearts and mysteriously move them. Vereschagin is helping to abolish war by showing the people what it is. The fellows who claim to know do not know how great Vereschagin is. Vereschagin himself does not know.—Franklin H. Wentworth, in the Phili-

The General Strike.

The important point in Koss Winn’s view of this subject appears to be that he is tired of talk and wanton action. Under those circumstances, it might seem advisable for him to see. I hardly think that Interloper, Kate Austen, or anyone else among us, will object to starting a general strike, if he can, for almost any purpose on which it is possible the proletariat might be induced to unite. His critics have but accused themselves from taking much interest in the project, because they doubted its feasibility.

My own view has long been that, in the army of the social revolution, the Anarchists are the reserve, who have been thru the experience of Socialists, Single Taxers, Populists, General Electric, Greenshakers, Trades’ Unions, etc. They do best to hold back and advise, except at a moment of victory, defeat, or inspiring balance, when they come up with very great effect, as they did in the general strike of Belgium for universal and social justice. The Socialists are at present the main body, and the Unionists the light troops in front. It might seem a grave impenetration of this parallel to remark that this army has no general. That, however, has frequently happened. When allied forces acted together. Common purpose prompts each, to support each and a common need directs those who know the most how to do it with advantage. The least reasoned and combined forces—the Unionists—will attempt this general line only when they see a place to strike at, as they did in Belgium. Whether they can be shown one by us Anarchists is not so certain. But we need not be wanting on occasion anymore than they are.

C. L. James.

Listerism.

I will not be drawn off the trail by the herring so adroitly drawn across it by Mr. James.

No one that I am aware of disputes that anesthetics owe to M. Lister (notwithstanding the many extravagancies of that gentleman’s practice) have been the chief factor in the very great advance the last 25 years have witnessed in surgery; but the question is—What has vivisection to do with that or any other advance in either surgery or med-

M. R. Livenson.

Anarchist Practical.

A great many people—and particularly middle-class persons from the Single Tax type—are continually asserting that Anarchism is a dream, a vision or utopia, impossible of realiza-

tion. This idea it seems to me is one of the chief things the Anarchist propagandist should stick on the head whenever it comes.

Let us try to make it clear that Anarchy, instead of being a dream, is a practical up-to-date reform, and can be realized as soon as a sufficient number of people understand it, which need not be a majority an long way.

Let us try to make it plain that no one can read history right and be a supporter of an Anarchist. Let us show that no matter when or where or in what line of human activity liberty has been tried it has always been beneficial; and inasmuch as it has solved the greatest problems in the past so will it in the future. And, last but not least, let us make it plain that it never can be achieved by simply discussing it in a half-baked way in social and business circles. It requires get, determination and backbone.

H. W. KORIN.

A Comparison.

When Ravallie was convicted of the murder of Henri IV of France, in 1610, he was tied to the rack, a wooden engine in the shape of St. Andrew’s cross. His right hand was first beat to a pulp; his fingers were then bored through; the flesh and most delicate parts of his body were torn with red-hot pincers, and into the gaping wounds molten lead, oil, pitch and resin were poured. The executioner cut into his innards, and cut open his chest, and the Robe dragged his mouth through the street.

When McKinley was killed his murderer would have been treated the same way by the mob. Even practicals of the gospel who was before returned to a slow fire as the other murderer was.

But King Henri ordered the number of people, and his glory was sung by the slaves. McKinley might have killed one man or a thousand without a word and the “dear people” would have looked on with indifference. The king can do no wrong.

Long live the king.

Suppose President Roosevelt should shoot and kill some obscure man—a day laborer. Would he be punished? Would a mob try to burn him at the stake? Suppose a day laborer should shoot and kill the president? Would he be punished? Would a mob try to burn him at the stake? Yet there are no classes in this country. All men are free and equal before the law. Justice does not smile on the powerful, and frown on the weak. Money and power have nothing to win in the battle. Yet some people are foolish enough to say equal justice is not done and exclusive privileges are not granted to any one in this glorious country. They look good enough to say murder, but murder whether done by hanger or millionaire, subject or king, president or subsidized courts or brainsless mobs, and should be punished the same.

Kentucky Free Lance.

So long as they are pushed to the barricades by the police and troops, the newspapers speak of about the “disorderly mob.” As soon as the arc victorians, it is the “triumph of the triumphant people.” Today it is yet the mob that is the victor. Tomorrow the battle of the victorians that, according to the yelpings of the wishy-washy press, perpetuates the worst Inhumanity. Tomorrow it perhaps the victorious people of Spain that at last shaken off the disgraceful yoke of the nobles and priests. Martin Drescher.

Human evolution is the passage of three factors—heredity, environment, and individual- ity, and the last is by far the most im-

P. R. Hays, in Colorado Chronicle.
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