Life and Death.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—

But say, can you add to that line

That he lived for it too?

In his death he bore witness at last

As a martyr to truth.

Did his life do the same in the past

From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died

For a wish or a whim—

From bravado or passion or pride.

What is it harmed?

But to live—every day to live out

All the truth that he dreamed

While his friends met his conduct with doubt

And the world with contempt.

Was it true that he plodded ahead,

Never turning aside?

Then we'll talk of the life he led

Never minding how he died.

—Ernest Crosby.

Cowardice.

It has been remarked by some of the greatest thinkers of the day that cowardice, and not cruelty, is responsible for most of our existing social evils. This remark struck me as an irreproachable truth. After a little investigation into the nature of cowardice, and some meditation upon its influence, I found that not only is it responsible for existing social evils, but that it also accounts for a large measure of the misfortunes of the past.

Now, what is cowardice? According to some scanty definitions provided by standard dictionaries, I inferred that it means this: A lack of courage to face danger, which proceeds from base fear. Thus cowardice is the opposite of courage, a stranger to fortitude, and on terms of the bitterest enmity with valor or heroism. "Cowardice alone is loss of face," says Dryden, and he is quite right. For, no matter how otherwise virtuous or meritorious a person may be, if possessed of cowardice, he will, sooner or later, lose his fame. Nay, "A coward does not always escape with disgrace, but sometimes loses his life," says another famous writer.

Fear is the origin of cowardice. But fear, the apprehension of danger, is a natural instinct in man, indispensable to the great law of nature—self-preservation. Fear often puts us on guard against an impending danger, and makes us run from harm. It frequently affords us security, when the slower operations of deliberation would be too late. When in danger, before there is time for reflection, the impulse of fear often places us in safety. "So little," says Lord Kames, "doeth this passion, in such instances, depend on reason, that it often operates in contradiction to it; a man does not purposely guard, cannot avoid shrinking at a blow, tho he knows it to be aimed in sport; nor avoid and closing his eyes at the approach of what may hurt him, tho he conscious that he is in no danger." Thus much for fear, but what is meant by base fear? Let us see.

Fear, I presume, becomes morally base at the moment when it begins to predominate over all the other good and moral instincts of man. That is, in other words, at the moment a man yields more to his instinct of fear in his own behalf, than to his instinct of fear, in behalf of others; at the moment he is moved by fear to neglect the welfare of others, in order to avoid the slightest possible injury to himself, —in short, at the moment his fear obscures his reason and hurls all his fine feelings, thus taking possession of his very soul;—at that moment, he becomes a basely fearing man, or a coward.

Hence the difference between timidity and cowardice—between the timid and cowardly individual. The latter generally implies the former, but the former does not necessarily imply the latter. For cowardice proceeds from fear—i.e. timidity; but timidity, fear of danger, does not proceed from baselessness—i.e. cowardice. The timid man who will not act before the face of a stronger body, may, nevertheless, have the courage to face an adversary, whose weapons are only reason and logic, and not the art of pugilism. That is, in other words, when assured that serious harm will straightway befall him, then the timid man will have the courage to speak the truth for once, in public, and will thus experience the extreme delights of its charming influence, after having entered it. But the coward is of a different stamp. He hates to fall into the slightest disrepute of his superiors. He will cringe and crawl before them, at all times. If perfectly assured that what he will say, will be acceptable to them, he will say it; otherwise he will keep his peace. Thus the timid man may sometimes show courage—the true courage of the mind, while the coward may often show bravery—the bravery of the brute. Hence we understand how a cowardly policeman sometimes has the temerity to club to death a poor offender, for a slight violation of the law!...

The coward always adheres to the strongest party. He sticks to the majority for the same reason, tho in the latter case, he will hasten to make the excuse that he is merely adhering to his moral sentiment. "The voice of the people is the voice of God."... A certain New York newspaper, while President McKinley was still alive, had had the temerity, on different occasions, to call him down as a "pig, pitiful tool of Mark Hanna, and abominable libeler of the criminal trusts," feeling sure that it would fall into no disfavor with popular feeling (a newspaper's superiority), the majority of the metropolis at that time being Democrats. But when poor McKinley was unjustly assassinated and popular feeling ran wild over the gross injustice of the act, that worthy newspaper almost lost its breath in running ahead of all popular feeling, pronouncing the death of the greatest man who has ever lived on this earth. It compared him with Lincoln, whose mental courage, intellectual sincerity and heart's devotion, McKinley never dreamed of emulating, and it made him superior to Jefferson, whose revolutionary mind and extremely democratic habits, he despised to emulate. It wept in tears of the biggest type over the loss of such noble hero, and pronounced and bounted in still bigger type all those whose political opinions the unfortunate "assassin" was alleged to have shared.

Cowardice, as a rule, is full of avarice to add. And no wonder,—for if it runs from any old idea which does not happen to be conventional, how much faster should it flee before a new idea, which, far from being conventional, is opposed to the very existence of our state of society! Thus a coward's avarice to new ideas is so complete that you can never see a coward preaching any new idea for the betterment of mankind, except as a government's spy. For how can it be otherwise? New ideas generally point out the depravity of man's system of living, which is the business of the coward to praise in the lowest voice—so as to reach the ears of his mighty masters, whom he is eager to show how loyally and faithfully he serves their interests! Besides, new ideas, which have as their aim the betterment, enlightenment, enhancement of mankind, are scarcely comprehended by cowardly individuals; for, as Ralph Waldo Emerson says—"God will not have his work made manifest through cowards!"

The individual yielding to the poisonous effects of cowardice, willingly or unwillingly, becomes a liar, a narrow-minded bigot, and directly or indirectly, a criminal. The coward begins in faint-heartedness, and ends
in heartlessness! Hence the effects of cowardice upon society, on public institutions, and on progress are, indeed, deplorable. Society, an aggregate of individuals, is exactly what the individuals, its components, will make it. And since the great majority of men are—some to a greater and some to a lesser extent—cowards, then society, to our great sorrow, is the biggest coward. Society is not only shy of the hawkishness of its constituents, it exacts such a strict and absurd etiquette, which, when at home, even cowards laugh at, but when in society, even the courageous are frequently obliged to compromise. To our society is not only a coward, but a preacher of cowardice.

The effects of cowardice on public institutions are equally sad. Take any public institution—a public school, for instance, and see how they influence it. The teacher, if a Freethinker, cannot—must not give the right answer to the boy’s questions in religious matters, lest he lose his position. The Board of Education, on the other hand, is expected to be non-sectarian. We are building a more liberal system of education, lest it please the mayor, or the governor, etc. The teacher, furthermore, if a true student of history, dare not tell his pupils that Thomas Paine published his famous Rights of Man, and was a great liberator in the revolutionary war, than even George Washington, and the latter happened to come out the more popular of the two. A man—be he a coward, a freethinker, or a true student of history—is not for the cowardice of so many millions of soldiers, who alone help the tyrants rule over this world, how far ahead would progress be from where it is today?

The servile, in spirit, had in his performances and dangerous in his character. He is afraid of his master, of his master’s associates, of his own friends, and above all—of his own skin. In fact, he is literally enslaved to the devil. For instance, it is not for the cowardice of so many millions of soldiers, who alone help the tyrants rule over this world, how far ahead would progress be from where it is today?

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Government or No Government—Which?

The American cities live under not less than five institutions called government. He is in member of a school district and of a civil government. He may subject to a town or a county. They discovered the utter impossibility of city government. He is ruled over by a county government, a State and a federal government. Each of these governments performs separate special work, and all for the good of the people, of course. The township is the smallest governmental institution under which we live. Before our German ancestors invaded England, in A.D. 449, according to the chronology of our text books, they lived on the continent of Europe, in Denmark and in N. F. In the course of time they moved to the south. On the banks of a river or near a spring they would build their houses, and, for purposes of defense, surround them with a hedge, which they called a wall, whence we derive the name town. They were to meet the open air and transact all the business of common interest, such as admitting new members, setting disputes between townsmen, punishing minor offenses, and distributing lots of land to the various families for the year’s tillage.

Many of these ancient townships were not free. A chief man, either because he was descended from the head of the village, or because in times of violence he had gained control of the land, was looked upon as the lord of the township. There were centuries of violence after the coming of the English into English and the native long and fiercely the Britons for possession of the island. Finally, in 1068, England was conquered by William of Normandy, and all the lands had become subject to lords; there being so large and many townships, manors or lords’ estates.

As the feudal lords fortified their dwellings in the country, and erected castles to increase their power, towns and cities increased the latter. The walls to preserve their liberties. The Saxons who came into England were heathens, but in course of time the Roman missionaries established the Christian religion, and the Church was organised on the Roman model of church government, being supported by taxation and attending to many things now belonging to the civil government. The Church divided the country into parishes.

At first the kings were subject to the rule of kings. In time of war a leader was chosen from among the chiefs, and the war being over he ceased to be ruler. But when the English began to hold their country in common condition, the leader of the army became a permanent ruler, and received the name of king. Various tribes of the English conquered different parts of England and founded little kingdoms. The petty kings fought against each other for supremacy, and finally all were subjected to one king.

The little kingdoms formed parts of a united kingdom, and were called shires (shires). The kings of England did not rule alone, but had with them a body of men called "The Wise." And here we come to the origin of parliament.

After the coming of the Normans, in 1066, that body of men was called to be called the king’s council. It was composed of all the great lords of the kingdom, and the bishops, who represented the Church. In the earlier times, when the king and his council wished to secure funds to carry on the government, a message was sent to the sheriffs of each county, who was directed to arrange with the members of the county council for the collection of the tax. Often the court, before agreeing to the king’s tax, would insist upon the grant of some favor or privilege from the king. * Later, the king directed the sheriff, who was ordinarily selected by the king, to have the county court appoint two men to represent the shire in the king’s council. These members of the council were lords of a lower rank than the other lords of the council.

The Stuart kings claimed the right by royal right to hold their estates, to sell them, or to dispose of them in any way they saw fit. The parliamentary movement was then the Lords of the House of Lords, the bishops being the lords spiritual, and the others the lords temporal.

The first object of the king in adding to his council members from counties and towns was to secure taxes, without which neither he nor the whole gang of officials could exist.

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* See Baye’s "The New American Commonwealth," and Macy’s "Our Government."
serving two masters at the same time,—the government and the people. At first they tried to prevent a clash by meeting separately in their House of Commons—they could not stand the frenzied lautness of the lords and bishops, but even this did not help matters. The collision came. The kings attempted to put aside all the laws passed by parliament and to get to the people’s people. The ceremony of parliamentary sanction, when the nation at last arose and asserted its rights. 

Now, after such bitter experience one would think that the people will nevermore present such tyrants to oppress them; that they would do away with their feudal lords as they chopped off the wretched heads of their kingly usurpers, and would return to their peaceful town meetings of old, where all matters of common interest had been transacted without pomp and ceremony, but in a plain common-sense manner to the satisfaction of the whole community. 

But this is not the way of the people. The following letter from William Henry Kimble, king of England. "Death to the king!" "Long live the king!" in the same breath. How slow we are in learning the bloody lesson of history. We are now in the throes of government by holes and patches.

Is it not about time for us to know that all the governments are here for is to collect taxes so they might live on the fat of the land, in luxury and idleness, even like old Pharaoh, bathing in the fresh blood of Israel’s infants, while their weeping fathers and mothers were working away their lives at Egypt under the lash of the Egyptian slave driver?

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**The Discontent of Slaves.**

I admit Comrade Winn’s assertion that the workers “are dissatisfied!”, but it is a slave’s discontent, that desires only an extra holiday, or a few more crumbs that fall from the master’s table. The fact that the people are not satisfied with the rule of the parties, proves that they are not divided as regards the idea of the necessity of having rulers. There is unity among them here; they are only divided when it comes to choosing, and in question as to which political party will furnish the best rulers and most equitable laws. While this struggle for political supremacy shows discontent, it also shows that it is not an intelligent discontent; that the masses, with the exception of a small minority, fail to recognize the cause of their troubles. They do not even know they are slaves; they call themselves free men, and as a class are completely hypnotized by the idea that Americans have the grandest government on earth, and that the sole cause of the injustice suffered by the people lies in bad, dishonest means and methods of officeholders. Every man who votes will tell you that if a majority of men bearing his favorite label are elected to represent the people, we will have an honest administration of our affairs.

We need a recognition that to delegate authority to certain individuals, is to give them a legal license to invade their fellows’ opportunity to gratify their personal ambition at the expense of the people. Government is a medicine that produces the same effect, despite the change of label, which is only a change of masters.

This fact the mass of the people today fail to grasp. They are satisfied with and strengthen upholding the institution that enslaves them, that is, the State. Just as fast as individuals recognize that government is the cause of human slavery, that fast do they add to the strength of the movement against it. In the interest of the preservation of one unit that goes to make the mass, lies the only force that will destroy the government. So long as they believe in a capitalistic oligarchy, no power can lead this principle against it. When they develop mind enough to repudiate the divine rights of property, they will need no leaders to show them how to take possession of the earth. I detest the very word leader. Men cannot attain liberty thru leadership. Its divine spirit is only born of an awakened intelligence. The people need teachers. Minds under the agitation of conflicting ideas evolve new thoughts, and their voices of counsel have been man’s curse. Often without doubt, they assume leadership thru honest motives; but as Herman Eich once said, “their influence is in the trough.” They end by making personal ambition the goal of their desires; and the inert mass of human beings, who have religiously trusted to their superior (?) abilities pay all the costs and still more firmly rivet their chains.

You who believe in the power of leadership as a good method to use against government, how can you look for good in the very principle that is the strongest support of human slavery? The basic principle of liberty is to rely on yourself. The basic principle of slavery is reliance on some power outside of yourself.

Reliance upon leaders has built up every tyrannical power the world has seen, as well as is present; and it never destroyed one phase of slavery but it built another more deceptive and subtle than its predecessor.

It is not because “social reformers are but a handful that are powerless at the ballot.” Were they as numerous as the sands of the sea, they would be powerless to emancipate themselves thru a slave breeding, crime breeding, factor; but they might evolve a movement of a burning spark of slavery. This agitation of intelligent leaders moving the masses as a “blind force” can have but one effect: to line the nests of a privileged class with feathers plucked from the backs of the masses. Like causes produce like effects always.

What in there so different in the nature of a man calling himself a reformer, that I should trust him to lead or to rule, any more than if he bore the label of Democrat or Republican? A man never gains ascendancy as a leader, only in so far as his followers deceive themselves as to his true characteristics and abdicate their own sovereignty. We see the very means that make leadership possible corrupt both the leaders and the led. What man is there living, no matter how good and great he is, who, if his whole nature was harnessed to the light of day, the man who can not show faults, virtues, weaknesses, and strengths? Who among us would agree to be led? I dare say no one.

The general strike can only come thru the conscious, intelligent action of the workers. It is self-evident that such a movement cannot be law-abiding, (in fact it would be wasted energy if it were,) therefore mental emancipation for the masses must precede any action of a lawless nature on the part of the strikers. That class of reformers who are striving to reform government, not abolish it, can utilize that sentiment to蒙蔽 their ignorance of an ignorant men who are led like sheep by the siren chord of sophistry. But those who know that the evils of slavery can only be destroyed by the death of slavery, have nothing in common with this element. The Anarchist movement can only grow thru the addition of self-reliant individuals, who will neither lead or be led.

We cannot progress one step towards the realization of Anarchy thru the use of means that are a negation of the principles of Anarchism. Everything we do or say must be against authoritarianism, not with or for. We must live life to the fullest and sustain this evil principle is to ignore the life you live. To delude that ignorance is the only means that will accomplish the end we seek, namely the destruction of government. Men must not be exposed to false leadership and be encouraged to rise from all fours and walk on two legs before the behest of authority. It seems to me the work necessary to be done on this line gives ample room for action as well as talk. Agitation includes much hard work and much sifting of words to get right ideas.

Kath Austin
Caplinger Mills, Mo.

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**A Question.**

Do you believe that you are as good as anybody else? Have you needs and desires to satisfy the same as anybody else? Do you believe that you have an equal right to live your life and a right to apply your labor to the resources of nature in order to satisfy your needs? If yes, act on the same you see fit? In other words, do you believe in freedom, equality of opportunity, and being yourself, and associating with your fellow man in any way you see fit? If so, then you are an Anarchist; and should subscribe for Free Society, which is fighting your battle; and which stands unequivocally for freedom in all that the name implies: the liberation from industrial slavery of the entire human race.

H. W. Komm.

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**Cecil Rhodes.**

Lies by false things which thou hast said:

Trickster by the snares that thou hast set;

Thief by thy treachery

Hypocrite by the mouth that thou hast lied;

Tyrant by the cause which thou hast led;

Murderer by the war which thou hast begun;

Monster by all deeds which thou hast done;

Thou lover Caesar, thus are fooled and dead.

Every lie of tyrants torn and cast away.

The dead reward that falls to murdering lust,

While yet the peoples struggle to be free.

This bird warriors in streams of blood should hast

Defeat at last shall come to all like thee;

Wish death hath closed and thou into the dust

William Francis Hammond.

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**Ferraro.**—Last week, first page, third column, line 10 from bottom, read "tassium" as potassium, read "composition" as composition; line 2, first column, line 29 from bottom, read "decal" for "decal".
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Anarchist—A social theory which regards the union of order as the union of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty. — Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1909.

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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.

Dr. C. J. Lewis will speak on “The Reign of the People” before the Philosophical Lyceum, 26 E. Van Buren St., Hall 200, April 12.

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Splinters.

A story of atrocious cruelty comes in the dispatches about the court-martial trial of Major Wilcher. He is charged with executing natives without trial, and pleads that he had received orders to shoot “everything” over ten years of age. So the charges are not denied, but the soldier pleads that he “obeyed.” Language is inadequate to make any commentary. It is the “white man’s burden” which these soldiers teach to the uncivilized brown men.

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Newspapers report an attempt that was made last Sunday to enforce the law concerning the closing of saloons on the Holy Day. New York went “dry,” that is, patrons at saloons nominally bought a meal, and had to pay for sandwiches or crackers before they could get beer. This is the dignity of the law. At least the policemen made themselves ridiculous in attempting to enforce it.

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There is nothing in this world so ridiculous or absurd as a Prohibitionist. I would like to know by what right Tom Dick or Harry can tell Peter and Paul they shall not drink beer, wine, whisky, or cider or anything else on Sunday or any other day? Those good and misguided ladies who join the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, and plead that drinking must be stopped because it is so injurious to young men, had better look closer to home, around their own bodies along the waist, and they will find something quite as injurious “even unto the next generation.” When these hypocrisy bodies begin to mind their own business, instead of always looking at their neighbor’s plate, such sensible exhibition as was furnished in New York last Sunday will cease.

The Chicago American has recently shed many tears on the hard lot of policemen and mail carriers, who work so hard at small pay. It may be appropriate to give the words of one of the latter, when reminded that they had an affinity with policemen since they wore their tops hats. “Don’t compare us with policemen,” he said indignantly, “we earn our money.”

It will be recollected that Tolstoy donated the proceeds of his book “Resurrection” to help the exiled Donkobors. Aylmer Maude, who had charge of the work in England, sent a sum of money to the secretary of the committee in Canada, John Bellows. After some time this money was returned on the astonishing ground that “Resurrection” was an immoral book, and hence the Donkobors could not accept it from the sales of it. In explaining his views, the secretary states that the scene which describes the seduction of a girl, by going too fully into details, will have a more powerful effect on the reader than the final “awakening,” and therefore will not aid the cause of morality. While we cannot but admire the earnest sincerity of these suffering people, we cannot help deserting them so strongly from their cause. That crime may be the case in some morbid individuals may be true enough; but has it not been urged against them with equal force that their mode of married life has the same effect? They depend upon the integrity of the individual that this shall not be so; and may not Tolstoy answer them that in portraying facts, he expects the reader to follow the righteous course? While it is true that Tolstoy’s book may have certain defects, it is due to see how such a charge can be held against it.

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The best protection that any young girl can have against “seduction” is knowledge. Let her not be kept in ignorance, let her have full access to the psychology of her sexual and emotional nature, and no man will be able to “seduce” her. Nor would any but an ignorant man “seduce” a girl. And yet, at the existing standard of morality, it is both morally and legally criminal to disseminate such knowledge. Here is where a terrible indictment can be brought against our moral code. Anything that bars this enormous leads the way to a purer morality. Danger always lies in ignorance. The Donkobors have made a very deplorable blunder in condemning Tolstoy’s book. Jr.

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False Modesty.

One of the most mistaken and harmful notions that exist among the women of today is the notion that maidens should be kept in ignorance of their bodily functions. Nothing is more conducive to evil than ignorance. A girl ought to know all about herself, that her mother and father know her. To treat her should be no room left for curiosity or imagination. The instincts and impulses peculiar to her sex begin to manifest themselves at the age of puberty. This age varies in different countries and climates from 13 to 18 years. The girl ought to be acquainted as soon as possible with the exact meaning of the sexual instincts. Her own bodily sensations and her reactions to the opposite sex should be made known to her in a cautious but truthful manner. It is false modesty and mistaken judgment that impels a woman to either deceive her daughter or allow her to be deceived upon such vital questions. All the questions prompted by her budding maidenhead will be answered by someone; if not by her mother, then by someone less wise and conscientious person.

It seems, indeed, a pity that each girl must find out by bitter experience the truth of her own nature and functions, instead of being instructed by her mother in a natural and wholesome way.

That some state sexual diseases are unknown among women. This is because the natural impulses are obeyed without delay or hindrance. But so-called civilization has put such obstacles in the way of the gratification of the normal impulses. Marriage is delayed in too many cases seven years beyond the development of the sexual nature. This leaves these instincts unquenched, and therefore leads to so-called chastity, properly practiced. Morality, demands restraint; abnormal designs or functions soon take the place of the natural impulses. So-called vices and nervous disorders follow. In the midst of all these liabilities, to keep the girl in ignorance of herself, to give her no information as to the meaning of these curious and contradic- 

ting emotions, is very unwise and dangerous. Every mother should be overawed by the thought of her own girl’s moral, and remember how ignorant she used to be; she should remember how very, very many things there are that she would do differently if she had a chance. Let her talk to her daughter, then, to give her daughter a better chance than she had. She should remember that her daughter is just as ignorant as she was; that she is doing the same foolish things she did; that her daughter is in need of the same wise counsel and parental guidance that she was when she was a girl. Mothers! Please remember that ignorance is not virtue; that stupidity is not prudence; that childish artlessness is not chastity. Teach your daughters to know themselves. Teach them all that you know yourself, and strive to inform yourselves for their sake. — Unknown.

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Political Alphabet.

A stands for Anarchist. The politician’s patron saint.
B is for Boodle, which stands for Congress, D.C., where all kind, well-informed, well-meaning people, lawyer, politician, and tradesman, are represented.
C stands for Democracy, whose rulers are somewhat demented.
D stands for Expansion, which stands for piracy and plunder.
E stands for Freedom, a word almost lost.
F stands for Food, a word mostly used for political thunder.
G stands for Gall and Gab, the politicians’ greatest essentials.
H is a slippery place.
I is the personal pronoun.
J is a four-legged race.
K stands for Kansas State.
L’s for Lying, a habit.
M’s for Money, a habit.
N’s for Nationalism, a habit.
O is for Officeholders, who need no credentials.
P is the personal pronoun.
Q is the personal pronoun.
R’s for Rights, a habit.
S is the personal pronoun.
T is the personal pronoun.
U is the personal pronoun.
V is the personal pronoun.
W is the personal pronoun.
X is the personal pronoun.
Y is the personal pronoun.
Z is the personal pronoun.

Never discouraged by political rings.
M stands for Militia and Muskets.
That prop that uphold every State.
N stands for National Spirit,
That divides all humanity with hate.
O stands for Objection.
That rules with a wiper of gold.
P stands for People, whose rights
By the political skylights are sold.
Q stands for political Quacks,
Who would cure every ill with a law.
R stands for Republican rule.
That's supreme from Maine to the Kaw.
S stands for Stupidity, the same
That filts so completely the dear people's heads.
T stands for Teddy, our only Ted,
Who would so strenuously stamp out all the "Reds."
U is for the Union,
A venerated fake.
V is for Violence,
That governments make.
W's for Washington,
And the makers revel.
Z's for the Zeal
That statesmen serve the devil.

ROSS WINK.

A Letter to Senator Hawley.

Senator Hawley,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I see by this morning's paper that you are reported to have said you would be willing to "give $1,000 to have a good shot at an Anarchist." I wish you either to prove that you were in earnest, or to make you retract the utterance as one unworthy of— I will not say a senator, but a man.

I am an Anarchist, have been such for fourteen years, and publicly known to be such, having both spoken and written much upon the subject. I believe the world would be far better off if there were no kings, emperors, presidents, princes, judges, senators, marquis, dukes, earls, baronets, majors, or policemen in it. I think society would have great profit (and more in the omission than the commission) if instead of making laws, you made hats—or coats, or shoes, or anything else the public would pay for. I hope for a social condition in which no man restrains his fellow but each restrains himself. I refer you to the catechism enclosed, an expression of the principle of the Anarchists of Phila.

Now if you desire to have a good shot at an Anarchist, it will not cost you a $1,000. You may by merely paying your curfew to my home (address below) shoot at me for nothing. I will not resist. I will stand straight before you at any distance you wish me to, and you may shoot, in the presence of witnesses.

Does your American commercial instinct seize upon this as a bargain? But if the payment of the $1,000 is a necessary part of your proposition, then when I have given you the shot, I will give the money to be devoted to the propaganda of the idea of a free society in which there shall be neither assassins nor presidents, beggars nor senators.

VOLTAIRE DE CLERVY.
Philadelphia, 807 Fairmount Ave.
March 21, 1902.

FREE SOCIETY.

Why Equality Exists Nowhere.
Here we have some great cast iron works with a multitude of immense smoking chimneys, rattling chains and wheels, great furnaces, railway tracks, and a small town; beautiful villas for owners and high officials, dirty, low cottages and cabins for the people. In the factory and nearby mines laboring men swarm like ants, some digging ore hundreds of feet below the surface in dark, narrow, damp, and dangerous galleries, others carting the metal or dirt. They work ten, twelve, or fourteen hours, from morn till night, or vice versa. They work every week day.

The same in the factory, where men are wearing out their lives either in murderous heat or in dampness (which is just as dangerous to life), or by overtaking the strength God gave them to use wisely. On Saturday night they get their wages, wash, and fill up on poisonous liquor in the saloons and taverns established near the works to destroy them, their customs; they swell all Saturday night, and on Sunday soberly continue their spire or sleep, or fight, or do both. On Monday morning they begin anew.

Leaving the factory grounds or the chain of small villages across peasants tilling a stranger soil with the aid of miserable, hungry looking horses. These men arise with the sun, unless they spend the night looking after their cattle in swamp lands below. They continue to work, for which they pay dearly in labor and health.

And we walk on. Preto: The lowest kind of work people, assistants to roadmakers, men who keep body and soul together by breaking big stones into little ones. Their feet sore, their hands a mass of horn and dried blood; their whole body is dirty, their face, their beard, their hair, their lungs are filled with the limestone's murderous dust. Like the peasants, they assist in digging their lumper with bread and water, or bread and fuel, according to the day of the week.

And this is the lot of the average factory worker, miner, laborer or policeman in most parts of the world. They live as described from their earliest youth until put under the soil. As to their mothers, sisters, and wives, they work as hard as the fathers, brothers, and husbands, and get as much good as little to eat. Likewise they suffer from professional illnesses—female complaints.

Suddenly—sound of bells and clatter of hoofs. A beautiful troika is coming—the sale's price of the least valuable of the horses would buy the entire estates of these peasants. In the carriage, two young girls with picture hats and colored silk umbrellas shading their pretty faces. You could buy yonder young men than the price of one umbrella. Opposite them a lieutenant in white uniform fresh from the hovel. Ah! how his gold buttons and shoddy straw hat in the sunlight it might seem a doughty coachman, velvet coat, blue silk shirt sleeves, and so on. Two or three of the thousand women take their time about getting well, have the best of nourishment and excellent nurses to wait on them, while their less fortunate sisters (908 or 997 out of a thousand) may believe their day is over. Who would milk the cow, prepare dinner, or wash clothes if they didn't?

The babies of a few months grow up surrounded by playthings, amusements, and educational measures; 908 or 997 out of every thousand spend the first years of their lives crawling over dirty floors on their stomach and knees, and unless they die before must go to work when they are five.
A few children have the benefits of excellent schooling, the others learn nothing but bad words and superstitions.

A few young girls fall in love, have a romance or two, and marry; 900 out of thousand are forced into matrimonial captivity for economical reasons.

Make them wash their linen every day and never soil it, while the overwhelming majority of men and women wear their clothes two weeks or longer, or until they fall off in rags. Yet this latter class of people is working day in and day out—often for others.

The select few are forever speculating how to kill time, the rest don't get leisure enough to use themselves properly, to sleep as long as their days are short, and to visit a friend or relative once in a month.

In Russia live a few thousand persons who learn to read and write in four languages and a hundred millions who can't read and write and know no other amusement but to get drunk. The first know everything and believe in nothing; the others know nothing and believe in every rot they are told of.

The World is traversing a place to find the climate most agreeable to their health or their whins, ten millions of sick people lie in smoky cabins, the air of which is made rank by a host of human beings and cattle sleeping there; their wounds are undressed, their ashes are unsanaculized. They rot or die or do both.

Yet we are Christians—the factory owner, the prince, the thieving collector, the mill hands, the jay merchants, the stockbroker, the sales people and their noble customers— we, and you are all Christians, professing to believe in the evangelism of love that proclaimed the brotherhood of man, and yet—love to our enemies—the evangelism fundamentally opposed to arbitrary power, to violence and bloodshed.

It is grand, divine, this evangelism—the trouble lies in its interpretation, or rather misunderstanding the power that be, use Christianity as the bacteriolets use bacillus: After creating ‘overty’ of ‘non-dangerous’ religion they inoculate the people with it, and it’s this falsified Christianity at the bottom of everything evil.

Its worst fault is that it permits murder-murder not only for the protection of life, but for the protection of property! Indeed this monstrous Christianity teaches people to kill in their own kind: it sends vast armies to the front.

Abolish this non-Christian Christianity and you wipe out the profession of soldier.

And when the minority has no soldiers back of it, it ceases to be awe-inspiring to the majority, which means nothing less than the end of oppression and demoralization, by, as things are now, the people must be demonized before they can be robbed with impunity.

Reforms? Yes, there are many sorts of reformers. Some enter the government service and try their level best to better the people's lot in the capacity of parliamentarians or other officeholders. But, there they stop. They don't attempt to reform our non-Christian Christianity.

Next come the revolutionists, who endeavor to set up another, better, government by the means that disgrace the existing one: Fraud and violence. Finally we have Socialism, good for creating strikes and discontent, but useless to spread education and abolish false ideals.

What, then, ought to be done?

All good men and all good women should lend their best efforts to purify religion and to make Christ conform to the teachings of his founder, Jesus Christ. Leo Tolstoy.

Atrocities.

When the Boer woman had been reduced, in an hour or so, from comfort to beggary, and her household treasures had been looted and her cherished possessions incorporated into the camp—awful invention of Weyler, the Spanish butcher of Cuba—as a place of allegiance for her and her daughters. That was the end of all, the shelter insufficient for the requirements of the weather and of hunger, and the death-rate worse in the worst days of the plague—but still there was a semblance of shelter. The cubicle had been burned; the place is now being abandoned. It sets forth that the food of humanity and civilization Britain now pursues the cheaper policy of burning the homes, the outbuildings, and crops, the furniture, clothing, and bedding and all other supplies that cannot be carried away, and leaving the women and children to perish in the blackened wilderness. The nights are bitterly cold, even at this season, on that tableland at that altitude above the sea-level: it was in this region that the well-led Australian soldier almost mutinied at being only allowed two blankets. It is the wet season; there is no fuel, the very occasioning of the burning of Magdalenburg, in the years of very long ago. Even Paskevich, whom no one suspected of mercy or charity, treated non-combatants more kindly in Poland.

This is not a newspaper literature that comes now from the seat of war, and is published with tacit approval by the papers of an English-speaking community.

And all the open country at last. Johnny Boer won't follow us here. Yet we are superior to him in point of numbers, so we draft for a half-hour, and burn a farm house or some slight aid to our feelings. It is now raining steadily—a rain that is like melted snow—and the unfortunate women and children, whom we found in the farm house, are left behind in the wet, without blankets or shelter of any kind. Forward once again into the rain and darkness; it is too cold for us to ride, so we alight our rides to our saddles and trudge forward.

It was so wet and so bitterly cold that even sturdy welsh-clothed men, with food and a prospect of shelter ahead of them, could not sit in their saddles without freezing. And the British soldiery deliberately threw children out into that fearful night to perish in the rain, without provisions or blankets or any place of refuge. And this, according to the ethic intelligence, is not an isolated instance, but the regular mode of warfare now adopted by Butter Kitchen's battalions—with no serious protest from the bulk of the British nation.

And Australia is invited by its new comrade minister to send another 5000 men to help at burning the Boer woman. There are practically none now save women and children left in these farm houses now—and casting her out with her daughters and her infant in arms to perish in the bitter nights on the Transvaal tableland. There is no longer even a semblance of the silly pretense that "the empire is in danger."

As for those who are trying to engineer the undertakings, they don't propose to go and expose their well curly for skins to the chance of a Boer bullet, nor do they propose to pay—the bill will merely make another addition to the deficit, which is constantly being banded down to posterity. They will annex what glory they can get, and any title that comes their way, and go to church regularly, and still put their faith in a gospel which says that we should not do evil that good may come. They have been at it for a century, but on second thoughts it will be a great deal better for many Australian politicians if there is no hereafter. It may be very long and very lonesome if there is nothing ahead but cold and rain and on the void, with the moral man rope away to burn out more helpless mothers for the glory of the empire."—Sydney Bulletin.
"Does he belong to Colonel Tryo?" asked the policeman. "Then I'd better take him there."

"No sir; he doesn't belong there any more than I do; Captain Porter's man brings him down with him every morning; he is the owner of the dog, Goshop-one of the women.

"There is only one thing to do, that is to shoot him," replied the policeman. "Help me drag him along, boys."

"Why, I am sure this dog is always lying around Captain Cook's house, he belongs to Captain Cook himself. What do you want to do with him?"

"Remark a white boy, approaching the crowd.

"If you catch him there, the thick voice of the policeman resounded.

"He doesn't stay at that house, captain; the driver of the grocer's yard is his master," responded a strange voice.

"No use of wasting time, he had better shoot him before night," the policeman muttered.

"Stop, what are you doing with that dog?" asked a passer-by. "Colonel Ship is looking for him everywhere. The dog is old, and has been at Captain Ship's yard for years, take him over.

The last house on this street.

The policeman pulled the dog towards the house at the end of the street; a few of the mob followed,—the others walked slowly away. — L. N. Grinnell, in The Conundrums.

Poems in Prose.

The Dog.

We sit in the room, us two: my dog and I.

Outside a furious storm is howling.

The dog sits close before me—he looks me straight in the eyes.

And also I look him in the eyes.

It is as if he wished to tell me something. He is dumb, has no words, does not understand himself: but I understand him.

I understand, that in this moment the same emotion dominates him and I, that there is not a particle of difference between us. We are equal creatures. Each of us burns and glows the same flame.

Dante has already said: Birth and slipping of the broad, damp, cold pinions...

And all is at an end.

Who will then establish the difference between those lights, which have glowed in us both? Not: It is not a beast and a man, who exchanged those glances.

They are two equal-created pair of eyes, which are directed toward each other.

And out of each of those pair of eyes, out of those of the beast as of those of the man, speaks plainly and clearly the mutual necessity for unity.

THE BEGGAR.

I walked along the street. A beggar, an inborn old man stopped me.

Indignant, afraid, eyes, lips, torn, ragged clothes, ugly sores—oh, how horrified had wanted reduced this miserable creature!

He stretched out his swollen, red, dirty hand. He groaned, aye he whimpered formally for help.

I began to rummage in all pockets. But I found neither purse, nor watch, nor even a handkerchief. I had taken along nothing.

But the beggar was still standing and waiting there, and his outstretched hand slightly jerked and trembled.

I turned around and took him back as I was, I vigorously grasped this dirty, trembling hand. . . . Do not be angry with me, brother. I have nothing with me.

The beggar directed his inflamed eyes at me, his blue lips began to smile, and he pressed my cold fingers.

"Very well, brother," he leaped, "for this also I thank you—this also was an alms, brother."

I felt that I also had received from my brother an alms—Ivan Turgeneff.

A Fable.

A Workingman had a bit of ground on which he lived. It seemed to be worth very little, so, after a while, he gave it to the Thinkingman. Nevertheless, the Workingman continued to live on the land, so the Thinkingman charged him rent, and the Workingman called the Thinkingman a Monopolist.

The Thinkingman thought and made a decision: then he gave the law-makers and the Workingmen voted for them—the law-makers adopted a Constitution, to prevent any change.

The Workingman worked and made a gain, then he gave it to the Thinkingman, for the rent. The Thinkingman said, "What good is a gun to me unless I have a man to use it? I can't risk my own life." So the Workingman voted an appropriation out of his wages to hire a Thinkingman to hire a man to use the gun. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman an Aristocrat.

The appropriation set the Workingman behind his work, so the Thinkingman sent the hired man (with the gun) to turn the Workingman out of his tenement.

The Workingman called the Thinkingman an Oppressor.

The question is, Who really disposed of Workingman's—Bolton Hall?

Macaulay on Liberty.

Aristotle tells a pretty story of a fairy who, by some malicious plot, was reduced to a prisoner and condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake.

Those who injured her during the period of her disgrace were forever excluded from partaking in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her hideous aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, and accompanied their visits, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victories in war.

Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She groans, she hisses, she leaps. But we too, those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that is freedom. When prisoner first leaves his cell, he acquires in the light of day, he is unable to discriminate evil from good or recognize faces. The remedy is to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have been half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions then subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

These words of Sir Robert Peel's are the truth: "The politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery they may indeed wait forever."

—T. B. Macaulay.

Listerism.

I am glad to see Dr. Le Verrier speaks much of Lister's work, and that he is careful not to write—instead of the "bacterial fade," an exaggeration of the doctrine of cleanliness taught and practised by every good surgeon, etc., it has become the very great advance the surgeon has ever had since Pasteur. It is true, but it is not Lister's. Such is the difference between addressing a crowd whom he supposes knows nothing about it, and an individual whom he perceives does.

What has it to do with vivisection? Well, I assert, and I refer for proof, as before, to the nearest half dozen surgeons, (1) that Lister's methods have been confirmed on the "bacterial fade," (2) that the "bacterial fade" was raised from a plausible conjecture to the certainty of positive science by inoculation of a great many animals with carefully sorted germs; and that this could have been done in no other way; (3) that Lister's "exaggeration" consisted in proving, by experiments, requiring others of the same nature, after this was done (for before it would have been impossible) that certain harmless antiseptic fluids can kill all living germs, which "soap, water, towels," and other substitutes of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance will not.

As to anaesthetics, which Dr. Le Verrier has chosen to bring in; I submit (1) that introduction was made possible only by experimental proof that they would render an otherwise very painful operation painless; (2) that this proof was necessarily furnished by experiments, either on the operator, his patients, or dead animals; (3) that we may safely leave the two first alternatives out. Very few patients would submit to chloroform without experimental proof that their lives would be saved by it. This would be much the same for the heroic methods of operating himself and then amputating his own leg, with such an indifferent self-spontaneous result, but not only not unpleasant, but to save some physical difficulty. Not only medical history and common sense must teach all this. Common sense accordingly teaches that the greatest victory of humanity over pain has been effected through vivisection and could have been effected in no other way.

C. L. James.
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