



Freedom.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear without a blush
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava thru your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! Are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

Concerning Respectability. — An Inquiry.

I.

Society is in process of evolution. We are still barbarians—children, if you please, and man is yet primitive. All that has gone before is a preparation for better things to come, but we are moving rapidly, and, I believe, securely toward nobler things. Among the savage tribes the chief place of honor is given to those who can kill most.

The business of the savage tribe is; First, to get enough to eat; second, to protect itself from foes, either men or wild beasts. The man who can kill most is king by divine right. So the mighty hunter becomes Chief or the great warrior is king. Those who dispute the title are apt to die suddenly.

Low down in the scale, the tribe eat the enemies they kill—either human or beast-brute. Later, they eat the beast-brute alone, and take the human enemies captive for slaves. Genuine savages, however, never seek to capture males—they kill these and save the women.

The very first form of property is the ownership of women. The Romans captured the Sabine women, because that was the regula-

tion thing to do. Our pity need not be wasted upon the women—they simply exchanged owners—they were slaves in either case.

Males were not at first made slaves, because it was inconvenient—there was danger of uprisings; it caused discontent among the slave women, and for a man there was no market, while a woman could be sold. She was valuable; first, as a wife, and second, as a worker. There are animals where the lordly male holds a dozen or more females captive, but it was man who first set his females to work.

Darwin says there is no doubt that marriage was at first a matter of coercion and purely a property right. Certain ceremonies even now go with the transfer of real estate and most other property, and the marriage ceremonial was, in the beginning, a public notification of ownership and a warning to all parties to keep hands off. The husband had the power of life or death over the wife and her children. She, being a slave, did all the menial tasks—she was the worker. And the product of her labor belonged to her lord.

Thus we get the genesis of property; first, the man owned the woman, second, he owned all that she produced.

The man produced nothing—he was the protector. To be sure, he killed animals, but he did not deign to skin them nor prepare the flesh for food—women did all this. For him to work would have been a mark of disgrace—only slaves worked. And so to prove his prowess, his true greatness, he never did a thing but kill and consume.

He was looked up to and revered—that is to say, he was respectable. And he took good care never to put his respectability in jeopardy by doing a menial thing. If high enough in the scale, he had an armor-bearer who carried his implements of death. The Polynesian chiefs do not even lift the food to their mouths, and the women dress and undress them. This, of course, is the extreme type, but I mention it to show the tendency. The outcrop is occasionally seen yet in the nobleman who has a valet. And we all know of men who never do a useful thing for fear of losing caste. The survival may even be seen in England, where no gentleman will "clean" his own shoes—this work is done by women. On the continent, the care of public lavatories is all given to women. The woman is the scullion, the menial, the vehicle of what is dirty, uncouth, inconvenient or disgraceful.

The property right in marriage still exists, and the common law of America, which is founded on the common law of England, provides that the property produced by the industry of the wife belongs, by legal right, to

the husband. She may make blankets, bead-work, baskets, and her husband can take these things and do what he chooses with them.

In England, the law still gives the husband the right to "reprove" a refractory wife, the same right that he has over his children. Yesterday, he could kill her; and the right to "reprove" with a stick is yet conceded in London police courts, but provision is made limiting the thickness and length of the stick.

We have seen that at first women alone were enslaved, but later more workers were needed and then men were made slaves also. Often these were given charge of women slaves, and so the supervision of slaves by slaves or the ownership of slaves by slaves has to a certain degree still survived.

These things are not noted in way of criticism or reproach—simply to make clear the proposition that personal property began in the ownership of woman and in that which she produced.

When man first emerges from savagery, he evolves two classes to which are paid special honors and emoluments. These offices are those of the soldier and priest.

The first priestly offices are performed by the warrior himself, and consist of incantations, cajolings of the Great Spirit and prayers for victory.

Later, this warrior begins to set apart certain people to do certain things, and he delegates this office of dealing with the unseen to another. The priestly office always subsists on sufferance of the soldier, altho, in times of peace, it seemingly takes precedence of it, and this fiction the soldier helps carry out. Doubtless, in a degree, the soldier actually does become the creature of what he creates, just as men become enslaved by their business. But in emergency, when the stress comes, depend upon it, the weight of priestly temporal power is quickly dissipated, and soldiers bivouac in the temple of the "Most High."

The danger being past, the soldier comes back to the priest for absolution, assurance and consolation. Kings are always crowned by priests—it is the priest who applies the vaseline of authority. The priest is the mysterious agent of deity. The priest is made by the soldier, the soldier bends his knees only to the priest, and both devoutly believe in their divine right. In olden times the priests usually explained to the people that the king was really not a man—he was a half-god. His motherhood could be proved, so they did not trifle there with the fact, but his father was a god—this pedigree could not be disproved. The priest said it, the soldier-king himself thought it must be so, and he even cut off the heads of all who questioned

it. Therefore, the people grew to believe it as a matter of convenience, for we believe the thing that is profitable to believe. Emboldened with their success, the priests even declared that the chief-priest or their ruler was a half-god.

I have said that the priest was at first a servant, just as in Germany, in the time of Mozart, the musicians and artists ranked with cooks and scullions. The priestly office was a trifle higher, but even yet the priest is more or less of a slave. In England, he dresses like a butler and looks like one. Both wear a look of woeful desolation and penalty is attached for spontaneous or natural behavior. I know a butler who had his pay cut in two because he ventured a word of suggestion into a conversation between the hostess and a guest. The guest nearly fell off his chair in amazement to think a butler had opinions on anything, and the hostess flew into a rage. Later, the recalcitrant one smiled at a witticism of one of the guests and he was summarily dismissed from service and his name was placed on the black list. You can kick a good butler from behind and not a shade of emotion will pass over his face.

It is much the same with the priest—he is supposed to reveal pious passivity and nothing else. He is paid to do certain things—officiate at burials, weddings, christenings and to pray and preach. Any relaxation of dignity is quickly resented. When he enters, laughter ceases and children crawl under the bed. So true is this that, when an exception is noted, people call your attention to it by saying, "Our pastor plays cards and is a jolly good fellow." The exception proves the rule—the priest in his livery rebukes levity and spreads a pretense of solemn piety. Let him mix in politics or business and he is soon called back to his proper function by a reduction in both pay and honors.

The offices of soldier and priest at first absorb all honors and all emoluments—they divide every good thing between them. And the chief characteristic of each is that neither does any work of a useful kind. They are non-producers—and conspicuously so. They advertise themselves and the dignity of their office in two ways—by a conspicuous leisure and by a conspicuous consumption. Their entire abstention from industrial production reveals this conspicuous leisure, and the ownership of a vast number of things they do not need reveals conspicuous consumption.

Thus great soldiers and great priests have always lived in conspicuous palaces, and worn peculiar and costly raiment and trappings. Silks, robes, jewels, golden crowns, rings, bracelets, breast-plates, mitres and red hats, are all a part of this conspicuous consumption or conspicuous waste. And as if these things were not enough, for fear some one would overlook this waste, the great soldier or great priest always had banners and flags carried ahead of his presence, and also there were trumpeters and players upon tom-toms who beat their drums and blew their horns and rode ahead upon gaily caparisoned horses that carvorted to the soundings of the music. And then came the great man himself, upon a horse or a throne, in a carriage or carried in a palanquin.

These things all remain with us, more or less. A one-horse carriage might carry our

president, but this would mean social damnation and the laughter of the groundlings—four horses for a governor's carriage and six for the president's—this is the rule. To be sure, we are a little rusty in these things, so the horses occasionally run away when the band plays, or the trolley car runs into the president's carriage, and with an irony known only to inanimate things, kills the guard but pageantry survives and will survive. You drive it out of one door, and it performs a lightning change and straightway comes back in a new guise.—*The Philistine*

What to do Now.

If it were true that Anarchism "expresses the idea of (assumes?) the absence of all invasion, a condition that will in all probability never be realized," Anarchism would not be inductive. Induction, having drawn generalizations from all previous observation, proceeds to test them by experiment. The Anarchist, reasoning from the experience of the past, which is history, arrives at certain generalizations, which he can verify (or falsify, as may happen) by trying appropriate experiments, now.

When Madden put Helen Wilmans *incommunicado*, my acquaintance with history convinced me that he was liable for doing so to legal proceedings, perhaps not by Helen, whom he alleged to be a fraud (as I entirely believed she was), but by her correspondents; whose right to leave their letters, with the pecuniary or other enclosures, delivered to the person they chose to address, was in no way affected by the circumstance of that person's being a fraud, even if the fraudulency had been legally proved: which it was not. I reasoned, on the basis of all past historical experience, that denunciation of Madden's arbitrary proceedings in the Radical papers was little likely to have any effect on his conduct; but that personal intimations of actions to be brought against him and the postmasters under his orders for stopping letters containing money, were likely to have a good deal. About the beginning of September last, I therefore advised, thru the *Demonstrator*, that persons interested in thwarting the "fraud order" method of Spanish despotism, among whom all Anarchists ought to be included, should write to Mrs. Wilmans, to Mr. Post, and the other person, whose name I now forget, put *incommunicado* by Madden, enclosing money as they could afford it, for greater security, and, at the same time should notify Madden, and the postmasters at Seabreeze, and wherever else the letters were to be delivered, that unless those letters were delivered, they would have to explain why not in court. I was prepared for the objection that adopting legal proceedings is "inconsistent" with anarchistic principle; so I added this salve to tender consciences, that it would not be necessary to adopt legal proceedings—the threat of doing so in a contingency not expected to occur would be enough. Within two weeks, the *Demonstrator* made known that Helen Wilmans was again *communicado* (by the name of the Wilmans Publishing Co.). This manoeuvre of the Omnipotent Goodness at Washington by no means satisfied me, whomever else it may have pleased. I cared nothing

about Helen Wilmans. What I did care for was to block the "fraud order" method of Spanish despotism, and get us the credit of having done so. What I have just related is a matter of history, known probably to all American Anarchists. The following chapter of history has never been published till now:

At the meeting of Congress I wrote to a gentleman in Washington, then regarded as the leader of the Opposition, telling him all about the Wilman's case. He did not reply, but before you could say Jack Robinson, Helen was *incommunicado* again. Then the action against her for using the mails fraudulently was pressed to a judgment, which we had all come to think would never be done. After that, the administration papers announced that the manoeuvre of putting her *communicado*, under the name of the Wilman's Publishing Co., was not Madden's fault, but was a corrupt deal by two of his underlings, then under the harrow for other postal misdemeanor. (I believe they have been whitewashed.) Now, observe the situation. Helen Wilmans has lately been found guilty of using the mails to defraud. But she has taken an appeal. She has been released on bail. She is not convicted till the result of the appeal is known. Her case is still *sub judice*. Meanwhile she is again *incommunicado*, contrary to law. I renew, most earnestly, my advice to all who feel interested in thwarting the "fraud order" method of Spanish despotism, to write to Helen Wilmans, by her name (not the Wilmans' Publishing Co.), at Seabreeze, Fla., and to the other persons placed *incommunicados* by Madden, enclosing money, as may be practicable; and at the same time to notify Madden, and the postmasters at Seabreeze, etc., that if those letters are not delivered to the addresses, each will have to explain, why not, in court. The old salve to consciences tender about "consistency" remains fresh. But for my own part, I am free to confess that I care very little whether the course I recommend be consistent with "the Spencerian formula" or not. It is consistent with being of some practical account. The prospects of producing the desired effect are far better now than last September. A presidential election is coming on. An exposure of the "fraud order" methods of Spanish despotism in the courts, would scare Mr. Roosevelt worse than having to shake hands with the Harvard boys! In case of Helen Wilmans being convicted, too soon for action, go and do likewise for the next *incommunicado*.

The Supreme Court has decided that the anti-Anarchist emigration law can be constitutionally enforced. Most likely no attempt will ever be made to enforce it again, after the Turner scandal and *fiasco*. But there certainly will not if it is openly set at naught immediately. Remember it imposes heavy penalties on Americans who invite an Anarchist to visit the country. No time should be lost in writing Count Tolstoy, Prince Kropotkin, Henrik Ibsen, Elsie Reclus, John Turner, and all the other prominent foreign Anarchists we can think of, with all possible publicity. Experience teaches that, with a presidential campaign coming on, a Roosevelt running, and the John Turner case fresh in memory, there can be no danger in issuing such invitations. But there is danger that, unless practical methods of resistance to encroachments on personal liberty continue to

be used by Anarchists, Anarchism, technically condemned, and by connivance tolerated, may sink in public estimation to a harmless crankism, full of "Spencerian formulæ"—the Quakerism of the twentieth century. Against that danger, let us guard.

The case of *Lucifer* is another demanding immediate attention from Anarchists "with a purpose." No. 1,000 of *Lucifer*, Dec. 17, 1903, was never delivered to the subscribers who had paid for it, and whose property it is. By the *Truth Seeker* of April 2, 1904, and by *Lucifer* 1,014, May 26, 1904; it appears that Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer was chosen by the Free Speech League to act for them at Washington, and that after blowing up Acting Postmaster General Wynne (without dynamite), he got out of this official the information that the whole issue had been sent from Chicago to the dead-letter office and destroyed. This last statement, appears to be a lie; for "General" Wynne, while declining to specify the mode of destruction, admitted, under pressure, that it was not burnt; which it surely would have been if it really were destroyed. "General Wynne," says Dr. Pfeiffer, "kept on telling me that we could bring the matter into court! . . . Had I the money at my command, I would hold the Post-office Department responsible for its outrageous act, by bringing suit." Now observe the superiority of anarchistic methods! No money, except for a few stamps, and no actual suits, are needed. That edition of *Lucifer* still exists. Is it unlawfully detained at Washington, on the authorities in which city, and not on the Chicago Postmaster Coyne, tho he can be made to smart for his share in the crime, responsibility is now definitely fixed. That edition of *Lucifer* does not belong to the editor any more. It is the personal property of you and me, and all the other subscribers to *Lucifer*. There is not the slightest doubt that confiscation of this, our property, would be a highway robbery, which the inquisition has not dared to commit, but only lyingly says it has committed because it thinks we shall shrink from the expense of bringing the matter into court! In that it can be fooled.

Remember, a presidential campaign is opening; Terrified Ted is running, with high hopes, but already shaky prospects, and now is our time to show him and others how we Anarchists can protect our rights, without voting and without going to law. The crime is without a precedent, and, of course, it is without a statutory excuse; for, tho there is a statute which says "obscene" publications are unmailable, there is none which authorizes Wynne, Coyne, or any one else to pronounce any publication "obscene" till it has been presented as such, and so adjudged in court. Any particular issue of a periodical is mailable, till its containing unmailable matter is proved; even if previous issues of the same periodical were not. It is more of our business or Harman's business to prove the paper mailable. It must be proved unmailable before it can be stopped. Already one subscriber to *Lucifer*, Tom Swinburn, Charleston, W. Va., has made a demand on the postmaster general for the paper, which belongs, not only to Harman, but to him (May 18th). Harman has also taken legal counsel in the matter, and ascertained that the orthodox mode of procedure is by mandamus proceedings for the recovery of property rights,

which, however, as pointed out above, are not any longer vested in him, but in the individual subscribers. Now, let every subscriber to *Lucifer* do what Mr. Swinton has done, not forgetting to register the letters to the postmaster general, that proof may be on hand if he neglects them, and accompany the demand with a civil, but decided announcement of intention to take legal proceedings. There need be no doubt about the result, for he will know well enough that out of hundreds who propose that, some will do as they say they will. Coyne should be assailed by every subscriber, in the same manner, thru the same post. He had no right to send the papers addressed elsewhere to Washington.

C. L. JAMES.

P.S.—Remember that whether we act or not, others will. In this very day's paper appears a new devise of the inquisition—to suppress newspapers containing "objectionable" patent medicine advertisements, on the nature of which some sort of a newspaper syndicate is to be consulted. Ready inference—the syndicate is to be assisted by the inquisition in securing a monopoly.

Echoes.

Bismarck was reported as having exclaimed, upon learning of the division of the revolutionists into two factions: "Whenever the Blacks and the Reds unite, the rulers of the world may tremble." While a unification of all revolutionary elements is not yet an immediate probability, owing to the dense ignorance still prevalent among the majority of the working people, it is gratifying to see the practicalization of the principle of solidarity by the most radical wing at least—by the Anarchists.

Let us all be "Anarchists" without an adjective.—S. D.

* * *

Even in the darkest epochs of the ages, as recorded in history, we find comforting rays of hope. In centuries which were seemingly completely submerged in barbarism, disillusioned men have arisen who could not be silenced either by the howl of the rabble or the cruelty of tyrants. Slowly and steadily has their number grown, and at the same time their ideas have become broader and bolder. They have dethroned the gods in heaven and will likewise dethrone the idols on earth. Their heavy blows have demolished one idol after another, which man had erected in his folly. Already they are at work breaking down the belief in authority. With it the last mental fetters fall. A world which refuses to bow before the authority that has been canonized in the course of time and by reverence, declares itself of age. People of to-day advance much faster than those of past ages, and we hope that they will overcome the belief in mundane gods much quicker than they conquered the belief in a father in heaven.—Drescher

* * *

It is always religion, and always morality, and always patriotism by which the scoundrels extenuate their encroachments. They encroach upon us not from narrow selfishness, not from vileness, not from inherent servility; but, as they assure us, to please God, to uphold morality, and to save the country. God, morality and the country are the means

availed of to dishearten awakening mankind. Obey those in power is God's command. Morality demands that the workers be sober and industrious and submit to being skinned. "The poor ye have always with you,"—"Salt and bread make red cheeks," and other such beautiful teachings are dished out to the toilers. The country demands sacrifices—for its honor the poorest subject must be willing to shed his blood.

God, morality and "our" country are the three big scarecrows which keep miserable humanity away from the blossoming meadows of life, in order that a few feasting idlers may plunder these meadows undisturbed. With pious grimaces they vindicate every infamy perpetrated upon the striving toilers in the name of God, morality and patriotism.—Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung.

* * *

A BITTER CRY FROM JAPAN.—Comrade Torao Nankano, writing from Kumamoto, Japan, gives a heart-rending account of the condition of the Japanese peasant. We print as nearly as possible his own words, more touching in their ingenuousness than any "good English."

"In the long course of time land in Japan is gathering into the hands of the few, and these landlords have no tears and sympathies towards the peasants.

"Peasants have a very little portion of land in the country. They marry, have children, but cannot get the livings of their family.

"Satan calls them to go to the city, telling that it is there very easy to live.

"They are ignorant, and go to some city where in reality the struggle is hard.

"In the country fowls and vegetables he could get without price, but in the city all things must be changed with money.

"Here again appears a capitalist in place of the landlord.

"Workmen are many, wages are low; living becomes more hard in cities than in villages.

"What must they do?

"They say it is the highest point of shame to part with the land where their fathers have built the house and kept it till the last gasp. But what is to be done? They must sell it and a small portion of land and mountain to keep them alive.

"The struggle becomes harder and harder, wages lower and lower.

"Tears in eyes! Pale their yellow faces! They leave behind the city, and back again into the country! What do they find then? Hills stand laughing, waters flow singing. But none for them!

"Relatives and old friends pass with a side-long glance.

"Standing they must starve. Crying they must die.

"They must pay national duty even in this deserted condition.

"Woe to the present century!

"I am poor and uneducated, and my pen does not go as my inner self commands. But please understand me."—Freedom.

It is not the disease, but the physician; it is the pernicious hand of government alone which can reduce a whole people to despair.—Junius.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

ATTENTION.

All delinquent subscribers are earnestly requested to renew their subscriptions if they wish to receive the paper.

* * *

The Third Annual Afternoon and Evening Picnic and Games of the Radical Reading Room take place Saturday, June 4, at Liberty Park, Cooper Ave., Glendale, L. I. Music by an Union orchestra. Come and enjoy yourself. Admission, 15 cents.

From Brooklyn Bridge take Myrtle or Gates Ave cars; Broadway Ferry, Bushwick Ave. Cars; Houston St. Ferry, South 4th St. cars; 10th St. Ferry, Union Ave. cars. Transfer at Ridgewood or Cypress Ave. and get off at Cooper Ave.

* * *

The family picnic of the *Freiheit* Singing Society takes place Sunday, June 12, at Fountain Hotel, 920 Nepperhan avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., near "Indian Springs." All who like to have a jolly time and a pleasant outing can get there by taking the Third Avenue Elevated and transfer to Yonker's surface cars.

By the Wayside.

The liberal press of this country feels rather ashamed over the decisions of the Supreme Court against John Turner, who, it was claimed, would not be deported on account of his belief in freedom. But the American czars—the judges of the Supreme Court—have spoken, and the "free and the brave" have hardly the hardihood to say in a whisper: "Yes, the anti-Anarchist act is legal, but the fact remains that the law is intolerant and wrong." When will these gentlemen learn that all laws in themselves are "intolerant and wrong"?

* * *

"We Anarchists are preaching freedom in sex relationships," said Comrade Addis some years ago, "and others are practising it." And this seems to hold good in regard to all other phases of life. While the Anarchists and Socialists are advocating co-operation, people outside of our ranks are beginning to realize the ideal. In Canada 8,000 farmers own and operate a binding twine factory, which they started twelve years ago. They sold twine lower than any other company, yet they divided

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34 per cent. profits among themselves. These farmers are about to start a factory to manufacture their own farming machinery, and will thus keep that much of the "fruits of their labor" in their own households.

* * *

The editor, of the *New York Times* wonders why the "chief offenders in the Government service" ("offender" is the new term for thief among high officials) were acquitted by the Washington jury. If this scribe is not an African Zulu he has not yet resuscitated his five senses from the strenuousness of college life, or else he would be aware of the fact that the net of "justice" is not made to catch the sharks and reptiles. Here and there these species may get entangled in its meshes, but as the fishermen are overflowing with pity and magnanimity toward them, they are soon released on account of ill-health and feebleness. Louis Oliver, of Mason, Mich., recently "offended" a butcher by carrying off \$3 and two old hats, and he was given a life sentence in Marquette prison. But government officials steal millions, and they are set free and respected. Such is "law and order."

* * *

Whether Hearst be nominated or elected for the presidency or not concerns us not. Parties may alternately shift things here and there, but they do not alter them. But while Hearst is aspiring for a residency in the White House he finds it expedient to flirt with the workers in particular and "the dear people" in general, and truths are uttered in his papers which formerly could only be found in Anarchist and Socialist literature. Of course, the editorials are alternately confused and clear, but many people will learn to sift the grain from the chaff, act accordingly, and then Mr. Hearst and his clique will be the first to wince and whine:

"You have conjured up the forces of darkness;
You cannot banish them to their abodes!"

We still remember that Hearst's papers were the first to shed crocodile-tears during the "Buffalo" tragedy," after they had made McKinley and his satellites a laughing-stock by cartoon and pen.

* * *

Prof. Starr, of the University of Chicago, has alarmed press and pulpit alike. He declares that the so-called civilized races are on the decline, and are doomed if they perpetuate their insane mode of living. "England is on its last legs," he says. "Statistics show that one child of every hundred of English birth becomes a lunatic. The country is exhausted and its strength is on the wane. The same thing is true all over Europe." The scribes sneer at Prof. Starr and affect to laugh, but have no facts to offer to the contrary. But, forsooth, races and nations have vanished before; and a race whose existence is based upon slavery, which compels a great majority of its individuals to drudge and toil, while the minority lives in idleness, is a diseased race, and its doom is only a matter of time, unless it be that a thundertorm occasionally purify the foul atmosphere. A race which suffers from inability to supply its needs, and then lets its members starve on account of "overproduction," as we are told by ancient economists, is in a stage of insanity, and its downfall can

easily be predicted unless the inmates of the asylums are struck with a ray of light and destroy the infirmary.

* * *

The strike of the Hungarian railroad employees has failed, as strikes against governments almost invariably do. Even in democratic, unmilitary Victoria, where the labor party is a power in politics, the State was strong enough to run over the strikers on its railroads. In Hungary the government had a weapon that was not available in Australia. Many of the strikers were liable to service in the army reserves, and they were simply ordered to join their regiments. A few more such incidents will teach public employees everywhere that their only effective way of enforcing demands is thru the ballot-box. —*New York World*.

Here is food for thought for the government ownership advocates. Like the postal employees of this country, the workers in government institutions in Europe dare not go out on strike without running the risk of being prosecuted for insubordination and treason. And "a few more such incidents will teach" the toilers "everywhere that their only effective way of enforcing demands is" by refusing to work for exploiters and idlers. This cannot be accomplished thru the ballot-box, as the editor suggests. The strikers in "democratic" Victoria were defeated by the very government the laborers had placed in power.

* * *

According to newspaper reports, 75,000 workers have recently been thrown out of work, left to fate and destiny. The dailies have not found it necessary to comment upon the result of these wholesale discharges; the loss of wages and the subsequent misery such arbitrary measures will ensue. Why should they bother themselves about the fate of the workers when the corporations found it expedient to make some savings. But so soon as the freight handlers of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company go on strike for better wages, the dailies figured out the loss in dollars and cents the strike was causing to the workmen and the "business world." So far the prospects of the strikers are not encouraging, owing to the fact that some of the labor leaders seemed to be more anxious to "preserve business interests" than to gain a victory for the strikers. I am not in a position to criticize the actions of the labor leaders, but the fact that the dailies are beginning to praise the unions for "refraining from the outrage and fatal folly of the sympathetic strike" indicates that the leaders have made a mistake in not calling out a general strike in order to tie up the freight business.

* * *

In the course of a paper on "The Immortality of the Soul," which appears in *The North American Review* (May), Prof. Goldwin Smith comes to the conclusion that "no small part of educated mankind has renounced, or is gradually renouncing, the hope of a future life, and acting on the belief that death ends all." There is nothing new in the "discovery" of this learned professor. Free-thinkers, Socialists and Anarchists, and, above all, men of science have observed this tendency for several decades. Neither does he evolve a new theory when he observes that "a complete surrender of the belief in a future life" will quicken material progress, because "what-

ever conduces to the enjoyment and prolongation of this life will probably be sought more energetically than before." Nor is it a revelation when he realizes that oppressed and exploited humanity will no longer endure existing inequalities, and that it is not likely that men will be quite so ready as they are now to throw away their lives in war." All this has been pointed out in the Radical press for many years. But when he predicts the probability that, if "scientific skepticism succeeds in demolishing the hope of a future life," all aspirations and ideals will become extinct, he is original and vulgar at the same time. Says he:

A general contraction of views to the man's own life must apparently be the consequence of the conviction that this life is all. A man of sense will probably be inclined to let reforms alone, and to consider how he may best go through the brief journey of life with comfort, if possible with enjoyment to himself and in pleasant intercourse with his fellow men. High social or political aspirations, or high aspirations of any kind, will hardly survive the disillusion.

One can hardly conceive how such effusions can emanate from the brain of a learned man, basing all human activity on the theory that utility—mere material interest—is the end of man's aspirations and the basis of his morality. Has the professor ever heard of a Voltaire, a Goethe, a Schiller, a Heine, a Marx, a Jacoby, a Spencer, a Kropotkin, a Tolstoy, a Gorki, or a Gershuni, to mention only a few, all of whom were, and are, not actuated by the alluring hope of a future life, and yet were overflowing with the highest of aspirations? Have not some of these men sacrificed comforts and material interests for the sake of their ideal? Visit the graves on the Siberian plains, professor, and you will find there buried young men and women, the flower of Russian youth, who had no belief in a future life, yet they were killed inch by inch for their aspirations and ideals. Thousands of them are still languishing in prisons and Siberian mines, enduring torture and degradation rather than renounce their faith in a better and higher life here on earth. Blush, professor!

But Prof. Smith is correct in his statement that "it can hardly be doubted that hope of compensation in a future state, for a short measure of happiness here, tho it may have been somewhat dim, has materially helped to reconcile the less favored members of the community to the inequalities of the existing order of things." The superstition of a compensation in the hereafter is essential to a society which is based on tyranny and exploitation, and that is the reason why theological institutions are so lavishly endowed with the millions stolen from labor. The seriousness of the labor problem, and all other social questions, grows with the vanishing of the hope in a future life. The powers that be realize the danger, and hence the flirtations with the Catholic Church in this country and in some parts of Europe. "It would not be surprising if in this dissolution of the ancient faith and failure of familiar supports," says Prof. Smith, "there was to be a partial reaction in favor of churches, which, like the Roman Catholic or the Eastern Church, can pretend to offer the assurance of authority and to still the disquieting voice of reason, while they lap the disturbed soul in the soothing element of religious esthetics. A tendency

of this kind is already seen in ritualism, which bids the doubting take refuge in the sacerdotalism and sacramentalism of the Middle Ages." Comrade Kropotkin called attention to this tendency in an article entitled "The Black Invasion," several years ago, pointing out the revival of priesthood, but, as Prof. Goldwin Smith admits, "such a back-stream of opinion and sentiment would, of course, not be lasting." INTERLOPER.

Splinters.

It would be interesting to hear from those Anarchists who took part in the effort to get the Supreme Court to annul the anti-Anarchist clause of the immigration law, of what value the decision would have been to them had they been completely successful.

* * *

America is blessed with a versatile and enterprising post office department. The officials of the department carry a great load of responsibility on their consciences, for they not only have to run the post office business of the country, but also incidentally look after our morals, protect us from the vulgarizing effects of obscene literature, patronizingly save us from the vice of gambling in lottery tickets, see that the wary swindler does not use the mails to defraud us of our hard-earned dollars, and also take care that all contracts for subscriptions are made according to rules kindly furnished by the genial fourth assistant postmaster general. Having these and many other duties to attend to, it is no wonder the post office officials occasionally overlook a petty grafter or bribe-giver. However, the over-burdened department announces that it is about to assume one more duty. It now proposes to see that no more innocents abroad fall victims to patent medicine quacks who use the daily newspapers to insert their advertisements. But with this announcement comes an outline of the method that is proposed to accomplish this end, and the modesty of the plan makes one wonder what has happened. For it is stated that post office inspectors will investigate objectionable advertisements of this kind appearing in any newspaper, and then notify the American Newspaper Publishers' Association (if the paper is a member of that body) that such and such advertisements are unfit to pass thru the mails. Non-members of that association will be "communicated" with direct. Now, what has happened that the post office officials have come down to such milk and water methods, after their arrogant attitude toward the weekly papers and merely common citizens? From shutting off a person's mail without notice or trial, or peremptorily suppressing the publication of a paper by excluding it from the second-class mail, to such a plan as this, is quite a fall. Perhaps some apologist for Madden could explain such a puzzling phenomenon. ABE ISAAK JR.

Lady Visitor—"And was your husband good and kind to you during your illness?"

Parishioner—"Oh, yes, miss, 'e just was kind; 'e was more like a friend than a 'usband."

From Far and Near.

Recently the federal officials in Texas were informed that on many plantations near Shreveport and Monroe, La., negroes were kept in servitude. In many cases these unfortunates attempted to escape, but were hunted down by bloodhounds and killed. The federal officers of Louisiana had allied themselves with the plantation owners, and thus the negroes appealed to the federal officers in Texas. District-Attorney Mr. Damiles commenced to investigate, and found that hundreds of negroes were retained on the farms by force, being treated worse than the chattel-slaves.

Louise Michel received several hundred francs from the French comrades, who had collected the money during her illness. But she refused the gift, stating that the money be donated to the Radical press. What contrasts! On one hand an old, sickly woman, having lived a life of suffering, sacrifices and struggles, refusing a well-deserved gift, of which she is certainly in need, in favor of the revolutionary cause; on the other hand, thousands of readers of revolutionary papers—in all countries—who always are in arrears with their payments, thereby constantly hampering the literary propaganda! Were the Anarchists of the quality of a Louise Michel—verily, we would be a great deal nearer the end of this cowardly and rascally society. Off with your hats to Louise Michel.—*Freiheit*.

COLORADO—Last week eighty coal miners of Berwind, Colo., who have been forced to strike for higher wages, were dragged out of their homes by the soldiers and driven on foot to Trinidad, twenty miles away.

Although the weather was scorching hot, they were given no rest, no food—nothing but a drink of water. The soldiers were on horse-back and goaded them on over the rocky road as though they were a herd of wild animals.

One of the miners tells the following story of this act of military lawlessness:

"Most of us were in our homes—in the house we had bought and paid for. At 10 o'clock in the morning a troop of cavalry soldiers herded us together like cattle and started us over the mountains on foot to Trinidad.

"If a man asked for a moment's rest, a soldier would club him with a gun and swear at him. Then they would run their horses into us, to make us walk faster. It was like a picture I saw once of Russian soldiers running over the prisoners in Siberia.

"One old man, sixty years of age, got so weak from the heat and from the hunger that he dropped on the road. Two soldiers struck him on the head, but he was too weak to get up, and I suppose he is dead by this time. There was no house near by, and he was left behind as tho he were a dying dog.

"The soldiers gave us nothing to eat. For fifteen miles we walked in the burning sun without a drop of water. Then they marched us to a horse trough and let us drink.

"By the time we got to Trinidad, a long twenty miles of mountain road, we were staggering like drunken men. They made us register our names in a book at the military headquarters and then turned us loose. Three of the fellows refused to write their names, and they were arrested and sent to jail. They are in the jail yet.

"Most of us owned property in Berwind. Some of us have been citizens of Colorado for years, and there is not an accusation against us, except that we are on strike for better wages. We are not rioters or beggars. We are honest, hard-working miners, asking for nothing but fair play."

FRANCE.—Editor E. Armand, of the Paris *L'Era Nouvelle* (*The New Era*), a paper devoted to the communistic idea, criticises a

new book written by Paul Ghio entitled "L'Anarchisme aux Etats-Unis" (Anarchism in the United States), by refuting the author's belief that the future of America will be an anarchistic society such as Benj. Tucker's conceptions of Anarchism represents. "In fact," says Armand, "the book belies its title, for not a word is mentioned therein about the very important Anarchist-Communist weekly, FREE SOCIETY, which has always denounced such violent tactics as advocated by the Italian Anarchists of the Bresci type, or the propaganda of the deed. Neither is mention made in Ghio's book of E. Crosby's *The Whim*, a periodical devoted to the ideas of Thoreau and of Tolstoy—a paper advertised in Benj. Tucker's *Liberty*. Even Tucker calls Ghio's book imaginative in more than one particular. *L'Era Nouvelle* announces also that it will shortly translate, at least in part, from the articles on sex freedom, notably from the article "Progress and Love," which appeared recently in FREE SOCIETY, and comment on that interesting subject. In its last issue it prints a translation of Professor George D. Herron's lengthy article "The Kingdom of Heaven."

F. C.

[Comrade Armand's defense of FREE SOCIETY is misleading and erroneous. I have never found occasion to denounce "such violent tactics as advocated by the Italian Anarchists." In fact, I have never seen or heard them "advocating violent tactics." Bresci's deed was the result of the atrocities perpetrated by the Italian Government upon its starving people, atrocities such as the massacre of women and children who were crying for bread on the streets. FREE SOCIETY does not sit in judgment over those who feel impelled to revenge such diabolical cruelties of tyranny. Neither would I denounce the wholesale assassinations committed by governments if they did not pretend to be the angels of peace and the protectors of the weak. FREE SOCIETY's mission is to explain such phenomena, to point out their causes, and to suggest remedies. True, I do not believe that violence in itself is a remedy. But to assert that the pending social revolution will be effected peacefully would be presumptuous and silly. For years the workers of this country have been shot down and imprisoned for no other crime than that they demanded better conditions. There is a "revolution" in Colorado right now, provoked by the authorities simply because the miners insisted that the law of the eight-hour day be enforced. In short, violence is always provoked by the encroachments of those who live on the backs of the patient toilers.

A. I.]

RUSSIA.—Never was the bankruptcy of autocracy and bureaucracy, of Russian czarism, so manifest as during the internal crisis thru which Russia is now passing. The Russian nation is reaping the fruits of the senseless and atrocious rule of priesthood and police oppression existing during the last twenty years of the reign of Alexander III., of Pobiedonostieff, Von Plehoe and consorts. Now on the battlefield it is clearly demonstrated what such a régime, with its suppression of all individual initiative, and of the spirit of daring, means for a great country, ruined economically and kept in ignorance by the governing classes. Not a single general, not a naval officer, has shown himself a man of initiative or audacity. Brave and courageous though most of them may be, hierarchy and bureaucracy presuming to guide their action from a distance of hundreds and thousands of miles, has rendered their heroism and self-sacrifice but a useless decoration.

Continued despotism and persecution, the same reign of police and clerical domination in social life, in schools and universities, lowers the character of the present generation. Even among revolutionists we find no longer that spirit of daring which animated the generation of 1860-80, which had in its ranks fighters like Perovskaya, Zhelaboff, Stepniak, Lopatin; and many others. When now isolated courageous young people, indignant at the general enslavement and despotism, rise as avengers of national dishonor, the majority of the so-called revolutionists, the Social Democrats, are the first to repudiate a Karpovitch, Balmashoff and their friends.

This state of things would be heartrending were it not for the general discontent and unrest manifest among the workers and peasants. Everybody in Russia knows how during the last six years the working class movement and the spirit of revolt have been spreading all over the country. The news of peasant revolts and insubordination comes from Central Russia, as well as from South and East Russia. The peasants of the Dnieper, in their thousands, attacked the landowners and authorities; those of the Volga, of the Saratoff province, are in such a state of ferment that the Government found it necessary to suppress the local agricultural exhibition for fear of a peasant rising. It is not astonishing, therefore, that all Russia under the so-called exceptional police measures is in reality in a state of siege. Every meeting of friends in private houses, every gathering in the streets, is suppressed by the police. Hundreds and thousands of workers and students are arrested, ill-treated and banished. Nevertheless, the spirit of revolt begins to penetrate the mass of the people. Demonstrations and strikes are increasing; in the streets of the capital and large towns, as well as in remote provinces, more and more is the cry heard "Down with despotism, long live the Social Revolution!"

The simultaneous general strike in Baku, Batoum, Odessa, Kieff and Nikolajeff, which last August spread in a surprisingly short time, is a good omen, and we shall not be too sanguine if we predict that, indignant at the losses and humiliation of the present war, the Russian people will make a great and strenuous effort to shake off the present political régime which dishonors the country and paralyzes the national development and welfare.—*Freedom*, London.

There is no Early or Late.

There is no early or late. There is only now. There is only faith. Do not tell me that faith is all right for the day after to-morrow but is of no use to-day. Do not tell me that truth is truth but that truth is not practical. Do not tell me that you are waiting for a right time yet to come. That you know. But that you will not act. Knowledge, you say, is for the present. Action is for the future. Do not come to me confessing moral bankruptcy. I do not ask you to commit yourself before your time. But as soon as you have freely seen you must commence to freely do. Your time for doing is now. Your way of doing is to do. You are on trial with yourself the instant you are born into the faith. It is poor business for you to insist upon being told the exact moment in which to act. To schedule yourself. To trick your soul by postponements. You contend that the world is not ready. To faith the world is always ready. It is not your place to wait until the world is ready. It is your place to help make it ready. Faith is best faith in the contemporary now. Faith has no anxieties. It carries no watch. It never concerns itself about the hours of the day. To

faith all hours are one hour. The hour to speak words. The hour to do deeds.

There is no early or late. While you are arguing with yourself much is lost. While you are asking yourself whether your faith asserted to-day would help your father's business. While you are asking yourself whether your faith asserted in society may not hurt its broadcloth. While you are asking yourself whether the time may not come when faith may be faith without threatening industrial value. While you look back. And round you. And ahead. Time is lost. And time is faith. When faith takes out its watch you know that it has lost its nerve. When faith consults the time table you know that it is getting ready for retreat. Faith puts off no voyage. Hurries no voyage. Does not miss its cues. Always knows where to go because never going anywhere. Anywhere in territory or time. Just staying about where it happens to be singing its song. Just staying about making the most it can of the immediate call. Do you think faith puts its ear to the ground listening for something far off? Faith does not need the far off. Does not fear the beyond. It needs to-day's job. It will meet every to-morrow in the same spirit. Every to-morrow that becomes to-day finds itself the chosen day of faith. Do you think faith goes inquiring among its friends for good will and counsel? Do you think that faith is faith because of something that someone else will do for it or ceases to be faith because its friends advise delay? Faith is never delay. Delay we call by another name. Cowardice, who knows. Or treachery, who knows. Faith is not something dead in the mind. It is something alive in life.

So many of you have come to me with the same question. You agree with me. Communism is so beautiful. It ultimates industry and property. It is the final fruitful bow of promise. But. And that but you build very high and very broad. You take it and you keep it ahead of you so that it fills the road. You cannot pass. You cannot climb over. And then you sit down in the dust despondently and declare that the irrelevant world is not prepared for you. But what have you got to do with the preparation of the world? I do not ask the world to be prepared. I ask you to be prepared. And you are not prepared when you talk to me words. You are only prepared when you live to me life. When you are prepared it is time for you to start on the journey. Until you do start I am not sure that you are prepared. Indeed, I know that you are not prepared. When the world is prepared it will start. It will not excuse you to wait slave-like upon the summons of the world. The world will never summon you. You must summon yourself. You must summon yourself in tones that you cannot refuse. There you are, tens of thousands of you everywhere, confirming yourselves in the disease of delay. You know where you should go. But you are afraid to start. You hug your professorships. You hold yourselves down tight in editorial chairs. You tie yourselves in double knots to trade. You are lawyers and anchor in the law. Doctors and moor in medicine. Painters of pictures and wrap yourselves in canvass. You write poems and are lost in treasonable words. Whatever you are that you swear you must continue to be. In

spite of your faith continue to be. You know things must change. That we are verging towards the windup of the competitive regime. But you are continually consulting your clocks and setting their hands back. Like a pettifogger going into court and sophisticating for delay. For delay. Yet delay is death. No faith can long survive its self-imposed delay.

The time will come, you say. The present hour is a little too soon, you say. But to men in your mood the too soon take up the whole of life. You think there is something in the way. There is nothing in the way that you have not put in the way yourselves. You are in the way. You alone. Nothing else. And if you had grit you would hurl yourselves out of the way in short order. You complain that I ask you to be heroes. I do not. I ask you to be yourselves. You will never be yourselves in this humbug peace. You will only be yourselves in the genuine contests of justice. Delay stagnates. Movement purifies. You will not be yourselves well professed or well officed or well anything that persuades you to put off your departure. You will only be yourselves when once you get your packs on your backs and say good-bye to the past. You would not think beautifully of yourselves if the sheriff had occasion to hang you in the course of his business. But you hang yourselves every day for worse offenses than it ever falls to the lot of a sheriff to punish. Yet you hold your heads up in a superior way as if nothing had happened. Let me tell you that something direful has happened. Something shadowed by the torch of the last tragedy. You have murdered yourselves. You suffer that worst fate of all fates. To be dead while living. Sentenced to betray life. You have survived your own deaths.

There is no early or late. Your eyes are open. You see. But you are silent. Will you speak the word? Or will you bury that unspoken word in your heart and put a grave-stone over it? Are you to be equal to yourself? Or are you to confess that you are smaller than yourself? You saw. Then you listened for voices. You should have been deaf. But you listened for voices. Any man who listens may hear. So you heard. You should have listened for nothing. Then you would have heard one voice. One superb saving voice. Your own voice. But you listened for voices. And voices crowded your ears. The church had a voice. And its voice said: Wait. And the State had a voice. And the bank had a voice. And all the professions had voices. And all the stolen increments and legislated privileges had voices. And all the voices said: Wait. These eminent voices of retrogression. And obscure voices, nameless, numberless, hissing and groaning. All were voices. And the voices all said: Wait. There was one little voice in all this boisterous medley that said: Go on. But you did not hear it. And so the waits had their victory. And now you are dead and buried in your own body. And there is a stone over your grave. And there is only one word on the stone. Wait. That word is all that is left to immortalize you. That word is all that is left to tell the story of your battle not too strenuously fought and of your defeat too easily welcomed.

Do you see through your delays, dear brother?

Do you see that only one thing counts? Faith counts. Nothing else counts. And to faith there is no early or late.—HORACE TROUBEL in *The Worker*.

Anarchism and Social Democracy.

Some recent vulgar and peevish attacks in *Justice* and the *Social Democrat* against the Anarchists revives once again the question of the differences between the two movements. Passing over the abuse and personalities indulged in by the amiable people who do so much to make the S. D. F. loved and respected, we would point out to the honest members of the Federation that the fundamental principles of Anarchist Communism are at least worth as much consideration as the political programmes of so-called Socialist organizations. But the difficulty is to gain for Anarchism a free and fair hearing. In Conservative England it is so easy to cry down a movement that not only attacks the capitalist system, but the State itself, the back-bone, so to speak, of that system. It is so easy to rouse the ire of the "compact majority" against those who would destroy the soul-killing fetters of all religious superstitions, who deny authority in all its forms, and who wish to imbue the peoples of all nations with the pure spirit of international solidarity. Well, Anarchism has been cried down and unscrupulously attacked, not only by the *Daily Mail* and similar organs that live on such work, but by *Justice*, which pretends to know something of advanced movements, and professes a desire for a realization of Socialism. As a result, younger members of the Social Democratic movement, who have no opportunity of obtaining Anarchist literature, have a total misconception of what Anarchism truly means. The academic discussion of the rights and wrongs of minorities, however important, need not be dwelt on to make the average man understand that a State-controlled Socialist society would be as repugnant to self-respecting human beings as the present system, or possibly even more so. See how the State treats it employs in Australia and Hungary, and even here in England in its arsenals and dockyards. Under State Socialism they might be better fed, better housed, better clothed. But would it give the liberty which Anarchism claims for all, and without which life not only becomes intolerable but loses its real significance? Never. The army of officials would be indefinitely increased and each would justify his necessity by sophisms, as they do today, from Balfour to the hangman. But we are told by people who have simmered their Socialism down to vanishing point in their craving after Parliamentary honors that the Anarchists who preach revolution are becoming a "bourgeois party." Such nonsense is too absurd even for *Justice*. The social revolution from the Anarchist point of view means not only the substitution of Communism for wage-slavery, but also free association and free organization in place of State-slavery. Social Democracy, however, no longer talks of the social revolution, and even its "stepping stones" get small by degrees and beautifully less. But it talks a good deal of political programs, the objects of which would sound tame on the tongue of a good Radical; and in the ranks of its own party the cry of Socialism is lost amidst the din and the

clamour of political warfare, with its pitiful personalities and mutual recriminations; whilst the ambitious self-seekers who hope some day to rule us are showing us the capers they are likely to cut when wrapped in a little brief authority. For the Anarchists there is no compromise with these people, who are doing their best to kill Socialism.

Millerand and Jaurès have shown us what to expect from the political Socialists, and we hope the lesson has not been lost on the English workers.

We suppose that even the best friends of Hardie and Hyndman would feel regret at their ordering out the troops against strikers, or threatening the right of free speech in Hyde Park. But that such things can happen the two French Social-Democrats have proved for us. You can hardly get a closer affinity to bourgeois politics than this. Can *Justice* point to any Anarchist in the French ministry? As usual, this unhappy journal has got mixed over cause and effect.—*Freedom*.

Unsolved Problems.

Every indication seems to point to the fact that the ultimate truths, which hitherto have been regarded as incapable of solution, in reality are about to be solved. This is true in the moral as well as the scientific sphere. For centuries man has, so to say, only half lived. A thousand prejudices aside from the religious ones have hidden the glorious summit of his own reason and feelings from view. To-day, after most of these artificial peaks, which have stood between him and the horizon, have been removed; he begins to realize his position in the economy of nature and the object for which he was placed there. He is beginning to understand that whatever cannot stand the test of reason is nothing but idle fancy. He knows that the distance that cannot be traversed to-day must be covered to-morrow, and that to attempt crosscuts is only to waste precious time and gain deceptive results.

We naturally and quite instinctively press on towards the ultimate goal of our being. When we have reached the utmost bounds of human possibility, then only will we feel that we are really living, and then only will we know how to order our lives to our satisfaction. From this progressive instinct, which is constantly becoming clearer, there springs an ever-increasing desire not to be content with a partial solution, or to give up the attempt when only half the height has been scaled, but to press onward to reach the summit as soon as possible.

This, however, does not imply the struggle after the ultimate is a mere seeking after absolute knowledge. There are always in everything two extremes between which we must choose. Likewise in the moral must we distinguish between absolute altruism on the one hand and absolute egoism on the other.

Whenever we are in doubt as to the wisest course to pursue it is always safest to cast our lot with the most broad-minded men.

—M. Maeterlinck.

Law grinds the poor, and the rich men rule the law.—*Goldsmith*.

Government is, in its essence, always a force working in violation of justice.—*Tolstoy*.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for FREE SOCIETY
can be paid at the following addresses:
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Herald," on "The Russian - Japanese
War and its Causes."

Wednesday, June 15th — Lecture by
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Side of Bernard Shaw."

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Book-List.

"Essays on the Social Problem".....	H. Addis	05
"The New Hedonism".....	Grant Allen	05
"God and the State".....	Bakunin	05
The Same. London edition.....		10
"Whitman's Ideal Democracy and Other Writings".....	Helena Born	1.00
"Prodigal Daughter; or, The Price of Virtue".....	Rachel Campbell	25
"Love's Coming of Age".....	Edward Carpenter	1.00
"Evolution of the Family".....	Jonathan Mayo Crane	05
"Conduct and Profession".....		
.....	Clarence S. Darrow	05
"Crime and Criminals".....		10
"Realism in Literature and Art".....		05
"Resist Not Evil." Cloth.....		75
"Tolstoy".....		05
"Crime and Punishment".....		
.....	Voltaire de Cleyre	10
"The Worm Turns".....		10
"The Emancipation of Society from Government".....	Dallan Doyle	05
"Roosevelt, Czolgosz, and Anarch- ism".....	Jay Fox	03
"Morbund Society and Anarchy." Cloth, 60c.....	Jean Grave	25
"Origin of Anarchism".....	C. L. James	05
"Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal".....	Peter Kropotkin	05
"Anarchist Communism: Its Ba- sis and Principles".....		05
"An Appeal to the Young".....		05
"Anarchist Morality".....		05
"Expropriation".....		05
"Field, Factory and Workshop".....		45
"Law and Authority".....		05
"Memoirs of a Revolutionist".....		2.00
"Mutual Aid, a Factor of Evolu- tion".....		2.00
"Organized Vengeance".....		03
"Paris Commune".....		05
"The State: Its Historic Role".....		10
"The Wage System. Revolu- tionary Government".....		05
"Socialism and Politics".....		05
"The Coming Revival of Socialism Government Analyzed".....	Kelso	50
"The Economics of Anarchy".....		
.....	Dyer D. Lum	25
"Anarchy." (Is It All a Dream? Jas. F. Morton, Jr.).....	Malatesta	10
"A Talk About Anarchist Commu- nism Between Two Workers".....		05
"A Chambermaid's Diary".....		
.....	Octave Mirbeau	50
"Do You Want Free Speech?".....		
.....	James F. Morton, Jr.	10
"The Deistic Pestilence".....	John Most	05
"God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition".....	W. Nevill	05
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