



Capital Punishment.

Sheriff Mines, of Camden, New Jersey, died the other day, and according to the newspapers, his death resulted directly from the execution of Paul Woodward, whom he had hanged some time previous. The sheriff dreaded the execution beforehand, for he had never officiated on such an occasion before, but he went thru the ordeal, believing doubtless that it was his duty. From that very day his health began to fail and he wasted away to a mere skeleton. He could not get the scenes of the execution out of his mind, and finally he collapsed at his office, was carried home, and after lingering there a few weeks, died. The doctors said that the cause of his death was "acute indigestion brought on by worry."

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That diagnosis does very well from the doctors' point of view, but I think that the true explanation lies deeper. I would say that the real trouble was "maladaptation to environment due to the patient's superior civilization." There can be no doubt about it, that when men become all that they should be, no one will be willing to hang his neighbor. We talk of the "State's" hanging a man, but a state cannot hang. A state is simply a legal fiction, and it is composed of the citizens embraced by it. It was Mines, and no one else, who hanged Woodward, and the responsibility for an act rests upon him who performs it. I think he was right in worrying over it, and if he had foreseen the result, he would probably have resigned his office before the date of execution, and if no one had been found in the county to take his place, Woodward would not have been hanged, and capital punishment would soon have been abolished in the State of New Jersey, and the world would have taken another step towards true civilization. I remember reading some years ago of a hanging which took place in a town in Canada. They could not find a carpenter in the neighborhood who was willing to build the scaffold, and they had to send for a builder to a city two hundred miles away. There were no barbarians in the county and they had to import one.

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What good does capital punishment do? The assassination of President McKinley should have taught us a lesson in that respect. The president had just completed a journey thru some fifteen or more of our states, in several of which capital punishment had been abolished. A week before his murder he had passed several days in Michigan, where they stopped hanging people many years ago. If capital punishment has any preventative effect, Czolgosz might have shot him in the State of Michigan (which was nearer his home) with the absolute certainty of escaping with his own life. But what did he actually do? He waited until the president entered a state where speedy expiation by death was inevitable and there he did the horrid deed. If capital punishment had any effect at all it was to precipitate the crime, and it is not impossible that the prospect of a trial for his life

and the dramatic surroundings of an execution really helped to induce the assassin to shoot when he did. But the fact is that criminals, rarely, if ever, think of punishment. Their mind is engrossed with the criminal act and they either snap their fingers at the penalty, or expect to avoid it. That capital punishment has no preventative effect is shown, too, by the statistics of such states as Michigan, where there are fewer murders than in states where the gibbet is set up.

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But capital punishment not only does not prevent murder. It actually invites it. For days the newspapers are filled with accounts of the life of the condemned felon, and the public demands details of his every act and word. Thousands of men thus have their minds turned to crime who otherwise would never have thought of it. An execution, too, is degrading to all who take any part in it, and has a bad effect on all the inmates of the prison in which it is carried out. A few years ago it was proposed to have no more executions at Sing Sing on account of the demoralizing effect of them upon the prisoners, and the intention was to have all executions take place in the small prison of Dannemora in the Adirondack woods. When the state feels impelled to go off into the woods to do its work, we may be sure that it is dirty work which ought not to be done.

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And what a ghastly performance an execution is! The sheriff may have stronger nerves than Mr. Mines, but he knows very well that he is doing something gruesome, and not at all necessary. The clergyman must feel like a hypocrite as he tells the prisoner of a merciful God, while he abets the unmerciful officials around him. The doctor, the man of all others sworn to serve in the cause of life is there, but he comes as a traitor in the train of death. And if you asked them why they did it, the only answer is, that the law directs it—the law—that is, a statute passed by men just like themselves, who probably never gave it a thought as they voted for it. When we are really civilized we shall cease to throw the responsibility for our acts upon other people, and if an act offends our conscience, we shall refuse to perform it, and if our official position requires performance, we shall resign.

* * *

The proper function of penal laws is, indeed, to prevent crime, but to do it by making bad men good. There is a spark of good in every man and woman and the true penologist should strive to kindle it into a flame. In our hospitals the nurses all wish to get hold of the worst cases, and they fight over them. It is a noble emulation to undertake the most serious and difficult tasks. And so it ought to be in criminal law. A criminal has a sick soul, and the worse the condition of his soul, the more anxious the true penologist should be to have a chance to cure him. What right then have we to take the worst cases, those of the murderers, and wash our hands of them and send them off to the world-to-come

as if it were a sort of Botany Bay, without consulting the wishes of the inhabitants whether they want them or not? If our instincts were as sound in this field as they are in that of physical disease, we would pick out just these apparently hopeless cases and try to effect a triumphant cure upon them. There is not a man living so low, but we can do something better with him than hang him. Let us hope then that Sheriff Mines will not be the last sheriff to see and feel the evil of capital punishment, and that those who hereafter have their eyes opened will make their protest before the execution and petition our legislatures to repeal all statutes which fix the death penalty for crime. The gallows and the electric chair must before long take their place in our museums beside the rack and thumb-screw, as the discarded instruments of barbarism.

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Since writing the above paragraphs, Mayor Jones, of Toledo, has told me of the case of Warden Darby, of the Ohio Penitentiary, who resigned last year because it was his "duty" to take charge of several impending electrocutions. "Not for the whole State of Ohio," said he, "would I turn on the electric current to kill a human being!" That is the right kind of talk! Let us raise more men who, not for the State of Ohio, would blow up battle ships full of their fellows, or run bayonets into their eyes, or slice their faces with sabres. This does not seem to be an utterly unattainable degree of gentility as I write it down.—C. in *The Whim*.

The People's Land.

Government is about to sell two million acres in 160-acre lots at, say \$4 an acre. It government was for the interests of the workers—no government ever was, or will be—the people's land would not be sold. The book by which all churches pretend to guide their sheep says: "The land shall not be sold," but parsons act as tho their God had said: "Sell the land, and live thou on the sweat of the other fellow's faces."

Poor workers have not \$640 with which to buy 160 acres, but if the government would treat them as well as it does the favored few—the bankers, who are really the "government"—it would loan the workers \$640 to buy their 160 acres, charging them half of one per cent., as it does the bankers; or, in other words, rent them the 160 acres at \$3.20 per annum, giving a perpetual lease, making use the only title to occupancy, the \$3.20 to be used for public improvements.

The good NEED no law,
The bad HEED no law.

If this ideal were in practise, the improvement fund would be voluntary, and certainly not less than \$3.20 per annum.

KINGHORN JONES.

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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. A blue pencil mark on the wrapper indicates that the subscription expired.

In New York City Mrs. ANNIE EDELSTADT will visit the negligent subscribers, and we hope she will not spend carfare in vain.

Sorties of Nervousness.

In conventional marriage husbands and wives are cheated frauds.

If our natural desires are restrained, they will then forcibly beat a path—and end in filth.

Altho the ideals of law-abiding citizens glitter like gold, exposed to sunshine they look like mud.

We lament because there are so few who have the courage to tell the truth and throw the gauntlet into the face of society. But in mud and mires only cowardice can thrive.

Whence do the apostles of freedom get their strength, in spite of all the sufferings to continue the battle? From the faith in their life-work, for it is this faith—acquired only in a struggle—that gives them the courage.

Our aspiring striplings and languishing maidens start out vigorously and gaily against falsehood and deceit—landing in some form of marriage, after which they resignedly exclaim: "I was also born in Arcadia!"—and have ended in the mire," I would add.

When wild birds get accustomed to the cage they are unable to fly. Thus many store up treasures after treasures which they expect to enjoy in the future. But after chests and coffers are filled they find that they have long ago unlearned to enjoy life; for the sun-rays do not wait until they are reached in a comfortable carriage. Happiness wants to be seized.

"Noble" and "ideal" men marry for love, that is; they "take" a woman and train her until her individuality is completely stifled, in which "educational" process the husbands are amply aided by the mothers, aunts, cousins,

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ins, and other females, till there is nothing left in her but the counterpart of her worthy lord. Is it any wonder that even "happy marriages" are a failure? To live with oneself becomes too stale in the course of time.

* * *

The woman begins to think, and the man is struck with surprise. He forgets that the flame can emit not only light, but can also burn. Until now she was the looking-glass of his vanity, in which he gazed at himself with complacency. She was the hot-house plant the fragrance of which refreshed him. He pinned the flower to his coat and went out for a walk. She completed the toilet. But every hot-house plant still contains something of the wild flower, and it requires only a lightning to arouse the dormant passions. A new and gay-colored life begins to assert itself. And, hardly has the crust of filth evaporated by being exposed to the charming sun-rays, when the woman already realizes that she was in the past merely an affected doll.

* * *

And since woman cannot be used any longer as a mere house-keeper or a piece of ornament, men begin to call attention to her high mission as an incubator; they grow sentimental and talk about her "sacred duties"—"the womb of society," and "forbearance." The deuce take it! Since when are we justified in deducing from pain the right to add forbearance to it? During pregnancy the woman is scoffed because the machine is out of function, but in granting her some "rights" we remind her of the high duties she owes to mankind. Verily, a morality worthy of those who avail themselves of it! J. PASTNER.

Only a Poor Homeless Boy.

A pitiful and shocking story was told last week in the Juvenile Court in this city. It was the case of little Albert Krick, eight years old. The hearing brought out the facts that the child's father died two years ago and since that time the child was in charge of his grandparents. By these heartless relatives he was repeatedly beaten with an oak club, from the effects of which his hair was clotted with blood and his face green and blue with bruises. His frail little body as he stood before the court was covered with rags and a pair of old, worn-out men's shoes. The evidence submitted showed that the child would have starved had it not been for the charitable disposition of some neighbors. The child in its own defense said: "I never was in school; I cannot read; I have no other clothing." Judge Ermentrout asked: "Is there anybody here who objects to this child being cared for?" No one objected. Whereupon Lewis Swoyer, a farmer of Windsor, said: "I will take the boy under these conditions: he must obey me and be a good boy, and he must work; if he does that, he will be treated like one of my family; if he don't, then I don't want him." "You can take him on trial, and need sign no papers," said the court; "you can report how he is getting along." And with this charge the case was dismissed.

No reprimanding, no fines to pay, no punishment for these human bloodsuckers! It was only a poor, homeless, fatherless boy, for whom the honorable court saw fit to do nothing more than to hand him over to a new master with the distinct understanding that he had to WORK. Ye gods! And they call this civilization! This eight-year-old child must work in order to be treated decent, or, as his new master said, "like one of his own family." Not one word was said about sending the child to school. The law distinctly says every child must attend school; yet this child's heartless keepers openly defied the law, and the guardians of law and order were silent.

We often hear of cases in court where men are tried for cruelty to animals, and when found guilty are in every case punished for their heartless conduct. Imagine a case in court where the owner of a tender colt was being tried for abusing the animal. The prosecution would show that the beast's hair was clotted with blood, its body covered with bruises, and that the animal had been shamefully neglected, starved and compelled to work. Fancy what a howl the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have made if the court handed this colt over to a man who would say: "I will feed the animal and treat it decent if it will work; otherwise I will not." Shocking!" would the members of this grand society say; "this colt is too young to be worked; it's not work the poor thing needs, but pasture, the open fields and good treatment; the colt has several more years to live before it is old enough to work." And just such orders the court would hand down, and if the owner failed to comply with the court's order to jail the brute would be taken.

But how different in little eight-year-old Albert Krick's case. He was only a homeless little human being. Imagine what the little white-headed fellow's thoughts were when he heard his new master say, "I will take him, but HE MUST WORK!" No one there to say, "He is too young to work." "Take him," said the judge, or, more properly speaking, the auctioneer. No black chattel slave could have possibly been sold for less.

Vast sums of money are spent annually to civilize the heathens in Africa and other remote corners of the earth. Would it not be more sensible to keep this money at home and use it to civilize the heathens here?

How different would have been the court proceedings had some rich man's child had its ears boxed for some overbearing act.

And yet there are people who say there are no classes; that our courts are above suspicion, and that no matter how poor you are the law is here to defend your God-given rights. And saddest of all, we find the poor wage slaves, the greatest champions of this hellish system that holds the brute above the poor human being. He applauds the class who turn the lives of little orphans into dollars and cents. "It's business," they say; "every one must look after his own interest."

From every corner of our land, clear from the pulpit down to the devil's kitchen in the slums, do we hear the cry, "Down with Socialism; let the present grand system of individualism and capitalist prosperity continue!" To use the phrase of comrade Evans, we say: "If a Socialist form of government can create more sorrow, produce more desolate homes, fill more graves with prostitutes, suicides and drunkards, make more criminals and demoralize the human race to a greater extent than this capitalist form of government, then for God's sake let us go back to the days of Darwin's monkeys and stop this evolution of man."—J. H. M., in Union Sentinel

[Is there no alternative between "a Socialist form of government" and "the days of Darwin's monkeys"? Why not try freedom before we "stop this evolution of man"?]

A.I.]

"At present society is willing to let the owners of capital, like those who inherit it, loaf around. The time will come when the idlers will get no reward, and the semi-idlers will only get reward for what they do. The non-producer should not be entitled to one cent. Every man who desires work should be entitled to what he earns. The economic doctrine of the productivity of capital is a fallacy. In other words, the only incomes to which individuals as such have an essentially moral claim are virtually the wages of labor."—Prof. ALBION W. SMALL.

Echoes.

An audience of five hundred witnessed the flogging of prisoners at the opening of the Newcastle County Workhouse. The first one was a negro who had stolen one dollar. He had to be helped back to his cell. Sixteen were flogged, and of John Brown it is said: "His back resembled a raw steak at the finish." This, comments the San Francisco *Star*, reads like an excerpt from ancient history, but the dispatch is dated, "Wilmington, Delaware, May 21, 1904." Some one should carry the news to Professor Mosely, the English vivisector, who reported recently that Americans did not know how to punch and pound one another properly, because the boys were permitted to study under women teachers.—*The Truth Seeker*.

"Let them skin and rob the people if they can. What is it to us? We are getting along all right, and we will take good care not to burn our fingers for others." Thus speak the short-sighted, the timid, who constantly live in fear of losing their positions, if they openly identify themselves with a progressive labor movement. They will not even admit that they also belong to the exploited toilers. They do not seem to be conscious of the fact that thru their indifference and cowardice they are injuring themselves—that they are even drawing out the contempt of their employers. The worst enemy of the aspiring worker is the timidity and indifference of his brother workman. This is the stumbling-block in the labor movement. And our task is to encourage the weak and to inspire the timid by our bravery. It is often a hard task, driving one to despair, yet it must be done.—*Arbeiter Zeitung*.

There was a lawyer in Hoboken, N. J., named Cannon, a man of standing in legal, business, social, and religious circles. He cut some obscene antics with small news girls, flower girls, and others who came to his office to get his change. The girls appeared against him in court, in the best of health and spirits, and cheerfully recounted their experience. The jury convicted him promptly, and before the trial was two days old the judge amerced Cannon in a large fine and sent him to prison for fifteen years, which was virtually a life sentence. . . . How about the victims of the murderers who put that old fire trap, the General Slocum, afloat without life preservers, boats, or means for extinguishing any flames that might break out? How do his offenses stack up besides theirs? It is a pretty bald question, but whose hands—the piety of both being assured—would a parent rather a girl should pass through, those of Cannon or those of the man responsible for the condition of the General Slocum? With liberty of choice, would the parent choose that the little girl, with clothes thrown off, should dance on the carpet in Cannon's law office or on the deck of the Slocum with clothing burnt off? Cannon gave the girls money and degraded them. The Slocum's owners took their money and burned or drowned them. Cannon was inspired by a beastly lust; the boat owners by a lust for gain that is not duplicated in the lower orders. If the steamboat assassins were the only men among the elect who sacrifice lives to greed and make money at the expense of human suffering, they would pay the penalty of their crimes; but there are more of the breed. There are a lot of little girls who will be frost-bitten next winter because the Christian gentlemen to whom God has committed the coal interests of the country have formed themselves into a trust. Others will go hungry, and some of them will die of insufficient nourishment, owing to the mistake of a too confiding providence in intrusting the same gentlemen with the distribution of food products. Cannon did not starve the perverted little rats, and it is safe to assume that the temperature of his office was not too low for

comfort. Taking human happiness on earth as the test, the question of future happiness not being involved, Cannon is a philanthropist, beside these others. This is not said in his defense—I picked him out because I cannot think of any other kind of a criminal to whom it would not be unjust to compare the aforesaid Christian gentlemen. Omar Khayyam sang like this:

You know my Friends with what a brave Carouse,
I made a Second Marriage in my house,
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

Unfruitfulness is sufficient cause for the church to divorce old barren Morals from its Bed and make a Second Marriage with the Daughter of Justice, who will not let her spouse waste time squiring pudish Virtue about the alleys while the sacrifice of children to Mammon is celebrated in highways wet and dry.—G. E. MacDonald, in *Truth Seeker*.

We think—indeed, we are sure—that the story of mingled stupidity and tyranny which we tell this morning in the words of the victim, Mr. John Turner, will have aroused widespread disgust and indignation in the United States, in whose name the offense was committed. We would not make a mountain of a molehill, and we lay no stress on the irksome conditions of the imprisonment which Mr. Turner suffered on Ellis Island, in the Bay of New York. By consenting to leave the country as an outcast he could at any moment have regained his liberty; but, urged by his friends in the country, he insisted on staying and fighting the matter out until released on bail. The discreditable thing is that such an arrest and such an imprisonment should be possible under any circumstances.

An instructive point for us in this country to note is that the crass ignorance which led to Mr. Turner's imprisonment was that of the Immigration Department—an institution with which we are threatened here, and which has managed to do grave harm to the national reputation of the Australian Commonwealth, where there is an especially malignant organization of the kind. But this by the way. The point is that Mr. Turner, because of his opinions are those of the school of political philosophy sometimes called "philosophic Anarchy," and subscribed to by such men as Tolstoy and Kropotkin, has been treated as if he were an avowed conspirator against the lives of all who bear rule. The law of the United States on this subject, it seems, is such as to compel the judges to uphold this action of the Immigration Committee. This is the same jurisprudence that affords an asylum to the convicted criminal and escaped convict we have nothing to do; but we are bound to express our regret that such things should be done in the name of a people to whom liberty of thought should be especially dear.—*London Daily News*.

Letter-Box.

S. R. & A. A., Atlantic City—Three dollars received and also the same amount from Comrade K. a few weeks ago. Thanks.

E. Q., Stockton, Calif.—You say you will contribute \$1 toward the cost of printing Comrade James' photo in *FREE SOCIETY*. If Comrade James consents and enough money to defray the expenses comes in we shall gladly print his picture in *FREE SOCIETY*.

O. L., Edwardsville, Ill.—The "editor" of *FREE SOCIETY* declines to pass judgment on poetry. This is left to the *FREE SOCIETY* laureate, William Francis Barnard, and the "editor" abides by the laureate's "Available" or "Not available."

That thing which I understand by art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor.
—William Morris.

A Representative's View on the Idol.

Representative Bede of Minnesota is among the best story tellers, and his friends regret that he is not oftener in evidence in the cloak rooms, says the *Washington Times*. One of his latest is this:

"Many years ago there lived in Minnesota an eccentric justice of the peace, but who was thoroughly honest and who tried to do justice in adjudicating differences between his neighbors. The old gentleman had a decided hatred for the quirks and quibbles of law, and not infrequently he rendered decisions without regard to the legal points laid down by eminent jurists.

"In a certain case before him it was shown that justice was on the side of the plaintiff, but that he had slept on his rights until the defense called the justice's attention to this fact and cited a decision of the supreme court to sustain him.

"If the supreme court made such a decision it acted wrong," said the justice.

"The attorney brought forth volume after volume and read the authorities.

"You can stop where you are," said the old justice, as he pulled off and rubbed his spectacles, "for I am satisfied that such a decision was made by the supreme court, but I want to say that if the court sees fit to make a fool of itself it is no reason why I should. It is my opinion that the supreme court is a nuisance—yes, a miserable nuisance—and I overrule its decision on this point and give judgment for the plaintiff. Justice is justice, sir, in this court, and to the devil with the higher tribunal."

A "Civilized" Substitute for Work.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, being asked by a London daily newspaper for his opinion on athletics, sent the editor the following:

"I have no pastime. My time is fully occupied. With regard to the benefit of athletics to the community, I should say there is only one benefit, namely, the discovery of the hideous tediousness of athletics; the ruinous effect of them on the body, the mind, and the temper; and the rampant quakery and pedantry of their professors. They are nothing but a spurious substitute for the manual and bodily labor which our athletic amateurs are forbidden to perform by the laziness, greed, snobbery, and rapacity of their class. I could keep myself in perfectly good condition and temper if I might do a couple of hours' work every day as a navy without 'doing a poor man out of his job.' As it is, I have to weary myself and waste my energy in bicycling and walking to places where I have no business, over roads which I have tramped until I am tired of them. I have to drudge through 'exercises' to keep myself from becoming a human pig. I have even pulled at India rubber ropes until I could not bear the revolting absurdity of it, even without an audience to laugh at me. The whole business is too sickening for public discussion. Half the population lives miserably, and breaks down prematurely from excess of bodily toil. The other half does the same because there is no bodily work left for it to do. That is what is called civilization."

I begin with the declaration that I advocate "free love" completely and decidedly. But the expression is incorrect and ought to be "freedom in love." Indeed, can any other kind of love exist except free love? Can love be commanded or forced? Love and free love are synonymous.—Heinzen.

Is Marriage Fatal to Love?

"Is Marriage a Cure for Love?" was the subject of Hugh O. Pentecost's after-dinner speech at the closing meeting of the Sunrise Club. Mr. Pentecost began by imploring the audience to understand that he was about to consider the subject abstractly, not from personal experience. He had been induced to talk about this matter before, he said, and persons had carried remarks of his to a certain member of his family, and it was not their fault that they did not make him trouble. Furthermore, since the announcement of his subject, he had been approached by so many women in a threatening attitude that for the first time in a long career of public speaking he could fairly say that he was intimidated, and should probably hedge. He continued:

What is love? Is it a disease? Is it a species of insanity? What we call romantic love attacks men generally between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. It attacks girls, too, but with a difference. The girl always keeps her head enough to know what she is about. The man becomes temporarily a lunatic. It is a state in which people do not see each other as they are. They seem entirely different persons. I've seen a man in love with a woman that I thought he must be crazy to love. I couldn't have loved her to save my life. I saw her as she was. He saw a totally different person.

That sort of love disappears very quickly after marriage. It never lasts more than a few years. It may be gone in a few weeks. And there you are. Married, and the feeling which induced you to marry vanished. That is the end of that kind of love between those two people.

Now, the fact that the two people are married has nothing to do with this disappearance. There is a liberal element of very intelligent and respectable people that betrays a disposition to think that marriage is an evil per se, and should be abolished. I have known some of these people who assumed the marriage relation without the conventional ceremony. And they were just as apt to be unhappy as those who married. Romantic love, with its splendors of emotion, perished just the same between them as between those who were "bound."

The happiness of the years that follow does not depend in any way upon whether the two people have observed the common ceremony or not. It depends entirely on the two people themselves. If the two people are so constituted that they can maintain mutual love, it will not come to an end. If they are not, it will. As a matter of fact, no one is happy, either married or single, for any prolonged period. But a very great number of married people, the vast majority, in fact, are comfortable in the relation. They get more comfort with it than they would without it. The feeling they began with has come to an end. Then their future comfort depends on whether they harmonize or not; whether they are on the same intellectual plane; whether their tastes agree—in short, whether they suit each other; whether they like each other. And two people who do suit each other in this way come eventually, after the lapse of years, to feel that this is a better and more satisfactory feeling than even the roseate, indescribable, unreal feeling with which they began.

What we are to call this latter feeling, friendship, affection, what not, I don't know. But all happy married people possess it, and they all know it is better than the other. These are the happy people; the people everyone envies; the people who have maintained that much discussed institution, the home, for many centuries, so that no assaults have had any affect upon it. Marriage is popular. Everybody will go into it. If they have tried it once they will try it again. If they have been married twice they will marry three times, if the occasion arises. If they were

happy the first time they will say, "I can duplicate it." If they were unfortunate before, they say, "I can do better this time." I am speaking of the great mass of human kind. Of course there are exceptions to every rule. In spite of the apparently great number of divorces, the vast mass of the race remains fond of marriage. It suits them. It meets their needs. It is what they want.

I will tell you what is the real cure for love, the thing that will kill it as surely and irremediably as the action of any law of nature. It is a disposition on the part of either one of the parties to control the movements of the other. And when we consider the vast number of marriages in which the husband tries to control the wife, or the wife tries to control the husband, and see how they still go on living together, we can explain it only by the fact that we are so accustomed to slavery that we don't know what freedom is, like the old slaves of the South; or else that married people take their freedom secretly. When a person cannot escape this eternal espionage openly, he will escape it secretly. If this sense of monopoly, this sense of control, this sense of continual espionage exists, it will kill love inevitably in the one who feels and suffers from it.

The other night I listened to a young man till 1:30 o'clock in the morning, telling me the tale of his married unhappiness. It had to come out, and I happened to be there, and got it. If I had been a wooden Indian it would have done just as well. It was a volcano that had to erupt. He said:

"You know my wife. I married her two years ago. She was, and is, everything that a woman should be. I loved her passionately. Otherwise there was no earthly reason why I should have married her. At the end of eight months my love died. Since then I've been in hades."

I said, "Why?"

"Because she won't let me out of her sight," said he. "She's learned typewriting, and comes down to my office to be my secretary. I can't get away from her an hour out of the twenty-four. It's driving me mad. I urged her for a month to go and see her folks. Now she's gone for three weeks, and I like her better today than I have any time for the last year and a half."

I said, "Why don't you tell her all this?"

He said, "It would break her heart."

I said, "My young friend, you are egotistic."

He said, "Well, perhaps I am; but to deliberately tell her that I'm tired of her, that I can't bear her around so much, that I must have some relief from her—I simply can't do it. It's too brutal."

"Well, you'll have to do it," said I, "or sooner or later there'll be an explosion that will break hearts for sure. Human nature can't stand that kind of strain continuously."

Now, do you suppose that is the only boy in that state of mind in New York? No; there are thousands of them. If you want a man to love you, give him his freedom. Don't ask where he has been. Don't ask what he's been doing. Don't keep any track of his movements. Give him his freedom, freely, royally, like a queen, and you will have and keep a devoted lover, if there is anything in you to love; and there must be if you can rise to that point of self-control and generosity.

And the other side of it is exactly the same. Give a woman her freedom if you want to keep her love. Of course, if you like to play the despot better than to retain your wife's love, all right. But you can't do both. Assume no control over her movements. I believe most women like to have their husbands ask where they have been, what they have been doing. You won't find out, if she doesn't want you to, any more than she will find out if you don't want her to. But she likes to think you want to know. Now, this is an unnatural feeling on woman's part. It seems in-

stinctive, but it isn't. It comes because women haven't been used to so much freedom as men have. Train her the other way. Train her to have her own private life, and live it like an independent being, and never think of giving an account of it; and after a while she'll like that better, and she'll like you better, too. And don't demand anything of her that you are not prepared to give. If you come home at 2 a. m., and offer no explanation of what has detained you, don't say a single word if she does the same. And what's more, don't feel any resentment. Make up your mind, once for all, to grant freedom. Demand freedom for yourself, and accord it to her, fully and absolutely. In that way husbands and wives come to be a pleasure to each other, and not a restriction. And restriction, no matter how loving, in time galls. Love cannot, and will not live under it.

With this basis of freedom, perfectly understood and gladly accorded on both sides, marriage will not kill love, no matter how long it lasts, if there is anything in either party to inspire love.

This is real freedom in marriage. Mere disregard of the conventional ceremony is not the real freedom at all. Even with the instinct of enslavement that exists in the married relation today, there are thousands who prefer the conventional relation to one who prefers a union without it. That shows that the institution meets the needs of the people. I wish that I could make all radical people see that any institution that flourishes is suited to the conditions of that time. There is no sense in blaming an institution. The fact that it is popular shows that the people want it.

As for unhappy marriages, there is no power in church or state that can compel you to stay in one. The church may condemn you, the state may refuse to divorce you. What difference does that make to you? No law can compel you to live with a person you don't want to live with. If for social or financial or cowardly reasons you will not break it, for heaven's sake take your medicine like a man, and shut up.

I began my discourse by asking what love is. I am going to close it by giving my definition of love. Love is that feeling which makes you desire that the person you love shall have what he or she wants. Not what you want, not what you think they ought to want, not what you wish they wanted, but what they want, even if it is to leave you. A person who truly loves, if he finds that the beloved one wants to leave him, would be glad to help her to her heart's desire. To my mind, anything that falls short of this is not the real article.—*Truth Seeker.*

For Paterson and New York.

On July 31, 10 a. m., the Italian comrades have a picnic at Cavagnar's Hotel, Corner of Jewett and Turnpike Aves., Staten Island. Tickets (including lunch and three glasses of beer) 30 cents. Comrades of all nationalities are cordially invited to participate in the outing and make things merry.

FOR PHILADELPHIA.

The First Annual Moonlight Excursion of the SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB, arranged for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY, takes place on Saturday, July 30, 2 p.m. sharp. The boat "Henry A. Haber" leaves from Dock Street Wharf. The steamer takes only 175 adults, and so tickets should be procured in advance. Tickets for adults 75 cts.

LOST

Twenty Dollars at the FREE SOCIETY picnic last Sunday. The finder will oblige a poor comrade by leaving the money at the headquarters of FREE SOCIETY, 230 East Fourth street.