



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK AND LITERATURE.

VOL. Xb. NO. 5.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1904.

WHOLE NO. 451.

Why?

"A laborer employed at —'s cotton mills shot himself thru the heart at an early hour this morning. He leaves a wife and four small children. No cause can be assigned for the deed.—Extract from a daily paper.

He combated Sleep in the morning time;
By day, he wrestled with toil;
At evening, the morsels of food so few
Were diverted to lips that kiss and coo,
(Little red lips, puckered up lips!)
Lest they come to know too
(Their years were so few)
The beetle-browed demon of Want.

His hands were horny and knotted with toil,
His limbs were shrunken and lean,
His brow was low with lack of thought,
His eyes were dull, without that sheen
That pride makes glow in the eyes of man,
Where mind doth rule brute instinct.

At last, like a chrysalis expanding to life,
His brain gave birth to a thought:
"Why run out such a hopeless race,
Burdened with misery, destiny wrought?
Why do I labor and bleed;
What's the gain when the battle is fought?
A groan and the struggle is over,
A pang and the battle is won."

They found him thus in the morning—
Stiff and stark—at rest,
Glassy eyes upward staring,
A tiny red hole in his breast.

The little Ones traveled the paupers' way;
The sport of each wanton lout;
The football of a churlish world,
Kicked and cuffed about;
The goal of the prison warden's curling lash,
When crime had found them out.

The Wife, grown old at thirty,
Haggard and gaunt and lean,
(She was as cheery and rosy at twenty
As e'er a lass was seen),
Took to the streets—the gutter—the mire—
Sucked down the maelstrom of Infamy.

Why do we labor and bleed?
To what end is directed our strife?
To pander to Capital's omnivorous lust,
To pile gold upon gold in coffers that rust,
Stored away in cellars, hoary with dust,
While like rats we gnaw at a mouldy crust,
For the want of the mite of our earning.
—Arthur G. Moffat.

— o —

Anarchist Communism: Is it Consistent?

In looking over the *International Socialist Review* for December, my eye caught the title "Socialism or Anarchistic Communism," and as I am always interested in reading what our scientific (?) friends have to say about us, I tarried over the short article. One A. F. Dugan pitches into one Buck for asserting in the September number that "Anarchist Communism is the

best and highest stage of political and economic progress." Of course he credits the brother with mentioning, "how foolish it would be to advocate it at the present day," but he denies that it can ever be a stage in progress and he reiterates the old, old charge:

Anarchism simply means individualistic chaos. Communism is simply the economics of the heap as advocated by Kropotkin and Elsee Reclus. . . Communism is an old Utopian idea taken in any light you look at it, and as far as Anarchist Communism is concerned, it cannot exist any more than hot ice or cold fire can exist.

He quotes Kropotkin as saying Anarchist Communism means a free society voluntarily organized by its members, and then asserts:

Any form of organization must necessarily be a form of government, voluntarily or not, therefore there can be no such thing as Anarchist Communism, it is a misnomer.

And I was reminded how often I had made this same assertion myself, and it was because I did not know what modern Anarchist Communism meant. When I began reading the *Firebrand*, I gradually became aware of a new idea: that of voluntary association as differing from organization. It always seemed to me, that if organization meant anything, it meant the subordination of members to a central head; in other words, it was synonymous with the idea of government, and I came to see that Mr. Tucker had this same idea. But to make organization consistent with his Anarchism, he defined government as meaning, "the invasion of the non-invasive individual." His organization would be government voluntarily acquiesced in, that is to say, he would leave a loophole of retreat. I could not help looking askance at this idea. And he represented Communism as arbitrarily closing this loophole. Now, while I never liked this definition of government, I accepted it as the only alternative. This, made organization, which I had always considered quite necessary, possible without government; and while I could not make it appear exactly consistent with Anarchy, as I had learned to define it as opposed to Atchy—government; still with the loophole, which made it possible for only those to be governed who wanted to be. And if we wanted to be governed would it not be a loss of liberty to deny us?

It's always easy to make an alternative logical, if you define your terms accurately; but when I came to draw a line between organization and free association, these terms

appeared more arbitrary than accurate, and my study of Anarchist Communism altered very materially my conception of Communism. I had made it synonymous with government, as I had supposed it an arbitrary organization, as indeed the old Communism was. I had read such extracts from Kropotkin and Jean Grave as Comrade Dugan as well as Tucker delights to handle, and I came to realize that—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

"When I came to read the context in the light of the *Firebrand*, I came to see the logical position of the Anarchist Communist, and that position was entirely consistent with the original conception of Anarchism, as when "there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes"—without a head or chief. Hence the Anarchist Communist rejects organization as it is properly defined. Kropotkin and Jean Grave talk of organization, but the context proves that they simply mean free association, and this definition is quite popular. Many of our "scientific" Socialists have the same conceptions. "The social organism," "the ideal Democracy" is without a centralized governing power, and Proudhon thought society was only properly organized when it was entirely devoid of the government of man. Yet what would an organism be worth devoid of a head or chief? Now Communism, as advocated by the Anarchist, seems to me the only consistent ideal, following the etymology of the word. Where there is no chief, no head, no coercive authority, there can be no property that Proudhon called robbery; there can be no commercialism with its horrible competition. With the knowledge which science has given us, all barriers burned away, liberty, equality, and fraternity would become synonymous with Anarchist Communism. This seemed to me the only logical conclusion of the absolute liberty of man from the government of man.

Some years ago Francis A. Walker, in a speech reported in the *Boston Post*, said: "All anarchistic philosophy presumes the communistic organization of society. No Anarchist claims that the principles of Anarchy can be applied to the present or capitalistic state of society. Prince Kropotkin in common with all other anarchistic writers claims that the next move of society will be free Communism. We must understand that Anarchism means Communism."

Mr. Tucker complained that Gen. Walker

had seemingly never heard of his school, and denied most emphatically that Anarchism meant Communism. He also asserted that "the name Anarchism properly belongs to us, and is impudently and ignorantly usurped by the revolutionary Communists," and he quoted Proudhon, the original Anarchist, who denounced Communism in good, round terms. But what was this Communism Proudhon thundered against? Why, Communityism, authoritarian Communism,

Peter Kropotkin stands for the absolute freedom of the individual, not the "equal freedom" granted by a community or organization. There is no more similarity between him and the Communists Proudhon wrote against than there is between Mr. Tucker's philosophy and that of Karl Marx. In fact, it is exactly the same difference, and that difference is simply authority, Mr. Tucker calls himself a Socialist, why may not Kropotkin call himself a Communist? Gen. Walker admits the Anarchist claim is for Free Communism, while Tucker classes Anarchist Communists with the force Communists of Proudhon's hate. Mr. Tucker has a better chance to study the position of the Anarchist Communist than Gen. Walker, why should he persist in his misrepresentation. Almost every independent writer on Socialism states our position more fairly. And every day demonstrates more clearly that the logic of events, the trend of civilization, the fellowship of man is in direct line with the theory of Anarchist Communism.

A. LE ROY LOUBAL.

A Glimpse of Our Ideal.

Comrade John Most, who has been pictured by so-called libertarians as a "vulgar destructionist, entertaining no high ideals," gives in his jubilee number a sketch of his aspirations, of which the following is a free translation:

A free society consists of independent communes. Like the heavenly bodies floating free in the universe, yet by their attraction and gravity united in a harmonious mechanism, the different mutual interests hold these little communes together. A network of federations, which will be the result of voluntary agreements and not of State guardianship or government, will combine the whole. Thru delegations, conventions, special commissions, etc., will the mutual affairs be discussed and carried out.

But the chief political factor lies in the public meetings of the communes, which will take place either in magnificent and spacious halls or under the blue skies, and in which all adults of both sexes will participate. [This will perhaps reconcile Miss Loud, the "Old Maid Editor" of the *Independent*, with Most, with whom she also coincides on the sex question.—THE TRANSLATOR.] But not to make laws, that is, to tie their own hands, do these free people gather, rather to discuss public affairs, appoint capable individuals for the execution of their agreements, and to hear the reports of such commissioners.

The external form of these communes will essentially differ from our present cities and villages. The cities have little by little demolished the narrow streets and miserable cottages, and instead erected spacious palaces, surrounded with beautiful lawns, and

occupied by congenial groups, which have united for economical and social purposes. In the country, on the other hand, the isolated farms will more or less disappear and town-like communities be formed. The clubbing together of the land, improved roads and transportation facilities, and the application of steadily increasing agricultural machinery will make it an easy task to form such associations. The former contrasts between city and country will thus vanish and the principle of equality celebrate its most significant triumph.

Private property in natural resources and the means of production and distribution does not exist. All are at liberty to enjoy the necessities of life according to their desires, no matter whether one is able to work or not. The requirements of the whole commune determine the measure of production.

As all able-bodied individuals participate in the production of goods, useless and injurious work not being performed, and the technical and chemical means of production being highly developed, the daily work will occupy people but very little. The greatest part of the day people will pass in real enjoyments of life.

The highest pleasures men derive from mental pursuits agreeable with their inclinations, which today only a few have the opportunity to enjoy. In a free society such enjoyments will not be unknown to anyone. All will be invigorated by voluntary mental pursuits and the enrichment of their stock of knowledge.

Some will respond to the call of their fellow men and take upon themselves the task of management. Others will be seen in libraries occupied in literary pursuits or gathering material for instructive lectures, which they intend to hold for the benefit of those less advanced, or they are there for the purpose of self-education. Still others are hastening to the lecturing halls of the universities, which are also open to all. People attend the academies of music and art if they feel so inclined. Lovers of youth, especially those of the female sex, will feel themselves attracted to the places of education, where under the guidance of competent educators they will make themselves useful in aiding in the instruction and care of the budding generation.

The latter activity will be much more useful and agreeable than today; for, on the one hand, education will have its beginning at the tender age of infancy, and, on the other hand, it will differ essentially from the methods of today. The school room, for instance, will be used only when the weather is disagreeable, otherwise instructions will be given in the open air. And to develop the children both mentally and physically, many plays and physical exercises will serve as an invigorating variety in the more stringent mental activities.

To be sure, there will be no religious teachings; the history of the god-nonsense will belong to those subjects which treat of the folly of man in ancient times.

But altho we derive the highest pleasures from mental work, such enjoyment is not the only one. On the contrary, the people will entertain and amuse themselves in a manner never dreamed of before. Theatres and concert halls will be frequented and all

kinds of entertainments will take place.

With the abolition of the causes of crime such will disappear. Many diseases will have ceased to exist, simply because their parent—miserable dwellings, drudgery, and murderous factories—will be unknown.

These few rude outlines may suffice here, altho they are only a dim shadow of a picture in comparison with the ideal itself, which mankind surely will enjoy some day, and which can only be one of harmony, universal love and fraternity.

— o —

By the Wayside.

In Harlem, N. Y., the men from seven bakeries are out on a strike because the employers refuse to comply with the legal ten-hour workday; but so far the *Chicago Chronicle* has not urged the Harlem authorities to have "the laws of the country enforced by all means."

* * *

Jeanne d'Arc, the French national heroine, who according to some versions of history saved France from the yoke of England, has been canonized by the pope—the same girl, who at the age of nineteen, was burned at the stake in the year 1412. At that time the Catholic Church stigmatized her as a "child of the devil," "heretic," "renegade," "blasphemer," etc. Such is the history of "Saints."

* * *

The sacredness of marriage and monogamy has been gloriously vindicated in Germany. One Lieutenant Krohn found himself forced to fight a duel with nine of his fellow officers, who had been intimate with his wife, still others rest of Mrs. Krohn's lovers have so far not been discovered. Now it is safe to say that neither Mrs. Krohn nor her admirers believe in "free love," but all are staunch upholders of the purity of matrimony.

* * *

If there is not rejoicing in hell, the arrogance of President Roosevelt will certainly make the European royal courts shake with laughter when they are informed that their ambassadors must appear in uniforms if they wish to attend the evening receptions at the White House. Think of a president of a democracy compelling the idlers of monarchies to decorate his parlor with their gold and ribbon frippery? But such is the natural course of all government, if its development is not checked every twenty years by a revolution, as Thomas Jefferson desired.

* * *

The valiant attitude of the Colorado miners against the atrocities and wanton persecutions of the capitalist hirelings—the military—deserves attention and admiration, Samuel Gompers' ignoble silence and indifference notwithstanding. In fact Gompers' questionable attitude toward the struggling miners will sooner or later recoil upon himself and the American Federation of Labor; for, instead of gaining the confidence of the miners by promptly coming to their assistance and exhibiting a spirit of fraternity, he has widened the gulf between his organization and the Western Federation of labor, and revealed himself even to his friends as a man guided by petty jealousies.

rather than the desire to assist labor in its efforts to emancipate itself from the yoke of tyranny and exploitation. And he does not seem to realize that he plays into the hands of Socialist politicians, his enemies.

In his recent encyclical the pope warns the Catholic workers not to be enticed by the advocates of equality; for, as men are composed of unlike elements, uniformity would mean the destruction of society. But the pope deliberately or ignorantly confounds equality of opportunity in life with the uniformity of character. No sane man has ever advocated uniformity. And when the pope asserts that there must be poor and rich, high and low, I would refer him to some of the Catholic saints who condemned the rich and the system of private property in a much stronger language than the "incendiary labor agitators" of today use.

Panama, "republic" by the "grace" of Teddy the Terrible and American moneybags, is developing rapidly. Hardly have the self-appointed rulers of this sham republic escaped the fate of being shot as "traitors to the country," yet they have already framed a law providing capital punishment for "political criminals." What a farce: one set of traitors, who owe their lives solely to American warships, provide penalties for the next set to come. One would think that such notorious humbuggery should awaken the "dear people" to the fact that the divinity of governments rests on might and deception, but nothing of the kind occurs. The masses already hurrah the self-styled rulers and hail the Panama flag.

In nearly all larger cities manufacturers and merchants have formed "Citizens' Alliances" to afford protection against the "arbitrary power of organized labor" and the "misuse of the power of organizations in the hands of agitators," and stand for the "primitive rights of man." The latter proposition should be at once accepted by trades unions, for the "primitive rights of man" did not recognize private property in land and other natural resources. But in order to establish these "primitive rights" the workers will be compelled to accept the other two remedies offered by the alliances, that is, abolish the "arbitrary power of organized government" and the "misuse of the power of organization in the hands of courts, military and police." Such reciprocity would help matters along considerably.

Neues Leben, the German social democratic weekly of this city, takes Clarence Darrow to task for his article regarding the theater fire, calling him a "contemptible creature" and "cunning politician" because he protested against the punishment of the guilty. "Darrow will not apply such absolutism to petty criminals, for that would mean business and political suicide," says Mr. W. If W. would have read Darrow's "Crime and Criminals," a lecture given before the convicts of the county jail, and his book "Resist Not Evil," both published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., a Socialist publishing house, he would know that Darrow committed "business and po-

litical" suicide long ago; for in these works he absolves all "petty criminals" and emphatically denies the utility of punishment as well as the necessity for government.

The California State Federation of Labor, in a recent convention, emphatically declared itself against entering "the maelstrom of politics," upon which attitude it is certainly to be congratulated. But when the report boastfully rejoices over the fact that the convention did not indulge in "rainbow-chasing" and "fighting windmills" and was not frittered away in considering this and that theory and ism, which, however plausible or attractive, can in no wise advance the bread-and-butter interests of the organized workers in a practical way,—

and one reads the proceedings and resolutions passed there, it must occur to the impartial observer that a little consideration for "this and that theory and ism" would not have been amiss. True, it may not be expedient and appropriate to discuss the fundamentals of the labor problem in a convention of routine work; but if the delegates would indulge a little more in "rainbow-chasing" in their respective unions, they would at least realize that the "bread and butter interests" will remain a "rainbow-chasing" issue so long as organized labor has no other ultimate aim than the increase of wages and the decrease of hours. Such "practical ways" amount to no more than eternally circling around the monster which enslaves organized labor with one stroke of the pen, as the late events prove; and if the toilers cannot be stirred to oppose the arrogance now displayed by the "captains of industry," they will soon have reached the point from which they started a few years ago. And all these reversions are due to the ignorance of the wage slave, whose aspirations do not go beyond a "steady job" and "reasonable wages."

The following paragraph in a resolution passed by the convention, proves clearly that a little "more light" would be of great benefit to the cause of labor. It says:

Resolved, That the California State Federation of Labor, in convention assembled, does hereby condemn and denounce the actions of the governor of Colorado as unjust, anarchistic and in open rebellion against the laws of a free country, and entitled to be classed with the tyrannical atrocities of the dark ages.

And such wisdom emanates from the brains of delegates, the "cream of labor!" "A free country," forsooth! Did this freedom perhaps consist in the fact that union workmen have been shot down like so many dogs, more deliberately and with less impunity than in any other country, excepting perhaps Russia? Has not every gain achieved by organized labor been made thru suffering and bloody warfare in spite of the "laws of a free country"? On the other hand, the actions of the governor of Colorado are perfectly consistent with the laws of "a free country," the purpose of which is to protect property and the "right of free contract." Perhaps after the indulgence of a little "rainbow-chasing" labor will learn that all laws and governments rest on violence, the application of which depends merely on circumstances. So long as the wage slaves abstain from violating the laws made in the interest of capitalism, all countries on the globe are "free"—free to starve and to sub-

mit to the dictums of the rulers. "More light," brethren, and you will also learn that Anarchists wish neither to rule nor be ruled, consequently it is absurd to classify the tyranny of officials as "Anarchistic."

INTERLOPER.

— o — A Retort Upon Critics.

Letters of comrades encouraging us to transform the journal continue to arrive. Among these letters containing criticisms and encouragement, there is to be found a criticism which has been constantly made since our first number. "The journal is too much given to theory and too little to action; by its style it is made inaccessible to the masses."

Altho I have already replied many times to this criticism, it may well be again answered, even tho it be repetition.

To make action in a journal? I do not seize the idea. Action is made; but it is not written. In a journal one can only present *theory and philosophy*. Action relates to each one of us in our relations with others, or with institutions.

As to not being accessible enough to the masses, evidently the style which we have chosen has condemned us in the eyes of a portion of the public. We have never had the intention of running in concurrence with the *Petit Journal*, or the *Petit Parisien*. These journals are very well gotten up for the people to whom they are addressed. There is no need to assist them.

Only! between the enormous size of their public and the small dimensions of ours, it seems to us there is a margin which should be considered.

We shall compel all, as long as we are here, to be clear, brief, concise; to employ words comprehensible to all; only, we cannot change the fact that the subjects treated will be more or less complex and will demand a certain cerebral effort to be understood. In writing our articles we have had the desire to force those who read them to reflect; and we have not sought to simply tickle their skins agreeably to give them the sweet satisfaction which would result. For such persons there are the fables of Perrault.

Other comrades advise us to definitely pursue a course of review. Evidently a review could accomplish a good work; it is a crevasse which should be filled, one of these days, but that would be limited for a public still more restricted; our intermediary style permits us to address a much larger public, and for that reason our present style should be preserved; if we could provide a little more variety and proceed as I indicated last week we could obtain that end.

Next week I will give the cost of this undertaking.—J. Grave.

[Comrade Jean Grave, like the editors of Anarchist periodicals in general, is being advised constantly to make his paper less philosophical and more practical; from a number of his answers, one of which appears in nearly every issue, the following has been selected as a good example.

Comrade Grave declares that the function of a journal is to instruct men and make them understand, and that the "action" which they desire must be the result of such understanding. Some of the readers of FREE SOCIETY may ponder this with advantage.

A. I.]

FREE SOCIETY

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1904.

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

Notes.

Friends are requested to give us the names of persons who are likely to be interested in FREE SOCIETY, that we may send them sample copies.

For Chicago,

The conference of comrades of all nationalities which was to have met Jan. 31st., has been postponed to the succeeding Sunday Feb. 7th, taking place at Toggenburger's Hall, 105 Wells St., at 2 p. m. The reason for the postponement is that a meeting to protest against the threatened deportation of John Turner is to be held in Handell Hall on the afternoon of Jan. 31st., where a number of well known speakers will be heard as advocates of free speech.

The Chicago Federation of Labor is going to act in the Turner case. The committee met on Wednesday and decided to call upon all organizations to send each three delegates to conference on Feb. 14, 3 p. m. at Bricklayers Hall.

The Sociological League meets every Sunday evening, 8 p. m. sharp, in Jefferson Hall, Fraternity Bldg., 70 Adams St. Admission 10 cents. Jan. 31 W. F. Barnard will speak on "The Destiny of the Race."

This lecture will be the last of the series of twelve given by W. F. Barnard. It is intended to continue the lectures however during the winter months, various speakers being expected to address the audiences on live social topics. Admission 10 cents

Liberty Group meets every Thursday, 8 p. m., at 427 Park Ave., corner Western Ave., for business and social purposes. Saturday, Jan. 30, 8 p. m., a social gathering will take place. All friends are welcome.

The Linotype Fund.

At the time of this report, Monday, Jan. 31, the linotype fund stands thus:

PLEDGES.

At last report.....\$ 125.00

PAID CASH.

Previously reported.....\$ 145.50

O. Rotter, New York, N. Y..... 5.00

H. Mendelson, New York, N. Y..... 50

Total, \$151.00

FREE SOCIETY

From the Lips of Liberty.
Systems never made men.

To be you must first be free.

Property is the father of poverty.

The light of religion is a ghost light.

Custom would give honor even unto murder.

Give me a world without either fraud or follies.

Faith in man makes faith in God superfluous.

"Honest government" is a thief turned beggar.

Free speech requires only a man and a tongue.

Rule means that someone is forcing you to do his will.

Free manhood requires free womanhood, and vice versa.

An exploited country will support only a small population.

The "New Thought" is merely the old thought gone crazy.

Steel workers' wages have been reduced forty per cent. Prosperity!

Anyone can prove that exploitation is right, to his own satisfaction.

Slavery may give a well fed body, but what about the starved soul it gives?

Theodore Roosevelt should read "The Man Who Would be King," and ponder.

To form armies and teach men how to kill is one of the chief interests of kings and rulers.

The German government is colonizing Brazil with those who "will remain German." Cannon food.

Roosevelt desires that the diplomatic corps shall appear in full uniform at his receptions. Shades of democracy!

The Japanese and the Russians have no quarrel, it is merely that two canine States are quarreling over a stolen bone.

A self-development that menaces the life of others is an evil; a regard for others which menaces self-development is a curse.

Russian and British officialdom is after Tibet with its secret and rich city of Lassa, as a small but desirable spoil. In this Twentieth Century the State is coming out in plain view as an highwayman.

Chamberlain is getting set back in his tariff scheme for Great Britain. "You can fool some of the people some of the time."

The Liberal Union Party, one that stood for the gentle choking of Ireland, has gone to pieces on the issues of English politics. What new parasite will take its place?

The dreams of an ideal society which we allow to ourselves are authentic evidences that murder, rapine, robbery and falsehood are not man's last and best.

The Australian Labor Party stands for Protection and the rights of labor. How these two things go together only a man who reasons backward, as a crab walks, can tell us.

John Ruskin and William Morris above all other moderns sought to unite life with art in the interest of workingmen. Without beauty and joy in beauty life smells ever of the cattle pens.

If men want power, let them develop power over nature; if they want wealth, let them seek fullness of life. It is a mad philosophy which teaches us that the foundation of our happiness is the unhappiness of others.

Chinese literary men are fighting against international copyright; they say it should sufficiently reward a writer to know that he is able to enlighten his fellows. Who was he that told us the Chinese were a backward and undeveloped race?

Those whose trade is death do not make very good figures as they glibly dismiss the discussion of Anarchism with the statement that it means murder. Rough riders and man-busters, who delight in war and death, could not afford even to call a kettle black.

We hear on all hands the information that Communism means the distraction of individual capacities and needs. That such utterances should come from the mouth of the present, foul with all the lies of the republic of misery, is natural. What individualities we now have!

The janitors, watchmen, and window washers of Chicago are the newest recruits to unionism, having been recently brought together. Little by little labor is learning its lesson; when workingmen can present a united front to the extortions of capital, the work of unionism will be at an end.

Colorado "justice" in the acts of soldiery and the attitude of governor Peabody, was the subject of a debate in the Senate recently. It is not reported that any liberty lover made a speech like that of Patrick Henry, which once thrilled a new people; this shows how low Americanism has fallen.

The new Chinese treaty, made with the United States government, is framed in the interest of American manufacturers, and is based on business interests. The "world

market" which all the robber governments are seeking to secure for capitalism, is sought with but little heed of the needs of labor, either here or in China.

An Anarchist is one who is convinced that freedom is the great remedy for social evils, as well as the sunlight necessary for the growth of manhood and womanhood. Shepherds he admits govern the poor silly sheep, but as shepherds keep sheep not for the sheep's sake, but for their own profit, he objects to being a sheep.

Brennan, the Chicago alderman convicted of vote buying and sentenced to the bridge well, is back in the city contrary to the law, and his case is being reconsidered. It is not claimed that the man is guiltless, the plea made in his behalf is only that he should not have been sent to the Bridewell. The laws easily adjust themselves to the desires of the rich and influential.

Those who monopolize the means of production and distribution smile sarcastically when the claims of labor are sounded in their ears. They have very little faith in the aspirations of the workers; these they regard as beasts, whom refinements were never intended to bless. Put the monopolists in the slums for a century; and you may look for their refinement with a powerful microscope.

The mine disaster at Cheswick, Pennsylvania is another proof of the cheapness of human life in this commercial age. A mine that was known to be gaseous was not properly supplied with ventilating apparatus, and scores of dead bear mute witness to the unscrupulousness of the capitalists who carried it on. That men must work in the face of death, that they are driven daily to risk their lives for bread, is truth too horrible to be realized.

AMERICUS.

Turner's Case and Organized Labor.

It has turned out that John Turner wrote a letter to the meeting which the Central Labor Federation, of New York, had arranged with regard to his case, which letter the leaders simply suppressed. When they were asked to account for their action, they intimated that the letter would have compromised them. Now Turner's attorneys will at least realize, I trust, whether it pays to bother with this fakirism.

Samuel Gompers has also put in his word regarding the Turner case. He emphasized the fact that the decision of the Supreme Court should bring clearness into the meaning of the new immigration law. According to his opinion the intent was to prevent "only" those from entering this country who intend to overthrow this government, but not those who aim only to change it. By inference he thus shows that he considers it perfectly proper to exclude the "revolutionists"—this miserable wretch. To comment upon such attitude would mean to insult the reader. But it is the greatest disgrace that such a mixture of dunces and ragamuffins stands at the head of American organized labor.

Taking things in general, the whole Turner affair becomes extremely depressing. On the one hand the expected general protest against Turner's deportation from liberty and justice loving America does not take place; and the authorities, on the other hand, treat the whole affair disgracefully. As it appears their intention is to weary the Free Speech League as well as Turner, and they thus add infamy to frivolity. With single exceptions the entire press endorses the authorities' machinations by a deadly silence. And the public in general is doing but little better, and it is time to realize the lamentable situation and not be given to illusions.

If things went to suit the full-blooded natives, all the gates of America would be closed for all and everybody. And as to the Anarchists, the American-born gang cross themselves the more the less they know about their aspirations. To expect such narrow-mindedness, mental rudeness, and want of character to strike against the ever-increasing reaction, borders closely on folly and buffonery. In short, I in Turner's place, would turn my back on the cruel farce, sail to England, and leave the modern Hottentots to their destiny, from which no martyrdom can save them anyway. Many may be vexed because I again swim against the current. But of what avail is the logic of facts if no one dares to express it?—*Freiheit*.

Woman's Emancipation Again.

I freely admit that I was rather hasty in opposing a sisterhood, as proposed by Comrade Starnes, for the purpose of promoting the idea of freedom among women; and above all, I did not make my position clear.

Now, as to giving woman a perscription which will enable them to "live up to their convictions," I will remind Comrade Maud of Shelly's reply to a woman who wrote to him that she could not understand a poem of his. He told her that he could make poetry, but could not supply her with intelligence. I can perhaps awaken the desire for freedom in women, but I certainly cannot supply them with the strength and courage necessary to assert their freedom. Comrade Maud admits that, try as she may, she cannot live up to her convictions, and the question is, would a sisterhood, the members of which live in different parts of the country, help her much in asserting her freedom? I doubt it, for I have found that moral encouragement helps woman very little if she herself is not strong enough to stand alone. Some make the attempt, and when they find that the struggle for freedom involves the loss of some of the comforts and pleasures they enjoyed in the golden cage they return to bondage and will stand more abuse than before.

When I found that I could not live a free life in the marital bonds, I walked out of the house with two little children and without a penny, and I soon found that I had to stand on my own feet, even without the sympathy of a sisterhood, for most women condemned my step, claiming that I should sacrifice freedom "for the sake of the children." But I rather would be free than enjoy a full dinner-pail.

True, a woman living in a small town, in which the earning of a livelihood depends entirely on the good-will of the inhabitants, has a harder task to perform than those living in large cities; but if she has a strong enough desire for freedom, she will not hesitate to leave the town and the material comforts she enjoyed there.

The road to freedom is not strewn with roses, and women who imagine that freedom can be attained without pain and disappointments had better remain in bondage.

But I am not a writer, and will leave preaching to others. I prefer to act; and I think that by practising what I think is right I shall accomplish more than by writing about freedom and living in slavery.

L. LANDOW.

Chicago, 427 Park Ave.

New York, Attention!

An international meeting will take place on Sunday, January 31, 8 p.m. in the Arbeiter Lesezimmer (Reading Room), 400 E. 76th St. The moving of FREE SOCIETY to New York will be considered, and all interested in the question are invited to be present.

The new group of New York, the Radical Club, has arranged a theater performance for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY, which will take place on Thursday, Feb. 4, 1904, 8 p.m., in Thalia theater, 46 Bowery. The well known and attractive play, the Jewish Sappho, will be performed by Mrs. Calsh and the other best actors of the house. Comrade Emma Goldman will speak between the acts on "The English Propaganda."

Tickets can be got from the following: Radical Reading Room, 180 Forsyth St. M. Maisel's bookstore, 194 E. Broadway Herriek Bros., 141 Division St. Parnes & Katz Café, 167 E. Broadway. H. Nack's Barbershop, 79 Clinton St. The Manhattan Café, 90 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All comrades are cordially invited to aid the club by selling tickets. H. COMAROW.

Notice.

The Petrel, a new semi-monthly Anarchist Communist journal, will appear February 1.

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S. MINTZ.

For Philadelphia.

The annual Russian Tea-Party will take place March 25, at Pennsylvania Hall, 928 S. 6th St. An excellent program has been arranged.

"Rambles in Hell."

A spell amidst the dullness of civilization's life and the sham of society's unnatural pastimes had brought the wandering fit upon me once more, so I steered my ship towards the golden, sunlit shores of the west, where men once dreamed of the hidden treasures of El Dorado. I made my way up the waters of the mighty Amazon and drank in its beauties day by day, until, amidst primeval forests, I pitched my camp for a time on the banks of the incomparable river, believing that at last I had strayed into celestial realms. The tropical sun streamed down upon the dense forests, the air was drowsy with the hum of insects, birds of wonderful plumage revelled in the wealth of life, monkeys made merry amidst a foliage whose richness I will not dim by description, while humming-birds hung sparkling in the air: tremulous, living jewels of light.

Suddenly a darkness obscured the sun. I looked up quickly. Lucifer stood before me. I bade him be gone. "No more of your hell scenes for me," said I, "leave me in heaven." Lucifer laughed as he exclaimed: "I have much to show you yet. Come." So I went with him. We left the golden west for South Africa. Lucifer knew Cronje, so we joined him south of Kimberly. The Boer general was making ready to receive Lord Methuen's advance.

"Hell's fires are burning brightly everywhere," remarked Lucifer with a chuckle. "There will be warm work by the morrow. Bullets will not hurt me, but they kill mortals. Are you not afraid?" "Bah!" I answered; "I fear but one thing on earth, and that is Cruelty."

The Boers held a strong position. In a deep trench, a long line of men lay hidden. We joined them. Not a word was spoken. Ammunition was freely supplied to each. It was very dark, very cold, very drear. At length the pale streaks of early dawn crept along the sky. Far off I heard a muffled, trampling sound. "What is that?" I whispered to Lucifer. "Hush—sh—sh—sh," was the only answer. It came hissing from the lips of a Boer commandment. On came the dull, trampling sound. Even the withered grass of the brown veldt could not deaden it. Then suddenly dark forms loomed thru the grey light and the heavy breathing of marching men could be heard. Nearer and nearer they came. Long lines of men marching in serried ranks, marching to their doom. "Were they mad?" I asked myself. In the Boer trenches reigned the silence of the tomb. Not a sound could be heard therein, until of a sudden a low whisper seemed to run thru the crouching ranks, like the dying moan of a spent blast. As it shivered along, every Boer moved, raised his rifle into position and waited. "Whish—sh—sh—sh," went the whispered moaning sound again as the marching phalanx of men swung along in full view of the Boer trench. Then I perceived that these marching men were Highland regiments. Could nothing save them? I sprang to my feet and shouted: "Back my lads, back!"

Too late. With an oath the Boer commandant pushed me down and then a sheet of flame burst along the Boer line, and a roll of rifle-music with its duet of crack, crack, whizz, whizz, whizz-z-z-z rent the still

air. It was an awful sound. With a reel, swerve and stagger the marching mass came to a halt and wide gaps opened in it. I saw men fall forward: others threw up their arms, clutched the air and went backward; some went to the ground, staggered to their feet again, then sank to rise no more. Loud cries resounded. A mixture of military commands and shouts of dazed, bewildered men. Confusion reigned, and all the while the flame belched along the Boer trench as the rifle's musical duet rang out remorsefully: Crack, crack, ping, ping, whizz, whizz, whizz-z-z-z.

Men fell in little heaps. Dead men lay silent atop of writhing, struggling wounded men. Grey dawn was breaking into daylight. I could see their faces. Oh! those faces, they will haunt me thru all time. Officers and non-commissioned officers yelled to their men who strove to obey; some reformed and sent a hail of bullets at the Boer trench, but they had little effect and the enemy's rifles replied, sweeping them to earth.

The sun came out and streamed down upon the hideous scene. From afar the shriek and roar of guns resounded. Blood and carnage, suffering and misery were everywhere. The hot earth drank in blood on all sides. For hours, shot, shell and bullet shrieked and ploughed the air. The death-cry, the sobbing, claspings, moaning of the wounded horse could be heard, and the call of help for men in sore need, mingled with the delirious ravings of men who were dying after the sun had beat upon them for long hours. Thirst, too, was everywhere. I heard the piteous appeal for water over and over again, but there was none to be had, only a burning hot sun, a brown, dry veldt, shade nowhere, heat everywhere, help for the wounded and dying impossible.

Shells had come tumbling into the Boer trenches. The dead lay grinning up at a blue black sky. Faces that had laughed that morning lay stiff and cold as evening fell. The battle waned, then ceased. Neither side had effected much, unless indeed expenditure of ammunition, of life counts for aught! Men and animals lay dead and dying and in pain, but the cold, dark night of South Africa came and hid them from sight.

I wandered thru the Boer camp and saw gruesome sights. I saw men eating beside their dead comrades. I saw wounded horses and cattle silently enduring their pain. I saw mutilated men in the hands of the surgeons. I heard cries and groans and sobs. "Lucifer," I said, "I am going on the battle-field. There is many a poor, wounded lad still lying there. Perhaps I can do something, if only to give a soothing word. At least I will try. Oh! how cold, how terribly cold it is. How they must suffer, and the poor horses too." Lucifer smiled and then gave a sarcastic laugh. "Your Christian papers will be full of the news tomorrow. The crowds in the street will cheer; the gay folk at home will be war-mad, they will buy metal soldiers for their children and give them miniature cannon and teach them mimic war. And the divines will hold memorial services, and the churches will be full."

I left Lucifer sneering. Truth is not al-

ways palatable and I could not contradict him. I went on to the dark, cold veldt. I came upon living men quietly dying. I stumbled over little groups lying dead. I heard an Highland laddie calling to the sweetheart he would never see again. I kicked against a doubled figure. It was an officer mortally wounded, waiting for death. Where were the stretcher-bearers, the ambulances? Everywhere, doing Herculean work, striving heroically, yet unable to reach numbers who needed their aid. I put to rest with my pistol several moaning, sobbing horses and mules, animals that would have lain there unsuccored for hours or days ere death came to free them.

Read and digest the truth, the cold, pitiless, naked truth, you arming nations, who prattle of nothing but ironclads and improved engines of war. Look on the Hell, which war creates. And you, Christian divines, who bow the knee to the Christ who said "Thou shalt not kill," go rambling in the hell where war reigns. Do not gild it with the cloak of humbug, but realize what it really is. It is hell.—Lady Dixie.

A View on Religion.

Religion is born in the minds of men, and it is developed by their imagination. It is seen by them as in a dream or vision, and no two peoples ever have the same dream or the same vision. All peoples have interpreters and prophets and medicine-men of their own, and they each give a different interpretation to the signs and appearances that are presented to their view. Some people have many gods, some have a few, and others have none at all. The forms and features of no two gods belonging to any two peoples, it must be added, are ever painted, figured or described alike.

Religion is the interpretation which man gives to nature's phenomena, and especially to the mystery of creation. Every people, especially in their earlier days have their medicine-men, their bards or poets, their singers and their prophets, who make it their business to preserve, repair and reform the traditions of their ancestors. Before we had history and the printing press, we had bards and singers, whose office and employment it was to keep alive among the people the memories of the past. They expressed in verse what the people themselves had come to believe. Behold the true origin of religion!—poetry, songs, tradition, with quite a bit of ancient history added and handed down to posterity. This is what we find, and all that we find, in our own Bible—a confused mass of tradition and allegory.

Religion unquestionably, was not designed originally to reform men or guide them, but merely to interpret the signs and to indicate to men the medicine that they should take, the ceremonies they must observe and the sacrifices they must offer in order to avert evil and insure success in the enterprises which they had in view. That is all there is of the essence of religion as it is all over the world. Primitive peoples are excessively timid and apprehensive, like the animals found in the forest, and they want protection against evil and remedies to be used when emergencies arise. Such people

are always worshipping the gods; they are trying some kind of a remedy or going thru some sort of performance in order to appease the deities and escape some threatened disorder. . . .

After religion came to be an established institution, designing men soon found that it could be turned to their advantage in various ways. The priests had their plans and they were not slow to perceive their opportunities. They soon saw that the more sacrifices there were, the more feasts they themselves would enjoy. Is it at all strange that priests always encourage sacrifice? Nothing could be more natural than such a course on their part. The men of State also perceived that religion afforded a powerful lever for the management and control of men, and they soon found it to their advantage to take the Church under their fostering care. The Church wanted protection and the State wanted favors—hence the holy alliance between the Church and State which exists even today. They are able, unquestionably, to be of great service to each other.

J. WILSON.

Echoes.

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.

A people which gives to its soldiers the euphemistic title of "defenders of their country," and then exclusively uses them as invaders of other countries, a people . . . that within its bounds forbids prize fights, but beyond its bounds frequently takes scores of lives to avenge one life—a people which at home cannot tolerate the thought that inferiority shall bear the self-inflicted evils of inferiority, but abroad has no compunction in using bullet and bayonet for the conquest of the uncivilized, arguing that the inferior should be replaced by the superior—such a people must think crookedly about the ultimate principles of right and wrong.—Herbert Spencer.

"The revolutionary idealists," says Albert Lange, the author of "History of Materialism," play a far greater role in history than the "practical men," who apparently got a name mostly because they do not act, but merely hush and retard things."

How fiercely the "dreamers," these "visionaries," the apostles of teachings which confuse and scare even the average intelligent man, have been scoffed and ridiculed! These "utopians" have been treated as hopeless lunatics, until they stepped into the front ranks in times of excitement and greatly stimulated historical developments.

These idealists understood the times and men better than the sober, "practical" ones. They were thoroly convinced of the correct-

ness of their ideas, which seemed to be visionary to others; and, above all, they believed in the victory of their ideas. They were idealists, meditators and dreamers who in the eighteenth century were sowing the seed of the revolution in France and helped to fight the battle thru. And idealists will prepare and bring about the revolution of the future.—Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung.

The American Eagle edged over toward the Russian Bear with real sorrow in his blood-red eyes. "I feel keenly the disgrace you have brought upon modern civilization," he said, as he scratched the clothes off his Filipino children and shook out the change. "It's a beastly shame you know, to allow such outrages in your kingdom. Have you no sense of shame?"

"None whatever," said the Russian Bear curtly; "I am fulfilling my destiny."

"Well," said the Eagle, as he swooped down on two colored men and put them slowly out of their misery, "you might at least be hypocritical about it and preserve appearances."—Life.

Geo. Frances Train died recently in New York. He was universally taken as a "crank," and he certainly belonged to those "fools" who assume to tell the truth, but otherwise acted so rational, daring, and regardless that he could be more correctly called an original individualist. He was once wealthy, yet he was by no means niggardly, rather one who lived and let live. With little wit and great enjoyment others have "put him up" and put him down so low that he was compelled to conclude his life in a Mills Hotel (where one pays twenty cents a night.) We were especially impressed by Train's attitude regarding the Chicago martyrs. In the east as well as in the west he arranged meetings in which he spoke about the infamous trial and plainly stigmatized their conviction, and donated the proceeds of the meetings to the defense and aid fund. In a public meeting in Chicago he proposed that the perpetrators of the intended judicial murder be hanged, and his proposition was endorsed by an unanimous vote of the meeting. This enraged Mayor Roach to such an extent that he threatened to arrest the daring speaker. For this Train gave him the nickname "King Cockroach," a play upon words with regard to Cook county and the name of the petty mayor—and the name remained with him until he was removed from office into the obscurity, from which he had risen accidentally. In short, if there were only many "cranks" like Train it would be easier to make propaganda for our ideal than is now the case.—Freiheit.

On Ellis Island, New York, a curious case of imprisonment may be observed. The prisoner is confined in a cage; literally in a cage, such as may be seen in menageries. It is about nine feet long by eight feet wide; the two ends are closed only with bars, so that the prisoner is never concealed from view; the whole contrivance stands in the middle of the floor of a basement room, and about fifteen feet from the windows; and no one is allowed to approach it except in the presence of vigilant guards. The invol-

untary occupant of this cage is not a dangerous lunatic. He is not a convicted criminal. He is a sane gentleman of education and refinement, a peaceable subject of Edward VII., a man of affairs, a retail clerk (shopkeepers' assistant) when at home in London, and the head of the shop assistants' union of Great Britain. He came to New York to arrange for organizing the retail clerks of this country in an international union with those of Great Britain. As soon as he came he was arrested. But not for any crime known to the laws of any modern nation. He was arrested for the medieval offense of "disbelieving" something. The something which this gentleman does not believe in is organized government. It is because he "disbelieves in organized government," and for nothing else—let us repeat, for nothing else, for that is all the official and the judicial records show—that this man, John Turner is confined like a wild animal in that cage upon the mere say-so of a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet. There is probably no place in the civilized world today where such a spectacle would be possible—excepting only Russia, Turkey, and the United States.—The Public.

"The State? What is it?" asks Friedrich Nietzsche, the most fearless investigator of all standards, and he answers: "The State is the name of the most frigid of all frigid monsters. Frigidly it also lies, and this lie crawls out of its mouth: I, the State, am the people. That's a lie! Creative men created nations, and hinged a belief and a love to them, and thus 'served' life. They are destructionists who set traps for the many, and call it the State; they hang a sword and a hundred inordinate desires over them."

Where there are still races, there they do not comprehend the State, and hate it as an evil eye and a sin to morals and justice. The State lies in all languages of good and evil; no matter what it may say, it lies—and what it possesses, it has been stolen. Everything on it is false: with stolen teeth it bites, this snappish thing. False are even its bowels."

These wrathful indictments of the State, made by a man who would neither be an Anarchist nor a Socialist, can be unreservedly endorsed by every revolutionary Socialist. This monster, the State, must be combatted in every form. The State, however it may be defined, no matter whether it be conducted by a monarchy, republic or a Social Democracy, always remains an institution of violence, in which the few dominate and exploit the many.—Martin Drescher.

For Boston.

The Boston Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 3. p. m. in room 9, 724 Washington street. The first series of lectures will be on Anarchism—Its relation to other forms of Socialism, "What Anarchism is," "Its Scientific basis," "Its Social application," and "Its political Economy." Free discussion follows each lecture. Admission Free.

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