The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

February, 1906
Price, Ten Cents

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

Liberty expects to greet its readers bimonthly hereafter, in the form given to the present issue,—a pamphlet of sixty-four pages. It is with reluctance that I abandon the old form, which has served my purpose so satisfactorily for nearly a quarter of a century. But there are compelling reasons for the change. In the first place, to avoid governmental supervision, annoyance, and censorship, I have decided not to seek re-entry of the publication as second-class matter, but to mail it always at third-class rates; and, to do this economically, each copy must be made to weigh a shade less than two ounces or some multiple thereof. The pamphlet form fits itself to this requirement more easily than the newspaper form, and this change to third-class matter enables me to mail the publication when and where I like and in such quantities as I like, to mail it with other matter in one wrapper if I choose, to print what I choose on the wrapper, and to print in the publication itself as many pages of my own advertising matter as I may find serviceable without subjecting myself, my subscribers, or my other advertisers, to impudent interrogation from officials of the United States government. In the second place, the adoption of a page of the present size, not only for

1.5 Pal.

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Liberty, but for the books and pamphlets which it is my intention to issue hereafter, which books and pamphlets also will carry advertising matter, enables me to interchange the advertising pages at will, and, when it seems best, to publish in pamphlet form matter that has appeared in Liberty, thus saving the cost of re-composition.

The business of publishing books and pamphlets, alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, will be conducted by me in pursuance of a policy lately approved by the New York " Evening Post " for university purposes. Urging that each large university should have its own press, and deploring the high prices and consequent small circulation of serious literature in this country as compared with France, the " Post " well says:

> In France, with less than forty millions of people, there are probably from five to ten persons who buy serious books to one in the English-speaking countries with nearly four times the population. If that is only approximately so, it is a terrible reproach to our civilization; and it is partly the result of the inflated prices charged for new works of serious literature. It should not be forgotten that the class of the community which buys, or might buy, such books, is one that feels very keenly the difference between paying less than a dollar or from two to six dollars. In Paris the publisher who should raise his price would lose his public; in London or New York the publisher who should lower his price would find the public unprepared and irresponsive. From the publishers there is little to hope save cheap reprints of works out of copyright; but might not an endowed press, working with steady policy over a course of years, help us? By inflexibly demanding adequate literary expression, by standardizing its prices at a low figure, by giving unknown authors a chance on their merits, by supporting scholars in difficult but little-trodden paths, it might serve a great national purpose.

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In my own small way, with such means as I can command, and in my special field, I purpose doing this very thing,—publishing at reasonable prices books and pamphlets, whether new or old, whose importance can hardly be over-estimated, but which offer too little promise of profit to induce other publishers to undertake their issue. In other words, I have "endowed" my own press, and, meagre as the endowment necessarily is, it is sufficient at any rate to guarantee the continuance of the work indefinitely.

The first publication, under the plan above outlined, will be a new edition, from new plates, of "Mutual Banking," by Col. William B. Greene. This little pamphlet, the most important work on finance ever published in this country, has already passed through several editions; but in none of them has the form been worthy of the contents. The new edition is reasonably sure to escape this criticism; moreover, it will be the first edition to contain a portrait of the author,—a fact which will cause it to be sought after even by possessors of the older editions. It will contain more than a hundred pages, will be sold for ten cents a copy, and will appear early in February.

In connection with the publishing business I shall carry on a small bookstore, and for this purpose have secured a room at No. 225 Fourth Avenue, a light and airy office on the twelfth floor of an elevator office-building, commanding a fine outlook over the city. Here I hope to carry ultimately the most complete line of advanced literature, in the principal languages,

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to be found anywhere in the world. By advanced literature I mean the literature which, in religion and morals, leads away from superstition, which, in politics, leads away from government, and which, in art, leads away from tradition. It will take many months, perhaps years, to attain this end, but it will not take long to make a beginning; and within a very few weeks, or even days, those who may see fit to visit the store will find upon the shelves a fairly representative stock, which they are cordially invited to examine at their leisure.

I wish to obtain a considerable number of copies of whole No. 300 of Liberty. For the first copy that shall reach me in presentable condition I will pay one dollar to the sender, and for each copy arriving thereafter I will pay fifty cents to the sender, until I shall have twenty-five copies in my possession. The dollar offer is unconditional; the fifty-cent offer, however, is qualified by the condition that there shall be a total receipt of at least twenty-five copies. If on March 1 I have not received twenty-five copies, all save the first copy will be returned. I also invite correspondence with any person willing to sell one or more of the following issues: Whole Nos. 5, 32, 116, 346, and 380.

Referring to the "We Don't Patronize List" which appears in the pages of the "American Federationist," the organ of the Federation of Labor, the New York "Sun" says: "A manufacturer's blacklist is denounced by unionism as a crime against society. Its own blacklist is regarded as a legitimate weapon. It

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seems to be the old question of the ownership of the gored ox." There is quite as much truth as spite in this comment. The "Federationist" is very, very individualistic and libertarian in treating questions involving the methods and weapons of labor,—boycotting, picketing, the closed shop, etc. It forgets its logic, however, when called upon to deal with the employer's converse of any proposition defended by it. Such an attitude invites attack; such a position is plainly untenable.

A New York appellate court has pronounced unconstitutional a statute making it a misdemeanor for an employer to require of any workman, as a condition of obtaining work with him, to bind himself by contract not to join a particular union. The right to employ and to refuse employment, logically reasons the court, includes the right to exact such a promise or pledge as the statute sought to prohibit. The plutocratic press likes this decision, but, as usual, gives sophistical reasons for its approval, and misrepresents the philosophy of the matter. It sheds crocodile tears over the poor non-union man, whom the court cruelly disregarded. It refrains from calling attention to the recent decision of the highest court of the State in favor of the legality of closed-shop contracts,—contracts which the plutocratic judges, lawyers, and newspapers of the country condemn savagely on grounds of "public policy," patriotism, Americanism, and what not. Now, either decision implies the other; both are deductions from the same principle, and both are sound. The plutocratic press passed the closed-shop

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decision in eloquent silence, but upon that sustaining anti-union contracts it parades with enthusiasm and joy. Unionist organs are " tickled to death " over the closed-shop decision; will they imitate plutocracy with reference to inconvenient corollaries of doctrines professedly acceptable—up to a certain point?

The power of passive resistance has been strikingly illustrated in Russia. She has had three " general strikes," and only the first one was truly, magnificently successful. It was absolutely pacific; it was of the sort that Tolstoï has been urging for years. Workmen, clerks, professional men, even government employees and *dvorniks* (janitors converted into spies and informers), simply dropped their tools, briefs, documents, and what not, and refused to carry on the activities of industrial and political life. The result, on the government's side, was panic. A constitution was granted; a whole series of reforms—on paper—followed. The second strike was called when the circumstances were unfavorable and the causes distinctly doubtful in the opinion of the majority of the government's enemies. It failed, and the consequent bitterness and apprehension led to a third strike, with an appeal to arms at Moscow. That appeal was most unfortunate; the revolutionary elements had overestimated their own strength, and greatly underestimated that of the autocratic-bureaucratic machine. The army was loyal, and the " revolution " was crushed. Now the government has regained its confidence, and is reviving the Plehve tactics. It is suppressing not merely revolutionary bodies and manifes-

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tations, but liberal and constitutional ones as well. Reaction is admittedly a strong probability, and the really substantial victories of October may be forfeited. Of course, human nature is human nature, and it were both idle and unfair to blame the distracted and exasperated Russian radicals for the turn events have taken. Witte has not been honest; the Bourbons were at no time in actual fear of his liberalism. Quite likely any other body of men would have acted as the Russian intellectuals and proletariat committees have acted. Still, the fact remains that, had the policy of strictly passive resistance been continued, and had not the strike and boycott weapon been too recklessly used, the cause of freedom and progress in Russia would today rejoice in much brighter prospects. Whatever reform Russia shall be shown by developments to have secured, she will certainly owe to the peaceful demonstration of the "Red Sunday" and to the passive strike.

Things have come to such a pass that no American traveller can return from a trip abroad without being made to blush for his country. On the westbound ocean steamers every passenger of foreign birth, whether in steerage or cabin, is required, during the voyage, to fill out a blank form with answers to a score or more of questions, some of the last degree of impudence, others of the last degree of idiocy. Here are some of the questions: "Have you fifty dollars with you?" "If not, how much have you?" "Have you ever been in prison?" "Were you ever in the poor house?" "Are you deformed or crippled?"

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"If so, how came you so?" "Are you a polygamist?" "Are you an Anarchist?" "Are you in good health, physical and mental?" The paper warns the passenger that, on landing, he may be required to swear to the truth of his answers, and that, if he swears falsely, he will be sent to prison. It must be admitted, however, that the circulation of these blanks on shipboard has one virtue; it serves to greatly relieve the tedium of an ocean voyage. On the last trip that I made it was the chief topic of conversation, and at sea anything that "causes talk" is a blessing. My next neighbor in the dining-room was a young Englishman. Little knowing who I was, he produced his blank at table. "Have you seen these questions?" said he: "just look at this one, for instance: 'Are you an Anarchist?' As if any one would admit it under such circumstances! My answer to that will be: 'Not at present, with hopes for the future.'" Another passenger's answer was: "I was not an Anarchist until I read these questions." Still another said: "If he who carries bombs is an Anarchist, No; if he who resents inquisition is an Anarchist, Yes." While, under the question: "Are you in good health, physical and mental?" one man wrote: "I am mad." And so it went. It was all very entertaining; but to every American it was also very painful to see his country made, and with good reason, the butt of ridicule. Suppose England were to pass a law for the exclusion of foreign prostitutes; what in that case would be the feelings of an American citizen whose wife or daughter, before landing in England, should be confronted officially with the question: "Are you a harlot?" It

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would be a fine stroke of justice if precisely such a fate could befall every congressman who voted for the silly and abominable law under which questions equally impudent and scarcely less horrible are plumped at every man and woman visiting these shores.

In the tributes paid by the newspapers to the late Marshall Field much stress is laid on the statement that, unlike many other money magnates, he accumulated his wealth by legitimate methods. It is probably true, as the New York "Evening Post" says, that "to his money none of that taint attached which comes of building up a fortune upon the deliberately planned wreck of the property of others." But, when the "Post" declares that "no ruin-spreading monopoly could be pointed to as the source of his great riches," it goes too far. The "Post" knows very well that the protective tariff creates a "ruin-spreading monopoly," and it has especial reason to remember the advantages derived from the tariff by merchants like Marshall Field, for it is not many years since these very merchants organized a boycott of its advertising columns because of its advocacy of tariff reform. The "Post" does not know, or at any rate does not say, that the legal restrictions upon banking create a "ruin-spreading monopoly," but such is the fact; and Marshall Field profited handsomely by the absence of that sharper competition which would have held him in check under a really free banking system. Furthermore, but a comparatively small portion of Mr. Field's vast wealth was derived directly from his mercantile pursuits. Most of it came through shrewd outside in-

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vestments. It is probable that he was a large stock-holder in most of the gigantic corporations that have been built " upon the deliberately planned wreck of the property of others," and it is sure that he was an enormous beneficiary of increase in land values, whch he could not have been but for that " ruin-spreading monopoly " which vests land-titles in non-occupants and non-users. Field did not actively practise the methods of Rockefeller, but he benefited by them. He did not inspire the dislike that most of us feel for Rockefeller, but his money, no less than Rockefeller's, was tainted.

Under cover of its tribute to Marshall Field, the " Evening Post " bestows a nasty kick on Andrew Carnegie. " Though Mr. Field's public gifts were not large in proportion to his means, he at least bestowed them in a way to carry no sting. He gave freely and outright, when he did give. Not for him was the odious plan of ' stimulating benevolence in others,' by giving grudgingly of his abundance on condition that as much be extracted from the poverty of others. Thus his charities were, if not great relatively, at least not the offensive acts of a man who was at heart a miser." A singular declaration, in view of the fact that Mr. Field's $8,000,000 bequest for the endowment and maintenance of the Field Columbian Museum is made upon the express condition that within six years from the death of Mr. Field there shall be provided, without cost to the estate, a satisfactory site for the permanent home of the museum. This method of giving, far from being grudging or miserly, shows

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great wisdom in the giver, and no less in Mr. Carnegie's case than in Mr. Field's.

The New York "Sun," taking a similar view to that of the "Evening Post," says of Marshall Field that "his business methods were honorable"; that "he did not bilk or prey upon the public"; that he did not seek public respect through "staring philanthropies"; and that "he did not try to cover up doubtful transactions with a halo or to bribe his way into 'society' or heaven with benefactions in the nature of repentance." And because he did not do these things, declares the "Sun," "the red-mouthed yapping at the rich spared him." But the "Sun," in thus holding up Mr. Field as an exceptional case, virtually charges that most other possessors of fortunes as large as Mr. Field's are in the habit of doing precisely the things that he did not do. Now, if the making of these charges by the "Sun" is legitimate criticism, why do the same charges, when made by an Anarchist, become "red-mouthed yapping at the rich"?

Some months ago Gustave Hervé, Urbain Gohier, and a number of other conspicuous members of the French anti-military party signed a poster advising French soldiers, when ordered to fire on strikers, to turn their guns on their officers, and this poster was put up in various parts of Paris. The signers were arrested, and in December, after an exciting trial, nearly all were convicted and received severe sentences. Two or three, however, were acquitted, though they were quite as guilty as the others, and one of the for-

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tunate ones was the famous Italian revolutionist, Amilcare Cipriani, who, it seems, once rendered the French nation a great service in an hour of peril. The day after his acquittal Cipriani again proceeded with the placarding of Paris with the original poster, this time, however, signed by himself only and having the following appendix:

In company with twenty-seven comrades I signed this poster. By acquitting me, on December 30, the Seine jury has proclaimed that I committed no crime. It has recognized my right of propagandism. I make use of it.

Cipriani may be lacking in gratitude, but there's nothing the matter with his logic or his sense of humor.

When Theodore Roosevelt, writing to Henry M. Whitney, charged his correspondent with "lacking the power of exact thinking," it was hardly an instance of condemnation from Sir Hubert.

Whether we have or have not an emperor in the United States,—on which point judgment may be reserved till Roosevelt and the senate and house get through with each other,—it is at least clear that we have a crown princess fully developed.

"And the said defendant is hereby enjoined from wooing or making love to Mary E. Brown." Thus runs a clause in an order issued recently by Judge Moss of the circuit court at Parkersburg, West Virginia. The defendant is William Brown, and the woman to whom he is ordered to cease making love is his wife. Mrs. Brown recently filed suit for divorce, and since their estrangement the husband has been

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trying to woo his spouse over again. So do our courts protect the sacred institution of marriage. A judge in a monthly-magazine story would have been busy helping the parties to get reconciled, and straining the law for that purpose till you could hear it crack.

Among the " tributes from educators " printed in the newspapers at the time of the death of Dr. William R. Harper I saw no mention of President Eliot's old-time characterization of the University of Chicago as " Harper's Bazar."

Justice Rogers, of the New York supreme court, in imposing a severe sentence on a violator of the election laws, declared: " There is too much illegal voting done in this large city." This judge seems to have formed an idea of the amount of illegal voting that can be allowed to the square mile with propriety. Perhaps he took his cue from Boss Odell, who, in an unprecedented burst of candor, said recently to a New York " World " reporter: " I have always believed that there were more election frauds committed here than there should be."

Why does not Moses Harman, who is being so shamefully persecuted by the post office department, mail " Lucifer " at third-class rates, in small lots, at different times, and at different post-offices? By so doing he certainly would lead the national censor a lively chase, and perhaps would tire him out. Such a course would cost but twenty-five cents a year for each subscriber, and " Lucifer's " readers seem willing

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to pay for the privilege of receiving their paper. To do this is, of course, to submit to an outrageous discrimination, but it is sometimes better to pay an unjust tax than to be deprived of one's liberty of speech.

Mr. William Bailie's life of Josiah Warren, published by Small, Maynard & Co., is now ready for delivery, and is for sale at the office of Liberty. It is very prettily gotten up, and its contents are of high interest to every Anarchist. A later issue will contain a review of the work, discussing its merits, of which it has an abundance, and its demerits, from which, unhappily, it is not free.

Perhaps some of the older readers of Liberty can give Max Nettlau, the bibliographer of Anarchism, the information which he asks for in the interesting article that I reprint from "Freedom." I have never seen the pamphlet of which he writes, but there are references in some numbers of Warren's "Periodical Letter" which indicate that Mr. Nettlau is correct in his surmise that A. C. Cuddon was its author. I think that I met Mr. Cuddon in London in 1874; though considerably more than eighty years of age, he was as enthusiastic a disciple of Warren as ever. Mr. Henry Edger too, the Positivist of whom Mr. Nettlau writes, I met once in New York in 1877, and, as a result of this meeting, he wrote for the "Radical Review," the quarterly which I published in 1877-78 in New Bedford, Mass., a long article on "Prostitution and the International Woman's League." Now that Mr. Bailie's life of Warren has appeared, it is hardly nec-

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essary to correct Mr. Nettlau's error in calling Warren an Englishman. On the other hand, what is left of the sect of Universologists will learn with joy from Mr. Nettlau's article that, though since the death of the Pantarch the usually necessary period of one hundred years is far from having elapsed, he has already gained admission to the calendar of the Saints. Mr. Nettlau's address is: Langham House, College Road, Harrow, Middlesex, England.

A Christian Science healer who failed to respond to a summons to do jury duty was fined therefor by a New York judge. The New York "Times" complains of the court for desiring such a juror. "Imagine," it says, "the verdict likely to be rendered by a jury containing a man who, not many years ago, gravely announced to a bewildered metropolis the belief that an inscription inaccurately chiseled on a block of granite had kindly corrected itself without any other assistance than the existence of a preference on the part of Mrs. Mary Baker Patterson Glover, &c., &c., Eddy, and a few of her worshippers that the inscription should read in another way!" Well, why should a verdict rendered by such a jury be less reasonable than one rendered by a jury containing a man who entertains the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was born of a virgin by a process known as immaculate conception? The theory of the "Times" will carry it far.

The Filipinos have made W. J. Bryan a Datto, but nobody in the world, Filipino or American, can make Mr. Bryan a Ditto.

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WHAT WE FIND INSTEAD OF THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

I am indebted to a review in the "Advance" for my knowledge of a new book published by the Scribners, called "The City the Hope of Democracy." It is thus described:

Among the recent books on public questions the volume bearing the title above is one of the most important. It is from the pen of Frederic C. Howe, who says that his convictions are the result of several years of actual political experience in the administration of the city of Cleveland, and of personal study of municipal conditions in the leading cities of Great Britain and America. The author further states that his careful study of city problems compelled him to change from "belief in a business man's government to belief in a people's government." These two points he elaborates with a great array of facts and extensive argument.

In "a business man's government" Mr. Howe finds the principal cause of corruption. It is back of bossism, back of boodling, back of bribery, back of the whole business of exploiting the people. In this respect, as readers of the "Advance" need hardly be told, the author reaches the same conclusion as Lincoln Steffens. . . . That this statement reverses the view which prevailed a dozen years ago is obvious. Then the whole emphasis was laid on the danger of the democracy. The public was told every day in the week that the masses in the city were the source of corrupt government. Now, as Mr. Howe says, the public is beginning to realize that the real source of corruption is the big business which puts its own selfish interests before the common welfare. . . . The connection of the political boss with franchise corruption of cities is thus described: "The boss came in through political apathy. He has grown powerful through privilege. He is the natural and logical product of privilege, and he everywhere perpetuates his power through an alliance with it. And the privileges which he now represents are the great natural monopolies that make use of our streets, the companies which supply transportation, gas, water, electric light, and telephone service. The boss enjoys a dual *rôle;* he not only controls the party, but traffics in legislation. He has become a modern feudal baron, who does homage to his supe-

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rior, levies tribute on society, and distributes favors to his retainers with a free hand, as did his prototypes of old. He is the link which unites the criminal rich with the criminal poor. For the former he obtains millions in grants and franchises, and immunity from taxes. To the latter, in payment of election services, he dispenses small gratuities in jobs, protection from the police, and in charities. He makes party regularity a merchantable asset, which he uses for his own political advancement and the promotion of these interests whose agent he is."

So we must reverse the view that was taught us a dozen years ago, must we? Not without stopping to think, I hope. Correct it, doubtless; but why reverse it? The dozen-year-old view was, I believe, that the boss's power was based in his relation to the unintelligent masses, to whom, in payment of election services, he dispensed small gratuities in jobs, protection from the police, and charities, whereby their vote became his merchantable asset which he used for his own political advancement and for his private enrichment by the sale of privilege to the criminal rich. How far from that are we now, after all, according to Mr. Howe?

In the nineteenth century, to be sure, the boss's supporters were supposed to be the poor in general; now, it seems, they are "the criminal poor." As they are apparently able to furnish the mass of votes which does the main work of carrying an election, it is rather disquieting to find the criminal poor so numerous a class. The charge is substantially equivalent to saying that the poor voters in general are criminal, for the election returns give us an idea of the number of men who must be described as "criminal poor" in order to explain the boss's majorities. Does it appear from Mr. Howe's statement what facts show them to be criminal? It does. They are criminals in that they

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vote a ticket which has a chance of success at the polls. Well, we Anarchists always did maintain that this is a crime; so we will not be hard on Mr. Howe for agreeing with us. Furthermore, they are criminals in that their vote is determined by liking for the man's personal character (I confess that, in expounding the phrase "small gratuities in charities," I draw on my recollection of the explanations that were given us a dozen years ago; but am I wrong in so doing? the thing to be explained is the same, and the explanation is plausible and is confirmed by observations taken a dozen years ago) and by the fact that he administers the government in their interest so far as they understand it. Mr. Howe does not appear to charge that they realize the antagonism between their position and the public interest,—that they believe the "good fellow" who looks out for the poor in general and for his friends in particular to be in fact a plunderer of honest men and a tool of monopoly. Mr. Howe's position, so far as I am informed of it, seems quite consistent with what we heard a dozen years ago,—that they believe this ruler to be the real friend of the people, and the talk about "plunder" to be the moonshine of theorists who are out of touch with practical life; so we may give these voters full credit for sincerity. Are they criminals, then, in letting such considerations sway their vote? Doubtless; for by wilful and unjust aggression they kill thousands of men and women who ought to be left alive. Only it is getting more and more obvious that they are criminals of the sort who can never be jailed, because there are not enough jailors to keep them; that the words "criminal poor," if

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they are meant to suggest that we are here dealing with a minor subdivision of the poor, are a gross perversion of fact; that it is just as we used to be told in the nineteenth century,—this is the type of the poor in general, and will be so as long as they continue to be unintelligent, which will be nobody knows how long; and that this same type is not especially peculiar to the poor, but is identical with the type of the successful, but narrow-minded, New England manufacturer who votes for the protective tariff in the firm belief that his business would go to the dogs if he had to compete with Europe without a tariff, and what is true of him is true of his neighbors, so free trade would ruin the country.

Or does Mr. Howe really mean that the boss derives his power, on the popular side, not from his control of a large body of voters, but from his control of a machinery for registering fictitious votes? Do the words "criminal poor" refer solely to those whose election-day services are of a nature legally punishable? No one doubts that bosses make great use of such agencies on occasion; but it is hardly plausible to say that this is their main source of power; and, if that were true, it would hardly be plausible to say that anything else than this should be the main point of attack in an attempt to purify elections. I think I was right in my first interpretation of the phrase "criminal poor."

The source of the boss's mandate to rule our municipalities, then, seems, even by Mr. Howe's account, to be essentially the same as it used to be said to be. In the presentation of his relation to the capitalist there is a greater difference observable. The capitalist and

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the boss used to come before our minds as two mainly independent powers, bargaining with each other either for mutual profit at the expense of the public or for the terms of blackmail levied by the boss on the capitalist; and the boss was supposed to be a sort of robber baron, fortified in a castle where he could and did claim to be the superior party in the negotiation, whatever advantage the supple capitalist might gain over his pride. Now Mr. Howe presents the boss to us as the capitalist's tool and agent,—removable at the capitalist's will, we must suppose, else the alleged relation becomes practically unthinkable in so far as it differs from the old conception,—through whom the capitalist exercises in fact, by deputy, the powers which the boss had been supposed to exercise in his own behalf.

I believe there is truth in both views. I believe there have always been places where it was possible for the capitalist to keep a boss of his own, and capitalists who have seen and welcomed such an opportunity. I believe, on the other hand, that the boss tends to aspire to as much independence as he thinks he can defend, and that the nature of his position puts him under constant temptation to go to the verge of prudence in reaching out for independence. I think, if we could get the lid all off from the dealings between the two, we should see struggles for conquest or for independence so numerous as to be a noticeable feature of the situation, and success inclining now to one side and now to the other; and I am willing to believe that the tendencies of the last few years have made the capitalists' successes abnormally numerous. But I think the capitalists' hold on such power must always be very

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uncertain, since the boss's power consists so largely in his reputation, and this reputation must adhere personally to the man who is publicly known as boss—cannot be kept under the control of any power behind the throne. If John Smith, capitalist, having made John Doe a boss, wants to unmake him, what is he to do? Doe controls the votes partly because he is known to be charitable to the poor, partly because he is known as a distributor of political patronage. Smith can sway most of the bribed vote, and most of the apparatus for conducting a campaign by means of printing, paid speakers, paid canvassers, etc.; but he must also have a man to present in Doe's place. If he presents his confidential clerk, Richard Roe, whose personal qualifications for such work are unquestioned, the fact that Roe is unknown to the voters will be a frightful handicap,—a handicap invincible for the time being, except by the difficult and dangerous process of buying up individually, with hard cash, a sufficient number of local sub-bosses. Practically Roe's chances would not be worth mentioning till he had spent some years getting himself before the bossable part of the public. Meanwhile Doe, controlling the government, will have half ruined Smith's local business. Consequently Smith is driven to fall back on Tom Styles, who is already in politics and has the political assets which a judicious addition of money will transform into dominion. But Styles is already in some sort of relations with Doe; and the game to be played is one in which Doe is a specialist, while Smith is dependent on his subordinate for technique. Doe is described in the papers as "making the fight of his

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life," and is getting money from a rival capitalist by flattering offers; and many are the voters who think it best to stand by the old man. Will it not pay Smith best, if Doe is willing to do business on reasonable terms, to treat with him as an equal rather than try to crush him? I am assuming circumstances favorable to Doe, but not extraordinarily so; it is at least likely that Smith will have to wait a year or two till he can get a favorable opening, and time may work in Doe's favor instead of his own.

The point is that so much of the boss's power is non-transferable. Part of it can be duplicated, and another part conquered away from him, but both the duplicating and the conquering take time, and time is money to the capitalist. I cannot think, therefore, that he will, as a rule, keep in efficient condition that power of removal which is essential to complete domination. But assume the case where he does it—what then? In a city where the known boss is a puppet, and a capitalist is the real boss, what of it?* Simply that we mistook the identity of our boss. There is a boss, just as we thought there was; and the voters are controlled, and the elections are carried, by the same means as we always supposed did the work. The inference is simply that in our reform movements we

* Mr. Howe is talking of cities, and so am I. In a State legislature the large area covered, and the presence of the rural vote, tend to weaken the power of the boss as a man and make it easier for money to dwarf him. Hence we often hear of a State being owned by a railroad company, while a city is always said to be owned by a man or a ring. The members of the ring may be the leading stockholders of a corporation, but it is as men, not as money-bags, that they boss the city. Their money is a tool of their political power, and is their motive for holding the power; but the power does not consist in the money.

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must no longer trust this man whom we thought we could trust as a possible ally against the boss. Now, this lesson is well worth writing a book about, or a dozen books; but it does not cancel the lessons of a dozen years ago; they remain valid, and we add the new lesson to them.

Mr. Howe draws the lesson differently; he insists that we should have municipal ownership of valuable franchises, in order that there may not be these rich plums to attract capitalists to control the boss. Now, surely this is irrelevant unless the capitalist is the cause of the boss; and Mr. Howe seems really to think that this is so. But how is the capitalist supposed to cause the boss? It must be either by giving him his means, or by furnishing him his motive. The boss would continue if the capitalist were gone, if means and motive were still present; and assuredly they would be present. Money can hardly be said to occupy a foremost place among the means of the city boss, especially if you restrict it to such money as the capitalist may be supposed to furnish him; if you utterly destroy bribery funds out of politics, but double the number of jobs to be given out in the city service, you may be sure you have not made the boss less able to hold his power. As for motive, I have no ground for disputing that the capitalist's money may be foremost among the motives which actuate the boss at the present day; and, if I tried to deny it, the testimony of Mr. Howe might well be conclusive against me. But in its absence other motives would come into play,—motives quite strong enough to make a man act as boss. It is difficult to conceive a great city govern-

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ment in which the plums of the administration, provided a man wishes to administer corruptly, could not be made big enough to give a considerable pecuniary motive; and, even if money could all be done away, the mere love of power, or the desire to accomplish some purpose for which the control of political power is needed, would suffice to draw men into this career. The matter can be put in a nutshell. If John Doe had devoted himself to banking, he might have made a million. If he had devoted himself to manufacturing, he might have made half a million. But he did, when he was starting in life, devote himself to politics, and he did so well in it that he is able to be boss of the city. Now, if the place of boss is worth five millions, he gets the five millions; but, if it is worth only a hundred thousand, he still puts his whole strength into being boss, for the good reason that, if he were to go into banking or manufacturing now, when he is getting into middle age, he could not hope to make more than ten thousand. Some circumstance, joined perhaps to a natural bent, started him as a politician; as soon as he has won a standing in politics, and has not yet won any equally strong standing in any other line of life, it will take something unusual to keep him from going on as a politician, be the rewards great or small. All that you could hope to accomplish by lessening the boss's rewards would be to give us a less able race of bosses; or, if you could very considerably diminish the money rewards, to give us a race of bosses actuated by different motives. These different motives might be better than the motives of the present bosses, or they might not.

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The milk in Mr. Howe's cocoanut, I think, is this. We have had bad government, and have thought of various ways to get rid of it. One of these ways, which many had pinned their faith to, was to put the government in the hands of the business men. Mr. Howe has shown up this fallacy, and thus, we may hope, saved many from spending more energy on this false line. But, when he tells us to go back to the old theory of trusting the honest patriotism and sturdy common sense of the masses, he has no basis to go on. We have tried that and found it wanting, and the experience is still valid and even still current. How does a comparison of the New York city election of 1905 with that of 1886—Hearst in the place of George, McClellan in the place of Hewitt, Ivins in the place of Roosevelt, the Tammany candidate each time counted in, the labor candidate each time claiming to have had an actual majority—show that the masses are more to be trusted politically now than then? When you are after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, never turn back to a place where you have already looked in vain. That, at least, is not the nature of rainbows. Better say that good government is to be had by educating the people into sound political principles; by seeking your rainbow on a mountain-top so distant as that, you will have the pleasure of a long walk in hope, before you suffer the disappointment of getting there and seeing what you find.

The project of securing good government has been tried in many shapes, and has failed in each shape. The longer the list of failures grows, the more must the thought recur that the project of doing away with

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government, and leaving all that government now does to be conducted on the basis of ordinary business, has never in a civilized country been tried and found to fail.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

WHAT NEXT IN RUSSIA?

The march of events in Russia affords a striking confirmation of the truth that the maintenance of the State depends upon organized brute force. Without an army and navy no government can successfully impose its authority upon a people. The Russian revolt proves to all the world that there, at least, bayonet and cannon are the only pillars of authority, and that these are fast crumbling away.

The growth of representative institutions obscures the primal nature of the State, though under its most democratic form physical force is still its ultimate foundation. In this land of the free few would accept the idea that a government born of the Declaration of Independence, purporting to rest upon the will of the people, has anything in common with the military despotism now in process of disintegration in northern Europe. Yet the most patriotic American will not hesitate to condemn the government of the czar. Nor is it difficult to comprehend how a downtrodden race, enthralled by superstition, ignorance, and want, could so long submit to a blighting and cruel *régime*. For generations they have been forced to cringe and crawl, until blind faith and passive fatalism are traits of national character. But even here we see that the spirit of liberty still lives.

At an early period the conquest of Russia by the

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Tartars arrested the normal development of the people and threw them back on their religion. In opposition to the heathen conquerors, the Byzantine form of superstition, magnified in importance, soon became a national bond gradually personified in the person of the czar.

To note an analogous instance, it is also the blending of religion and nationality in Ireland which has held her for centuries an easy prey to English domination. Had the people been able to unite against the conqueror, regardless of creed, political freedom would have been achieved long before the advent of Grattan's abortive parliament toward the close of the eighteenth century. Superstition here was utilized by an alien government to hold a nation in subjection, while in Russia it worked hand in hand with the native rulers, enabling them to fasten both an ecclesiastical hierarchy and a political despotism upon the people.

When the Tartar rule was finally overthrown in Russia, three leading consequences historically followed: the nation was politically unified, autocracy firmly established, and serfdom first imposed upon the masses. The enslavement of the cultivators was accomplished during a period when land was plentiful and labor scarce. There would have been no need for such a step, if the economic conditions had been reversed. With land scarce and free labor abundant, the dominant class could have secured a revenue by exploitation without resorting to so drastic a measure. It happened, too, when in other parts of Europe, owing to the growing scarcity of free land, serfdom was disappearing.

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In building up absolute power the crown, in order to insure the loyalty and support of the landed aristocracy, aided them through a series of enactments to perfect an economic revolution, which legally transformed the people from a condition of rude freedom into slaves of the soil for the benefit of the proprietors.

Of their ancient liberties one institution alone remained to the peasants,—the *Mir*. By cultivating mutual aid it enabled them too long to endure unjust exploitation; but it also rendered the serfs an easier prey to the rapacity of their rulers. As a tax-collecting agency the *Mir* became a highly efficient and serviceable tool of the government. The peasants were thus held responsible collectively for taxes. Wherever he went, whatever opportunities to improve his fortune the peasant might find elsewhere, the commune could claim him, could compel him to return, to work off his share of the tax burden. After emancipation he was "holdfast" to his commune, just as he had been to his master. There has now grown up a new generation, with some glimmering of desire for individual rights and less faith in the "little father," a younger race born since the days of serfdom, which finds the old customs and conditions irksome.. This change in ideas has helped to make the revolution possible.

In the past all progress seemed hopeless. The historic events that made for freedom in western Europe had no influence on the masses in Russia. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the discovery of America, the French Revolution, the teachings of science, touched not the life of the people. There was no natural

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growth toward free institutions. If complaints were made, the czar emitted ukases instead of remedies. If the laws worked ill, more laws were promulgated, which wrought more ill. Feats the most impossible and contradictory have been attempted through laws by the all-wise autocrat, only to display the folly of his labors.

Until comparatively recent times no middle class, no professional classes, had arisen. The nobility, made up largely of those in the government service, from whatever social rank they sprang, served always as a reliable and convenient instrument to keep the people down. When at length a class emerged, neither nobles nor peasants, and began to accumulate property, it was inevitable that they should desire political rights and seek representation in the government. It is this steadily-growing propertied class, which comes neither from bottom nor top of the social structure, though reënforced from both, that for more than half a century has furnished the leaven of aspiration and effort at last ripened into a nation in revolt.

Those who read history only through the doings of its figureheads and heroes will continue to credit Alexander II with the emancipation of the serfs, just as they ascribe the abolition of slavery in America to Lincoln. Emancipation was not the free gift of a generous ruler; it was an economic necessity to which the law reluctantly and half-heartedly gave recognition. Serfdom did not pay, and was a failure industrially long before it was abolished. And the reactionary measures in the interest of the landowners, that hindered the reforms essential to complete the work of

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emancipation, have wrought untold suffering and injustice upon the peasants. Liberty without free land and exemption from ruinous taxation was an idle mockery, leaving the peasant as he is to-day,—helpless, dependent, and in abject poverty.

Under serfdom the government was upheld by the landed nobility, because, in order to secure to them their privileges, the State was necessary to the proprietors. But, since the emancipation, with revenues much diminished, the economic power of the landed class has dwindled, and therefore they have ceased to be a potent factor in the government. Yet, while the proprietors have lost, neither the peasantry nor the commercial classes have gained political power. Herein lies the anomaly of a government trying to maintain itself, though representing none of the component economic or propertied classes of the nation. The military organization, no longer, as in the past, identified with landed property, therefore becomes the sole reliance of the government.

In any country in time of peace it is well known that the military establishment is itching for a fight, thirsting for the opportunity to practise its murderous vocation. It is usually, however, restrained by the more potent commercial and property interests supporting the State. But, just as soon as this restraint becomes inoperative, the military class, regardless alike of just cause or adequate preparation, will plunge headlong into war. Under such circumstances Russia was driven to fight Japan. With the same irresponsible fatuity Louis Napoleon in 1870 dragged the French into a war for which his government was ut-

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terly unprepared. In both instances the disastrous consequences led to internal revolution. It would be no hard task to show by classic citation that nations which tamely submit to the rule of unscrupulous despots, even if these be elected presidents or legislative assemblies, must surely reap in tears and blood the fruits of their supine indifference.

All classes in Russia outside the military were opposed to the late war. But, as already noted, none had any control over the acts of the autocracy. Japan's success convinced the people that the government, with all its armies, was not invincible. Beaten and demoralized by a despised foe, the army and navy at last began to waver in their loyalty. With popular revolt blazing out all over the empire, and open mutiny confronting them, the czar and his advisers prepare to temporize. A constitution is promulgated, yet no class or party is satisfied. The belief grows that the czar and his Cossack assassins will be unable to stifle the just demands of the nation.

Desperate, impotent, despised, cursed, hated, its hands reeking with the people's innocent blood, despotism is doomed. Standing for an obsolete past, a phantom tradition, a hopeless future, it must succumb before the rising social forces that have undermined it. Whether it take months or years, the transformation is assured. The old *régime* can never be revived.

No illusions should be cherished about the future of Russia. The State will not, with all its crimes, be overthrown. It will, at best, only change hands. The upshot of the present crisis will be a shifting of power. In the end the dominant propertied interests will gain

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control. Already the commercial, industrial, and professional classes are becoming the strongest social force. It is their demands, their efforts, that have brought the crisis to a head. As happened in other countries in the past, they enlist the working classes under their banners. The peasants will not, to any great extent, act with the revolutionaries.

After the revolution shall have performed its main work,—the overthrow of autocracy and establishment of constitutional government,—the working class and their Socialist allies will discover that their plans have miscarried. A stronger force than they had shaped them to its ends.

Instead of landed property, for which it formerly stood, the State in Russia will in the near future represent capitalist property. In a word, it will become a modern State. Their identity with the old *régime* and their present weakness will prevent the remnant of the landed class from gaining much share in the government. The peasants will, therefore, at the expense of their former masters, obtain extended rights in the land, because the dominant class in the State can always afford to be generous at the expense of another class whose day of power has passed. The working people, notwithstanding their sacrifices for liberty, will find that they possess no larger measure of freedom or independence than their brethren in Germany, France, or other European countries. Political rights, perhaps universal suffrage, will be attained, but the achievement of economic liberty will remain far off in the future.

In spite of disappointment and defeat, the people

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will not abandon the hopes and ideals for which they have suffered and bled. Uprisings against the new order, as against the old, will surely occur. But, under the coming *régime* of capital, such revolutionary efforts will prove even less successful than in the past. Nevertheless the attainment of so-called free political institutions is a step on the way toward the larger freedom which is the goal of social evolution.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

INSURANCE AND GOVERNMENTAL "PROTECTION"

The New York legislative inquiry into the methods and practices of the life insurance companies has been very useful. It has unmasked "respectable" grafters, embezzlers, and pirates. It has afforded fresh evidence of the rottenness of "high finance," and has exposed the sickening hypocrisy of the pillars of law and order. The good, dull moral people who, outraged by isolated instances of "labor" graft or of "slugging," frantically demand the fearless enforcement of the criminal statutes will sing low for a time. The shallow optimists who have seen nothing but benevolence and "duty" in the criminal adventures of our government in the Philippines, on the Panama isthmus, and elsewhere, demoralized by the revelations of rascality and treachery in the upper business strata, are demanding in despair that the American people "raise the black flag" and manfully avow that the dollar is their only religion, law, and moral code.

All this is refreshing, wholesome, grateful. But let no one expect any other beneficial result from the in-

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vestigation. Insurance will not be reformed; the policy-holder's interests will not be safer; misuse of funds will not be prevented. State control and supervision having utterly failed, more control by politicians is advocated. Some are clamoring for federal control of insurance,—Missionary Dryden among them, by the way; and no doubt federal control, if exclusive, would be "cheaper" than control of forty-five separate departments. The average man assumes that the insurance companies have enjoyed too much freedom, and jumps to the conclusion that restrictive legislation covering their investments, commissions, salaries, etc., will keep them honest and economical. But what are the facts?

That certain statutes designed to restrain them have been ignored or "waived" by complaisant officials is true; but they have paid well for this complaisance. More restriction will mean more bribery and more blackmail; the price of "*laissez faire*" will be higher, that's all.

It is not generally known that the companies have actually purchased legislation which has enabled them, not merely to hamper and thwart suspicious policy-holders, to avoid judicial examination and publicity, but to discourage and restrain competition.

Here is an interesting extract from the chapter on "Remedies" in Actuary Dawson's new book on "The Business of Life Insurance":

First and foremost, the lessons of life insurance history enforced by recent events demonstrate that the formation of purely mutual companies, required by law to maintain solvency, should be encouraged. The organization of mutual societies to operate on unsound plans, on the other hand, should not be

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permitted.

At present precisely the contrary is the fact. Mutual companies may be organized freely to operate on unsound assessment plans, but may not be organized at all under the legal reserve laws. Whether this came about through the cupidity of existing companies desiring a monopoly or through the stupidity of legislators who, influenced by no present interest calling for such powers, blindly shut the door against the enterprise of the future generations, does not much matter. It has resulted in the evils of assessmentism assuming gigantic proportions, and also in many grievous ills in life insurance companies operating on sound plans.

No remedy can go to the root of the matter, therefore, which does not provide for the organization of regular mutual companies.

Without indorsing these paragraphs as they stand, the statement as to the peculiar incidence and effect of the restrictive legislation is full of suggestion.

Mr. Dawson demands for insurance "freedom and publicity." His conception of freedom is inadequate, for he recommends several regulative and paternalistic measures that no consistent libertarian recognizes as necessary. Moreover, he does not even see the effects of denials of freedom in other directions—especially freedom in banking and credit organization—on the whole insurance business. The libertarian will recommend freedom as the remedy for the evils of insurance, exposed and hidden, in a more comprehensive sense, taking care to add that, provided competition is permitted and the policy-holder is let alone by the State, there is no occasion for tears over the losses of the careless, stupid, or indolent policy-holders who may be victimized by grafters and betrayers of trust. The policy-holders who, having power and choice, prefer the wildcat or doubtful companies to those known to

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be conservative should pay the penalty of their folly. Has it not been said that against stupidity even the gods are helpless? S. R.

THE LETTERS OF IBSEN

If the writing of an autobiography by Ibsen would have prevented these "Letters" (Fox, Duffield & Co.) from being given to the world, it is well that we shall (doubtless) have to do without the autobiography; for no survey of a man's life written by himself near the end of it could quite reveal to us the character of the man, and especially his growth and development, as does a collection of his spontaneous utterances to friends and foes, given forth, evidently in many cases, without a thought of the possibility of their being given to the public. The most striking impression, perhaps, that a careful reading of this volume produces is that Ibsen's life has been a very contradictory one, and that he has been guilty of many inconsistencies; but we are accustomed to this in geniuses and strong individualities, for from Shakspere to Whitman it has not been uncommon. While I think it indisputable that the tendency of Ibsen's writings, in his letters as well as in his plays, is toward the magnification of the individual and the abolition of the State (as will be remembered from his dramatic works, and as will be seen from the quotations which I shall presently make from his letters), it is also quite true that the State Socialists could point to many expressions that seem to show him as sharing their faith. I am convinced, however, that these latter are chance and unguarded or unconsidered expressions, and not

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really characteristic of his philosophy. He has often and unqualifiedly denounced the State, and yet he still continues to draw a pension from it; and in early life, when he had scant means, he made long and strenuous efforts to secure the pension, and to obtain "traveling grants" from the Norwegian government to enable him to go abroad and broaden and deepen his knowledge of the world. Of course he justified this acceptance of State aid by the contention that it was really due him on account of the fact that the government gave authors no protection, by international copyright arrangements, against the piracy of their works by foreign publishers; but even this contention is a decidedly Archistic one.

It is not, as I have intimated, difficult to show Ibsen's real opinion of the State, for he has many times characterized it in no mistakable terms. As early as 1865 he said, in a letter to Magdalene Thoresen (his mother-in-law), that "the downfall of the *State* would be regarded by our countrymen as the worst thing that could happen; but the downfall of a *State* cannot be a reason for sorrow." Equally unappreciative was he of so-called "political liberty," and he never lost an opportunity to inveigh against it. Here is a characteristic denunciation of both those State-Socialistic fetiches, which we find in a letter to George Brandes (to whom, by the way, Ibsen has written many of his best letters):

I shall never agree to making liberty synonymous with political liberty. What you call liberty I call liberties; and what I call the struggle for liberty is nothing but the constant, living assimilation of the idea of freedom. He who possesses liberty

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otherwise than as a thing to be striven for possesses it dead and soulless; for the idea of liberty has undoubtedly this characteristic,—that it develops steadily during its assimilation. So that a man who stops in the midst of the struggle and says "Now I have it" thereby shows that he has lost it. It is, however, exactly this dead maintenance of a certain given standpoint of liberty that is characteristic of the communities which go by the name of States—and this it is that I have called worthless. . . . The State is the curse of the individual. . . . The State must be abolished! In that revolution I will take part. Undermine the idea of the State; make willingness and spiritual kinship the only essentials in the case of a union; and you have the beginning of a liberty that is of some value. The changing of forms of government is mere toying with degrees, —a little more or a little less,—folly, the whole of it.

The great thing is not to allow one's self to be frightened by the venerableness of the institution. The State has its root in Time; it will have its culmination in Time. Greater things than it will fall; all religion will fall. Neither the conceptions of morality or those of art are eternal.

Very much in the same strain is a later letter to Björnson, which is particularly definite in its disapproval of the State and statecraft:

I am therefore very much afraid that social reforms with us are still far off. No doubt the politically privileged class may acquire some new rights, some new advantages; but I cannot see that the nation as a whole, or the single individual, gains very much by this. I admit, however, that, in politics too, I am a pagan; I do not believe in the emancipatory power of political measures; nor have I much confidence in the altruism and good will of those in power.

Twelve years earlier he had written to Brandes in about the same way:

The liberal press is closed to you? Why, of course! I once expressed my contempt for political liberty. You contradicted me at the time. Your fairy-tale of "Red Ridinghood" shows me that you have had certain experiences. Dear friend, the Liberals are freedom's worst enemies. Freedom of thought and spirit thrive best under absolutism.

It may appear from this that Ibsen's long residence

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in Rome had given him slightly Machiavellian tendencies; but I do not think that this is the case. I think that the proper interpretation of the last sentence is that liberalism, as it was then known in Norway, had succeeded in establishing a certain amount of political independence and had then become stagnant and even reactionary, thus being a menace to real freedom, rather than an aid to it; on the other hand, it was doubtless apparent to Ibsen, as it is to many others, that, there being under absolutism no semblance of political liberty, the ever-nascent desire for freedom makes naturally for freedom of thought and spirit—an inevitable result of the inhibition of freedom of action.

That Ibsen is equally opposed to another of the essentials of democracy—namely, majority rule—is shown in a letter written in 1872 to Fredrik Gjertsen:

> There is no danger of my soon having, out of regard for myself and my own peace of mind, to surrender my fundamental principle in every field and domain,—that the minority is always in the right.

Ten years later he wrote to Brandes as follows:

> I receive more and more corroboration of my conviction that there is something demoralizing in engaging in politics and in joining parties. It will never, in any case, be possible for me to join a party that has the majority on its side.

Björnstjerne Björnson was Ibsen's best and most helpful friend in the early days, and to-day they are on terms of intimacy; but for some twelve years—from 1868 to 1880—they were estranged, and this was due to the fact that, while Ibsen was growing to believe less and less in the State, Björnson was looking

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more toward State-Socialistic measures for the solution of sociological problems. Their association is interesting in that it brought out what practically amounted to Ibsen's declaration of independence. He was writing in 1865 to Björnson concerning an attempt to secure a grant for him from the government, which he feared would fail on account of the radical way in which he had been writing, and he began, apparently, to get disgusted with the whole proceeding. Thereupon he relieved his feelings in the following manner to his friend:

> But hang me if I can or will . . . suppress a single line, no matter what these "pocket-edition" souls think of it. Let me rather be a beggar all my life! If I cannot be myself in what I write, then the whole is nothing but lies and humbug.

As a fervid expression of his sentiments concerning the baleful influence of the State and politics upon art, witness the following extract from a letter to Brandes in 1870 about the changes that were then taking place in Italy:

> For every statesman that makes his appearance there, an artist will be ruined. And then the glorious aspiration after liberty—that is at an end now. Yes—I must confess that the only thing I love about liberty is the struggle for it; I care nothing for the possession of it.

It is certain from this that Ibsen thinks liberty only the means to the end, and in other letters he has emphasized this point.

There is good and abundant evidence, too, that Ibsen is a philosophical Egoist, the most striking indication of which is found in another letter to Brandes. From the following it is clear that he has a rational conception of life and its realities:

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What I chiefly desire for you is a genuine, full-blooded Egoism, which shall force you for a time to regard what concerns you yourself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent. Now, don't take this wish as an evidence of something brutal in my nature! There is no way in which you can benefit society more than by coining the metal you have in yourself. I have never really had any very firm belief in solidarity; in fact, I have only accepted it as a kind of traditional dogma. If one had the courage to throw it overboard altogether, it is possible that one would be rid of the ballast which weighs down one's personality most heavily. There are actually moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the only important thing seems to be to save one's self.

Quite in line with this expression of Egoism is another utterance called forth by a statement by Brandes that the latter had no friends at home. Ibsen replied that he had fancied that for a long time, and added:

When a man stands . . . in an intimately personal relation to his life-work, he cannot really expect to keep his "friends." . . . Friends are an expensive luxury; and, when a man's whole capital is invested in a calling and a mission in life, he cannot afford to keep them. The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one does for them, but in what one, out of consideration for them, refrains from doing. This means the crushing of many an intellectual germ. I have had personal experience of it; and there are, consequently, many years behind me during which it was not possible for me to be myself.

This was in 1870, but as early as 1864 he was writing to Björnson that he knew that he was "incapable of entering into close and intimate relations with people who demand that one should yield one's self up entirely and unreservedly." These sentiments may not be wholly acceptable to a great many people, perhaps not even to all Anarchists; but a little retrospection and introspection ought to convince most thinking people that Ibsen's statement of the case is in keeping

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with the experience of most of us under similar circumstances. This does not imply that one must abjure all friends, but there are friends *and* friends, and one is obliged to discriminate. There are friends whom one never is obliged to consider; but they are so rare that two of them are not often seen at the same time.

Religion is one of the questions upon which Ibsen is exceptionally contradictory. In 1865 in Rome he stated that he was reading nothing but the Bible, and not very long afterward he was berating certain kinds of theology and theologians. The truth of the matter is that he is religious at bottom, speaks reverently at times of God, and seems to believe in him; but with churches and religious movements he has had little or nothing to do, and particularly abhors their influence upon the people.

Björnson, who gladly accepted a pension, absolutely refused all official decorations, and was vexed with Ibsen for accepting them. The latter—consistent in this, at any rate—thought it puerile to take the one and not the other, and pointed out that, in order to be logical, "every kindly-meant festivity offered us, every toast, etc.," must likewise be rejected.

While on some occasions Ibsen showed himself very sensitive to criticism, he at other times expressed extreme contempt for the critics: "If they have been finding fault, then to the devil with them! Most critical fault-finding," he adds, "when reduced to its essentials, simply amounts to reproach of the author because he is himself—thinks, feels, sees, and creates, as himself, instead of seeing and creating in the way the critic would have done, if he had been able." He is

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not exactly oracular in this, but we must remember that he was often annoyed by inconsequential and stupid (and sometimes by malicious) criticism. But what writer is not?

It perhaps is worthy of mention in this country (it would not be in Europe) that Ibsen had a taste for speculation, and was a frequent investor in lottery tickets, as is witnessed by numerous requests made of his publisher in Copenhagen to purchase tickets for him. What would be thought of our foremost author (provided he could be identified!) if it were known that he regularly patronized lotteries?

It cannot be said that Ibsen has been very prolific as regards quantity, he having written, according to Henrik Jaeger's bibliography, only twenty-seven plays in fifty years; but of what tremendous significance some of them are! If all his plans had been fulfilled, the world would have a great many more, for a very frequently-recurring footnote throughout this volume is to the effect that this or that projected work, referred to in a letter, was never written.

It is difficult to say what, in a general summing up, is the chief value of this book of Ibsen's "Letters," as there are so many things in it that give us a so much greater insight into the mind of this literary giant than we have ever had before; but I think it safe to say that, to Liberty's readers, the fact of transcending importance is that, in spite of all inconsistencies and contradictions, the volume conclusively demonstrates that the supreme tendency of Ibsen's life and work is toward the conservation of the individual and the destruction of the State.

C. L. S.

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ANARCHISM IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO

[Max Nettlau in London "Freedom."]

A Contribution towards the Elucidation of the Science of Society

By a Member of the London Confederation of Rational Reformers

"Liberty is the realization of the sovereignty of the individual"

(London: J. Watson, Truelove, Goddard.)

The pamphlet advertised under this title in the "Reasoner," of October 12 and 19, 1853, is, as far as I know, *the first Anarchist propagandist pamphlet published in England.* I cannot say where a copy of it may be found, but shall try to show to some extent under what circumstances the individualist Anarchist propaganda to which it belongs came into existence in the early fifties.

Godwin's "Political Justice" (1793) was never quite forgotten, and was even reprinted in the forties (2 vols., 12mo.). William Thompson's "Inquiry" (1824), however, though beginning in an almost Anarchist spirit, drifted into Owenism rather, and could not serve as a basis for an Anarchist movement. The mutualism of John Gray (1832, 1842, 1848) is logical, but dry, uninspiring, and anything but revolutionary. The individualism of W. Maccall is purely rhetorical, without aim, and purposeless. The rich Socialist literature of the forties contains no translation of Proudhon, no trace (as far as my limited knowledge goes) of any Proudhonist propaganda. It is wonderful that fifteen years of Chartism did not produce a single writer of mark who, after exposing the futility of the Chartist parliamentary panacea, would have arrived at Anarchism; the Owenites and simple coöperators of those times were anti-political, it is true, but that meant with most of them to acquiesce in any state of political oppression that might exist and just abstained from interfering with them. In France, after but one or two years of experience with representative assemblies (1848-49), parliamentarism was utterly rejected by several Socialists (Considérant, Rittinghausen, etc.) who advocated direct legislation; but the monstrous achievements of universal suffrage, the Napoleonic election and *plébiscite,* knocked the bottom out of this propaganda, which

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did not to any extent touch England at all, though one of Considérant's pamphlets was translated (London, 1851). So the field from which Anarchism might have sprung was almost barren.

In 1850 Thornton Hunt began to publish the "Leader," a weekly review, which under his editorship (until January, 1852) was in some sort of contact with the advanced movements, but which later soon degenerated into a malignant anti-democratic paper. Probably the ideas of Josiah Warren (the time store) were known to the readers of Owenite papers by American letters for many years, but to a larger public some letters and reviews published since 1851 in the "Leader" probably first made Anarchism known. Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics" were given a very full review (March 15, 22, April 12, 1851), followed soon by four articles on Proudhon's French book, "*Idée Générale de la Révolution au XIX. Siècle*" (September 6, 13, 27, October 18, 1851). Here Proudhon's famous words of 1840 are reproduced, ending with: "I am an Anarchist," and it added: "By 'Anarchy' he means no more than what our admirable friend Herbert Spencer sets forth as the goal to which civilization is irresistibly tending,—*viz.*, the final *disappearance of government,* become unnecessary because men will have learned so to control themselves as to need no external coercion." In another place: "We caution the reader against a natural misapprehension of the word Anarchy, which is not used as synonymous with *disorder;* but simply what the Greek word implies,—*viz.,* absence of government, absolute liberty," etc.

In this paper, then, on July 19, 1851, was published a letter, signed "H. E." (New York, June 19), in which the writer, who went to America to join Cabet's Icarian Community, says: "Fourier is more known here than any other European Socialist writer, but Proudhon seems to me more adapted to meet the sympathies of American Socialism. He, in his paradoxical way, proclaims himself an Anarchist; and recently, in England, Herbert Spencer taught substantially the same thing, and tells you that government is not to be regarded as an institution, to be for ever needful to man." Then he tells how he got acquainted with Stephen Pearl Andrews's "The True Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the Individual" (The Science of Society," No. 1, New York, 1851). "Here," he says, "the principle of absolute individualism—or, if Proudhon prefers, we will say Anarchy (an-archê)—is laid down in plain English unconditionally; but the party profess to have made a

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grand discovery,—*viz.*, of a principle which will render this absolute abolition of government possible and practicable forthwith—at once, by such as choose." By this he refers to a book then in the press: "Cost the Limit of Price" ("The Science of Society," No. 2, New York, 1853).

These ideas of individualist Anarchism (which I need not discuss here) were formed at the end of the twenties (1827) by Josiah Warren, an Englishman who had lived in Robert Owen's New Harmony community, and then began various experiments by himself. His work, "Equitable Commerce: a New Development of Principles as Substitutes for Law and Government," in part published in 1846, was edited in New York in 1852 by Stephen Pearl Andrews; it was followed by "Practical Details in Equitable Commerce" (New York, 1852).

"H. E." is Henry Edger (born in Sussex, 1820, died in Versailles, 1888, a London barrister, later on an agriculturist in Modern Times, indications taken from Positivist publications). He sent several other letters to "Ion," the pseudonym of a contributor to the "Leader." Next, on March 4, 1851, a lady signing "M." wrote to William Parr on a lecture by St. P. Andrews at the North American Phalanx, in New Jersey, who mentioned the existence of an "equitable" village in Ohio, at that time; land had already been taken on Long Island, where the Modern Times community was soon to be started (the "Leader," Sept. 6, 1851). On March 13, 1852, "Ion" publishes in the "Leader" a review of Andrews's "Science of Society," which had also casually been mentioned in the "Westminster Review." Henry Edger sends very full notes on Modern Times, as "Trialville" on Long Island had been called (November 21, 1851, in the "Leader" of March 27, 1852): "It seems to me not unworthy of remark that a heresy among social reformers should have sprung up simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. Proudhon and Andrews alike discard association, alike proclaim Anarchy; but Andrews, more intelligently to English ears, proclaims it as the sovereignty of the individual. Nor is Andrews alone here: a small party of thinkers, of whom Henry James and Dr. Curtis may be considered the chief, unite with him in teaching the doctrine that the individual is above the institution. Society is for man—not man for society." This is, of all the letters by Edger, the most descriptive and fullest of details scarcely anywhere accessible now, I believe. The "Leader" (August 14 and 21, 1852) reviews Henry James's "Lectures and Miscellanies" (New York, 1852), saying: "That his thoughts point

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in the direction of no government, whither Proudhon, Herbert Spencer, and others also tend, will startle only those unaccustomed to modern speculations. Everywhere the police becomes less and less a faith with thinking men; and the necessity for 'strong government' in the baser physical sense gets less recognition" (the latter qualification being the means by which the critic of the "Leader" usually retracts everything sensible he has advanced). I have looked up some of the writings of Henry James, but whatever good he may have had to say is hopelessly buried in religious twaddle, and it is impossible to resuscitate him as an Anarchist sympathizer of any use.

A year after his first visit H. Edger saw Modern Times again (letters in the "Leader," January 8, 1853); the first winter had been very trying. "For, there being no association, the first leaders cherishing a horror of *Fraternity-sentimentalism,* everyone had to shift for himself as he best could." In 1853 H. Edger spent five months at the North American Phalanx, but expresses himself strongly in favor of Modern Times (letter of July, 1853, the "Leader," September 10): "The intelligent portion of social reformers are nearly all looking in the direction of Modern Times. . . . Social reforms, then, which limit themselves to industrial organization, and studiously ignore the existence of the deepest and most widespread social disease, and the social want thereby indicated, may well be failures. . . . The Modern Times reform alone attempts to grapple with this master difficulty, and it does it in the way at once manly and philosophical—of boldly guaranteeing to woman her natural right and highest duty: that of supreme sovereignty in her own legitimate domain—that of the affections. This is the central idea of Fourier's speculations, the identity of which with the Modern Times movement is again very remarkable. A movement which starts by eliminating altogether the idea of *association,* or any *combination* of interests whatever, is coming to effectuate the very reforms which have in this country gone generally by the name of Associationism, while the associations themselves are sinking into inanition."

In this year Edger, who prepared to go to live at Modern Times, got hold of Positivism, which from that time onward he zealously propagated. Letters of January and February 5, 1854 (the "Leader," July 8, 1854), and of March, 1854 (dated Modern Times, *ib.* July 22), show how it was possible for men of different social ideas to live together at Modern Times. "Beyond our one principle [that of the sovereignty of the in-

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dividual]," he says, "we are in no wise responsible for each other's doctrines any more than for each other's acts, here, in our village of Modern Times. But our principle does this one thing, and here I distinctly take my stand: it unites all of us here in a firm, final protest against the competency of political authorities to decide questions of morals."

I have not found further letters by Edger in the "Leader," but the little French volume, "*Lettres d'Auguste Comte . . . à Henry Edger et à M. John Metcalf*" (Paris, *Apostolat Positiviste,* 1889) contains Comte's letters to H. Edger at Modern Times, 1854-57, published by Jorge Lagarrigue. Early in 1854 Edger sent his "full adhesion" to Comte, who was delighted over another example "of aptitude towards noble submission with souls who had been most led astray by anarchical utopias" (March 16, 1854). They agreed, it seems, on the "affinity of Catholicism and Positivism," and Comte recommends "the particular importance of a dignified contact with the Jesuits, to whom, I presume, the supreme direction of the Catholic movement in America belongs. You will feel in this way that their success prepares our success." These are not jokes, as can be seen from the article, "*Auguste Comte et les Jésuites,*" by G. Dumas ("*Revue de Paris,*" October, 1898). Edger entertained Comte with a project of a sort of Positivist colony, which Comte at first rejected ("I cannot accept your proposal of a sort of Positivist monastery"); but Edger maintained his idea of an agricultural colony (1856), and tells Comte of the influence his ideas begin to exercise round him. Comte thinks that Modern Times may, some years hence, "really become a Positivist village," and after fifteen or twenty years the "spiritualist centre of a Positivist island [Long Island] which would soon form a separate State in the [United States] Federation."

If Comte addressed himself to the Jesuits, Robert Owen tried to convert the kings of the Holy Alliance, Fourier looked to Napoleon and later on to the never arriving millionaire, and the St. Simonians endeavored to win over a prince to their ideas.. It was Blanqui who first struck the note of uncompromising revolutionary Socialism.

As to Henry Edger, we learn more about him and Modern Times from his pamphlet "Modern Times, the Labor Question, and the Family" (Modern Times, October 8, 1855), which contains a fair general statement and an exposition of Positivism. I ignore his second tract: "Brief Exposition of Religious Positivism" (1856). His third "Modern Times

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Tract" is: "The Positive Community: Glimpse of the Regenerated Future of the Human Race. A Sermon Preached at Modern Times . . . 5th September, 1863" (Modern Times, 1864), which is curious, as it shows his endeavor to put forward something real and tangible about Positivist aims.

Modern Times is best known now by Moncure D. Conway's description, "Fortnightly Review," 1865; he visited it in 1860, and found all the Anarchist arrangements working very well. Of its end he reports there, as well as in his "Autobiography," 1904, that "soon after the [American Civil] war broke out, most of those I had seen there sailed from Montauk Point on a small ship, and fixed their tents on some peaceful shore in South America" ("Autobiography"). I hope that fuller accounts are in existence, but have not seen them.

To return to England, Modern Times was described in "Chambers's Journal," December 18, 1852—which I have not seen—and in a lecture by William Parr before the British Association at Glasgow, 1855, printed in the "Journal of the Statistical Society of London," June, 1856, pp. 127-143 ("Equitable Villages in America"). Here is mentioned "The Periodical Letter on the Principles and Progress of the Equity Movement," a monthly paper by Josiah Warren, since July, 1854, which, like the "Social Revolutionist" and similar papers of early Anarchist experiments in America, seems to be quite inaccessible in Europe.

These remarks led me a long way from the consideration of the pamphlet of October, 1853, mentioned above. I saw it noticed only in a paragraph of the "Leader," October 15, 1853, headed "New Society of Reformers," mentioning that this London Confederation of Rational Reformers—perhaps the first English Anarchist group—was "composed, we believe, of seceders from" J. Bronterre O'Brien's organization, the National Reform League. This was their "initiatory tract." Perhaps a paper that stands nearer to Bronterre O'Brien's party may contain further details; Ernest Jones's "People's Paper" contains none.

Meanwhile I can only add that the only other Anarchist publication of the fifties which I know is: "The Inherent Evil of all State Government Demonstrated"; being a reprint of Edmund Burke's celebrated essay, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society" [1756], with notes and an appendix, briefly enunciating the principles through which "Natural Society" may be realized. (London, Holyoake & Co., 1858, vi., 66 pp., 8vo). The notes and appendix are written by an unknown author

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entirely in sympathy with Josiah Warren's ideas, and who had been in Modern Times himself. They contain no reference to any existing propaganda in England. Perhaps Mr. G. J. Holyoake (who knew so well Ebenezer Edger) will be able to supply the name of the author. . . .

I need hardly add that any further indications on this subject—*e. g.*, where this first English propagandist pamphlet may be found, etc.—are more than welcome.

P. S.—Two days after writing the above, when looking over a truly remarkable collection of early literature, my eye caught a four-page leaflet, bound up among currency tracts, which the owner, an old member of the Socialist League, with great kindness let me have, though he had only this copy of it. This is:

An Outline of the Principles, Objects, and Regulations of the London Confederation of Rational Reformers, founded August, 1853, *by a few private individuals of the middle and working classes.*

This programme, published after the above-mentioned twelve-page tract No. 1, is an amalgamation of the Anarchist ideas of Warren and Andrews with the general demands of advanced reformers of the time. The ideas wnich the Americans tried to realize in small communities these Englishmen wanted applied to the whole country; hence some practical compromising, but also the idea of a broad and large propaganda.

The secretaries of the new organization were A. McN. Dickey and A. C. Cuddon. With the second name we re-enter known territory, for this is Ambrose Custon Cuddon, whose articles with strong Anarchist leanings in the "Cosmopolitan Review" (London, 1861—Feb. 1, '62)—also in the "Working M" (1861-62)—I have long since noticed.

As chairman of the "Working Man's" Committee he headed the deputation which greeted Bakounine on his escape from Siberia and arrival in London, January 10, 1862; he also spoke at the famous gathering in Freemason's Hall, August 5, 1862, when the same committee welcomed the French delegates to the International Exhibition and the idea of the International Working Men's Association was first alluded to in public. He had been in America early in 1858, and as early as 1841 he was honorary secretary of the "Home Colonization Society," an organization with somewhat more practical, more immediate intentions than the main Owenite body—as he explained in the

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"New Moral World," Leeds, February 13, March 20, 1841. The "Dictionary of National Biography" records *Ambrose* Cuddon, a Catholic publisher and journalist in the twenties. A. C. Cuddon *may* have been his son; neither his articles in the sixties *nor the above-mentioned programme,* 1853, lack some useless religious phraseology. From such a comparison of ideas and style I conclude that A. C. Cuddon wrote the "Programme of the Rational Reformers" of 1853, and it is at least *probable to me* that he was also the author of the pamphlet in question, and very likely also of the notes to Burke's *Vindication,* 1858.

THE CLAIMS OF ANARCHISM

In an essay on "William Morris as an Exponent of Socialism," read by Samuel W. Cooper before the Browning Society, of Philadelphia, on December 14, 1905, the essayist made the following sympathetic statement of the claims of Anarchism:

The Anarchists say that all the ills of humanity come from monopolies or government,—that there has not been an effort made by society for its betterment which has not been met by an appeal to authority. Reformers have been burned at the stake, slavery upheld as a divine institution, countless millions slaughtered in wars of conquest and aggression, and, in general, the mass of humanity made the slaves of a few rulers. Class legislation, the prevention of competition, the monopolizing of the means of existence, have resulted in political knavery, civic unrighteousness, and commercial iniquity, and have indoctrinated mankind with a lust for criminal gain which has destroyed most of that which was good within him. The reflex action on humanity has poisoned the pure streams of morality which spring from the free earth. They claim that, under State Socialism, we would have a policeman to thump into us health, wealth, and wisdom, and to tell us what to eat, drink, or wear. There would be State doctors, State bar-tenders, State pie-inspectors, State nurseries, and State families.

They say there is no magic whatever in the name "State." The State, they say, is merely a corporation organized by authority, the powers of which have now been taken possession of by the wealthy and privileged classes. Its purposes are not the prevention of aggression, but committing aggression, the enforcing of codes of bad morals, and holding the people in slavery.

They say this corporation is supported largely by criminals,

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who are the managers of the same, and that it commits more crimes of violence and more robbery than all the rest of society; that it manufactures criminals by means of its criminal laws; that, by permitting the organization of sub-State bodies, —private corporations,—it allows industrial buccaneers and privateers with roving letters of marque to embark on the high seas of commerce, ready to destroy all honest merchantmen; that its patent and copyright laws, its laws for restriction of free trade, and all the mass of class legislation which it has built up, are only the means whereby the poor are exploited and the monopolists made rich beyond the dreams of romance.

They say that all attempts to make people good by having corporate legislators pass certain enactments, and then filing them away in pigeon holes, is futile, and they claim that humanity cannot be raised, like hothouse flowers, but should be allowed natural growth. . . .

They claim that, under a natural condition, in which society was not interfered with by the police, morality would develop, and that, by unions, associations, societies, and clubs, organized for the purpose of carrying on any necessary operation of society, people would be far better off morally, mentally, physically, and financially, and that there would not be the enormous economic waste which is incident to governmental control.

They claim that by voluntary organization for the prevention of aggression mankind would be much safer than it can possibly be under present conditions.

These and many more things they claim, which it might be worth while to look into, for many of them seem to bear critical examination.

MR. SHAW'S POSITION

[Max Beerbohm in the London "Saturday Review."]

It must amuse him, whenever he surveys it; and I hope he will some day write a comedy around it. It bristles with side-lights on so many things—on human character in general, and on the English character in particular, and on the particular difficulties that genius encounters in England, and on the right manner of surmounting them.

For years Mr. Shaw was writing plays, some of which, by hook or crook, in holes and corners, were produced. They were witnessed, and loudly applauded, by such ladies and gentlemen as were in or around the Fabian Society. Not that these people

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took their Socialist seriously as a playwright. They applauded his work in just the spirit in which, had he started a racing-stable, they would have backed his horses. He was taken with some measure of seriousness by such of the professional critics as were his personal friends and were not hide-bound by theatrical tradition. Here, they perceived, was something new in the theatre; and, liking to be in advance of the time, they blew their trumpets in their friend's honor. The rest of the professional critics merely sniffed or cursed, according to their manners. The public took no notice at all. Time passed. In Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and elsewhere, Mr. Shaw was now a popular success. Perhaps in the hope that England had caught an echo of this exotic enthusiasm, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker ventured to produce "John Bull's Other Island." England had not caught that echo. There was only the usual little *succès d'estime*. But, not long after its production, the play was witnessed by a great lady, who advised an august person to witness it; and this august person persuaded a person yet more august to witness it. It had been withdrawn, meanwhile; so there was "a command performance." All the great ladies, and all the great gentlemen, were present; also, several paragraphists. That evening Mr. Shaw became a fashionable craze; and within a few days all London knew it. The Savoy restaurant is much frequented by fashion and by paragraphy; and its revenues are drawn mainly from the many unfashionable people who go to feast their eyes on the people who are fashionable beyond dispute. No large restaurant can live by the aristocracy alone. Nor can even a small theatre. Mr. Shaw "pays" now, because now the English middle class pays to see that which is seen and approved by the English upper class, and (more especially) to see the English upper class. Whether either of these classes really rejoices in Mr. Shaw, as yet, is a point on which I am doubtful. I went to see "Man and Superman" a few nights ago. The whole audience was frequently rocking with laughter, but mostly at the wrong moments. (I admit that Mr. Shaw's thoughts are often so profound, and his wit is always so swift, that to appreciate his plays rightly and fully at a first hearing is rather an achievement.) But it was obvious that the whole audience was very happy indeed. It was obvious that Mr. Shaw is an enormous success. And in the round-about way by which success has come to him is cast a delicious light on that quality for which England is specially notable among the nations.

His success is not gratifying to the critics. To those critics

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who are incapable of exercising their brains, and who have always resented Mr. Shaw vehemently, it is, of course, galling to find themselves suddenly at odds with public opinion—the opinion which they are accustomed to "voice." Having slated "John Bull," and slated "Man and Superman," they must have been in a fearful dilemma about the play produced at the Court Theatre last week, "Major Barbara." Perhaps this, too, was going to "catch on." Would it not be safer to climb down, and write moderate eulogies? I suspect it was stupidity as much as pride that diverted them from this ignominious course. They really could not make head or tail of the play. They were sure that this time Shaw really had come a cropper—had really delivered himself into their hands. "A success, are you? Pet of the public, are you? We'll see about that. *We*'ll pet-of-the-public you. *We*'ll" etc., etc. The old cries—"no dramatist," "laughing at his audience," and the like—were not sufficient, this time. "Brute" and "blasphemer" were added. In the second act of the play, Mr. Shaw has tried to show some of the difficulties with which the Salvation Army has to cope. A ruffian comes to one of the shelters in quest of a woman who has been rescued from living with him. A Salvation "lass" bars his way, and refuses to yield. He strikes her in the face. The incident is not dragged in. It is necessary to the purpose of the whole scene. Nor has anyone ventured to suggest that it is an exaggeration of real life. Nor is the incident enacted realistically on the stage of the Court Theatre. At the first performance, anyhow, the actor impersonating the ruffian aimed a noticeably gentle blow in the air, at a noticeably great distance from the face of the actress impersonating the lass. I happen to be particularly squeamish in the matter of physical violence on the stage. I have winced at the smothering of Desdemona, for example, when it has been done with anything like realism. The mere symbolism at the Court Theatre gave me not the faintest qualm—not, I mean, the faintest physical qualm: æsthetically, of course, I was touched, as Mr. Shaw had a right to touch me. And it seems to me that the critics who profess to have been disgusted and outraged must have been very hard up for a fair means of attack. Equally unfair—for that it may carry conviction to the minds of people who have not seen the play—is the imputation of blasphemy. Mr. Shaw is held up to execration because he has put into the mouth of Major Barbara certain poignant words of Our Lord. To many people, doubtless, it is a screamingly funny joke that a female should have a military prefix. Also, there is no doubt that Mr. Shaw's play

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abounds in verbal wit, and in humorous situations. But the purport of the play is serious; and the character of Major Barbara is one of the two great factors in it. With keenest insight and sense of spiritual beauty, Mr. Shaw reveals to us in her the typical religious fanatic of her kind. Sense of spiritual beauty is not one of the qualities hitherto suspected in Mr. Shaw; but here it certainly is; and I defy even the coarsest mind not to perceive it. (To respect it is another matter.) When Major Barbara comes to the great spiritual crisis of her life, and when she believes that all the things she had trusted in have fallen away from her, what were more natural than that she should utter the words of agony that are most familiar to her? That any sane creature in the audience could have been offended by that utterance I refuse to believe. It was as inoffensive as it was dramatically right. And the critics who have turned up the whites of their eyes, and have doubtless prejudiced against the play many worthy people who have not, like them, had the opportunity of seeing it, must submit to one of two verdicts,—insanity or hypocrisy. I have no doubt that of these two qualities they will prefer to confess the latter. It is the more typically British.

In that delicate comedy, "Mr. Shaw's Position," the parts played by these critics seem rather crude. There is a subtler fun in the parts played by some of the superior critics,—the critics who were eager to lend helping hands to Mr. Shaw in the time of his obscurity. So long as he was "only *so* high," and could be comfortably patted on the head, they made a pet of him. Now that he strides gigantic, they are less friendly. They seem even anxious to trip him up. Perhaps they do not believe in the genuineness of his growth, and suspect some trick of stilts. That would be a quite natural scepticism. A great man cannot be appreciated fully by his intimate contemporaries. Nor can his great success be ever quite palatable to them, however actively they may have striven to win it for him. To fight for a prince who has to be hiding in an oak-tree is a gallant and pleasant adventure; but, when one sees the poor creature enthroned, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, one's sentiments are apt to cool. And thus the whilom champions of Mr. Shaw's virtues are now pre-occupied mainly with Mr. Shaw's defects. The old torches are still waved, but perfunctorily; and the main energy is devoted to throwing cold water. Whereas the virtues of Mr. Shaw used to be extolled with reservations for the defects, now the defects are condemned with reservations for the virtues. Mr. Shaw, it is in-

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sisted, cannot draw life; he can only distort it. He has no knowledge of human nature; he is but a theorist. All his characters are but so many incarnations of himself. Above all, he cannot write plays. He has no dramatic instinct, no theatrical technique. And these objections are emphatically reiterated (often with much brilliancy and ingenuity) by the superior critics, while all the time the fact is staring them in the face that Mr. Shaw has created in "Major Barbara" two characters —Barbara and her father—who live with an intense vitality; a crowd of minor characters that are accurately observed (though some are purposely exaggerated) from life; and one act—the second—which is as cunning and closely-knit a piece of craftsmanship as any conventional playwright could achieve, and a cumulative appeal to emotions which no other living playwright has touched. With all these facts staring them in the face, they still maintain that Mr. Shaw is not a playwright.

That theory might have held water in the days before Mr. Shaw's plays were acted. Indeed, I was in the habit of propounding it myself. I well remember that, when the two volumes of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" were published, and the ordinary dramatic criticisms in this Review were still signed G. B. S., I wrote here a special article in which I pointed out that the plays, delightful to be read, would be quite impossible on the stage. This simply proved that I had not enough theatrical imagination to see the potentialities of a play through reading it in print. When, later, I saw performances of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "The Devil's Disciple," and "You Never Can Tell," I found, to my great surprise, that they gained much more than they lost by being seen and not read. Still, the old superstition lingered in my brain. I had not learnt my lesson. When "Man and Superman" was published, I called it "Mr. Shaw's Dialogues," and said that (even without the philosophic scene in hell) it would be quite unsuited to any stage. When I saw it performed, I determined that I would not be caught tripping again. I found that as a piece of theatrical construction it was perfect. As in "John Bull's Other Island," so in "Major Barbara" (excepting the aforesaid second act), there is none of that tight construction which was in the previous plays. There is little story, little action. Everything depends on the inter-play of various types of character and of thought. But to order this process in such a way that it shall not be tedious requires a very great amount of technical skill. During the third act of "Major Barbara," I admit, I found my attention wandering. But this aberration

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was not due to any loosening of Mr. Shaw's grip on his material. It was due simply to the fact that my emotions had been stirred so much in the previous act that my cerebral machine was not in proper working order. Mr. Shaw ought to have foreseen that effect. In not having done so, he is guilty of a technical error. But to deny that he is a dramatist merely because he chooses, for the most part, to get drama out of contrasted types of character and thought, without action, and without appeal to the emotions, seems to me both unjust and absurd. His technique is peculiar because his purpose is peculiar. But it is not the less technique.

There! I have climbed down. Gracefully enough to escape being ridiculous? I should like mine to be a "sympathetic" part in "Mr. Shaw's Position."

MUST WE LEARN THE WORST FROM ADLER?

[New York Truth Seeker.]

Dr. Felix Adler twenty-five years ago was reputed to be something of a radical, but he has not kept up with the procession. He has recently delivered a lecture before the Ethical Society on the Bernard Shaw plays, and has placed himself squarely beside Anthony Comstock and the New York police for the suppression not only of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but "Man and Superman" as well. He made the rather curious argument that the desire to be acquainted with life as it is is not a wholesome one, and that there is much going on which we can afford not to know. This is the same Dr. Adler who once went into the slums to see life as it was, and came back to report to his society that he had met little girls of ten and eleven years who had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Apparently, if the public is to know the worst, the president of the Ethical Society would prefer it should be learned from him rather than from Mr. Shaw and the other "literary Anarchists."

THE MOTHERHOOD FETICH

I had intended to write the following paragraph for "Liberty," but the New York "Evening Post" was too quick for me:

President Roosevelt must be startled to find that a mere representative in congress can beat him at his own game of in-

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venting thundering platitudes about motherhood. Morris Sheppard, of Texas, has done the trick:

> When the president of the United States, with all the glamour of his great office, steps into the presence of an American mother, he is in the presence of his superior.

There is a motto to frame and hang on the walls of every nursery. If Mr. Sheppard is not invited to address each mothers' club in this broad land, the ladies are ungrateful wretches. For our part, however, we are unable to understand why the forcible expulsion of Mrs. Minor Morris from the executive offices is rendered more heinous because she is a mother. Had she been the most austere of spinsters, the indiscretion of Assistant Secretary Barnes and the stupidity and superfluous violence of the police would have been exactly the same in intention and effect. These officious men—perhaps some of them are fathers—never stopped to inquire whether Mrs. Morris had children; and even she herself might have regarded the question as irrelevant.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

[New York Times]

On a mountain top that almost touched the stars,
I stood one day and saw the earth throughout.
All living things and all their wants I knew.
No care nor fear that mankind had
Was screened from me, and I the power owned
To do for all as I had wished to do.

I did for each whatever I deemed best,
And then came back to earth
To live with the content.
But soon I saw that each one had
A wish to live as he found best,
And far off from the way I meant.

And so I wish
That those who ever seek
To make me live as they,
Will stop to think,
And learn from honest truth
Whose is the better way.

Abraham Gruber.

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The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER
PROUDHON

April, 1906
Price, Ten Cents

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

Whatever the reader of this issue of Liberty may neglect, he must not fail to read the open letter of Vladimir Korolenko to a Russian State Councillor. It is a terrible document, and should command universal attention.

Before publishing any new books, it is advisable to print new editions of some that have dropped out of print. Besides "Mutual Banking," I now have new editions, from new plates, of Zola's "Modern Marriage" and Badcock's "Slaves to Duty." Moreover, the prices of these pamphlets, as well as of some others, have been reduced.

The Anarchist stickers, devised and produced by Mr. Byington, are a highly useful addition to the Anarchistic propaganda, and are being used more and more widely. No form of agitation can be conducted as cheaply as this, and the variety of the stickers themselves as well as the variety of purposes to which they can be applied offer the widest opportunity for intelligent discrimination. Undoubtedly the best method is to place them on letters and other mail packages. If a thousand people in the United States

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would persistently use them, much fruitful seed would be planted, and I urge all sympathizers to join me in their use. The terms on which I supply the stickers may be found in the advertising pages. It has been decided by the post-office department that their attachment to mail packages is not against the law. Some weeks ago I sent an employee to a postal station in this city to have some parcels rated. The parcels bore stickers. The clerk at the stamp window read them attentively, seemed much outraged, put impertinent questions to my employee, and then, after consultation with the station superintendent, rejected the parcels as non-mailable. The particular sticker that caused this excitement reads as follows: "Considering what a nuisance the government is, the man who says we cannot get rid of it must be called a confirmed pessimist." The next day I called on the superintendent myself, presenting for mailing a parcel bearing the sticker: "Whatever really useful thing government does for men, they would do for themselves if there was no government." The superintendent told me with great politeness that he saw no reason why this should not pass through the mails. Then I handed him the lower three rows of a sheet of stickers (the upper two rows out of the five that make a sheet being used by me but little for mail purposes), and asked him to rule which of the fifteen stickers comprised in these three rows are unmailable. He decided that all could pass, save three, which he considered doubtful; that packages on which any of these three were placed would be detained by him till he could get a ruling on them from his superior. One of the

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three was that first quoted above. The two others read as follows: "Government regularly enforces its commands by the threat of violence; and government often commands things which it is ridiculous and outrageous to enforce by such a threat"; and, "At almost every point of history government has been found to be the greatest scandal in the world. Why? And when anything else has been extremely scandalous, this has usually been on acount of its association with government. Why?" I prepared three packages of third-class matter, each bearing one of the three objectionable stickers, and offered them to the superintendent for transmission in the mails, accompanied by a letter to the postmaster asking for a ruling on them. The problem proved too much for the postmaster, and he passed it up to Washington. After some days he replied that he had received instructions from the first assistant postmaster-general that the matter was mailable. Now, therefore, I am able to assure those wishing to use stickers that they may do so with impunity.

Least said, soonest mended. The United States should have made one point less in defending itself against the charge of bringing women to Panama to be companions for the men who are digging the canal. The officer who spoke for the government, after saying that the action had no excuse except its necessity, explained, first, that these Martinique negroes positively would not work in any place where they could not have their women, so that all employers who took them away from home had to do the same as

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Uncle Sam is doing; second, that, although the marriage ceremony was little in use among them, the relation was ordinarily in the substantial nature of a proper marriage, which was likely to be observed more faithfully than is the custom in some countries where the formalities of the ceremony are strictly observed, so that the government thought it not disreputable to take a woman's word that she was a certain man's wife without asking her to show a marriage certificate; third, that the number who were allowed to bring wives was one out of every six common laborers, and one out of every three foremen. Any two of these three statements would make a fairly presentable explanation, as explanations go in this world; but the three together put a strain on my powers of combination.

The following extract from a private letter from C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Oregon, is not only good sense, but the opinion of an eminent lawyer: "A United States court has again decided on this coast (in the case of the Seattle Brewing & Malting Company against Peter Hansen, *et al.*) that boycotting a beer, and printing cards, 'Don't drink scab beer,' etc., (naming the beer), is unlawful boycotting, and a violation of an injunction issued restraining any interference with the complainant's business. It seems to me the remedy of the employer would be in a suit for damages to show that scab beer, or any other term, impugned the quality of his beer falsely, and hurt his trade. I have never been able to see why men can not, by peaceable methods, refuse to deal

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with any particular brewery, or to use any particular brand of goods, and ask their families not to do so, and ask their friends not to do so, and get their friends to ask their friends not to do so, and take the stump or publish pamphlets begging the public not to do so. It seems to me that this is a personal right of action and right of speech, and that no combination of people to do this lawful thing can make it unlawful. It would, of course, always be subject to the penalty for false and malicious statements."

At the recent meeting of the New York State Bar Association Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, spoke of the "potentiality of the constitution in repressing legislative ebullitions inspired by popular clamor based upon ephemeral excitement or unreasoning prejudice." He instanced the assassination of President McKinley, and the demand for legislation which would be certain to bring swift punishment to any one who tried to kill the president or any person in line of succession to the presidency. He pointed out that a demand for this legislation occupied about a tenth of President Roosevelt's message, closing with this resounding period: "The American people are slow to wrath, but, when their wrath is once kindled, it burns like a consuming flame." "The house and the senate engaged in a lively rivalry as to which would most promptly and completely meet the exigency," said the speaker; "both formulated and passed bills. These bills promptly died in conference. Their demise excited no remark, much less regret. Attention had been directed to other things. Sessions have come and

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gone, and, so far as I know, there has not been any demand from any quarter for this once indispensable legislation. How soon we forget! This 'consuming flame' fiercely and quickly burned itself to ashes." But not before it had first burned to ashes the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech by inflaming congressmen to pass a law excluding from the United States all persons believing in liberty. As Bastiat would have told Mr. Littlefield, there are things which he sees and things which he does not see.

Congressman John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, has made the remarkable discovery that the only justifiable war is a war that is justified on both sides. Such a war seems to me the most unjustifiable of all. A war, to be justifiable, must be waged to right an unbalanced wrong. When one wrong balances another, all excuse for fighting has disappeared.

Intending emigrants had better not be on with the new love before they are off with the old. Mariam Zartarian, a child of fifteen, has been held in detention nine months, awaiting the decision of the supreme court. Her father, a naturalized American citizen, sent to Turkey for his family. On their arrival his wife and son were admitted, but his daughter Mariam was excluded on account of an eye disease. As the family had formally renounced allegiance to Turkey, Mariam cannot return to her old home. The chivalrous Roosevelt, who wants only "the right kind" of immigrants, must be as proud of this girl's plight as of the dragging of Mrs. Morris through

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the White House grounds and the slaughter of the Moro women. The supreme court should delegate the president to take Mariam out to sea and drown her.

A number of gentlemen have been at pains to classify Roosevelt as a politician. One Democratic partisan has called him " a born Democrat." Perry Belmont protests, saying that Roosevelt has not a single Democratic idea, and has always been a bitter party man, an orthodox Republican. Foraker, Aldrich, and Elkins, with their following, would repudiate him in that capacity, if they dared; and certainly *they* are orthodox Republicans. They gave him Tillman for a bed-fellow on the rate bill, which was an indirect repudiation. What Tillman thinks of him we know. Is he a progressive Republican? Ask the anti-imperialists, anti-" big stick " men, and tariff reformers of that wing of the party. The " Public " has called him an empirical statesman. What honor, and what pedantry! He is simply an erratic, absurd person, without convictions or the ability to form them, without brains or consistency, and without intellectual honesty or moral courage. This would be the universal opinion, if he were not president; it is the truth, whether the majority sees it or not.

Susan Geary went to have an operation for abortion performed in Boston, and she died of it. To conceal the trouble the doctors cut her body apart, put the pieces in two dress-suit cases and a bag, and threw all into the water. The parcels were found, one at a time,

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the first parcel not containing any workable clue, so that nothing could more perfectly have fulfilled the requirements of a sensation of the yellowest kind; and at length the whole thing was unraveled by a reporter's detective skill. And the authorities announced that they were thoroughly clearing out from the city all the establishments where this unlawful surgery was performed. This whole affair is very recent. But now we find that Annie Russell has gone to one of these shops in Boston to have an operation of the same sort performed just now, and she also has died of it, and we have the whole excitement over again in a smaller way; only this time I have not heard that the authorities made any announcement of a thorough clearance of the shops in question. Perhaps they realize that a too frequent repetition of such assurances becomes farcical.

Passive resistance and boycotting are now prominent features of every great national movement. Hungary having been threatened with absolutism, and being, probably, too weak to risk war with Austria, what does she do? Her national leaders talk about a boycott against Austrian products and passive resistance to the collection of taxes and the recruiting of troops. In some localities the resistance has already been attempted, with results as painful as demoralizing to the agents of the Austrian government. The boycotting of Austrian products may or may not be irrational, but this tendency to resort to boycotting is a sign of the times. Of the superior effectiveness of passive resistance to arbitrary and invasive policies it is hardly

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necessary to speak. It may be noted, however, that the labor members of the British parliament do not seem to appreciate the full power of this method of defence. The Balfour-clerical education bill, a reactionary measure, has largely been nullified in Wales by the refusal of its opponents to pay the school rates. The labor group demands legislation throwing the whole burden of school support and maintenance on the national treasury. Under such a system, passive resistance to the school act would be rendered almost impossible, for national taxation is largely indirect. The reactionaries perceive this, and are not at all averse to the proposal. Local autonomy in taxation and local direct rates are very advantageous to passive resisters, and labor is short-sighted in giving up the advantage.

Last October, in a New Jersey court, a man was sentenced to only thirteen years at hard labor, though begging for the addition of a year to his sentence on the ground that he was afraid of the number thirteen. Within three months he died in prison, of pneumonia. Now, here's an idea. Why not change all legal penalties to imprisonment for thirteen days? It might, after all, prove a greater deterrent of crime,—for the superstitious and the criminal classes are largely identical,—and at any rate it would reduce the cost of our prison system to almost nothing.

The world moves. The reaction in our politics and jurisprudence shows signs of exhaustion. The federal supreme court has rendered an almost revolutionary

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decision in Chicago cases, refusing to make an ambiguous phrase in a legislative act notoriously purchased by bribery the basis of sweeping claims of traction companies to rights in and over the city's streets. The alleged rights were worth about fifty millions, and few Chicagoans ventured to hope for a decision wiping them out. The court did not hesitate to do so, affirming the principle that grants of public property must be expressly conferred. A significant symptom, this.

The capitalistic press is agitated over the conversion to Socialism of a number of young men of means and education. One of these youthful converts, Joseph Medill Patterson, of Chicago (a grandson of the founder of the Chicago "Tribune"), resigned an office he held under Mayor Dunne to devote himself to the propaganda of Socialism. He had discovered that money was "everything,"—"wine, woman, and song," "rest and activity," fame, influence, and whatnot,—and concluded that the great need was equality of opportunity. That equality of opportunity and Socialism are interchangeable terms is, of course, a jumped-at conclusion of the most naïve and ridiculous sort; but, if the young men were unable to see the gap in the argument, does not the responsibility lie largely with the capitalistic press and the capitalistic political economists of the colleges? The conversions so excitedly discussed by the capitalistic press constitute a reflection upon its intelligence and logic. Can generous and fair-minded young men find intellectual peace and satisfaction in the wretched sophistry and special pleading of the plutocratic apologists for the

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existing order of things? That they should revolt and embrace Socialism is creditable to their feelings. In due time they may make a further discovery—that injustice and artificially-caused inequality can be removed and prevented without plunging into Socialism and surrendering liberty. But the sham-individualist editors will not facilitate this discovery. In their attempts at "reasoning together" with the young men they are exhibiting their own intellectual bankruptcy. The recent efforts of the New York "Evening Post" in this direction would be pathetic, if they were not farcical. Socialism, it has been telling the erring youths, is not the ideal state, because liberty is an essential feature of the ideal state. But, as there is neither liberty or economic well-being in the present social state, it cannot be offered as a satisfactory alternative, and yet the squirming "Post" has nothing else to offer. Oh, yes, it offers a tariff for revenue—but that will not greatly tempt the ardent and well-meaning young men. For the rest, I am bound to say that, significant as these conversions are, the special case of Mr. Patterson has received attention out of all proportion to its deserts, the arguments that he has offered in explanation of his change of view being simply ludicrous.

My friend C. E. S. Wood discusses in the "Pacific Monthly" the question of law-made morals apropos of the action of the mayor of Portland in ordering the closing of a side-entrance hotel with rooms upstairs. The place was a respectable house of ill-fame, where young girls were "ruined" by bad men, the girls gen-

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erally knowing the character of the place and the intentions of the men. Of course Mr. Wood has excellent things to say concerning the futility of attacks upon such places and the dependence of moral upon economic reform. So far he is, as usual, clear and safe and sound. Suddenly he startles one by the following descent:

> Meanwhile, those who desire to bring the laws of man somewhat nearer to the laws of God might devote their energies to the passage of a law declaring that cohabitation of an unmarried man and an unmarried woman shall be marriage, and that within six months the woman may register the marriage, giving time and place, and cause notice thereof to be served on the man, who may either contest the same before a jury, or may register his declaration of divorce. That, as against a married man, the woman may bring her action for support or alimony, and that all distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children be abolished, provided that the parentage of the child must be proved before a jury by the child or some one acting in its behalf during the lifetime of the father, and by personal service on him.

This is astonishing. It is worse than law-made morals; it is law-made slavery. Not even an age of consent, which the meddlers concede, is mentioned. Cohabitation is to be declared marriage, irrespective of the intent, will, purpose of the persons directly concerned. On what ground, pray? In the name of what principle? What becomes of the right of contract that adults are supposed to possess? Whose rights do people who cohabit without a marriage license invade thereby? In the case of a married man, the suggestion that the woman should be entitled to sue for support or alimony is equally monstrous. Why should the man be made by law to pay more than the woman

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agreed to accept—if there was any question of pay in the affair? If there was no such question, it is surely scandalous to introduce it regardless of her intentions. Mr. Wood, contrary to all his principles, treats here grown persons as children who cannot regulate their own affairs. I repeat: his suggestions are startling, his "meantime" remedies worse than the disease.

George Bernard Shaw, unlike any other progressive man, is depressed by the great Liberal victory in England. It will do nothing, he says, for the social revolution. Does he really think that a Chamberlain-Balfour victory, with the re-establishment of protectionist tariffs which it would have induced, would have done something for the social revolution? On the "the worse, the better" theory of social tendencies it might, perhaps; but Shaw is an opportunist and a Fabian and meliorist, and from *that* point of view a protectionist revival and a popular endorsement of reactionary colonialism could hardly have been hailed as a victory for progress. This election, by the way, whatever else it indicates, certainly indicates an uprising against privilege and caste and aristocratic pretensions. Does this depress Shaw? Or is his depression due to the feeling that the Liberals are too individualistic? A Socialist editor, Blatchford, has given strong expression to this feeling. "Liberalism," he is quoted as saying, "means Individualism, and by no policy and no argument can Individualism and Socialism be brought into alliance. What is the backbone of the Liberal faith? Free competition, free trade, free contract! And all these things are in direct opposition to

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Socialism." This would be very important and very fortunate, if it were true; but, alas! it is not true. It was not true as long ago as when Spencer wrote "Man *vs.* the State," in which he charged Liberalism with betrayal of its former doctrines and surrender to Socialism. It is even less true to-day. What is the Liberal programme? What does it offer to labor? A whole series of Socialistic measures—nothing but regulation and restriction. What does it offer to do for free contract and free trade in the larger sense of the phrase? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Why, then, should Socialists indulge in lamentation, and talk, as Blatchford does, about "smashing the Liberal party"? Liberty is pleased with the result of the British elections, in spite of the Liberal surrender to Socialism, because it hates jingoism, Chamberlainism, and imperialism, and because the errors of the Liberals and Radicals are errors of the head, not of the heart. That they are not more libertarian is a pity, but, even as they are, they are infinitely superior to their Tory or "Unionist" opponents.

FEBRUARY 22

[W. J. Lampton in New York "Sun."]

By gosh,
G. Wash,
If you could rise
From the dark earth, wherein your body lies,
Into the light of these progressive days,
And see the curious ways
In which the truth is rammed
And shammed,
You'd say,
In your old-fashioned way:
"Well, I'll be damned."

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A tomb is the very best thing
For a gift to our lord the king.
—James Thomson.

A NATION KNEELING AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH

The letter following, written by the famous Russian, Vladimir Korolenko, author of "The Blind Musician," will give Americans a better idea of the present tragic situation of the Russian people than can be gathered from the most diligent reading of the cable despatches. It appeared on January 21 (Gregorian calendar) in the Russian journal, "Poltavtchina." Ten days after its appearance State Councillor Filonoff, who was responsible for the atrocities denounced by Korolenko, was "executed" by a Russian revolutionist of Poltava. The "Poltavtchina" of February 1 gave the following account of the "execution":

Mr. Filonoff, first councillor of the governmental administration, was killed yesterday morning at ten o'clock in Alexander street. A stranger, walking straight up to him as he was passing the Bank of Commerce, fired a revolver in his mouth, and then, replacing the weapon in his pocket, disappeared. Filonoff fell dead. The ball, entering by the mouth, had come out through the neck. The body, picked up by a policeman and a witness of the murder, was carried to the hospital. A small pool of blood had formed upon the sidewalk. The news of the murder spread rapidly through the city, and soon a large crowd had gathered on the spot. Before long came the different authorities and the fellow-officials of the deceased. The search for the murderer, so far, has been fruitless. It is needless to say that Filonoff's unexpected end has caused a great excitement throughout the city, and a local newspaper, trying to establish a connection between the assault and the letter of Vladimir Korolenko, directly accuses Korolenko of inciting to Filonoff's murder. This very serious charge may lead to grave consequences for the great writer.

On February 10, because of these accusations, Korolenko left Poltava for St. Petersburg. Immediately after the appearance of his letter the revolutionary press had begun a campaign against him. When the murder supervened, the local Black Hundred began to threaten him. At the thought of his danger the people of the neighboring villages, where his name has be-

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come extremely popular, grew much excited. They declared that, if a hand were laid on Vladimir Korolenko, they would rush upon the town and sack it. Korolenko's departure is partly to be explained by his desire to remove, by his absence, all pretext for collision between the various factions. He has been prosecuted for his letter, but has been released from custody, on bail. The publication of the review, "Rousskoo Bogatstve" (Russian Wealth), of which he is editor-in-chief, has been suspended. Now for the letter,—a document which in history may rival in importance the "J'ACCUSE" of Zola.

OPEN LETTER TO MR. STATE COUNCILLOR FILONOFF

Mr. State Councillor:

Personally, we are not acquainted. But you are an official whose name has been made widely notorious in this section of the country by your campaigns against your fellow-countrymen. I am a writer who proposes to cast a retrospective glance over the brief record of your exploits.

But first a few preliminary observations.

In the borough of Sorotchintsi meetings had been held and speeches delivered. The inhabitants of Sorotchintsi presumed, evidently, that the manifesto of October 17 gave them the right of assembly and speech. And, in truth, it did. The manifesto granted these rights, and added that no Russian citizen was responsible save to the courts. It proclaimed further the participation of the people in the legislation of the country, calling these things "the immovable bases" of the new Russian social order.

So the inhabitants of Sorotchintsi were not mistaken on this point. Only they were not aware that, on an equal footing with the new principles, had been maintained the former "provisional laws,"—the

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"state of defence," the "state of siege," etc.,—which permit the administration, at any given moment, to entangle the rights of the nation in a network of authorizations and prohibitions,—permit it, in short, to nullify all these rights and even to characterize them as disorders and riots requiring the intervention of armed force. True, the administration was invited to conform its acts to the spirit of the new fundamental law, but—the administration kept also the old circulars and interpreted the new suggestions in the light of the absolutism of the past.

For two months the higher authorities of Poltava oscillated between these opposite principles. In the city speeches and meetings took their course, and the people sought eagerly to understand the events of the time. Undoubtedly, during all this, some harsh and perhaps excessive things were said, and the different opinions and declarations were not always consistent. But we are accustomed to judge phenomena by the importance of their results. The fact is that in the stormiest days, when from every hand came news of destruction, of murder, of repression, at Poltava there was nothing of the kind. Nor were there here any of those peremptory processes to which agrarian movements were resorting in other places. Some, and rightly, attributed this to the relative toleration practised by the higher authorities of Poltava with regard to liberty of speech and meeting. Under this influence popular passions were moderating, conscience was freeing itself, reliance on legal methods was growing firmer, and hopes were turning toward the free institutions in prospect. A little more, it seemed, and

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public opinion would form and clear itself as wine clears itself after active and boisterous fermentation. And besides, was it not a matter of necessity that the people should apply themselves to the definitive elaboration of the supreme legislative institution of the country?

Alas! that state of things is now but a memory. Since December 13 the authorities of Poltava have been following a different tactic. As results: savage devastation in the city by the Cossacks, blood flowing in torrents in the country districts. Faith in the range of the manifesto is shaken, conscious efforts are dying out, rougher elements are breaking loose, or, what is worse, are gathering strength within, brooding hatred and revenge . . .

Why do I say all this to you, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff. I understand perfectly that all the great principles declared (only in words, unhappily) in the manifesto of October 17, 1905, are to you foreign and organically hostile. Nevertheless, they are already the fundamental law of the Russian State, its "immovable bases." Do you understand the criminal aspect that your acts would wear before the tribunal of these principles? . . .

But I will be moderate, more than moderate, conciliatory even to excess. So I will apply to you, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, only the ordinary standards of the old Russian laws current prior to October 17.

Here are the facts:

In Sorotchintsi and in the neighboring village of Oustivitsa meetings were held without formal authorization. Speeches were made, and resolutions passed.

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Among other declarations there was one for the closing of the monopoly wine-shops. By decree of the communes the doors of these shops were sealed, without awaiting official authorization.

On December 18, in the name of the "state of defence,"—that is, without a warrant,—one of the inhabitants of Sorotchintsi, Besvikonni, the most popular of the champions of their interests, was arrested. His fellow-citizens demanded his production in court and his release on bail. These requirements of judicial investigation, in place of odious administrative absolutism, are becoming general; they have been adopted in several boroughs and villages of our province, and with success. But the inhabitants of Sorotchintsi were met with a refusal. Then, in their turn, they arrested the police commissioner and another policeman.

On December 19 the chief of police of the district, Barbache, arrived at Sorotchintsi with a squadron of Cossacks. He had an interview with the imprisoned policemen, and yielding, it is said, to their persuasions, promised to intercede in favor of the liberation of Besvikonni. At the same time he went away with his squadron. But, immediately afterward, halting at the confines of the borough and dividing his detachment into two parts, he effected a circular maneuver, and approached the crowd anew. Then occurred a fatal collision, the details of which will be established in court. As a result, the chief of police was mortally wounded, and twenty of the inhabitants were either wounded mortally or killed outright.

Do you know, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, under

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what circumstances these twenty persons perished? Did the entire twenty kill the chief of police? Did they attack him? Did they resist him? Did they defend the murderers?

No. The Cossacks did not content themselves with dispersing the crowd and liberating the police commissioner. They began to pursue the fugitives, and, on overtaking them, massacred them. That is not all: they rushed into the borough, hunting down any of the inhabitants that they chanced to meet.

Thus, beside Mr. Maisinka's house, was killed the keeper, Otreschko, peacefully engaged in cleaning the snow from his master's steps. Garkovenko was feeding his cattle in his yard, half a mile from the town-hall. A Cossack took aim at him from the street corner; Garkovenko fell, wounded, before he had seen the rascal. The old druggist, Fabien Pérévozky, was returning from the post-office with his son. Unexpectedly a Cossack shot the son before the father's eyes, near the Orloff house. Serge Kovchoune was killed a few yards from his own door. The wife of a peasant named Makovestky was killed in the same doorway. A young girl by the name of Kélépof had both cheeks cut off. I could give you with exactness the place and circumstances of all the massacres of Sorotchintsi. It is enough for me to say that eight persons were killed at the town-hall or in the neighborhood; twelve fell in the street, beside their houses, or in their back-yards.

Now, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, I will permit myself to ask you this question: on December 19 was there only one crime committed in Sorotchintsi, or

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were there several, many crimes? Do you suppose that there is no precious blood save that which flows in the veins of people in uniform, and that the blood of men in caftans can be poured out like water, with impunity? Does it not seem to you that, if it is indispensable to inquire who killed the unfortunate Barbache and under what circumstances, it is no less so to inquire who, carrying arms, massacred in the streets, in the dooryards, in the kitchen-gardens, unarmed passers-by who were attacking nobody and not even defending themselves,—simple poor people who had not even been present at the scene of the fatal event of which they were ignorant, and who died in this ignorance?

Oh, no! It is entirely needless to apply to this tragedy the great principles of the new "fundamental law." It is sufficient to invoke no matter what law of no matter what country having the most elementary notions of written laws or of the common law. Betake yourself, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, to the land of the half-savage Kurds, to the country of the Bashi-Bazouks. There the first judge whom you meet will answer you: "We too have among us much armed brigandage, dishonoring our country in the eyes of the entire world. Nevertheless, our imperfect laws recognize that the blood of the people, no less than that of an official, calls for justice."

Will you venture to deny this, openly and publicly, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff?

Certainly not. Then we are in agreement that it was incumbent on the representative of power and of the law, on going to Sorotchintsi for the first time

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after the tragedy of December 19, to play there a stern, but an honorable and solemn *rôle*. On this spot, where agitation, chagrin, and terror already prevailed, it was his duty to recall the law, severe undoubtedly, but also impartial and just, which rises above the impulses and passions of the moment, and disavows the violence of the crowd, but which at the same time—mark it well, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff—*does not admit even the thought of class vengeance taken by an official upon an entire population* . . .

It was important for him to demonstrate to the people that the laws have not yet ceased to act in Russia; that the guarantees of justice, solemnly proclaimed by the manifesto of the czar, are not a dead letter, a broken promise. However, we have already agreed to let that pass, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff. . . . And besides, were this problem before us, it is not to you that its solution would be entrusted.

Yet, to the astonishment of many people, in Poltava, it was precisely upon you that was imposed the heavy, difficult, and honorable task of representing the power of the law in the borough of Sorotchintsi after December 19.

What was your understanding of your duty? And how did you perform it?

Let us come to the facts:

On December 21 the body of Barbache, who had died in the hospital, was carried away from Sorotchintsi. The church-bells had not yet ceased to toll when you, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, made your entrance into the borough at the head of a squadron of Cossacks.

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Was there, at that moment, any sign of rebellion? Did you encounter the least resistance? Had barricades been built to obstruct your passage? Were there any crowds bearing arms? Was any opposition offered to your procedure of investigation?

No. All trace of resistance or of any sort of violence had already disappeared from the borough of Sorotchintsi. The inhabitants were crushed under the weight of the terrible misfortune that had fallen upon them like a thunderbolt on December 19. They clearly understood the necessity of judicial intervention, and, if they had witnessed the advent of an examining magistrate armed only with the law, then too they would not have resisted, even in face of a squadron of Cossacks, whose *rôle*, in their eyes, should be solely to guard the free exercise of the law and not to punish people who have not been convicted, or to violate the law themselves by wrongful and vindictive acts of violence.

Yes, beyond any doubt, things would have taken their course in this way and no other. Especially as the inhabitants were looking to the judicial authorities for justice for themselves, in the name of the poured-out blood of so many of their relatives.

But it was not an examining magistrate that was sent to Sorotchintsi. It was you, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff (first councillor of the governmental administration). It is on you that falls the responsibility of the monstrous conduct of the armed troops sent under your orders, who transformed themselves from guardians of the law into violators of the law.

From the start you acted in Sorotchintsi as if you

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were in a conquered country. You ordered the communal assembly to meet, and declared that, in case of failure to do so, you would not "leave one stone standing on another" in the entire borough. Is it astonishing that, after such orders, given in such terms, the Cossacks began to execute them punctually? Is it astonishing that the whole village is now talking, giving names, of a whole series of extortions and rapes, committed by the troops under your command?

What need had you of this communal assembly, and what were your acts of legal investigation in its presence?

Your first act was to order them *all on their knees*, having surrounded them with Cossacks with drawn swords; and then you advanced two cannons. Everybody submitted; everybody knelt, in the snow, with uncovered head. Two hours later you noticed the presence, in the kneeling crowd, of two knights of the cross of St. George. You allowed them to go. Then the new conscripts and the children were relieved. Those who remained you kept, under penalty of death, for four hours and a half, in this degrading posture, not even thinking that in this multitude thus illegally tortured there were people who had not yet buried their dead, the innocent victims of December 19,—brothers, fathers, daughters, before whom the murderers ought to have been on their knees imploring pardon.

You needed this multitude as the background of a picture, as proof of your official omnipotence and grandeur, and of your contempt of the laws that protect the persons and the rights of Russian citizens

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against mad absolutism. And, after this, of what consisted your investigation, your judicial inquiries? You summoned individuals before you, separately, from a list prepared in advance.

For what purpose? To question them? To establish the degree of guilt and responsibility?

Not at all. Scarcely had the person summoned opened his mouth to answer the question, to offer an explanation, to prove perhaps utter non-participation in the event, when you, with your own councillor's hand, and with all your might, struck him in the face and handed him on to the Cossacks. The latter, in obedience to your orders, continued the criminal torture which you had begun, knocked him down into the snow, and beat him on the head and in the face with their nagaïkas (knouts), until the victim had lost voice and consciousness and human form.

It was precisely in this fashion that you behaved, for instance, with Simon Gritchenko, at whose house, it had been reported to you, one of the "orators" had passed the night. Show me, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, the law by which a man giving hospitality to another for a night becomes responsible for all his words and all his acts, especially when his guilt is not yet proved. And yet, hardly had Gritchenko opened his mouth to explain when you began to beat him full in the face and then delivered him to the mercy of your Cossacks. After these first acts of violence he was imprisoned. Not satisfied with this, you had him summoned again in order to strike him in the face yourself once more and have him beaten a second time by the Cossacks.

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The same fate was shared by Gérôme Moucha, in whose house was kept the key of the monopoly wine-shop closed by the commune; only, the latter received from you, in addition, a kick in the belly. The same processes, and twice over, were applied by you to Basile Pokrof, Abraam Gotlieb, Simon Sorokine, Simon Koverko. I will not stop to name the entire twenty persons favored by you with blows and kicks and then delivered to the torturers to be passed under the knouts. One more, however, I will mention,—the student Romanofsky.

The student Romanofsky is a "privileged" person; you did not dare to strike him with your own hands. You even hesitated to have him beaten by the Cossacks; he was simply imprisoned. But, when he was once behind the bars, a Cossack cried: "Why not the knout?"

It seemed to you that the Cossack was right. All are equal before the law. In its name crying iniquities were going on here. Why not equalize them all before iniquity? The student Romanofsky was brought out again; scarcely had he reached the steps when he was hurled into the snow and beaten unmercifully. Fortunately some one took enough pity on him to advise him to wrap his head in his *bashlik*.

Yet even with this you were not content. Throwing your superb look over the crowd kneeling in the snow and draping yourself in your councillor's majesty, the inspiration of a new act of cruelty suddenly illuminated you. At your command the Jews were sorted from the Christians, and, still kneeling, all the Jews were beaten. And you meantime made the following

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observation: "The Jews are intelligent, and the worst enemies of Russia." And the Cossacks ran hither and thither in the crowd, cudgelling right and left men, women, and graybeards, "like sheep and lambs," to use the pictorial expression of eye-witnesses. And you, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, you watched all this, stimulating the zeal of the torturers.

Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, believe me: I am weary, horribly weary, simply from describing in writing all the illegal basenesses and ferocities to which you, without discrimination, submitted the population of Sorotchintsi under pretext of judicial inquiry, without so much as trying to unravel their participation in the tragedy of December 19. And yet you were dealing with living creatures. It remains for me to tell how you repaired the next day to the village of Oustivitsa, there to perform new exploits. . . . . And behind you, like the trophies of a victor, were dragged your prisoners of war, bruised, torn, exhausted,—suffering beings whose proper place was the hospital.

And thus you went to Oustivitsa, to reëstablish the power of the law. . . . .

What had happened at Oustivitsa up to the time of your advent? There there had been no rebellion, no arrest of a police commissioner, no murder of a chief of police, no collision. A single incident: the agreement to close the monopoly wine-shop, carried out without awaiting official authorization. The seals on the door testified only to the voluntary decision of the inhabitants to drink no more. . . . .

True, this had been done without observing the

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legal formalities. But you yourself, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, you, an official and a servant of the law,—did you observe the "legal formalities" in doing your infamous work?

Moreover, I am wrong: the very night before, in accordance with the order sent by you to Sorotchintsi, the inhabitants had removed the seals from the door of the monopoly wine-shop, and so, on your arrival, there remained not even a trace of transgression of the law. . . . . The saloon was open, and wine was being sold there to drunkards freely and without supervision. Nevertheless, this did not deter you from fresh madman's pranks, which I will not describe in detail, leaving the exact account of them to justice, provided it shall come some day.

I confine myself to noting that, avenging this time solely the rights of the fiscal monopoly, you began to beat the mayor; you tore from his breast the emblem of his office and flung it into the snow. Then came the turn of the mayor's secretary. Your exhausted imagination caused you to seize the abacus and break it over the secretary, so that now he is unable to draw up more protocols or write more decrees. Here too you showered blows upon Denis Bakalo, who had come to the town-hall in search of information, striking him on the head with the register.

The inhabitants of Oustivitsa, like those of Sorotchintsi, were compelled to kneel in the snow, and were beaten with knouts. And likewise the court, if it shall sit, will have to pass upon the authenticity of the horrible stories told by the people of the rapes committed upon the women by the Cossacks. You

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certainly will understand the difficulty of making public the names of these victims.

Here, as at Sorotchintsi, the multitude was kept upon its knees for two hours, while you extorted the names of the "instigators" and a decree dismissing all persons hostile to the higher administration. This compels me to remind you, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, that torture has not been allowed in Russia since the time of Alexander I, that it is severely punished by the law, and that corporal punishment, even in court, is forbidden, without exception, by the manifesto of August 11, 1904. As for decrees obtained by processes obviously criminal, they have no legal value.

I have finished. And now, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, I wait.

I wait to see, in case there still remains in our country any shadow of justice, in case honor and professional duty are not unknown to you, your fellow-officials, and your chiefs, in case we have any prosecuting officers, courts, and magistrates understanding the law or possessing the judicial conscience,—I wait to see which of us two, you or I, is to sit on the prisoners' bench and suffer the judicial penalty.

You, since you are publicly charged with acts contrary to duty, to dignity, and to professional honor, in that, under pretext of judicial inquiry, you introduced into Sorotchintsi and Oustivitsa, not the idea of legal justice and power, but simply ferocious and illegal vengeance of officialism and officials against insubordination to officials. Vengeance not even upon the guilty, for the guilty must first be found. No!

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You have launched a blind and savage tempest of torture and violence against all, without discrimination,—among them many innocents.

If you can deny it, I will willingly take your place on the prisoners' bench, and demonstrate that you have done more than I have been able to describe, here, with my feeble pen. . . . .

I will demonstrate that, in calling you a torturer and a law-breaker, I say only that which your acts directly justify me in saying.

In practising undeniably abominable cruelties and illegalities, in trampling under foot all the laws, old and new, you are undermining in the people, not only faith in the sincerity and range of the manifesto, but the very idea of law and power. Which means that you and your like are pushing the people into the path of despair, violence, and reprisals.

I know that you can invoke the excuse that you are not alone; that acts like yours, even surpassing yours, go unpunished among us. Such is the sad truth, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff.

But it is no justification for you. If I address myself to you, it is because I live in Poltava; because the city is filled with living pictures of your baseness; because the groans of your victims rise here to my ears.

If, like your fellows, you go unpunished; if, through the condescension of your superiors and the impotence of the law, you succeed in avoiding the courts, preferring to bear in bravado, with the cockade, the stigma of these heavy public accusations, —then, even then, I am convinced that the letter

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which I address to you will bear its fruits.

Let the country know to what order of things, to what force of law, to what responsibility of officials, to what protection of the rights of the citizen, one can appeal two months after the manifesto of October 17!

After all that has been said, you will understand why I cannot, at the end of this letter, even as a matter of form, Mr. State Councillor Filonoff, extend to you the assurance of my consideration.

VLADIMIR KOROLENKO.

Poltava, January 21, 1906.

A LESSON FOR A TEACHER

[New York Times.]

When a son of the much too-well-known creator of Standard Oil gravely announces that it is never right to do evil that good may come, or that "lying" of every sort and degree is always and necessarily bad, the phenomenon attracts far too much attention, and is calculated to spread very widely an even worse kind of moral confusion than that of which the young man is himself the irritatingly contented victim. . . . . . Somebody to whom he will listen should tell Mr. Rockefeller that nothing is or can be evil from which real good comes. . . . . As for "lying," there are a thousand cases when what can be called "lying" is convenient, innocent, or necessary to the maintenance of human relations in organized society, but in those cases it is not "lying" at all, under any reasonable definition either of falsehood or truth. There is, of course, a dangerous middle ground where the two come together, and it is well to keep as far from it as circumstances will permit; but tools are not abandoned because they will hurt the careless or ignorant user, or explosives because they lack discrimination. This is a world of grown-ups, as well as of children, and it is judicious to confine baby talk to the nursery.

So many crimes have been committed in the name of Fraternity that, if I had a brother, I would call him "my cousin." —*Princess de Metternich.*

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L'ANCIEN RÉGIME;

OR,

THE GOOD OLD RULE.

Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king,
Our king all kings above?
A young girl brought him love;
And he dowered her with shame,
With a sort of infamous fame,
And then with lonely years
Of penance and bitter tears:
Love is scarcely the thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
A statesman brought him planned
Justice for all the land;
And he in recompense got
Fierce struggle with brigue and plot,
Then a fall from lofty place
Into exile and disgrace;
Justice is never the thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

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Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
A writer brought him truth;
And first he imprisoned the youth;
And then he bestowed a free pyre,
That the works might have plenty of fire,
And also to cure the pain
Of the headache called thought in the brain:
Truth is a very bad thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
The people brought their sure
Loyalty fervid and pure;
And he gave them bountiful spoil
Of taxes and hunger and toil,
Ignorance, brutish plight,
And wholesale slaughter in fight:
Loyalty's quite the worst thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

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Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
A courtier brought to his feet
Servility graceful and sweet,
With an ever ready smile
And an ever supple guile;
And he got in reward the place
Of the statesman in disgrace:
Servility's always a thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
A soldier brought him war,
La gloire, la victoire,
Ravage and carnage and groans,
For the pious *Te Deum* tones;
And he got in return for himself
Rank and honors and pelf:
War is a very fine thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

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Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
A harlot brought him her flesh,
Her lust, and the manifold mesh
Of her wiles intervolved with caprice;
And he gave her his realm to fleece,
To corrupt, to ruin, and gave
Himself for her toy and her slave:
Harlotry's just the thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

Who has a thing to bring
For a gift to our lord the king?
Our king who fears to die?
A priest brought him a lie,
The blackness of hell uprolled
In heaven's shining gold;
And he got as guerdon for that
A see and a cardinal's hat:
A lie is an excellent thing
To bring as a gift for our king.

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Has any one yet a thing
For a gift to our lord the king?
The country gave him a tomb,
A magnificent sleeping-room:
And for this it obtained some rest,
Clear riddance of many a pest,
And a hope which it much enjoyed
That the throne would continue void:
A tomb is the very best thing
For a gift to our lord the king.

James Thomson.

LIQUOR AND ITS NEIGHBORS

The neighborhood of a liquor-saloon makes adjoining locations less desirable for some purposes, such as ordinary residence, and particularly for the purposes of a public school. The lawmakers of Massachusetts have taken cognizance of this undisputed fact, as any wise man in their position might be expected to, and have provided that a license to sell liquor shall not be granted to any house within so many feet of a public school, and that any property-owner shall have the right to put a veto on the granting of a license to premises next his own land. These appear to be very wise provisions to insert in a license law, but their working has its comical side.

New brooms sweep clean; and Boston's new district attorney, entering on his office, found that one of the most prominent hotels of the city, the Touraine, was

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within the fatal distance from a schoolhouse. So the Touraine's license was taken away. Then a great uproar began, the opinion of those who made their voice heard being that such a high-grade hotel as the Touraine ought certainly to have a license. The new mayor also took hold to see what he could do, and presently made public announcement that the city government had under advisement plans for removing the schoolhouse in question to another site, in order to give the Touraine relief, since (as he explained) the present site was really no site for a schoolhouse anyhow. It may be doubted whether the framers of the law realized that its effect was likely to be to make schoolhouses move so as not to disturb bars. When we see the government of historic Boston arranging to move a schoolhouse in order that a liquor license may become legal, the prohibitionist and the rumseller are likely to agree that somebody has blundered.

That schoolhouse is not yet moved, however, so far as I know. It takes time for the city to move, even when such interests as these are at stake. But others were able to act more promptly. For it must be understood that this schoolhouse was not big enough to hold all its children; therefore the city had engaged temporary quarters in another building close by for a part of the work of the school; and these quarters were within distance of a few other licensed places besides the Hotel Touraine. The proprietors of these places believed in self-help. They learned that, the arrangement being merely temporary, the city had taken no formal lease of the rooms. At once they saw the owner of the building in which these rooms were situated,

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paid the price he demanded for a lease of the entire building, took an iron-clad lease of the whole for a very long term, and then, by their authority as lessees of the building, turned the city of Boston and its school out into the street. By this quick action their licenses were saved, and the dignity of the law was preserved.

The latest news is that the State legislature has amended the law so as to bring the Touraine's case within the operation of an exception of some sort, and the Touraine has its license again, even without waiting for the schoolhouse to move.

But before we came to this happy ending of the Touraine business we began to hear much talk about the "abutters' law." It was announced on good testimony that thrifty people who lived next to a licensed house were taking advantage of the situation to make the licensee pay for the privilege of retaining his license unobjected-to. Apparently, indeed, the opportunity of doing so was beginning to be recognized as an appurtenance which added to the marketableness of real estate, and presumably to its price; at least, a prominent judge said that he had lately received from a real estate agent a card offering certain property for sale, and mentioning, among other advantages, that it was next door to a liquor-saloon,—a fine opportunity. What it was such a fine opportunity for was not stated; but probably the opportunity to step in and get a drink was not what was meant. Cases of actual blackmailing were also cited in detail. Most critics objected to the action of the abutters in such cases as unethical, but at least one minister in a sermon

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came forward as their eulogist. He said that, as long as the State was taking a license fee for permitting a man to sell liquor, it was equally right for the abutter to do the same; that you had no business to call it "graft" when collected by the abutter, unless you also called the legal license fee of the State "graft," the two being of precisely the same nature; and that, so long as the State continued its present policy, he wished more power to the abutter's elbow. Some folks may think this a very wicked clergyman, but those who are familiar with prohibition agitation will recognize that his purpose was exclusively to bring the license laws in general into condemnation and contempt; and, if you judge his argument from this point of view, I think you will find that its logic is so perfect as to protect it against all condemnation. However, the agitation about abutters has died down, and has had no result, so far as I know, except to call the attention of a larger number of abutters to their special opportunities. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

THE RIGHT TO MONOPOLIZE THE COUNTRY

"Further restriction of immigration" is again a popular subject of discussion in the press, in congress, and in current books. The act which was passed two or three years ago has not, it appears, excluded any considerable number of aliens, and the restrictionists are determined to secure a more effective piece of legislation from the present—very cheap and Teddy-ized—house of representatives, hoping that manufactured "public sentiment" and the frankly selfish

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support of union labor may subsequently carry sufficient weight in the senate to prevent the shelving of the measure.

It is hardly necessary to say that the most asinine and Bunsbyist contribution to the discussion of the immigration question is to be found in the Roosevelt message of last December. Rooseveltian intelligence does not object to "immigration of the right kind" on any scale; it is opposed to *any* immigration of "the wrong kind." What the wrong kind is the following characteristic passage sets forth for the benefit of the perplexed lawmakers [Italics mine]:

> As far as possible we wish to limit the immigration to this country to persons who *propose to become* citizens of this country, and we can well afford to insist upon adequate scrutiny of the character of those who are thus proposed for future citizenship. There should be an increase in the stringency of the laws to keep out insane, idiotic, epileptic, and pauper immigrants. But this is by no means enough. Not merely the Anarchist, but every man of Anarchistic *tendencies*, all violent and disorderly people, all people of *bad character*, the *incompetent*, the *lazy*, the vicious, the physically unfit, defective, or degenerate should be kept out. The stocks out of which American citizenship is to be built should be strong and healthy, *sound in body, mind,* and *character.*

On the definiteness, the simplicity, the practical value of these suggestions I need not dwell. Here are ready tests, plain distinctions, unerring indications. The stuffed prophet has spoken. Congress has no excuse for further doubt or delay.

But it is not my purpose here to deal with Rooseveltian flatulence or vicious quackery. The above is to serve as an introduction to a brief quotation and a few lines of comment thereon. The quotation is from

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a new book on "Immigration" in a new series on "American Public Problems." The author, Prescott F. Hall, manifests at the outset a realizing sense of the fact that the burden of proof is on the advocates of restriction (he is one of them, by the way, and the body of the book presents nothing that is worthy of the attention of libertarians), and that a case must be made out in support of the principle of all general exclusion laws.

Here is his whole argument:

> In popular discussions of the immigration question it is often said that all who have come to this continent since its discovery should be considered equally as immigrants, and that only the aboriginal inhabitants can be properly called natives. In a certain sense this is, of course, true, but in another it is entirely misleading; for one cannot speak of immigration to a country until that country has entered upon a career of national existence. Accordingly, a distinction has been made, and with reason, between those who took part in building the political framework of the thirteen colonies and of the federal union, and those who arrived to find the United States government and its social and political institutions in working operation. The former class have been called colonists, the latter are immigrants proper. In discussing the immigration question this distinction is important; for it does not follow that, because, as against the native Indians, all comers might be considered as intruders and equally without claim of right, those who have built up a complicated framework of nationality have no rights as against others who seek to enjoy the benefits of national life without having contributed to its creation.

If this is the best the restrictionists can say on the fundamental issue, they deserve either pity or contempt, intellectually speaking.

The emigrant who comes to a colony is a colonist; the emigrant who comes to a full-fledged nation is an immigrant. Let us accept this classification. It has

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none but verbal significance.

Does it follow from this distinction that the colonists and their descendants have rights as against immigrant-emigrants? On what are these rights based?

Apparently on their work in constructing the "complicated framework" of nationality. This suggests several questions.

In the first place, did the colonists emigrate to America for the altruistic purpose of creating and establishing a new government, or for that of improving their own lots, of bettering themselves materially and spiritually? The answer is obvious.

True, after coming and settling here, they did participate in the aforesaid work. That was not necessarily sacrifice. Some worked for pay, some for glory and popularity. Some were upright and sincere, others demagogical and corrupt. In the most favorable cases, the work was incidental; the primary motive was individual and family benefit. A pretty poor basis, assuredly, in all this, for rights as against later immigrants.

In the second place, granting for the sake of the argument that the work on the framework conferred rights, were those rights inherited by the descendants of the workers? That would be a preposterous contention. The descendants enjoy the benefits of the work of their ancestors without any cost to themselves; isn't that enough? What gives them the additional right to exclude others?

It may be rejoined that the descendants are not getting the benefits in question gratis, for there is still plenty of work to do on the structure. This is a

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good point—but one that is fatal to the whole argument. There *is* plenty of work to do. The structure is not complete; it never will be, while the parts that are complete need to be watched and kept in a state of repair. The descendants are working on the structure. But so are the immigrants, and the would-be immigrants are perfectly willing to participate. Where is the difference between them and those already here?

"The benefits of national life," indeed! What about the burdens and cost of national life—the army, the navy, the swarms of politicians, the parasites? How long, in any social state, could a people live on the work of past generations?

I conclude that it is not safe for restrictionists to display either candor or reasonableness in presenting their demands. The moment they invite argument they are lost. They had better stick to Rooseveltian flatulence and empty generalities. S. R.

MURDER ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY

In reply to widespread criticisms condemning the massacre of eight hundred Moros President Roosevelt has issued a certificate which not only exonerates Butcher-General Wood and his command from all blame, but enthusiastically commends them for having "performed a most gallant and soldierly feat in a way that confers added credit on the American army." By the same authority, "they are entitled to the heartiest admiration and praise of all those of their fellow-citizens who are glad to see the honor of the

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flag upheld by the courage of the men wearing the American uniform."

The moral obliquity of this official endorsement of wholesale murder can be appreciated by reducing the facts to their simplest terms. On the other side of the earth lies a group of islands whose unfortunate inhabitants, through stress of war and conquest, have been compelled to submit to the domination of the great American nation. The conquerors assert that the natives are unfit to govern themselves; that, even if they could do so, some other aggressor nation would take advantage of their weakness, seize their territory, and proceed to rule over them. To prevent such a calamity our American rulers, from motives of pure philanthropy, have undertaken, at much sacrifice of men and money, to govern them. They are now training them, by slow and gradual steps, in the delicate art of self-government on the approved American plan.

While the partially civilized inhabitants of the islands have made a virtue of necessity and with secret reservations accepted the rule of the conqueror, there are still in the outlying islands some who have not yet been brought under the benign influence of our civilization, and who retain enough of their savage instincts to set great store on liberty. These intractables have so far resisted the combined efforts of school-teachers, missionaries, and military adventurers, sent expressly by the American government to civilize, educate, and enlighten them. A tribe of these ungrateful barbarians, in their unpardonable desire to escape foreign domination, betook themselves to

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the mountain, and established their stronghold in the jaws of a crater. The foreigner then quite properly classed them as robbers and outlaws. Wherefore they were sought out by the "courageous men wearing the American uniform," who by means of block and tackle were enabled to hoist their implements of civilization up the side of the mountain to the crater mouth. During a desperate and prolonged conflict, in the interest of humanity, in which some fifteen American soldiers were killed, the rebels, men, women, and children, to the number of eight hundred, miserably perished. The whole band thus caught like rats in a trap was annihilated by our gallant soldiery.

All hail, the mighty Wood! Once more order reigns in Jolo.

This incident personifies that aggressive spirit of success at any price, lust for power, dominion of the strong and contempt for the weak, common in every age, but always seen at its worst in acts of government. The American flag covers no blacker crimes than have been committed by other predatory powers. Only the other day, in Northern Nigeria, a British expedition killed a thousand of the natives, who are said to have objected to the building of the Mombasa railroad through their country. The story of German conquest in Africa or China, of the French in Tonquin, of the English in the East, unfolds horrors that have not yet been outdone by American prowess. King Leopold's campaign of exploitation for private profit in the Congo is still in progress, despite the protests of respectable people in the United States. It will be interesting to note how many Christian

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pulpits will now ring with denunciations of Butcher-General Wood and his abettor, Theodore Roosevelt, as they have rung against official massacres in Russia, Armenia, and other places where the butcheries were perpetuated by governments and troops not American.

In former times the State, the government, meant, not a people, but a dynasty. Wars were carried on, whole nations were decimated and beggared, for no better reason than to further the ambition or folly of some irresponsible throned despot. Not so to-day. Powerful classes with vast and varied financial interests control the State. The modern ruler, be he kaiser, prime minister, or president, represents the will of these dominant classes. Business, whose aim is profit, is the final arbiter of national and international policies. The great financier, the money king, is the oracle of peace and war.

Imperialism, the dominant national spirit, is the outcome of the concentration of wealth, the growth of a very rich and therefore very powerful class, whose grip is tightening upon the chief industrial sources of income. Roosevelt, the temperamental swashbuckler, is but a tool ready to the hand of the controlling business interests. His bluster over rate-making by government process in no wise invalidates this fact. He stands for Authority, the concentration of power, a larger army, a big navy, heavier national expenditure, an aggressive foreign policy. All this harmonizes with the dominant business interests. A little more official regulation, say of railroads and incidentally of labor unions, will not check the

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healthy growth of profits. Individual groups of railroad managers may resist, but, as a class, the proprietors and business men will not suffer in pocket through government regulation. Besides, it is shrewd politics to advocate laws which give the mass of the people the impression that the government is wrestling with big monopolies, endeavoring to curb their greed and protecting the public against illegal modes of exploitation.

It is an old trick of the politicians to play upon the credulity of the people. There is scarcely any limit to public gullibility. The outcome of the present snarl between president, senate, and house of representatives will disclose another game of bluff. None of the purposes for which the Interstate Commerce Commission was created have been fulfilled. Its functions soon became emasculated to the mere compiling of railroad statistics. Under the Sherman anti-trust law all monopolies and combines in restraint of trade became illegal. Yet most of the big trusts have been formed since the law was enacted. During the fifteen years of its operation, the federal government has prosecuted in twenty-six cases. Ten of these cases were won by the government, of which four were against combinations of labor. Of the six cases decided against trusts, decisions in favor of the people could have been secured in three at least without resort to the anti-trust law. The grand record of the Department of Labor and Commerce, which was created to investigate and curb the illegal workings of trusts, is too well known to call for comment.

Thus discounting the importance of the presiden-

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tial policy of reform, it becomes apparent that the advantages of the big-stick *régime* and Rooseveltian ideals to large business interests are positive and overwhelming. A military and naval establishment, the annual cost of which expands in almost geometrical progression, forms an immense boon to certain groups of capitalists and business men. Consider how many free libraries Carnegie has contributed out of the profits on armor-plate; the philanthropic deeds performed by Morgan from the proceeds of commissions on government loans; the array of profitable private freight cars Armour was able to build out of his gains on the embalmed beef sold during war-time to the unsuspecting government. All classes of business men that see an opportunity of profit in furnishing supplies or credit to the government will surely favor a policy involving generous expenditure. Moreover, our modern industrial system in its latest developments, whose mainspring is capitalistic profit, thrives best upon national waste and extravagance. And what can be more effective to this end than war or preparation for war? In other words, the economic interest of the dominant class, which judges everything from the standpoint of profit or revenue, does not coincide with the best interests of the whole people.

The cost of government, normal and extraordinary, is borne in the long run by industry. The masses must bear the ultimate burden of national extravagance. War to-day is a business proposition, a matter of commercial profit. Though the people have everything to lose and nothing to gain by an imperialist policy of commercial expansion, which entails

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fabulous expenditures for armaments, even if actual war is avoided, they are easily cajoled into believing that what is good for business—that is, for certain privileged groups of capitalists—is also good for all the people. Hence they accept and endorse whatever policies the ruling class demands.

Herbert Spencer believed that the industrial *régime* would tend to widen human liberties and bring nearer the era of international peace. But he never comprehended its development as exemplified in modern business methods. The industrial *régime* has fully arrived; yet who will deny that its latest growth is inimical to personal liberty, or that it favors warlike aggression. The world's market becomes more and more a bone of contention among the industrial nations. Furthermore, each is striving to secure for its own use and behoof tracts of territory, plus inhabitants, that can be exploited exclusively for capitalistic profit. International complications almost invariably arise out of disputes over these acquired or conquered preserves. Of this nature was the recent affair in Northern Africa between France and Germany. The Russo-Japanese war was fought because of the effort of Russia to secure the Manchurian preserve. The Boer war originated in the demands of British capitalists to exploit the mines without restraint, and ended by adding the Dutch republics to the field of British commercial development, with incalculable opportunities of capitalistic profit.

In pursuit of commercial advantage and territorial expansion with a view to profit the industrial nations have become vast armed camps, each jealously watch-

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ing the other. Year by year, despite the Hague Commission and hypocritical talk of peace, they increase their armaments,—because relative strength alone counts,—until most of the European nations are industrially crippled and impoverished through their futile and senseless attempts to outdo each other in readiness for war. Aiming at business ascendency, they pursue a course which must defeat its own end by sapping the very source of profits—the industry and prosperity of the masses.

These are the results we are bidden by our shallow rulers to emulate. America is yet far from the stage of exhaustion from which continental Europe suffers. She is still a young commercial giant, vigorous and aggressive. Her capitalists and industrial leaders have here at home the largest and most lucrative field for exploitation the world affords. But commercial greed has corrupted the national spirit. Roosevelt proclaiming the ruthless extermination with machine-guns of savages armed with bolos to be " entirely satisfactory " typifies this new American spirit, which points to recrudescence of militarism and consequent attacks all along the line upon individual liberty, to the decay of the ideals from which the American nation first sprang.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ANARCHIST

William Bailie's " Josiah Warren " is the first and an admirable attempt to meet what has been, in the real sense of the term, a " long-felt want." With the exception of Warren's own writings, all too few and for some time practically out of print, and Stephen

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Pearl Andrews's exposition of Warren's ideas in the "Science of Society," there has been no direct elucidation of the principles which Warren discovered and enunciated other than the active propaganda carried on by Liberty and its auxiliary publications. The time was therefore extremely ripe for just such a work as Mr. Bailie has undertaken to produce, and in which production he has in a large measure succeeded. Wherein he has failed to take advantage of his rare opportunities I shall later point out.

We are taken, in the first chapter, to Warren's early life, which in many ways was the most remarkable part of this most remarkable man's life. It has not often occurred, in the history of the world, that an ardent social reformer has been at the same time an inventive genius of the highest order; yet it is no exaggeration to say that Josiah Warren was such an one. Whenever he discovered a human need, he apparently set to work to supply it, and his inventions covered in their scope a list that ranges from illumination to a new system of musical notation. There was seemingly no problem in industrial as well as social activities and necessities whose solution he did not attempt and, in some way, accomplish. The world will never know to what extent he benefited it, for he frequently made no effort to protect his inventions by patents, and from one of the greatest of them—that of the cylinder press printing paper from a roll—he got absolutely nothing, some large manufacturers many years later amassing great wealth from the adoption of his idea. Mr. Bailie has now put the world in a position to find out something about this

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rare character, who devoted a wonderfully fruitful life to its service.

It is quite evident that the writing of this book has been, for Mr. Bailie, a work of love. His style is lucid and entertaining, and he makes of Warren's interesting life a story still more interesting in the charming way in which he tells it,—a way that is impressive in the fulness of his sympathy for his subject. He tells us how Warren joined forces with Owen at New Harmony, and then discovered the failure of majority rule to solve such social problems as were involved in that attempt at colonizing reformers. He soon realized that there was no personal liberty or individual responsibility in the colony, and therefore left it. Our biographer next tells us of Warren's famous "time stores" and of their success. Warren was the originator of the idea of manual training schools, and his views of education were in other respects a half a century in advance of the times. An especially interesting feature of the book is a *facsimile* of the labor note issued by Warren and used by him in connection with his time store. An extended description of the village of Modern Times and of Warren's life there is given; a chapter is devoted to Warren's inventions in printing, one to the closing years of the pioneer Anarchist, and then one is devoted to Warren's philosophy. The book closes with an appendix, which consists of a letter written by Warren (said to be his last published writing) to a friend, which friend was E. H. Heywood. Mr. Bailie does not give Mr. Heywood's name, although it has long been a matter of public knowledge that he was the person

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to whom it was written.

On page 23 a fact is disclosed which recent events have made doubly interesting. While Warren was living in Cincinnati, he obtained from Nicholas Longworth a ninety-nine-year lease on a large tract of land that now comprises the central portion of the business part of that city. Later Warren reprehended so fully the holding of land for speculative purposes that he voluntarily relinquished his holdings, which thus reverted to Mr. Longworth without any compensation being demanded from the latter by Warren. Thus Alice Roosevelt's husband, a descendant of the Nicholas Longworth mentioned, was made a rich man through the scrupulous honesty and magnanimity of the pioneer of those Anarchists whom her father so roundly abused in his message to congress!

Another indication of Mr. Bailie's great sympathy for his subject is his neglect to point out that, not only in his later life, but almost from the beginning of modern Spiritualism, Warren was a believer in it. This may be a venial sin, but it is clear that a biographer's fidelity to his subject should prevent him from exercising too great consideration for the results of a candid exposition of his subject's character and beliefs.

It is noteworthy, too, that Mr. Bailie has neglected to make any mention of Lysander Spooner's name in connection with Warren, although his motive in this case is not so clear. Spooner's *political* propagandism always closely paralleled Warren's, and, during the last months of Warren's life, at any rate, he, Linton, and Spooner were a notable trio frequently together.

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A most astonishing fault in this volume, however, is Mr. Bailie's failure to mention the fact that Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor, was, during the last two years of Warren's life, his most active propagandist. Furthermore, Morse's efforts were so great that they did not fail of appreciation by Warren, and the latter showed his full recognition of their value by making Morse his literary executor. Mr. Bailie's biography would certainly have been the place to record these facts, as well as the further incident that Warren, at the time of designating Morse as his literary executor, stipulated that, at the latter's death, the literary effects should be passed on to Benj. R. Tucker.

I have already mentioned Mr. Bailie's apparent sympathy for his subject; and certainly the greater part of this volume, as well as Mr. Bailie's contributions to Liberty, would proclaim him a sincere partisan of Warren. This makes all the more imcomprehensible the fact that, on page 82, he apparently gives away Warren's whole case. To quote:

> How far they [Warren's principles] will inspire the individual to undertake and carry out functions with which society in its collective capacity alone can adequately deal remains a speculative question. It may well be doubted, for example, whether Warren's teaching would inspire an individual or group to plan and carry out so far-reaching a public enterprise as the Metropolitan Park System of Massachusetts. Here we have a commission with adequate powers and resources devising and executing comprehensive schemes, requiring for their completion many years. In this instance, the community reaps beneficial results of a lasting character, despite the drawbacks now incident to public undertakings supported by compulsory taxation.

In this we seem to have Mr. Bailie as a special

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pleader for State Socialism, and scarcely to be recognized as the same writer who, two pages previously, penned the following lines:

> Even Socialists, in proclaiming the doctrine of the Social Organism, insist on subordinating the individual to the aggregation we term society, unmindful that society exists and is maintained for the good of the individuals composing it, rather than that the individuals exist for the benefit of society. For, unless society subserve the welfare of its members individually, what valid reason remains for its continued existence?

In still greater contrast to the first quotation are the following extracts from pages 103, 104, and 105. Here we have the real Anarchist speaking:

> Its [the State's] function can be carried out with greater efficiency and certainty by a system of free association, a kind of protective insurance. Voluntary organization has accomplished even more delicate and difficult tasks in the social economy.
>
> But, if the arbitrary authority of government can be dispensed with, the numerous and ever-growing functions it has assumed, ostensibly for the good of the community, can equally well be taken away and the like kind of service be performed by voluntary agency . . .
>
> There is no service undertaken by government that could not be more efficiently and more economically performed by associated or individual effort springing up naturally to meet the needs of society.

It will be generally considered, I think, by those who read this book and who are acquainted with Mr. Bailie's other writings, that his lapse into advocacy of collectivism was but momentary and inadvertent, and that, after all, his implied criticism of Warren's attitude toward government was not intentional. Let us at least give him the benefit of the doubt.

In describing the life-work of a public character,

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such as Warren certainly was, the account of what he accomplished during his life is not complete without some enumeration of the things that have resulted from his work, thus demonstrating its viability and the soundness of the principles upon which it was based. It is true that, in his introductory chapter entitled "The Anarchist Spirit," Mr. Bailie has given a survey of all the Anarchistic tendencies of the past, and shows that there have been other forces at work upon lines similar to those of Warren's efforts; but in this chapter Mr. Bailie has written in a general way only, and has not called attention to what is practically the *continuation* of Warren's work. In thus failing to point out the manner in which Warren's life-work has been carried on since his death, and to describe in some detail the agencies so engaged, a serious injustice to Warren has been done. There is material enough in the literary enterprises that have been engendered by Warren's ideas for at least a brief additional chapter in Mr. Bailie's book, and many Anarchists are going to miss it. Moreover, no greater value could be given to a biography of a reformer, especially in his own eyes were he living, than by adding to it what had been accomplished by the forces that were set in motion by his work. In fact, the results of his work are actually a part of it, and should be so taken into account.

The book is nicely printed and bound (coming from the press of Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), except for a few typographical errors which have crept in, none of which, however, are likely to confuse the reader, unless it be one on page 53, sixth line from the bottom, where the word "mill" should be "land."

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I have pointed out these minor defects simply because they are not likely to be noticed elsewhere. They are really negligible, however, in comparison with the great service to Anarchism which the book renders by its excellence. C. L. S.

"AT THE GATES OF THE CENTURY"

Such is the title of the fourth volume of the Poetical Works of Harry Lyman Koopman, one of the poets of Freedom. The reader must not expect to find, however, any such tempestuous denunciations of tyranny as, for example, Swinburne's ode on "Russia"; any Philistine might read and enjoy these poems, —in some cases, perhaps, without knowing what they meant. Koopman's art is of the subtler, keener, finer sort, which convinces without one's knowing exactly why. His style is not bizarre, or complex, or yet an imitation of that of any other poet; for the most part, he glides smoothly along in conventional iambics, occasionally tripping into trochees, resorting still more rarely to anapests, with which prosodical weapon the youthful poetical mind finds it so easy to commit metrical murder. The essentially lyrical quality of Koopman's work is apparent in the fact that his verses melt into melody almost as one reads. In this category might be mentioned "Music's Waif," "Sea Kinship," and "The Love-Song," were it not that this would be ignoring dozens of others equally beautiful. Among the poems of grander import are "The Egoist," "Nature," "Self-Sacrifice," "Ugg the Dwarf," and "Letting in the Jungle," this last slightly reminiscent of Longfellow and "Hiawatha." Impossible as

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It's influence upon our material welfare has been much exaggerated by many, who confuse the inventive genius of our people with an artificial system designed to protect it. Next to the unequalled resources of the United States and the consuming energy of its people, its greatness is due in large measure to an inventive genius, which never rests until it has either done a new thing, or an old thing better than before. This invaluable quality is innate, and in no respect dependent upon statutory legislation. Our people would have had the same inventive instinct, had there been no patent system, and its results might not have been appreciably less. Franklin, the first, and a typical, American inventor, abandoned a lucrative business to pursue his discoveries, and declined to take a patent on the most useful of his inventions. I believe that nearly all the useful inventions would have been developed, had there been no patent system. There is always an adequate incentive for invention without the monopoly of a patent.

A growing distrust among thoughtful men as to the real value of the system was evidenced some years ago by a committee of the English parliament, which, after a careful investigation, recommended the abolition of the system; and the same view was shared by Prince Bismarck, who, when chancellor of the German empire, made a similar recommendation.

Whatever its merits, the patent system is to-day one of the strongest bulwarks of extortion and injustice which our laws afford. A corporation with large resources can take a patent of doubtful legal validity, and, by prolonging litigation through the life of the patent, tax the people at will. It can do this indefinitely, for it can gain such a position during the life of the patent as to be almost impregnable, thereafter, to any competition.

When the dead come back to earth, although they have had an opportunity to complete their education, one does not perceive it. We are compelled to observe, rather, that they are much more stupid than before, for their mentality resembles astonishingly that of the people who evoke them. When Napoleon has a drummer for a spokesman, he reasons like a drummer. It is a very odd phenomenon.—*H. Harduin.*

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of Anarchism

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

June, 1906
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Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

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ON PICKET DUTY

Earthquakes, eruptions, and other calamities of nature, certain preachers tell us, are good for men, in the sense that trial and difficulty are good. They teach us to be kind and generous, as the millions pouring into San Francisco from every direction abundantly show. To kill some people that others at a distance may be moved to kindness is exceedingly clumsy and shabby ethics, and the " power " that cannot hit upon fairer methods had better refrain from undertaking to improve man's character. Aside from this, what the world needs is not generosity, but justice; not freer giving, but abstention from wrongful taking, from invasion; not charity, but equality of opportunity. What earthquake, what eruption has ever done a grain of good in this sense? Where and when were men made less willing to monopolize things, to aggress upon others' freedom, to profit by unfair laws and privileges, by a natural calamity? Perhaps the " power " does not know what we need; another reason for letting us alone, then.

" The Public " sees, of course, the difference between generosity and justice, and in discussing the " lesson " of the San Francisco disaster it says that kindness

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which spells nothing but charitable giving is not worth much suffering. But, it adds, "if the outbreak of kindness which is excited by great calamities be the kindness which leads on to justice,—justice in public as well as private relations, justice with reference to industrial institutions as well as personal conduct—the beneficence of these calamities, however horrible they may be, is explained." The "if" is a big one. As a matter of fact, the kindness aroused by calamities never (as I have said above) leads on to justice; there is nothing in such events to turn the thoughts of men to justice. But, granting the possibility of such an effect, why is, in that case, the beneficence of the calamities "explained"? An explanation which raises a question quite as difficult—the question of power—is no explanation at all. We expect human beings to do "justice justly"; yet here we are expected to believe in a power that makes for justice through misery and injustice and anguish. Why attempt lame and paradoxical interpretations at all? Why trace any connection between volcanic or tectonic convulsions of the earth and the moral relations of men? One might as well say that earthquakes are ordered as a means of cultivating human eloquence or rhetoric! They certainly are responsible for a good deal of vain and empty phrase-making. Why will sensible men cling to childish anthropomorphic interpretations of cosmic phenomena?

Gorky has had curious ideas of American liberty and toleration shaken out of him. His mission would have failed in any event; the American people would

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not have given him money for armed rebellion and bombs in Russia; but, had not his private, sexual relations challenged the attention of the impertinent, vulgar, noisy meddlers, his failure might have been prosaic and shabby. As it is, the failure is one which will do more for progress and emancipation than financial success could have done. In the first place, an artist like Gorky should know what use to make of the knowledge he has gained of American hypocrisy; of the shallowness of our public opinion. In his next play or story we may be treated to a study of the American barbarians and Philistines. In the second place, Gorky's adventures will cause animated and general discussion of the question of sexual purity and impurity, and many minds, especially among the young, will be cleared of cant in consequence. Sweet are the uses of trouble and annoyance caused by bigotry and stupidity in such cases.

The trades-union bill introduced by the Bannerman government in the house of commons expressly legalizes peaceable picketing for all purposes, and provides that no act in furtherance of an industrial dispute shall be deemed criminal, no matter how many men combine to commit it, if the same act is not criminal when done by an individual. This certainly covers boycotting and various other practices which ignorant or prejudiced judges are in the habit of enjoining. The principle is one for which Liberty has for years contended, not only as against the pseudo-individualist press, but also as against men like Mr. Bilgram and E. C. Walker. The objection consistency requires one

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to raise to the bill is that it makes a distinction between unionists and all other men, or between acts growing out of labor disputes and other acts. There is no valid ground for this distinction. The test of individual criminality is general. All men have a right to do in concert what they may legitimately do as individuals in any direction. This will be recognized before long on all sides, for the negations and violations of the proposition have resulted in grotesque absurdities that even the best-paid sophists of plutocracy will be unable to defend after a time sufficient to afford opportunity for sober thought.

Thursday, April 12, witnessed the following sudden outbreak on the editorial page of the New York "Sun." Since that date it has shown no further excitement in the same direction. Nobody seems to know what caused the explosion.

> There are diseases of which the general public knows little or nothing which in their results are as disastrous to life, to health and to happiness as is consumption. Plain speech is sometimes necessary. Can one doubt for a moment that, if mankind were aware of the fact that ninety per cent. of all cases of locomotor ataxia and most of the paralytic attacks, that eighty per cent. of all the deaths from inflammatory diseases peculiar to women, at least fifty per cent. of all the operations known in gynecology, as well as thirty per cent. of all the blindness in infancy and childhood, were due to these diseases, transmitted by men as a result of immoral sexual association,—can one believe for a moment that, with this knowledge in mind, the public would not take steps to lessen the possibilities of these infections?

That's what Moses Harman thought. And see where he is *now*. That's what the "Sun's" great hero, Theodore Roosevelt, doesn't think. And see

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where *he* is now. Will the "Sun," fresh from its study of medical statistics, and having told us what percentage of the prevailing mortality proceeds from the transmission of "these diseases" as a result of immoral sexual association, kindly tell us also what percentage of the remaining mortality proceeds from the transmission of "these diseases" as a result of moral sexual association? Or would it have us understand that every priest and magistrate is provided with a certain lymph, which goes with the marriage certificate and renders the moral immune? A little of the desirable plainness of speech would not be amiss here. The observant reader will note, too, that "these diseases" are nameless. The "Sun" calls a spade a spade, but it calls syphilis and gonorrhea—nothing at all.

When an inexact thinker is beaten in controversy by a thinker more exact, he is very apt to say to him: "My good sir, you are a master of dialectic; I am no match for you." The curious thing is that he makes this remark, not with the proper humility, but with a singular air of satisfaction entirely out of harmony with his embarrassing situation. The key to the mystery is to be found in the fact that the worsted gentleman is saying to himself: "Why did I challenge him to argument? Why did I not challenge him to write a poem on the subject? The result would have been very different, then."

That excellent "provincial" newspaper, the Springfield "Republican," which, in the matter of alertness, range, and comprehensiveness, can give our

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"metropolitan" dailies any number of points, has published a rather peculiar paragraph on Liberty's reference to the Patterson incident. I reproduce it as follows:

The American organ of philosophic anarchy, Liberty, which Benjamin R. Tucker publishes every two months, makes some sharp comments upon a recent conversion in high life to Socialism. No one has thought to inquire what the Anarchists think of such events. Yet their view is of real interest. If any one is more radical than your true-blue Anarchist, bring him along. Mr. Tucker, referring to Mr. Medill, runs on in this style: "He had discovered that money was 'everything,'—'wine, woman, and song,' 'rest and activity,' fame, influence, and whatnot,—and concluded that the great need was equality of opportunity. That equality of opportunity and Socialism are interchangeable terms is, of course, a jumped-at conclusion of the most naive and ridiculous sort; but, if the young men were unable to see the gap in the argument, does not the responsibility lie largely with the capitalistic press and the capitalistic political economists of the colleges?" Mr. Tucker thinks the "sham individualists" are responsible for these lamentable plunges toward Socialism, and he offers his own creed, of course, as the real, undiluted individualism. It must be admitted that there is very little pure individualism on the market, but we can't pass a pure creed bill, as we do a pure food bill, in order to prevent adulterations and mixtures of doctrine. Mr. Tucker himself couldn't consistently ask for a pure creed law. For he does not believe in laws.

Some one has said that explaining a joke is an excruciating operation. Criticising a pleasantry is, of course, even worse. The fact, doubtless, is that the "Republican" was interested in Liberty's comment, and wished to bring it to the attention of its readers. The humorous remark about pure creed bills, it knows well enough, is pointless. In stating that sham individualism is responsible for the growth of the collectivist sentiment Liberty stated a plain truth. The

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plutocratic hypocrites are hopeless; but honest thinkers who profess individualism without realizing all it implies stand to benefit by such reminders. If they shall so benefit, there will result an increase of pure individualism on the market. "That's all."

The New York "Sun" propounds the following problem in ethics:

> Pompeii is one of the priceless possessions of mankind. Suppose a stream of lava which would otherwise overwhelm the remains of Pompeii and bury them forever could be averted by the involuntary sacrifice of a single life—let us say that of an obscure, mortally diseased, disreputable, worthless person inhabiting Torre dell' Annunziata; and suppose the question as to whether the lava should swallow up Pompeii or this single individual was to be decided by secret ballot of all the educated Christians on earth. Would the majority of the educated Christians of the world decree the destruction of what is left of Pompeii or the extinction of this one worthless life in Torre dell' Annunziata?

One wonders why the "Sun" thought it advisable to put so worthless a person in one scale of the balance. Of course to put a Darwin or a Goethe there would unnecessarily complicate the problem. But why not a healthy, reputable, ordinarily useful citizen? Surely, from the lofty point of view assumed by the "Sun," the difference between the ordinarily useful and the utterly worthless citizen becomes, in comparison with the difference between either and Pompeii, a negligible quantity; and, if the problem is to be decided solely by a comparison of the two values offered by the hypothesis, considered in themselves, the answer of no reasonable man will be altered by the substitution of an industrious locomotive engineer for a drunken pauper as

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the contemplated victim. If, on the other hand, the really controlling consideration of the general security to human life afforded by uniform protection of the individual life is to be taken into account, then again the answer of no reasonable man will be altered by the substitution of the drunken pauper for the industrious engineer. One wonders too why the "Sun" simply propounds this problem instead of also answering it. But the latter wonder ceases when one sees the "Sun" devote four inches of its smallest type, undignified even by a headline, to an obituary of John K. Paine, with one exception the most eminent composer that America has produced, and the next day three-quarters of a column of its largest type, with two inches of headlines, to an obituary of John Daly, the gambler. The "Sun" undoubtedly realizes that it is constitutionally disqualified to judge of comparative values, ethical or other. The Socratic method is often found convenient by persons down whose throats no hemlock will ever pass.

In a platitudinous, pointless, widely-advertised speech on the "muck rake" men of the press, Roosevelt inserted a "radical" paragraph irrelevantly expressing his personal conviction that "ultimately" we shall have to restrict accumulations of unhealthy fortunes by means of some sort of progressive inheritance taxation. That it is much simpler and infinitely better to prevent the accumulation of unhealthy fortunes by doing away with legal robbery and special privilege is an idea beyond the Rooseveltian intellect. The "radical" in the White House favors ship sub-

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sidies and denounces as enemies of the country the opponents of protection. He charges dishonesty even against those who propose to place on the free list or on the revenue-duties list the goods that compete with trust-made commodities. And yet this quack talks about guaranteeing equal opportunities to all! If he knew what equality of opportunity was, what it implied, he would perceive that there could be no fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits in an industrial order based on such a principle. Plutocracy, it may be added, is not greatly disturbed by "ultimate" schemes of inheritance taxation, or by any schemes of taxation, for that matter. What fills it with alarm and rage is the proposal to deprive it of its iniquitous privileges, of the State license to practise plunder and extortion. Roosevelt's "revolutionary" suggestions will not cost the campaign fund of his party a single dollar, but would the banking, trust, protection, and other monopolists contribute a red cent to a party advocating free banking, free trade, the withdrawal of subsidies of all sorts, and the establishment of full, fair competition?

In my little bookstore at 225 Fourth avenue I now have in stock perhaps the most nearly complete collection of advanced American and English literature to be found for sale in any single store in the world. To this stock will be added some months later a very full collection of similar literature in French and German, and all of the more important works of the same order in several other languages. To make a satisfactory catalogue even of the books already in stock is a task

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of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, such a catalogue will be ready before July 1, and it will then be possible to form an idea of the stock and to make selections from it with convenience.

Rev. William Rader, telling what he saw in the San Francisco earthquake, writes:

> I am thankful that some things have not burned. The government is intact. I stood under the " Call " building, that even then was crowned with fire, and saw the first detachment of United States Regular soldiers halt, load their rifles, and receive orders. It was grand, and I thought of what Garfield said when Lincoln was shot: " The Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and the government at Washington still lives."

There is no limit to what some people can get enthusiastic over. Verily it is true, what the Anarchist Stickers say, that " what one man believes about God, another believes about Government." Only there may be a doubt about the word " another " ; sometimes it is the same man.

In an attack on yellow journalism Postmaster-General Cortelyou told an audience of Michigan Republicans that " cases before the courts must be tried there, and not in the newspapers." And I tell you, . Cortelyou, that cases that ought to be before the courts should be sent there, instead of being tried in the post-office department at Washington.

In a review of Bailie's life of Warren the New York " Times " calls the book " an explanation of the hopeful views of those individualists who have so hurt an

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excellent cause by calling themselves Anarchists." Well, if the "Times" declares that our cause is excellent, then at least we have not driven off the "Times." Shake hands, Comrade Ochs.

There is a famine in Japan, as we know; and its nature is thus explained by a Japanese named Inouye:

> We hope you do not misunderstand, and think there is no grain and flour in Japan, because there is plenty. The only thing troubling the famine sufferers is that they have no money to buy food with. And the reason the nation can not help is because of its poverty, and not because of lack of sympathy.

So, when there is plenty of food in the land, and the reason why multitudes are starving is not because the food is not at hand but because they have no money to buy it with, this shows that they suffer because of their neighbors' poverty and not because of their neighbors' lack of sympathy. Bear this in mind, and learn to interpret social phenomena.

Of the three great Anarchistic figures that stood preeminent in the literature of the nineteenth century —Stirner, the philosopher, Proudhon, the economist, and Ibsen, the artist—all now are gone. But their force is far from spent; their work has only just begun.

CAME THIS FROM NAZARETH?

[Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts.]

I venture to say that, if all the penal statutes—Federal and State—were strictly enforced at any given moment of time, there would be very few people in this country outside of the penitentiary. And that statement does not impeach the rectitude of the people of the United States.

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GRACE DARBY'S CASE

It is now reported that the Mad Venus, as the headline-makers delight to call her, is engaged to be married in her Canadian refuge,—to marry the man who helped her get away. This apparently closes an incident that has been a first-class source of journalistic sensation in Boston, and one in which, so far as I have observed, the papers have been able to keep up a prolonged supply of sensation without ever being compelled to deny or doubt any statement that had been made in reference to the case,—an unusual record.

Assuming the truth of all reports, as I know no reason for doing otherwise, the story is as follows. Grace Darby was the child of incest,—constructively, if not substantially,—and spent her first years among surroundings of the most degrading sort. If it can ever be a blessing to a child to lose its parents and become a charge on public charity, it was so to her. In the charitable institutions of the State she grew up, and was found such a developable girl that she became, as I should judge, somewhat of a pet, and received in these institutions better training than I suppose to be the common lot of their inmates. So the year 1905 found her in the lunatic asylum,—a young woman of rare beauty and charm and of fine culture, giving to visitors no evidence whatever that she was a lunatic. But, as the officers of the asylum were supposed to know best, visitors in most instances paid no special attention to her case, except to notice her as a striking ornament of the place, until in the said year 1905 the papers broke out with the news that she had run away;

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that her escape had been assisted by a lover; that the officers were hot on her trail; that she was out of reach, having gone to Maine, and there being no law for extraditing a person on the charge of lunacy. (It may be worth noting that no attempt is known to have been made to have her put under restraint in Maine on the ground that she was a lunatic,—a thing which I believe can be done to a genuine and demonstrable lunatic without regard to whether he has escaped from custody in another State.) Meanwhile her history, her description, her portrait, were filling the pages with most admirable effectiveness; and an interview with the asylum officials as to whether it was true that an employee of the asylum gave help to her flight, or as to what was really the matter with her, was good for half a column any day. It was apparent from the headlines and so on that, even in the earliest days of the sensation, some of the newspaper men had an inkling of the reason for her confinement; but the facts were not given out in shape for publication till the end, when the news came that she was safe in Nova Scotia, and the papers were making their last harvest of relevant fact and comment. Then the superintendent of the asylum consented to let an interviewer have his answer to the question: "What is the precise nature of Grace Darby's insanity?" He said that there was no flaw in her general intelligence, but that her moral and emotional constitution was such as "would make her very easily the victim of any unscrupulous male person, and it would seem to have been a kindness to protect her against this"; I quote from memory. Then, after her life had been published piecemeal as news and

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then continuously as a serial story, the newspapers found something else to print, until in the new year the words " Mad Venus " came back to the headlines with the announcement that she was about to be married.

As the essential facts seem to be undisputed, the situation is favorable for thinking over the principles involved; and there is good cause for doing so. In the first place, what about the correctness of the superintendent's judgment that it was " a kindness " to keep her jailed? Indisputably it is a hard fate that befalls a refined woman, when she lets herself be seduced and then finds herself abandoned, probably at the beginning of motherhood; and the superintendent doubtless had good reason for fearing that this would be Grace Darby's fate. But it is just as indisputably a hard fate to be kept in permanent confinement, and to be kept in compulsory celibacy while one's amatory desires are by nature excessively strong. Again, it is to be expected that moral degradation will result from letting one's self be run away with by the passion of love, as Grace Darby was likely to do; but there is a not less genuine moral degradation that naturally results from continuous tutelage. Which way had she the worst prospect? The question is not to be answered offhand; and doubtless the asylum superintendent has given it a greater amount of the necessary reflection than have any of us who criticise him. Only it is not clear that he was an unbiased judge. He may well have been prejudiced by an undue faith in the excellence of his own administration and the consequent heavenliness of life in his asylum; and he may have been affected by the prolonged habit of regulating the

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lives of others and treating them as incapable of regulating their own. If we often observe that old school-teachers are apt to be dictatorial and dogmatic, and to put a strain on the patience of neighbors who may fancy that they themselves also know something, I do not think I should like to have my privilege of managing my own affairs decided upon by an experienced lunatic-asylum director.

There is another obvious side to the question,—the stirpicultural. It is one of our most familiar axioms that lunatics should not be permitted to have children to inherit their defects; and here we have one whose very deficiency made it especially certain that, if left to herself, she would not remain celibate in any case. Still, our axiom is not undisputed. Wells's brilliantly paradoxical onslaught on it in "Mankind in the Making" should be borne in mind here, for it seems to me that Wells's arguments have a much better application to Grace Darby than to most lunatics. The matter with her is that her amatory impulses are likely to override her self-control; and the story of her parentage shows this to be a hereditary trait in her blood. This might abstractly be either because her amativeness was exceptionally strong, or because her self-control was exceptionally weak, or both. But, if her self-control had been exceptionally weak as a whole, she would not have been spoken of as likely to go wrong only in this one direction; obviously the main point is that her amatory impulses are exceptionally strong; her self-control may also be weak, but nothing in the evidence gives us reason to suppose that it is exceptionally weak; the reason why it is liable to give way

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is not so much its own weakness as the unusual strength of its rival. So, however sure we may be that lack of self-control is a defect that it is desirable to breed out of our stock, we must consider this case not as of that nature, but as an abnormally intense development of a legitimate faculty. Now, what we want is "to have life, and to have it more abundantly," and it is not presumable that the extraordinarily full development of a proper part of life makes a person an unfit parent to breed from. Doubtless it makes her a less perfect person, just as a dwarf would be deformed and crippled by having one of his legs grow to the proper size of a man's leg; but in her grandchildren this disproportion will in general be toned down by the mixture of other ancestries, and the question becomes ultimately that of mixing a little additional percentage of this element in the general make-up of the coming race. Here there is no use in appealing to *a priori* arguments (among which our general axiom, not to breed from lunatics, must certainly be classed); for our *a priori* arguments almost necessarily start from an approval of the past adaptation of the race in general to its past environment; but in what relates to the practical value of the sexual impulse our civilization is changing environment so rapidly that we can not presume anything from the past. In matters of bodily health, civilization has to confine itself pretty much to giving man a more perfect supply of what he always did require; the power of the past controls us; and, in the controversy as to whether it is better for a baby to be rocked to sleep or to be left to go to sleep without rocking, the argument that, when our ancestors were

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monkeys, the wind rocked the babies in the tree-tops, hence it may be presumed that baby nature still wants rocking, is a perfectly legitimate and forceful argument. In such a matter as marriage and the constitution of the family, one leading point—that of the conditions of providing for the sustenance of mother and children—has been altogether changed since the time when our institutions of marriage were ordained for us by our prehistoric forefathers; but most of the factors—the phenomena of love and jealousy between adults, the love of offspring, the child's need of personal parental attention—remain substantially as they were, and it is not easy to make out that the conditions of to-day require any certain thing in regard to marriage laws without at the same time making out that the conditions of the past required the same. But, in the question whether it is better that there be a general eagerness to marry or that there be a tolerable willingness to remain celibate, the experience of the past, even down to a very recent date, is not worth a chew of gum. That is, not in the sense of giving us a presumption that anything will or will not be desirable because it was or was not found to be so by experience. Recollection is useful in calling our attention to the factors which must enter into the problem, and in showing us their ways of working; but it does not teach us what sort of a balance they are going to strike now. We see that socially, if not physiologically, we are evolving into a condition like that of the bees and ants, where a few females produce numerous offspring in order that the other females may give their time wholly to work. I say socially, not phys-

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iologically, for the liberation of an increasing number of old maids as working-bees does not seem to result at present from the birth of a larger number of children per mother, but from the success of modern science in preserving the lives of a larger number of those who are born; and there is room for a vast further progress on this line—see Wells again. But there is no telling when some statistician will come and show the presence of an incipient physiological evolution here. In fact, I doubt if I could not show it myself, at least on one side. For this state of affairs results on the one hand from the presence of so large a number of girls who are willing to become old maids and do not care to take the trouble of putting themselves in the way of catching a husband, contrary to ancient tradition as to woman's disposition—a tradition which goes back, we must suppose, to very early times, since Genesis 3:16 represents woman as especially the amorous sex. Probably the tradition is in some part due to the fact that women used to be taught nothing else worth thinking of, to divide their attention with love; but I rather think there has also been some change of inborn temperament, and such a change may in more than one way be a result of the social customs (some of them unreasonable) that have prevailed regarding the relation of the sexes. At any rate the fact is here, and is a common topic of printed comment and printed lamentation, that a considerable percentage of our more highly educated girls act as if they were perfectly contented with perpetual virginity. As I have said, we cannot positively know whether this tendency, which has apparently been so many centuries in pre-

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paring, will work for good or for evil in the twentieth century or in the thirtieth; but, as I have also said, the general sentiment of the public is that it is for evil. Now, if it is for evil; if it would be better that our cultured women should be less willing to remain maids,—then the addition of Grace Darby's blood to our stock of heredity is precisely what we need; give it two hundred years to mix with the rest, and you will have sixty or seventy great-great-great-great-great-granddaughters who will be much more nearly what society wants than if Grace Darby had been successfully kept in the asylum.

For myself, I am on the elopers' side. As to Grace's personal enjoyment, I hold that a life with as much satisfaction as possible, even with suffering added, is better than a life on Epicurus's principle of no joys and no sorrows. As to her moral development, I hold with H. Clay Trumbull, in the best days of his editorship of the "Sunday School Times," that "the Christian ideal has worked to the emancipation of man from all earthly constraint and bondage, that he may be free to work out his spiritual destiny; it values the spontaneous and the inspired as opening new vistas of human possibility; it claims for every man to make what he will of his own life, that he may be free to put it into the hands of God; it vindicates for every man the right to go wrong, in order that there may be some merit in his going right." (Trumbull wrote these words not in a theological discussion, but in reference to the desirability of having human affairs regulated by government of men; and I apply them here, I believe, in his spirit.) As to both these points of her

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personal life, I call attention to the fact that up to date the superintendent's fears have all turned out void; her young man evidently had the most honorable intentions; so had the friends with whom he placed her; the papers hot on the trail of sensation have found no opportunity to report any misconduct on her part; she is now getting married in the properest way in the world; and there is no violent presumption that, after she is married, she will ever give occasion for scandal. The superintendent's fears failed to take into account the fact that there are a great many more honest men than rascals in the world, and that Grace's beauty would be just as attractive to an honest man as to a rascal. On the other hand, the evils to result from her permanent stay in the asylum would most of them have been quite inevitable if she had staid. Finally, as to the desirability of mixing her blood with that of the race, I believe that we shall fail to transform the race so far that it will not be desirable to have our best-trained women become mothers in their own persons; that the women of our race to-day have been given an inheritance of coldness that is equally unnatural and unwholesome*; and that the addition of this unbalanced wild strain to our stock will, in the end, give us a better-balanced stock than if this were omitted. Even if I did not believe this, I should still be much inclined to think that (within limits which we are in no danger of reaching) our

* I do not mean to assert that these adjectives apply recognizably to its manifestations in the majority of women, but that, taking them as a whole, with all the variations up and down, the balance is too far on that side—the variations down are more than they should be.

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posterity will have a better heredity by inserting all elements of especial energy in any line, even if the result be out of balance, and leaving it to posterity to level the rest of the faculties up to these instead of these down to the rest. But I do not think Grace and her lover need this last proposition to be admitted in their defence. Therefore, may she live to bring up all the children she can care for!

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

THE SWIFT SYSTEM

When one has waded through 270 pages of vituperation, invective, abuse, almost wild, incoherent raving, it is very difficult to write calmly and coherently one's self. The temptation is very strong to deal in epithets, even though every one knows that mere denunciation and unsupported assertion carry no weight with thinking people. Unfortunately an enormous subject, full of immense potentialities, has been despoiled of its virility and value by just such a process of mistreatment. Morrison I. Swift chose for the title of a book "Marriage and Race Death,"—a subject which comprises one of the most pregnant propositions in modern sociology. Here was an idea, most clever in its conception, practically ruined, for its best purposes, in its development.

From the opening chapters the idea is gathered that the continuation of our present social system means the death of the race. A great deal of evidence, of various degrees of reliability, but for the most part fairly trustworthy, is adduced to show that, not only in the

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families of the rich, but also among the working people, are small families and even no families coming to be the rule rather than the exception. For a long time the rich have been failing to reproduce their kind to any great extent, for reasons which have been more or less well known; it is pointed out that now the poor are following the example of the rich in this respect, and for the perfectly obvious reasons that, in the first place, women are more and more entering industrial life, and have therefore less time and inclination for raising children; and, in the second place, both men and women are finding that it does not pay. Mr. Swift has presented a stupendous array of facts to support his conclusions.

Now, by far the greater part of the book is devoted to the discussion of the economic side of the labor question, and has little, if anything, to do with marriage. Here again are quantities of evidence, gathered from newspapers and elsewhere, piled up to demonstrate the cupidity of the rich and the stupidity of the poor,— the uncontrollable greed of the capitalist-masters and the imbecile supineness of the laborer-slaves. All these facts would have a tremendous value and importance, if only they had been turned to the best uses that could have been made of them; but, instead of reasoning clearly and logically from his premises, Mr. Swift has permitted himself to call names and use a great deal of language that borders very closely upon coarseness, while many of his sentences and phrases are so vague and involved that his meaning is obscured.

Of course I do not mean to imply that the book is wholly devoid of rational argument; neither do I wish

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to be understood as objecting to his language on purely æsthetical grounds, since his book is not presented as a study in literature or art, and I myself am not excessively squeamish; but I do most emphatically assert that this crudity, obscurity, and barbarity of speech will, with a great part of the public to whom he appeals, defeat the object for which the book was evidently written. My objections are offered, therefore, solely on the ground of expediency, for it is very unpleasant to me to see such good opportunities and material wasted.

The burthen of Mr. Swift's argument in the earlier chapters of his book is that it is not only foolish, but almost criminal, for laboring people to go on begetting children whose certain destiny is to be ground up in the maw of capitalism; for, according to his dictum, to shut off the labor supply is to sound the knell of capitalism. This aspect of the question is not new to the readers of Liberty, for its editor, in a discussion with E. C. Walker some years ago, proved conclusively that the limiting of the family of the laboring man is not going to solve the labor problem, its sole effect being to better the condition of a few laborers with small families at the expense of those who have larger families.

As a strict matter of fact, there is nothing new in this book to the readers of Liberty. There are certainly many new combinations of expletives, but these are such as to repel many who might be influenced by the facts collected. If the work has any serious purpose (and no one who has ever known the author can doubt that), it is to reach the earnest searcher for

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truth, and help him to solve the various social and economic problems with which he is confronted and often perplexed. A perusal of "Marriage and Race Death" by any such person is bound to result, unless he be already well grounded in some rational philosophy, only in bewilderment and confusion. I do not ask any one to take my word for this; the evidence is forthcoming. On page 46, speaking of the futility of the effort of the coal-miners to better their condition by striking, Mr. Swift says:

> There is another way, revolutionary politics, by which the workers could be lifted immediately out of their wretchedness.

Needless to say, the term "revolutionary politics" is not clearly defined. However, we begin to understand something about it when we read on the next page the following statement:

> The single justification of another coal strike is to effect the expropriation of the coal mines by the United States.

Here it is seen that we are confronted with State Socialism. But let us not be too hasty and jump to the conclusion that that is what the author means. Perhaps, after all, he is a Communist. On page 101 it is stated:

> All men are not born equal, either mentally, morally, or physically, but *they are all born with the right of material equality*. And the reason for this is that equality insures the largest application of power to race growth.

Passing over the *non sequitur*, and taking the statement for what the writer intended it to mean, let us turn to page 122, where we have the same idea—

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non sequitur and all!—expressed in a different way:

By abolishing the rich and lifting through equality the general condition, the chance and stimulus to evolve are given to all. This is the basis of a better race. And every one is born with the inalienable right of material equality, because a better race is the exclusive road to the higher destiny of man.

Lest these sentences should delude any one with the idea that government and the machinery of politics are to be abolished, it is better to read the following, to be found on page 156:

To obtain a higher type of presidents, nominating conventions should be abolished, and the people by direct vote should select their presidential nominees.

Still more important, the world's common people should internationally combine in a new world government.

This seems at least to be something definite, but does it quite coincide with what is advocated on page 210? Here it is:

Revolution is not a mere incident and occasional helper of evolution: it is in man the main thing: it breaks the path and lets evolution follow along. Without revolution to blast out the rugged impediments, evolution stands forever helpless and idle. Evolution without revolution is an abortion of scientific imagination. . . . . . The French Revolution was but a contracted county brush to what was needed. To show masters that they should not slaughter mankind *ad libitum*, a few masters were killed: it needed the killing of many of them in every country of Europe to make an impression.

Now the pendulum swings back to Communism again (page 219):

Wealth, as an instrument to develop the unit and whole for the fashioning of a better human type, cannot be a private thing.

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As a means for confounding confusion in the mind of the earnest, but perhaps inexperienced, investigator, nothing could quite come up to the conglomeration of schemes to be found on page 256 *et seq.*:

Let the people give this proposition to the commercial ruffians: Make over to us the *title* of the wealth you have stolen from us. You can now do this voluntarily and gracefully; if you decline, you will be later compelled. Having done it, you will be no longer the *owners* of the nation and its wealth: you will be the temporary *administrators* of the latter. For this administration you will be paid liberally while you live, upon the scale that servants of the United States are paid for administering its affairs. . . . . . To aid you in this wealth administration a non-partisan administrative board of citizens should be installed. . . . . .

This is the only honorable or safe way left to our rich masters. They may reject it. The gods make mad those whom they will destroy. It will then be for the people to take over the title to the wealth without further waiting upon the robbers for consent. It should be accomplished as a vast popular rising and demonstration, to serve notice of annihilation upon all men in the future contemplating robbery of the people. There is the ballot-box waiting to have this popular decree registered.

Certainly an unprecedented use of the ballot-box, to say the least. There is also something unique in the proposition that, when one discovers in his house a thief who has stolen everything he could lay his hands on, the best thing to do is to tell the thief that he may "administer" the property, if he will agree to make over the "title" to the owner! Otherwise, "annihilation" awaits the plunderer at the ballot-box.

However, Mr. Swift is not partial; he is apparently willing to give all sides a show; so he adds toward the end of his book a little touch of Anarchism by way of leaven. Impatient of politics, he at last gets a glimmer of light (page 258):

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The universal strike of all classes is an unsurpassed revolutionary instrument. It is instantaneous, it is complete, it is final. It brushes aside the ponderous intricacies of politics evolved in corruption and readily subject to the leadership of the low. Politics has become the fatting-ground of vile and cunning tricksters. A universal strike makes the adjustment *industrial,* not political. If the people say, "On a certain date we cease working for capitalists forever," on that day capitalists will drop out; the capitalist system will be ended, without bullet, blood, or political vote.

But, as an indication of his hazy conception of the problem, note what he immediately adds:

The people would then form a joint-stock company of all capital—every man and woman in the country equal shareholders.

In his next proposition, he reverts to Anarchism, advocating the refusal to pay taxes, but failing to follow that plan to its logical conclusion. He says that, as the rich would then become the visible possessors of everything, "revolution would occur instantly. The rich robbers would be expropriated and properly disposed of." How?

In the last three or four quotations I have given the gist of the chapter on "How to Restore the Race." The book is full of repetitions and just such glaring inconsistencies as I have pointed out. The best of its facts and its valid arguments could have been nicely put in a hundred pages; and such a book, with coherent and rational use of the material, would have made a valuable educational document.

Reference is made, somewhere in the volume just considered, to the author's pamphlet on "Human Submission"; and this, on perusal, proves to be of more

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consequence than "Marriage and Race Death," as it is much more clearly (and less hysterically) written, and contains more argument and reasoning. It attempts, in a somewhat pretentiously scientific manner, to discover the origin of the servility and submissiveness that we find in the human race today, and to trace its development. This historical treatment of the subject is not without value; but the conclusions arrived at and the remedies offered are not new to Anarchists. Here, more distinctly than in the larger book, it is seen that the keynote of Mr. Swift's philosophy is Communism. While fearing that we are drifting toward a violent revolution, he urges the destruction of the system of private property as the only thing that will save us from a worse reign of terror than France experienced. He advises all people who are out of work and starving to commit petty thefts, in order to have themselves put in jail *en masse* and fed at public expense until the public rebel against it. Mr. Swift sees causes pretty clearly; as to the best means for achieving liberty, however, he is apparently still in the dark.

C. L. S.

WHAT IS A MOB?

The mob spirit is one of the mysteries of the world to me. The mob does not seem to be composed of human units, but to be a thing apart, an entity by itself,—for in it the individual is lost, and the wisdom of centuries of experience painfully acquired from one generation to another is engulfed in the racial passions.

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The mob spirit is elemental. The truth is, the great majority of people are still in the primal horde stage. They have not yet become sufficiently individualized to have opinions and actions of their own. They are like the oysters that cling in myriads to the shore: what one oyster does, infallibly all other oysters do. Or, they are like the ants, whose intelligence is but the instinct of the swarm. Or like bees, where the motive controlling the actions of one bee is identical with that which moves the hive.

I am not deprecating solidarity. To feel one's self in fellowship with his race is to experience the joy of living. The term "individualism" antagonizes most people: but it is a singular fact that the mob is seldom swayed by love and consideration, while it is the highly individualized member of society who feels most sensitively the rights of others and his obligations toward them. What man in reason and judgment and as an individual would have injured Maxim Gorky's wife? Yet the masses have insulted her basely. Editors, professors, ministers of God have vied with one another in protesting the virtue of the American home. It is clear enough what the matter is: in their hearts they have no hatred, nor wish to condemn, but as formulators of public opinion, as leaders of "those who know nothing," they prostitute their most sacred convictions—because they dare not do otherwise.

Constantly about us we are made aware of this entity the mob, a very real entity, that lives and moves and destroys, and with which every individual must cope. It is a well-worn saying that human nature is the same now as in the days of imperial Rome. Yes,

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so it is, for in the mob speaks the race,—but in the individual speaks whatever progress the race has made from the Age of Stone. To one who has considered the stationary mob and the progressive individual, with what force come home the words of Josiah Warren:

> All must be left to the supreme decision of each individual, whenever he can take on himself the cost of his decisions; which he cannot do while his interests or movements are united or combined with others. It is in combination or close connection only that compromise or conformity is required. Peace, harmony, ease, security, happiness, will be found only in Individuality."

HELEN TUFTS.

CARLOTTA CORTINA

Giovanni Parenti kept a jewelry shop, Number 52 South Fifth avenue, next door to Jules Rascol's brass shop. Everything in the shop was false, except some wondrously beautiful glass-bead necklaces which would have been considered beautiful by a Greek girl of Mytilene some six hundred years before Christ, but are far too cheap to be beautiful today. They sold at Parenti's for a dollar and a quarter each, which was many times the cost. The watch-cases were filled; the rings and ear-rings, bangles and bracelets, were all filled, or washed. Nothing was pure gold, except the afternoon sun which at four o'clock rested on the head of a porcelain Virgin Mary who gathered a blue robe to her breast and looked with sad fixedness at the tawdry glitter about her, so seductive to simple hearts.

Parenti did a fine business—aided by Love. Had it

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not been for Love, he would have had to quit business, —which is often true. But he sold much to the young men who were bootblacks, peanut and chestnut vendors, fruit vendors, makers of plaster casts, who were in love with the young girls who curled feathers, and made flowers and coarse laces; and he sold also to the young girls who were in love with these young men, and sometimes he sold to old leather faces in whom Eros had set up a last conflagration which consumed their bones more furiously than those of the young. Then there were anniversaries and christenings. He loaned money, too, though three balls were not over his door.

Parenti was honest. He never lied about his wares unless it was safe. He had solid gold prices, but never told any one his filled and washed wares were solid gold. Indeed, if they asked him, he was very frank, and had three answers, according to the person: "No, it is not solid," or, "I do not know," or, "Judge for yourself by the price." If they asked no questions and believed it was solid gold, why, that was not his fault. We all like to cheat ourselves and, God help us! shall some one be always pulling our skirts to say, "Excuse me, do you really believe this or that? Well, it is not so; you are deceived." Parenti had that honesty which is rewarded with millions in commerce. Had he lived, he might have become a real magnate.

In the rear of the Café Mazzini was a room, somewhat dark in the daytime, and hung with placards of Italian and French steamer lines, and furnished with some tables, chairs, and spittoons. Here the more reckless waiters, porters, bootblacks, and cheap musi-

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cians would exchange wealth over cards, and Parenti was lucky and cool. Besides, even should he lose occasionally (and it was not etiquette to always win in this circle, for the common people are suspicious)—even if he lost, the winner would celebrate his luck by decorating his little mistress with jewelry from Parenti's. So, as one might say, all roads led to his pocket.

He was slim, with a handsome, bad face. Raven hair, poetically tossed over his narrow white brow. Black eyes, with very long lashes; a baby's mouth and pointed chin—and just an adolescent moustache feathering his lip. His teeth were too white—like a villain's. He indulged himself always in a long, restful dinner at the Restaurant Brunello, around on South Washington square, up a set of steps with cast-iron railing of really remarkable ugliness. The house had once been a private residence, the front and back parlors thrown together making the dining-room. The fifty-cent dinners of Madame Brunello (she should have been Signora Brunello) were justly celebrated. Only the divine ruler of the universe, who knows all things and from whom not the smallest thing is hid, could guess how she did it. Her clients declared her dinners were mysteries—in which statement there was much truth. And a pint of wine, too. The real juice of the California grape and the purest Croton water. Always there was spaghetti, very delicious, with soft, powdery Roman cheese; and a famous dish for Sundays was chicken breasts with Italian noodles. It was the Sunday dinner especially which excited wonder: an Italian salad; cabbage; lettuce; anchovies in oil;

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tunny fish (suspected of being sturgeon); sweet pimentoes with an oil and vinegar dressing, and capers. Just a mouthful, of course, because other things were to follow. Soup—not too strong, lest it destroy the appetite (and the cheapness of water has been known for ages to vintners, milkmen, and soup-makers); fried sole (the stage name for catfish); the bottle of wine in an ugly black pint-bottle, with no label or cork; and the chicken and noodles. Ah! the chicken and noodles! The pudding—the cheese—coffee—and all for fifty cents. There was a host on Sunday night. The head floor-walker from a large department store in the neighborhood and his wife; he laid aside for Sunday nothing of that dignity which makes floor-walkers and head-waiters so impressive. One of the bookkeepers in a wholesale millinery establishment and his wife. Some small shopkeepers. A pawnbroker, and a number of the citizens of Bohemia; the lady who wrote the gossip for the Sunday edition of the "Evening Hercules," in a beautiful hat,—larger than anybody's, unless that of the stout blonde with the pawnbroker,—and some teachers of violin, piano, and singing, male and female; some young artists, and one white-haired one, whose eyes were red and whose hand trembled. He drank brandy, and in summer absinthe. It was the Sunday gala night. The night off. Nearly every one came with his mate. Some were very pretty, and some were bleached or painted. All had on their Sunday garments,—even a very quiet old couple who sat in a corner and ate and drank in silence. It was so crowded Sundays that people had to wait in the hall where the cracked mirror was and the dingy paper—

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bunches of roses on a yellow grey, with perpendicular stripes, darker. There were private rooms up the narrow stairs whose worn carpet was greasy with past avalanches of soups and ragouts from those accidents which come to all of us in time. But such is the uncharitableness of the heart that a lady took her virtue in her hand who was seen going up those stairs. Therefore, while the place was crowded below and eyes were everywhere, no one ventured the ascent. Such is the virtuous force of public opinion. The new-comers especially discussed the wonders of this dinner with chicken and a pint of wine—all for fifty cents. The plump piano teacher with the sparkling eyes said it was because Madame Brunello watched the markets and got for next to nothing those fowls whose souls were already about to ascend to heaven and which could not be saved over the Sabbath even by cold storage. Louis Schreiner, a socialistic artist who painted dark and melancholy landscapes and some advertisements, hinted in a tragic way that they were not even chickens. Sunday after Sunday he threw this depressing cloak upon the table, but ever ate of the unholy dish and declined to go further in his disclosures, thereby making an unappetizing impression. He and his two friends dined with two models and a chorus girl, and once he got so far as to say that during the Siege of Paris, when he was a student, he had eaten worse than gulls. But there is a revolutionary crow in every society, and, in spite of him, the company continued to believe they dined sumptuously on chicken, noodles, and wine,—all for fifty cents. For the sweet of the dinner was to believe they were getting

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a dollar's worth for fifty cents.

One evening Parenti was dining alone, in his accustomed place,—the corner of a chimney jamb. He was the regular tenant of this corner, and the oil from his hair had made dark spots on the crimson wall-paper. As he smoked his first cigarette, two girls came into the room with a certain awkwardness as of those to whom the well-battered room was the salon of elegance and fat Madame Brunello at the cashier's desk, in her black waist full to bursting (she wore magenta on Sundays), was a queen enthroned. What Madame Brunello wore below the waist, if anything, could only be conjectured, for her ample and billowy bust arose above the cashier's rail like Juno rising from the clouds, or Venus from the sea. Like Juno, her commanding eye caught the timid venturers and wafted the head waiter to their rescue; for even in the Restaurant Brunello there were degrees, and it had its senior waiter, a perspiring young man with a well-saved shirt front, which, though evidently no longer fresh, few would have suspected of having done a month's duty. The shirt front flew to the assistance of the maidens, and, covering their confusion and supplying the assurance they lacked (which is the art of headwaiting, rather than to crush and overpower), dropped them deferentially, like a succoring knight, at a small table directly opposite Parenti's.

Parenti blew a little smoke, and showed how white his teeth were, stroked his soft and maiden-like moustache to show his white hand—and its rings. The girls were about seventeen to eighteen. One of them was hatchet-faced, freckled, with a hawk's nose and

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crooked teeth, and wonderful eyes. An ugly girl with long-lashed, glorious eyes,—as if God had made her, and then, looking upon his work, had said: "Great Heaven! Here, take the luminous eyes of a soul, and try and forget yourself." Nature gives compensations to all. This girl's name was Adèle Jourdain, a French girl; a flower maker. Her friend was Carlotta Cortina, brought from Italy as a toddling thing of three,—her father killed when she was five, and his slayer never discovered, though probably known to many of the colony. She, her mother, her younger sister, her stepfather, and the baby, living in one room. The mother sewing on a machine. The sister making flowers; herself, a feather-stripper and curler. The baby playing, and the stepfather a drunkard.

Carlotta was beautiful, with the beautiful animal face of the Madonnas. Confinement had perhaps put a little pallor upon her, and poor food had flattened a trifle the pure oval of her cheeks; but she had that which triumphs over all things, even poverty, starvation, and wretchedness,—that powerful, fleeting, unrecoverable thing, Youth. The great painter and sculptor, doctor and decorator,—Youth. The fires of youth were in her. The dews of youth were upon her. She was beautiful.

Parenti was covetous. Already he hungered for her. What a torch is beauty which, being flared into a man's eyes but an instant, makes him to follow blindly and eagerly after it. It is Nature's great beacon, and it hath its reason, or the throat of the humming bird would not glow like a ruby and the heart of man be set afire by one look at a lovely cheek.

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Parenti thrilled for her. Marked her for his own. She was beautiful with a ripe, full, and perfect physical beauty,—like a camelia. He dallied with his dinner. He smoked languidly. He posed, and ran his hand through his hair, and burned her cheek with his eyes. She and her friend ate in a way which was scarcely honest for those who were paying only fifty cents each. And the quart of wine in the black bottle, which they poured into their glasses half full of water —an unnecessary precaution, for the padrone below stairs who was cook and cellarer had kindly anticipated them. They whispered, and talked low, and giggled, and several times looked at Parenti, but quickly looked away, for they always met his eyes. But they abated nothing in their eating. They had evidently saved up for this, and intended to lay in provisions. But they did not eat with their knives or gobble, as boys would have done. Certainly, if Adam was made first, God said: "I will now make a woman, for I cannot stand his beastly habits." Delicacy is as inherent in the woman as coarseness is in the man.

Carlotta dropped her napkin—they had napkins at the Restaurant Brunello—but she did not notice it, which you would understand if you had seen the napkin. Parenti, who was poised in the firmament alert as a barred-tailed hawk for a field mouse, swooped upon the napkin, and, with affected embarrassed modesty, handed it to Carlotta, who with greater and unaffected modesty and embarrassment thanked him. He retired to his seat. That was all. But they were no longer absolute strangers. The electric circuit was complete. He toyed with his coffee and cigarette till

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the right moment, when he approached the goddess Brunello upon her cloud, and, as he paid his bill, asked who were the young ladies. Perhaps for so regular a customer she would have broken the laws of the Medes and the restaurant keepers, and would have told him. Perhaps she really did not know. But she made the usual answer: "I do not know, Signor Parenti." But, armed with the credential of this conversation, he approached the girls, and said: "Excuse me. Madame Brunello thinks, if you are willing, it would be better if I accompany you to your home. I am Giovanni Parenti, who keeps the jewelry store at 52 South Fifth avenue." "Oh, I don't know," said Adèle; "we aren't afraid. We always go around alone." "Wont you sit down?" said Carlotta. And so the citadel was stormed. The citadel! A ridiculous name for a thing as soft and yielding as a woman's heart.

The goddess Brunello from her cloud, observing the movements of mortals below her, saw Parenti after this often alone with Carlotta at dinner. Carlotta ate still with a fine destructive appetite, but she devoured Giovanni with her eyes in a hunger which was never fed. She hung upon his lips. He was to her evidently what man is to the dog. She would help him to all the best parts, the tid-bits, and the larger portions, and, when he made a pretence of giving her the best, she would quickly push back his hand with a "No! No! No! By no means. I do not care for it." She rolled his cigarettes, made him drink most of the wine, and burnt the cognac for his coffee. She said to him every night: "I am very happy. You are very good to me. I love you so much! O! If I lost your love, I would

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want to die." And Parenti would smile. There is nothing so pleasant to a man as adoration; nothing so wearisome.

Carlotta and Parenti had made that marriage which existed before there was a Church or State, which will exist after Church and State have disappeared. The marriage which ever has been and ever shall be, world without end, and to the damnation of which a benevolent State and a holy Church bring every year the bodies of thousands of murdered girls and innocent babes. He had whispered in her ear words of love and of entreaty which had made her forget that the State owned her body, and he had touched her with a thrill which made her forget that the Church owned her soul. And she listened to the primeval ritual, and with the hunger of ages she hungered to do whatever would please him, so that, if the gates of hell had yawned before her and he had bid her enter, she would have cast herself into the flames, rejoicing in the sacrifice. In this she was a bad, wicked girl,—so say all those sheep who trot mincingly about to smell of the hem of the robe of society, crying baa-baa.

He fitted up a room in the rear of his shop, and she came to him there as often as she could find a chance. It was sweeter than the room where the family lived, so smoky, so full of unrest and confusion. She dressed better, and she liked that. It gave her more respect for herself. She fed better, and that put the added touch to her cheeks. All this was quite understood after a time by the mother and stepfather, and the stepfather made much profit from it and drank more recklessly. "Ah ha! Carlotta mia, you dress better

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than any of us. Is that where your money goes?" And with a leer he would get from her much of her wages, and even began to levy a species of blackmail by borrowing from Parenti.

As a girl who was more than earning her own living, Carlotta had a certain independence, and little by little she lived more and more in the room back of Parenti's shop, until her sleeping in her mother's crowded room became a mere occasional pretence, and she would, like a young Cynthia, glisten before her lover nightly, and fill his room with radiance. She begged the porcelain virgin from the shop window, and fitted up a little altar, cheap and tawdry, with artificial flowers and candles, but full of symbolic meaning to her—for she was devout. Over it hung the long-suffering and daily-crucified Christ—ivory, on an ebony cross—which Parenti had given her, and to her the greater preciousness of it was that it was from him. She knew the fresh flowers she sometimes brought were pleasing to the Virgin and her son. The King of Heaven and the Saviour of souls perhaps did not care for a few earthly flowers, but they showed her adoration, and, as a sign of her love for him, he would be glad of them. She told her rosary before these two every morning and every night, and she knew they understood. They seemed very different, these two, from the people about her, and she felt that, if they came down and mingled again with the crowd, they would still be very different,—especially him; and then it seemed as if perhaps, when we got high up in the skies, we might ourselves, looking down on men and women, take a different view of sin. Not that she

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thought she sinned. No. She loved. And love never can be sin—let the preachers howl as they may. She loved; and, without any one's leave, she gave herself to her lover, and she prayed before her altar as contented as a child. True, her love had cut her off from confession and the sacrament, but she felt that this prohibition was man's work; not his there on the cross. If she indeed must choose between heaven and her love,—farewell, heaven! "Ah, God! Giovanni caro—carissimo. How good you are to me! This room is our little home. It is beautiful. Ah, God! I am happy. This is heaven. Oh! more than heaven. It is here—now—real! Oh, I could burn a million ages in hell for this dear heaven, and be glad. You make me so happy. You are so good to me. I love you so much, Giovanni; I wish I could die for you. I would die for you, oh, so quickly!" and then passionately—"If ever I lose your love, I will kill myself." And Giovanni smiled, with that placid smile the Indian idols bear who sit impassive while idolaters pour jewels at their feet.

Time passed. The goddess Brunello, sitting upon her cloud, and clothed—so far as known—in a black bodice (magenta on Sundays), observing the movements of petty mortals below, saw that for some two months, or more, Carlotta did not come to the restaurant, which was becoming so popular with its imitation seven-course dinners and wine, all for fifty cents, that they had secured the adjoining house. She saw that Parenti for some three weeks did not come; then came irregularly; then came with a girl of twenty-three—dark, with red under the olive skin. A tall girl, with red lips, and teeth as white as his own; strong, sinewy

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hands, covered with a dozen rings, of great brilliancy, the chief a large turquoise, set in diamonds. This lady plainly was superior, for she ate and looked about her with amused tolerance. She did not return, nor did Parenti. Signora Brunello know her,—Bella Gotti, daughter of the owner of the roast-chestnut monopoly for the city. At which the ignorant and rural reader will laugh. Nevertheless, it is so. And she was an heiress, as heiresses go among petty grafters. In truth, Nature, so careless of Church and State and all our foolish little customs, had lighted her life-torch in Carlotta.

One evening Parenti reappeared, and with him—Heaven!—the ghost of Carlotta; pale, hollow-cheeked, eyes like dark moons, thin. Even youth seemed vanquished. And the goddess, who had suspected it long before, knew what had happened, and she went on making change, watching here, and watching there, but said within her own heart: "Men are fiends."

Carlotta looked to right and left, smiling, and whispered: "Oh, it is so good to get back. So good to see the brightness. Ah, my darling, it was hell! It was hell! And that terrible woman, Madame Brown—" "Do not speak of it," said Parenti. "No," smiled Carlotta. "It is all over, and I am so happy, and I am with you once more. Oh! I would die for you, and without you I want to die. When I lay there at the edge of the grave, and looked down into the black hole, I said to my heart: 'No matter; it is for him!—and I am glad.' It seems to me now as if I had crept through some dark and horrible place, and I look back on it as a dream, but I would do it all again

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for you, Giovanni. I would give my life for you. You know it." Her eyes filled, and she said in a lower whisper: "Only, I wish it was only my own life." "Don't talk of such things," said Parenti; "we have come here to enjoy ourselves. Jesus! If anything had happened, think of me. It would have ruined me. I tell you, I was most crazy. It's all right now, and it shan't happen again. So let's drop it." "Oh, yes, yes," said Carlotta, hastily; "this is the time I have dreamed of, sleeping and waking. I am back with you—really here, and you with me. I am so happy. So happy! You love me, don't you, Giovanni?" "Of course I do. Well, I should say so." "But I'm not very pretty. I never was, to my own eyes. But, Oh! when I see myself in a glass now!—Oh! such a skeleton! I am afraid you won't love me." "Tut, how foolish you talk! As if I cared for looks! But eat, now. Only you do look thin, and you must try and bankrupt Mother Brunello to cure that." "Oh, I'll be my old self in a week. You just see how I'll get fat,—for I know you don't like me this way." And so she went on, trying to break down the something which had grown between them. That night Parenti asked her: "When are you going back to work?" "Monday," she said. And, after a silence, "Giovanni, don't be mad, but, if I didn't have your love, I would want to die. I would kill myself—to get rest and forget. Would that be right? What do you think about it?" "I think you talk foolishness." "But, would it be right?" "Why not, if you wished it?" That night she knelt before her altar with the tissue-paper flowers and thanked God for this home and Giovanni's love

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and her happiness, and then she prayed awhile, with silent tears welling over her eyes and slipping down her cheeks, asking Christ to save the soul of the infant his church had murdered. Then she got up, with a laugh, and said: "Ha, Giovanni; you don't know what love is. But you'll love me tomorrow, for I have learned a new omelette," and she flung herself into his arms.

The goddess, in the midst of all her celestial bustle, the making of change, the handing out of bottles of Quinquina, Vermouth, Certosa, and Cognac from the shelves at her back, had time to notice that Carlotta came about half the time now alone; and, with that all-seeing eye of deities and cashiers, she concluded that Parenti was dividing his time with another,—so suspicious are goddesses,—and she was right. Slowly the wrestler Youth gained the victory, and the bloom crept back to the madonna-like cheek, though not so purely of the apple blossom as formerly, for apple blossoms which have passed through hell never wholly revive.

One evening, as was not now infrequent, Carlotta was dining alone at the little corner table, and Louis Schreiner, the Socialist, the artist, and the skeptic, joined her, with his cigarette, and, sitting sidewise in his chair, with one arm on the table, said it would suit him just as well if Parenti would take Bella Gotti to dinner and theatre every night. Carlotta's heart stopped. Slowly the color sank out of her face. She stared as one who is dying. The waiter brought her soup. Eat! Heaven! Must she eat? Must she really swallow, and her throat so hard and choked?

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Then she said to herself: "I must eat, if I die. This man has been looking love at me for months. It is his lie." So she gravely said: "Parenti has gone into politics a little. They need his influence with the Italian and French vote in this ward. He is at a meeting." "Excuse me," said Louis; "if you think that, so much the better." Carlotta swallowed hard, and said slowly: "Yes, I think so. He told me so, and, besides, he is not my property. He does not own me; I do not own him. We are not married—not yet. He can do as he pleases, thank God!" She swallowed a spoonful of soup, and counted mentally "one." She delayed all she could. She crumbled the bread, and put a crumb in her mouth; then another spoonful of soup—two—it was torture. After awhile another—three. Then he left her. Only a savage could look upon death agonies with pleasure. Presently she, too, left the restaurant. She was not well, she said. She hurried home, clasping both her hands to her breast as if she were holding there a weasel to gnaw her heart; and she hastened to the room—her room—his room—"our" room; and, as she passed the altar and threw herself upon his bed—"our" bed—and clutched the pillows in a death agony, while her body was racked and the bed shook with her sobs, she kept forcing herself to say: "It is his right. It is his right. Oh! I am so glad he is free. I am glad no court, nor any one, can pry into our hearts. If only he will be happier! That is all. Oh, God! Oh, God! I would not keep him if he wishes to go! Oh, God! Jesus! Mary! Let me die!" Then she rose from the wet pillow, and knelt at the altar, and prayed: "Hail, Mary, full of

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grace! Blessed art thou among women! Blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus! Bring him back to me —I love him so. Make him love me. Oh! Jesus, Son of God, hear my prayer. I have never asked for much. Give him back to me, and I will never ask anything more. Oh, God, all powerful! Turn his love to me again. You can do all things. Do this for me. Don't you see this will kill me? Have you sent this to me for my sin? I know I am wicked. I know what I have done. But, Oh! if only they would have let me, I would have been so glad to have had it. Hail, Mary, full of grace! Blessed art thou among women! Blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus. Blessed is the fruit of *thy* womb—Jesus. They tell me this love of mine is wicked, but my heart tells me you are not angry for this. No! No! No! Oh! Jesus, Merciful Saviour, you are not angry at me for this love. I know, in my heart, for this love I am not wicked, but— for the other, yes: But they made me do it. I will never do it again. Give his love back to me. Oh, Jesus, Son of God, be merciful! Help me! Help me! Help me!" And great tears splashed upon the altar, like the blood drops from the cross. And she went out into the street, for she had no home anywhere.

Next day she said nothing to Parenti. She tried to smile, to be to him as if it were not, but nature is stronger than a little madonna of eighteen, and often tears would well up and overflow and splash down, even while the strained smile was on her lips. And Parenti said: "What is the matter with you lately? You used to be gay, like a bird; and now it is always crying. Do you suppose a man likes clouds and rain all the

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time? No, he wants the sunshine. 'I come to you for refreshment. You treat me to tears. Damn it, I don't like these things." Carlotta knew that love had died, like a broken-winged butterfly in the October grass. She was a madonna of eighteen; therefore she had struggled with the wretched insect, tried to warm is as the season chilled, protected it when it lay mutilated, and at last she gathered its frail corpse to her breast. She was eighteen, but it would have been the same at a hundred. She clung to the corpse. Ask the man with the baleful light of starvation in his eye to give you his bone.

Sunday, October 13, Parenti was very pleasant all day, and at about two o'clock he said: "Carlotta, put on your things, and we will go up to the Bronx. I want to have a long talk with you." He pulled at his effeminate moustache, and kissed her, and then went to his bureau-drawer and slipped a broad, wicked-looking knife into his hip-pocket. Carlotta got ready slowly, going all about the room, touching this and that. Then, when she was ready to go out, her hat and jacket on, she knelt before the altar so long that he left the room. Presently he walked back to get her, and, as he reached the door, he saw her hastily take his pistol from his desk, and secrete it under her jacket. She looked closely at him and blushed, but he pretended not to have seen. She passed out, and he smiled to himself—a satisfied smile. On the ride up, Parenti was jocular and almost hilarious; Carlotta quiet, smiling pensively. They had a glass of beer and a sandwich in a restaurant; at least Parenti did. Carlotta was not feeling well, and could not eat.

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"Oh, well; we will have a good supper tonight when we go back, and not at Madame Brunello's, with her magenta waist," laughed Parenti, and his teeth were white as a wolf's. Carlotta smiled, a wan smile, and brushed her hand over her eyes. Then, at dusk, he seated her in a lonely corner of rocks near the Bronx. The night birds were beginning to wheel about mysteriously. "Carlotta," said Parenti, "it is all over. I am going to marry Bella Gotti a week from today. That's what I brought you out here to tell you. It's settled, and there is no use of your making a fuss. Next Sunday we shall be married." Carlotta strained her hands over her knee—and said nothing. The merciful darkness veiled her face. After a long silence, she said, in a hoarse whisper: "Next Sunday—married—it is soon—next Sunday. I wish you great joy, Giovanni. Let us go." She got up, staggering a little. He walked a little ahead, his face frowning, doubtful, and his hand on his hip-pocket. After a few steps she whispered: "Wait, Giovanni." He stopped. She said: "Kiss me, Giovanni. Kiss me once more." He kissed her, and held her in his arms a moment, and, as he turned to walk again, he smiled, and just after he turned he heard a slight, sharp click. He knew it was the click of his revolver. He knew it was behind his back, not more than three feet, but he did not even look around. He had not a moment's suspicion for his own safety. He had confidence in her unselfish adoration. There was a sharp report, a soft fall, a sigh. He stooped, and looked close at her in the dark. There was a look of triumph in his face. He put down his hand and touched her. She was dead.

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Then he hurried off a dozen steps. Then he thought of the pistol, his pistol. He hurried back, groped, and found it, but touched blood, and drew back his hand as from a snake, and flung the pistol toward the Bronx and hurried away, almost running. He heard steps behind him, and ran as fast as he could. Some one ordered him to stop. He flew out of the path into the bushes. There were feet behind him chasing him. His hair rose; his throat contracted. "Halt! or I fire," called a voice close behind him. Suddenly he thought: "Flight is confession. I was foolish to run." He stopped. A hand was on his shoulder—a pistol in his face. He was under arrest. "What is your name?" said the policeman? Like a flash he thought: "Shall I lie? Useless. They have me." "Giovanni Parenti. I keep the jewelry store at 52 South Fifth avenue." "What are you doing up here?" "I came up for a walk." "Who with?" "No one." Perhaps that was a foolish answer, but he could not lead them to that dark lump on the ground. He must trust to luck. After all, he was innocent, and the merciful law does not even convict the guilty. "No one?" "No one." "You were alone?" "I was alone." "Didn't you hear a pistol shot?" "No— That is, I'm not sure. I heard something." "Why did you run?" "I didn't know who you were." "You were running before you saw me." "No!" "Humph. You are under arrest. Come with me to the precinct station-house."

There he was booked. Blood was on his hand, and in less than an hour Carlotta was found, with the night birds whirling softly over her, so as not to break

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her rest. Next day the pistol was found, and Parenti was held on a charge of murder. Bella Gotti visited him in his cell, and brought him flowers. In her heart she did not believe his story of Carlotta's suicide, for what could be more flattering than to have your rival murdered for your sake? The State showed that Carlotta was Parenti's mistress; that he was about to marry Bella Gotti (who was in court as an exhibit for the defence, and looked down at this, happy in her importance); that he had lunched with Carlotta, and taken her to the lonely spot; that he had run away, had lied when questioned; and, by five experts paid by the State, that the wound on Carlotta could not have been self-inflicted—which was contradicted by ten experts paid by Parenti. But no expert could show how the pistol—Parenti's pistol—could be thrown twenty-seven feet by the dead girl. Parenti was sworn in his own behalf, and told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, which his own lawyers believed to be a lie. He could not well explain why he went for a Sunday stroll with his mistress, with such a murderous knife in his pocket. Counsel for the State bellowed at the jury about the motive, the sacredness of life, and the necessity of protecting young helpless girls, even though they were outcasts. Counsel for the defence bellowed about the sacredness of life, and the reasonable doubt, and pointed at Bella Gotti, who wept. It was a reform period, and Gotti could not tamper with the judge, jury, or district attorney. The jury filed in, and were seated. "Have you agreed, gentlemen?" "We have." Parenti clutched the table. "What is your verdict?" "We find the

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defendant, Giovanni Parenti, guilty of murder in the first degree." Parenti was ashen pale, and gulped for air. There were the usual motions and appeal, and one soft spring morning, when the earth seemed in a languorous swoon,—the birds all mating and twittering and the young leaves bright as jewels; when love of life was in the veins,—Giovanni Parenti was led out to die. He could not stand. He raved against the law, against man and God, till the priest beside him prayed with him not to commit blasphemy in his last moments. Over and over again he protested his innocence, and shrieked that he would not die. He could not die. He tried to clutch, with his pinioned arms, at the people, at the rail of the scaffold steps, at anything to hold him back. He had to be fortified with great drinks of whiskey, and at the last moment, with the priest beside him, he became calm. He protested his innocence again, but forgave every one, and hoped to meet them all in heaven.

Carlotta's mother was there, with old Mother Granello, who had second sight, and who said that back of Parenti on the scaffold was the Devil, waiting for his soul, and, when Parenti protested his innocence, she saw the Devil hug himself with laughter.

The birds went on building and twittering, and the stars shone that night just as if a man had not died.

The little altar was broken up. I do not know what became of the crucifix, but the porcelain virgin went to another shop window, La Chapelle's Bakery, where she stood among the loaves and with sad eyes watched the hungry.

There was great discussion whether Carlotta had

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gone straight to hell. Some said that Father Ryan—a young man— had said she had gone straight to hell; others said that Father Vitelli—an old man—told them to mind their own lives, and leave the dead to God. But a star looked in at the bakery window, where the Virgin so tenderly gathered her blue drapery to her bósom, and it seemed as if to one on that star all these deep and serious questions would not be important.

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

THE LAW, MARRIAGE, AND FREEDOM

Elsewhere in this issue of Liberty there appears a spirited reply from my friend Wood, of Portland, to a paragraph which I, the undersigned, innocently, without malice aforethought, wrote by way of passing comment on a note in Mr. Wood's corner in the " Pacific Monthly " and sent to the editor " on approval." He made it his own by publishing it in the Picket Duty pages, but, whatever flank attack he may be wickedly planning, he has asked me to meet Mr. Wood's frontal assault in my own way, without reckoning on re-enforcement from him.

I find my courage oozing out, like that of Bob Acres, for Wood is a formidable antagonist, and a long letter is more than I bargained for in penning the short paragraph. Still, as the Germans put it, he who says A must say B. Should Wood unhorse me, his humanity will prompt him to spare my forfeited head.

First, as to incidental, minor points. Why are my interrogation points " not honest "? Since Mr. Wood

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proceeds to answer the questions at some length, why can't he believe that they were put to elicit explanation? They may be exclamations of horror and indignation (I have no physician's certificate to disprove the hysteria), but one may be horrified and indignant, and yet ask questions. Besides, objections in the form of questions all writers have recognized as a perfectly legitimate rhetorical mode. I can't see that Mr. Wood had any reasonable ground for demurring to the manner in which the objections were presented.

Mr. Wood tells me I need not worry because his suggestions as to marriage stand no chance of being put into effect. But, if he thought it worth while to make them seriously, why was it not worth while for me to challenge them seriously? Moreover, what worried me at the time was the state of the Wood soul. I saw him sinking in a sea of paradoxes and fallacies, and plunged in to rescue him, that he might repent and insure his intellectual salvation.

But to the main point. Mr. Wood denies that his remedy violates freedom, contract, individuality. He denies that he would establish slavery and inflict injustice or hardship. His argument may be summarized as follows:

Girls are suffering cruelly by reason of the fact that cohabitation is not legally treated as the essence of marriage.

Men worship Law, and the unfortunate girls cannot be made respectable, respected, and self-respecting without legal action of some sort designed to remove the disgrace attaching to maternity to which State and Church did not consent.

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Since, then, society is not ready for free unions and free separations, why not decree that cohabitation shall be regarded as marriage? That would solve the " disgrace " problem, and do away with fear-inspired suicides. It would also constitute a step toward freedom in sexual relations, and we should be willing to crawl toward our goal when we cannot run.

The argument is doubtless the best that any one could make for the Wood proposals. It is nevertheless lame and feeble and unsound all over.

To begin with, it does not even profess to apply to the cases where the " betrayers " are already married. Mr. Wood offers us but few words on that vital part of the programme. He advocated " action for support or alimony " as against married men, and, of course, nothing more. *There* cohabitation is *not* the essence of marriage in monogamous (that is, nominally monogamous) countries.

As to this class of cases, I repeat—not hysterically, as my physician assures me, but coolly—that " the suggestion " is " monstrous." For " why should the man be made by law to pay more than the woman [Mr. Wood, by the way, does not finish my sentence in quoting it—an oversight, I'm sure] agreed to accept—if there was any question of pay in the affair? If "—as I continued—" there was no such question, it is surely scandalous to introduce it regardless of her intentions. Mr. Wood, contrary to all his principles, treats here grown persons as children who cannot regulate their own affairs."

As his argument from cohabitation is inapplicable to cases where the men are already married, I claim

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judgment as to that half of the controversy—judgment through his default. To "presume" contracts where none were made or intended is of course a mockery of freedom of contract. But is the argument at least plausible with reference to the other half? Alas! I can't say that it is. I wish my task were harder. I entered the arena trembling; I find now that the victory is too easy.

Cohabitation *is* marriage, says Wood; why not call it so? What right do we violate when we recognize facts as facts?

No, cohabitation is not marriage. On this point the world, the law, public opinion—everybody in short, dissents from my friend's view. Let him consult the dictionaries, technical and general. Let him ask the "man on the street." Let me quote Ruskin: "Marriage . . . . is the only seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love." Mr. Wood may "feel" that cohabitation *ought* to be the real essence of marriage. The theory and practice of mankind are opposed to him.

Mr. Wood, therefore, instead of recognizing facts, would revolutionize the existing situation. He would introduce an unheard-of principle. He would do it in the name of freedom, he protests, and only because of the average man's superstitious respect for Law. Unfortunately for his position, and fortunately for liberty, there is no such overpowering, oppressive respect for Law as he alleges to exist. Men, to be sure, glibly talk about Law, but what are the facts? What do men do when the law and the pocket collide? Which is the

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stronger influence—economic interest or the shalt-nots of the law?

Let the corporations and trusts answer. They are vehement upholders of the law—at the expense of union labor, for example. Let the violent strikers and their sympathizers answer. These, too, want plenty of law—for the capitalists. Let the tariff-dodging importers answer, the adulterators of foods, and so on, and so on. And what about adultery?

Mr. Wood is mistaken in his notion that reform by and through law is the line of least resistance. And with this all that remains of his argument falls to the ground.

I may add that he contradicts himself and gives his whole case away in the incidental remark concerning the certainty that his ideas will never be tried. If his ideas will never be put into effect, what makes them practical and expedient with the "modern mind"? Why does he speak of crawling, of using laws toward Anarchism? How can you "use" things which stand no chance of adoption.

What is *my* remedy? asks my friend in conclusion. I have no interim remedies for the evil. The permanent remedy he knows very well—free unions and free separation at the will of either, with no distinction between children begotten of lasting and children begotten of ephemeral unions. Is this too remote a solution? How can anything be more remote than a remedy which, though recommended as simple, is admitted to be even without ultimate chance of adoption?

S. R.

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A LESSON IN CRAWLING

My good friend Tucker:

On page twelve of April "Liberty" you quote me *verbatim*, the substance being that I suggest that those who insist upon regulating human conduct by law should pass a law giving every woman the right to register any act of sexual cohabitation with a man as marriage, giving the man the right to register his divorce of such wife, and giving any woman the right to prove in the lifetime of the father parentage of a child, which being proven, the child shall be legitimate.

In genuine horror you exclaim against this "law-made slavery" and ask: "Cohabitation is to be declared marriage, irrespective of the intent, will, purpose of the persons directly concerned. On what ground, pray? In the name of what principle? What becomes of the right of contract that adults are supposed to possess? Whose rights do people who cohabit without a marriage license invade thereby? In the case of a married man, the suggestion that the woman should be entitled to sue for support or alimony is equally monstrous. Why should the man be made by law to pay more than the woman?"

Now, my dear Tucker, I know those interrogation points are not honest. You don't really ask these questions. They are hysterical exclamations of horror and indignation (the idea of your being hysterical), and, as I know nobody is ever convinced by argument,—you least of all,—I wouldn't attempt to answer your questions, if the subject were less important than it is. If I did not have a fatalistic faith that discussion of any subject is good, I would end this by saying that neither you nor I need worry. My suggestions will never be put into effect.

In the first place, I am talking of law. I am assuming the existence of that slavery which law implies. I am accepting the existing mode of controlling human actions by government. I am addressing law-makers who see an evil and seek a remedy. What is the evil? You find it in every river; on the slabs of every morgue; in the death rooms of every abortionist; in every city, in every country town; in every desolate farming region. Some girl is offering up her life, or the life of her child, or both, to conceal her "disgrace." The disgrace of motherhood. The naturalest and forcefulest act of all nature made shameful and murderous by law and custom. That is all; just law and custom.

You admit, my Anarchistic friend, that this motherhood is nobody's business but the girl's. That is really true. You will

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admit, too, I suppose, that she does not kill herself, or her babe, or offer herself to be killed, because she hates maternity. If she were married and "*honorable,*" she would, as a rule, be glad of her burden and proud of her baby. She stabs at herself; she ruins her health. She steals away to the "Doctor" or the "Nurses' Retreat," or, frantic, she throws herself into the river, —not from fear of maternity, but to "hide her shame." If you don't believe that to be true, then I'll say dogmatically it is true, and proceed.

The evil to be remedied is to remove from the girl's mind that a baby created by leave of love, without leave of Church or State, is a disgrace. Now, Mr. Anarchist, you mustn't forget that fact. That is what we are aiming at.

The modern mind is so slavish to law it really begins to reverse things, and, instead of looking upon law as having its sanction in right and morals, it has learned to believe that right and morals have their sanction in law. Law, with a capital L, is to the modern mind a real god, proclaiming right and wrong, and as it proclaims, so must it be. Therefore I suggest a law which shall announce this supreme fiat: "It is no disgrace to have a baby. The little devil can be just as legitimate as his church-made brother. You need not kill yourself,—poor fool,—for the all-wise law has declared you a wife, and you may go register your title to the name."

Now, I have always felt that an illegitimate child ought not to be too severely punished because he did not arrange to have his parents married. It may be careless of him, but it is not criminal. I presume you agree to this, my Liberty friend. I have always felt, too, that it was nobody's business but Bobbie Burns's and Jean Armour's about that illegitimate child, and it is nobody's business but the man's and the woman's at any time. I presume, Destroyer of the Government, you agree to that, also.

I have always felt that the real essence of marriage was cohabitation. Of course, if it is to continue as a permanent relation, you must be chums—friends. But I have never felt that time was an element of marriage, nor that, if people lived together, say thirty days, they were any more married than if they lived together one night. One is a marriage of longer duration than the other; that is all. The essence is mating—procreation; perpetuation of race. I regard the mare which accepts the stallion as quite legally married, and I have no loss of respect for her, and I do not regard humans as essentially of any different mould. We are all animals. We are born; we procreate; we die. And I have a contempt for a law which begins by ar-

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rogating to ourselves divine origin and divine superiority, and then finds any disgrace whatever in the free operation of nature's greatest law.

To those who say, "Do you put men and women on a level with the brutes?" it is needless to make answer. Men and women who are brutes will be brutes in spite of Church or State. Men and women who are the highest types of intellectual and moral development will be so in spite of Church or State. The recognition of a natural fact never hurt any one. If every sexual intercourse of a man with a woman is marriage, honorable marriage, and is so declared by law, this is then, in effect, that free marriage which Anarchism seeks; and, if we must have laws, let us have a law which puts into effect what should be the real intent of every man and woman in the sexual relation. In fact, I cannot see how any other intent is avoidable in perfect freedom of mating and parting. If all cohabitation be by a law of nature honorable marriage, then every act of cohabitation is honorable marriage, and every pregnancy of woman is honorable. I propose a law which in effect declares this; assuming that it must be regulated by law. Do you propose a law or custom, my Anarchistic friend, to declare otherwise? To declare there is to be the most perfect freedom of inter-relation of the sexes, but that some women shall be wives, others not; some babies legitimate, others not. What is your position on this? What is to be the mental attitude in a perfect condition of Anarchism?

So I answer your questions: On what ground? On what principle? On the ground of freedom; on the universal principle of free sexual intercourse. What becomes of the right of contract? It exists. If all cohabitation between those not married be marriage, men and women must be supposed to contract to that effect,—as they are now supposed to contract to pay for goods they order delivered, or labor they order performed, or are supposed to intend to repay and to agree to repay money which another expends to save their home from foreclosure. Or as one who sits in a chair on a Paris street is supposed to intend to pay for it. Or a thousand cases of intent and contract implied from custom, or from receiving a benefit. Where is the "slavery?" The man can register his freedom as arbitrarily as the woman can register the marriage, and he has precisely the same rights he now has to contest the fact of sexual intercourse and the fact of parentage. People who cohabit invade no one's rights. But, still remembering that we are dealing with law and with the present state of society and are aiming to save women and babes from unnecessary slaughter, we must give the helpless

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girl—made helpless by present conditions—a right to exact some help from those same conditions, to aid in bringing forth and rearing her offspring. The man ought not to be allowed to always take advantage of present unjust and arbitrary law-made conditions, but the remedies of present conditions must be applied to the man who is unwilling to live up to his contract, his presumed contract being to care for his children. This the law now presumes and compels in favor of his legitimate children; but for the illegitimate it leaves him free as Anarchism would leave him, but the woman bound as the present system binds her, and the child killed by the mother lest it disgrace her; disowned and neglected by the father, lest it disgrace him.

I am willing to crawl before I run. If I cannot have Anarchism, I am willing to use laws toward Anarchism.

Now, Brother Tucker, what is your remedy for the injustice of modern law and modern thought toward illegitimate children and their often girlish mothers?

C. E. S. Wood.

Portland, Oregon, April 10, 1906.

ANOTHER MAN WITH A BACKBONE

[From a Cincinnati newspaper.]

His views as to what constitute the duties of a jury prevented Daniel Kiefer from sitting in the trial of a case in Judge Murphy's room during the week. Mr. Kiefer was not sorry, for he did not want to sit. He was frank enough to say to his honor, as soon as he had an opportunity, that he felt sure he would not be regarded as competent for jury service; but Judge Murphy told Mr. Kiefer that was a matter that must be determined upon examination. The examination was conducted by Attorney Province Pogue, and, before the attorney had gotten the reins well in hand, Mr. Kiefer had taken the hurdle with the statement: "I hold that a juror has the same right to pass on the law of the case as on the evidence. I mean I would not be governed by instructions of the court in rendering a verdict."

Somewhat dazed by the jar, Mr. Pogue appealed to the judge with: "From the position of the gentleman I do not think he would be a proper juror. He announces that he would not follow the instructions of the court. We all have to be governed by the court's interpretation of the law. I do not see why the juror should not follow the instructions."

Mr. Kiefer—"I mean this: That, having been sworn as a

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juror, I supposed I was free to pass judgment in the case as it is submitted to me; the matter might in my judgment be right, and the court might not think it right."

Mr. Pogue—" Would you under the circumstances follow the instructions of the court?"

Mr. Kiefer—" If the instructions of the court agreed with my ideas on what I was passing on."

Judge Murphy—" A man who is living in a community must be governed by the customs of that community."

Mr. Kiefer—" This is your court. You can do as you choose. I still hold my views."

Judge Murphy—" We couldn't exist and administer justice if every man were to be a law unto himself."

Mr. Kiefer—" That is a debatable question."

Judge Murphy—" We will not debate it here."

Mr. Kiefer—" Then I am excused?"

Judge Murphy—" Yes. I am not censuring you, Mr. Kiefer; that is not my province. I like to have a man of your intelligence and honesty on the jury, but your views are at variance with the established rules of practice."

FAME

Said a honey-bee to a busy flea:
" What an awful chump you are!
You hop and hop, and seldom stop,
Yet never travel far.

" If you'll watch me, you'll quickly see
The way I gather honey;
I spend my hours in robbing flowers,
And thus I coin money."

Then said the flea: " It's plain to see
That you can never thrive;
You spend your hours in robbing flowers
That men may rob your hive.

" You're not so hot! You're soon forgot!
But men remember *me;*
For every day I hear them say:
'Where is that goddam flea?'"

—*Wm. W. Catlin.*

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August, 1906
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Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

I find the impression prevalent among my readers that the story, "Carlotta Cortina," which appeared in the June number of Liberty, was written originally in a foreign language, and that I translated it, adapting it to New York. While I feel honored by the compliment, it gives me pleasure to correct the erroneous impression. The story was written originally in English and for Liberty, and, from an artistic point of view, even if no other be considered, easily takes rank among the best short stories ever written in America. I have reprinted it in pamphlet form, and am now ready to supply it at ten cents a copy.

The printing establishment which has been doing my work has suspended, forcing me to seek a new printer. This has embarrassed me considerably, causing an annoying delay in the appearance of my catalogue and of this issue of Liberty. However, the long-promised catalogue is ready at last. It consists of 128 pages, representing more than 400 authors and listing nearly 1,100 titles, besides being enriched by about 600 pithy and epigrammatic quotations, of an Anarchistic and Egoistic character, from some of the works catalogued. This last feature makes it espe-

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cially worth preserving and circulating. But it will be valued also as a tolerably full bibliography of the line of literature which it represents. At present no charge is made for it, but probably I shall put a price of ten cents a copy on it later, though the first section, listing my own publications, will always be printed separately for free circulation. The issuance of this catalogue has been a very costly and laborious undertaking, and I hope the friends of Liberty will do all in their power to make it a useful and a fruitful one.

Some of the more optimistic among us have cherished an illusion that the terrible blow which the *raison d'Etat* received in the rehabilitation of Dreyfus would prove its *coup de grâce*. Poor victims of hope! They forget that a spook is the hardest of all things to kill; and here this particular spook is already to the fore again. Conjured up this time not by wicked France, but by virtuous England through the agency of Sir Edward Grey, after whose awe-inspiring "Hush!" hardly a member of the English commons dared so much as whisper of the outrages lately perpetrated by the British army and the British courts in Egypt. But, like France, Egypt has its Zola. The account of the Denchawai affair given by the Egyptian Nationalist leader, Moustapha Kamel Pasha, published for the first time in America in this issue of Liberty, carries as certain conviction as did "*J'accuse*" that the *raison d'Etat* is simply a pretext raised by criminals to conceal their crimes and shield them from punishment. Every fresh instance of this hypocrisy is a new warning to men and nations to beware

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of the *raison d'Etat*. As a French writer, J. Paul-Boncour, well says:

> Every day some legitimate interest is sacrificed, some individual right is injured, some liberty is violated, in the name of this *raison d'Etat*, which dons all costumes from the judge's gown to the politician's Prince Albert. Professional spirit, party spirit, administrative servility, are but so many equivalents of "the honor of the army." If they do not keep their victims on Devil's Island, at least they prevent them from obtaining justice. Bloody or commonplace, dramatic or paltry, it is always a violation of the right of the individual. The superior interest of the State is the pretext, absolutism is the means; and, as the State is an abstract being, all this false majesty reduces itself at last to the selfish interests of individuals or groups, who are bidden by the duties of their charge or the hazard of political circumstances to speak in its name.

Moustapha Kamel Pasha makes it clear that there is to be no fanatical uprising in Egypt. If any revolt comes, it will be political, following on the heels of British oppression. I wonder if present events are the beginning of the fulfilment of Wilfred Scawen Blunt's prophecy. His wonderful poem, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," is timely reading now. And, in any case, what are we to think of the press of America, that historian which "S. R." tears to pieces in these pages? The important document which Liberty now prints was current in Europe early in July, but, so far as I know, no word of it has appeared in America, and the only reference to it that I have seen appeared as late as July 28 in a sympathetic editorial paragraph in the New York "Evening Post." One knows not whether to attribute this negligence to stupidity or malice. On either theory it is a crying shame that it should be left to the bimonthly Liberty to supply the glaring deficiencies of the daily journals,

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as instanced in the present case and in that of the Korolenko letter.

During the late Dreyfus proceedings before the French high court it was brought out that in 1894, before the first trial of Dreyfus, an artillery captain by the name of Grattau, since promoted to the rank of major, asked General Mercier, then minister of war, to make him a member of the court-martial. In his application he said: "If my spontaneous initiative shall seem to you incorrect, and if my request calls for an excuse, I would beg you to seek my justification only in an unalterable patriotic faith and in my ardent desire to see the traitor 'Iscariot Dreyfus' punished in an exceptional fashion." What an admirable attitude for a would-be judge! And how well the rascal knew his Mercier, to dare to reveal to him thus frankly his inmost infamous thought! It is stated that Captain Grattau, convinced by Henry's suicide of the innocence of Dreyfus, worked thereafter for the latter's rehabilitation. It matters not. The letter to Mercier never emanated from other than an ignoble soul.

Now that the remains of Zola are reasonably sure to be transferred to the Panthéon, it is interesting to recall his words before the court that tried him in 1898:

> Dreyfus is innocent, I swear it! I stake my life upon it, I stake my honor upon it. At this solemn hour, before this court representing human justice, before you, gentlemen of the jury, the very incarnation of the country, before all France, before the entire world, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent! For me I have but the idea, an ideal of truth and justice. And I am per-

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fectly at ease; I shall conquer. I have been unwilling that my country should remain in falsehood and in injustice. Here I may be struck. But some day France will thank me for having helped to save her honor.

The New York "Times," by the way, tries to make a distinction between the honor to Zola in the placing of his dust in the Panthéon and the discredit to Zola in the refusal of the French Academy to admit him to membership. The former, it seems, is purely a tribute to his moral character, while the latter was based on his lack of literary ability. The distinction is absolutely without foundation. Some good critics have always placed Zola, as a literary artist, on a level with the best in the French Academy, while no critic of repute anywhere would deny that there are dozens of the "Immortals" unquestionably inferior to him as writers. The French Academy rejected him, not because of insufficient literary capacity, but because he was a "purveyor of filth," a wicked, vulgar, objectionable person, altogether unfit for even mortals, much less "Immortals," to associate with. And now his dust is to go to the Panthéon, where the dust of perhaps two "Immortals" in a century will be judged fit to associate with his. It is a rebuke that falls nowhere more directly than upon the French Academy, and it strikes with but little less force those American newspapers and critics who always reviled Zola, prior to the Dreyfus affair. When time shall have placed Zola's memory in the true perspective, it will be recognized that the noblest, bravest, most useful, and most artistic thing that Zola ever did was his writing of the history of the Rougon-Macquart family, and that the man who could and did

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do that could not fail to do, incidentally and as a matter of course, should occasion arise, what Zola did for Dreyfus. The greater includes the less.

An article by Mr. Sankaran Nair in the "Contemporary Review" is attracting wide attention from the Indian press. "Many a Hindu," he writes, "has from habit or conviction ceased to regard Hinduism with reverence as a creed. But Hinduism connotes a status as well as a creed, and the Hindu who has ceased to believe in the latter does not in most cases care to exchange his status for that of a Christian or a Mohammedan. Thousands of Hindus are in this condition, and they look to government in vain to assist them in asserting their status without being required to assert their belief in dead and antiquated rites." He continues: "Thus they may have no belief in the marriage rites; but, if they will not go through the various matrimonial observances inculcated by the pundits, they run the risk of their children being reckoned as bastards. The various restrictions as to class, creed, and caste may appear to them to be unreasonable; the *mantras* may sound absurd to their educated ears; but they are compelled by a foreign government either to conform to these shibboleths and lead a life of hypocrisy or to undergo worse evils. If Hindus, they must be orthodox Hindus, according to the pundits and the courts; but, if they insist on freedom of conscience, they do so at their serious risk. Many people have thus to conform to a mode of life repugnant to them because they dare not face the alternative of suffering legal consequences that would ruin them as men.

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Social progress, either by getting rid of the unnatural excrescences on what is believed to have been a purer system, or by acceptance of what a person believes to be the only fundamental doctrines after discarding the non-essentials, or in any other form, is now impossible." Mr. Nair thinks that what is needed is a "Native Council," with powers sufficient to frame the necessary social legislation. It appears, then, that the British power is Christianizing the Hindus by imposing legal disabilities and hardships on those who try to relax the bonds of their ancient religion. This reminds one of one of the missionaries' earliest complaints against the government of Natal,—that it had given to the heathen marriage custom more distinctly the character of a sale of the girl, and had made the consequences of the payment of the purchase price more conclusive than they had been under heathen administration. There is much to be said in favor of letting people manage their own business. Those who undertake to manage other people's business for them, without being commissioned by these other people, run the risk of making themselves perfectly ridiculous by the unexpected feats they perform in trying to regulate what they do not understand.

Tolstoi has just finished a new novel entitled "The Divine-Human." The heroes are Russian revolutiontionists of the decade 1880-1890, belonging to the Social Democratic and agrarian revolutionary parties as well as to the various religious sects so numerous in Russia. The new work presents a series of portraits of men who have become famous in Russia during

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these years of struggle. The novel will appear in "Posrednik,"—with two other works of Tolstoi,—an article on Lamennais and a study of the literary movements of the early days of Christianity, entitled "The Doctrine of the Apostles."

The comments of the press and the politicians on Roosevelt's "swollen fortunes" speech are, as a rule, amusingly absurd. Some are horrified at the idea that the speaker proposed taxation, not for revenue, but as a means of limiting individual ownership of wealth. Such taxation, they say, is confiscation. To these good people names are more important than things. Their objection is not to the taking of property, but to the alleged purpose of the taker. Moreover, they seem to prefer the actual taking of property by the State, so long as revenue is the pretext, to the mere threat to take in a certain contingency. Teddy's proposed tax is contingent; the inheritance tax advocated by the New York "World" instead is absolute. Among those who defend the speech the confusion is even greater. A Chicago paper says that Roosevelt did not attack property rights, but championed the rights of the many against the alleged rights of the few? Why are not the few equally entitled to protection, assuming that their property is really and rightfully theirs? If the distinction be between honestly acquired wealth and dishonestly acquired wealth, what does the amount matter? The billionaire is entitled to his "pile" quite as much as the poor man to his pennies. If that be not the distinction, where is the limit of safety in individual accumulations to be put?

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Where do the " many " separate themselves from the " few "? Some commentators, again, tell us that the question is between national wealth and individual wealth, and that the latter should be controlled in the interest of the former. This, of course, leads to State Socialism. Only a few are intelligent enough to say that huge accumulations are made possible by monopoly and injustice, and that the only proper way to " attack " them is to remove their cause. But what is there for " statesmen " in such remedies? Their occupation would be gone.

The New York " Times " finds in the schooolmaster a remedy for the " rage against plutocracy." By the schoolmaster it means his teachings as given in the common schools. Has it ever occurred to the " Times " to compare, from an educational standpoint, that revolutionary minority of the working-people which is organizing against plutocracy with the inert mass of the working-people which votes the party tickets at the polls? I can assure it that the former class will show, in proportion to its numbers, at least ten times as many individuals who can successfully pass an examination for admission to a high school or a university as can be found in the latter class.

The attempt on the life of poor little Alfonso of Spain has revived the discussion of the measures which the " civilized nations " might take against the Anarchists. Limited intelligence has one set of suggestions, unlimited stupidity another, and sickly, weak-minded liberalism a third. Some would " exterminate " all

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Anarchists; one law-abiding soul would legalize the throwing of bombs into Anarchist gatherings; Labouchere opines that the identical reasons which justify police interference and vigilance generally would warrant the arrest and imprisonment of every man known as an Anarchist. (Labouchere is a "radical" in politics!) The proposal to treat Anarchists as lunatics has, of course, made its biennial appearance. But the most popular plan, the plan which has impressed many of our wise editors, is that of segregation. Find some island in the Atlantic or Pacific and deport all Anarchists thereto, runs the brilliant suggestion; on that island let them practise their doctrines in freedom, but escape from it should be made a criminal offence.

All these suggestions are made in the name of "law and order," if not of liberty and progress. The advocates of the island-home plan are very proud of their humanity and enlightened philosophy. "See!" one almost hears them exclaiming; "we would spare your life, and even respect your right to talk and act—but on some uninhabited island." A noble attitude, in truth. But the Anarchists have work to do where they are, and are too solicitous about the mental and spiritual development of their benevolent and malevolent neighbors and fellow-citizens to leave them to their fate. No, we can't think of parting with you, good sirs. You need us, and for your sake we forego all the comforts of the island home. Seriously, however, deportation to an island would be a mild punishment for bomb-throwing, and that is not the idea of the "liberal" contributors to the amusing symposium.

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It is the pacific, the "philosophical" Anarchists whom they would deport—for what? For the exercise of the constitutional right of free speech? Then what the island plan amounts to is the abolition of the freedom of speech. How progressive! Even Russia allows the propaganda of pacific Anarchism.

A sensible Englishman writes to the New York "Sun" as follows with reference to the demand for special laws against Anarchists:

Permit me, as an Englishman, to point out to you that England treats her Anarchists just as she treats all other people. If an Anarchist commits an offence against the law in England, I have never heard that he was specially favored; but it is true that, so long as he does not, he gets the same full freedom of speech and immunity from police interference that everybody else enjoys: and so far England, almost alone among the nations in this respect, has passed no special laws against Anarchists. To these special laws and to careful police surveillance most of your correspondents seem to look for safety, and you yourself seem not unfavorable to them. But, if these special laws and that exceptional police treatment are of any use, we should find the continental European nations free from Anarchist troubles and England suffering badly—whereas the facts are just the contrary. England, where an Anarchist or any other "ist" can go to any street corner where he does not obstruct traffic, unfurl his red flag and without any police notification, without any one's permission, blow off steam with all the power his lungs can supply, has never yet had one single Anarchist outrage committed within her borders. Is it not possible that every country has just the Anarchists it deserves? Why should England, which has no trouble, modify those "Anglo-Saxon" principles Mr. Stuart-Linton speaks of? Would it not be more reasonable to expect that the continental Powers should adopt something like them? Full freedom of speech, tempered by the public right to laugh at balderdash, suits England well enough.

The "Sun" did not meet these observations. This discretion does its intelligence much credit.

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Mr. F. S. Retan, Vermont manager for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, says that, instead of premiums being reduced as a result of the recent investigation, he is of the impression that closer supervision by the government, and consequent increased taxation of insurance companies, will result in increasing rather than decreasing premiums. Now, this is interesting. Bear in mind that in last year's scandals it was not charged that policies became insecure; the charge was that money was wasted—substantially embezzled—so that the policy-holder got too little for his money; or, in other words, the premiums were too high for the returns. The only harm that all the "graft" was doing to the suffering policy-holder was that he had to pay too high a premium in order to get a given return. Now, it seems, the thievery is to be put a stop to by a process which will increase premiums. The amount of robbery was limited, and governmental protection is to cost the policy-holder more than he used to be robbed of. I would rather be robbed in the old-fashioned way.

Russia cannot be said to have extorted from her stupid government real freedom of the press. Suppressions and suspensions of newspapers occur almost daily. Yet the press, during the life of the duma, was much freer than it ever had been, as may be inferred from several interesting facts. One of these is the publication of the "prohibited" works of Tolstoi, and another is the appearance of a translation of a German work, by P. Eltzbacher, on "The Essence of Anarchism." This book is advertised in the daily pa-

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pers, and described as an exposition of the theories of "Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakounine, Kropotkine, Tucker, and Tolstoi." The true title of the book is simply "Anarchism." It exists also in French and Spanish. I am informed, too, that a Russian in New York, under contract with two Russian publishing houses, is engaged in translating portions of "Instead of a Book" into Russian.

Hugh O. Pentecost has gone over to the State Socialists, bag and baggage. It is his latest effort to float on the rising tide. But I shall not be surprised if, five or six years hence, he is again found preaching Anarchism every Sunday at Lyric Hall; and, if so, I am sure that I shall begin to receive once more my Monday visits from those silly and forgetful Anarchists who have been his admiring auditors for the last year or two. They will come in, singing the old song: "Say, Tucker, you really are too hard on Pentecost. You should have heard the splendid things he said yesterday. Fine fellow, that Pentecost!"

PRECISELY

Fitzgerald, Ga., July 25—A terrific storm, accompanied by frequent lightning, struck this city at 12:45 Saturday. The First Baptist church steeple was struck by lightning, and set on fire.

Yes, the dear old ballot executes—admirable word—

> "Executes the freeman's will
> As lightnings do the will of God."

Prosaic.

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TO THE ENGLISH NATION AND THE CIVILIZED WORLD!

A painful affair happening suddenly in a village of the Delta,—Denchawai, in Egypt,—has just stirred the humanitarian sentiments of the entire world. Men of free mind and independent character have raised their voices in England to inquire if it is consistent with her prestige, with her honor, and her interest to allow the commission, in her name, of an unjust and cruel act.

All real lovers of humanity and justice are bound to examine and judge this affair which agitates a whole nation.

On the thirteenth of June last some English officers left their camp and passed near Denchawai, in the province of Menoufieh, to hunt pigeons on private property. An old peasant warned the interpreter who accompanied them that last year the inhabitants had been exasperated at seeing their pigeons killed by English officers, and that their irritation might be increased by a renewal of the sport.

Despite this warning, the hunt begins. Shots are fired; a woman is wounded and a farm-house burned. The fellahs hasten to the scene from all directions; a fray ensues, in which three Egyptians are wounded by the English and three English officers are wounded by the Egyptians. One of the wounded, Captain Bull, escapes from the mix-up, travels three miles at full speed in a temperature of 108°, and dies of sunstroke. The English soldiers, learning what has happened to their officers, invade a village near Denchawai, and

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kill a fellah by breaking his skull.

Those are the facts. Hardly had they become known when the English officials lost their heads, horrified at the thought that Egyptians should defend their property and their persons. Instead of considering the affair coolly, as a simple affray, they exaggerated it, and long before the trial the party organs of English occupation announced that the penalties to be inflicted and the example to be set would be terrible. The occasion called, not for justice, but for atrocious revenge!

A week before the trial the ministry of the interior, upon the order of Mr. Matchell, the English councillor, published an official note in which he brought crushing charges against the accused and openly sought to influence the judges and public opinion. An occupation organ pushed contempt for justice so far as to publish the news that the gallows had started for Denchawai. The people asked themselves in terror what sort of trial would follow such a demonstration.

Now, it was under these circumstances that the court met on June 24. And what a court! An exceptional court controlled by no code or law, with the power of imposing any imaginable sentence, a majority of the judges being Englishmen, and no chance of appeal or pardon being allowed! The decree which created this court in 1895—under pressure exercised by Lord Cromer, a pressure which never tolerates the least resistance on the part of the Egyptian government—this decree, I say, gives to him who reads it an impression that the English army—to which Eng-

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land has entrusted the mission of establishing order in Egypt—must itself be in perpetual danger to need such a court, or rather such an instrument of terror.

This court spent three days in studying the affair. It clearly appeared that it was the English officers who provoked the fellahs by hunting on their property and wounding a woman, and that the fellahs attacked the English as *poachers* and not as British officers. English physicians, among others Doctor Nolin, the official physician of the courts, admitted before the tribunal that Captain Bull died of sunstroke, and that his wounds alone were not sufficient to cause death.

The court allowed only thirty minutes for the testimony of the defendants, numbering more than fifty. It refused to hear a policeman who declares that the English officers fired at the fellahs, and it based its verdict solely on the affirmations of the officers who provoked the fracas.

On June 27 the verdict was rendered. Four Egyptians were sentenced to be hanged, two to hard labor for life, one to hard labor for fifteen years, six to hard labor for seven years, three to imprisonment for one year and public flogging, and five to flogging without imprisonment, the flogging in each case to consist of fifty lashes applied with a five-thonged whip.

The court ordered that the execution should take place the following day. So that only a fortnight elapsed between the offence and the punishment!

At four o'clock in the morning the four men sentenced to death and the eight men sentenced to be flogged were taken from Chibin, capital of the province of Menoufieh, to the village of Chouhada, two

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miles from Denchawai. There, during nine hours, they awaited the terrible vengeance. At one o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, June 28, they were taken to Denchawai. The English governors had insisted that the execution should take place at the same hour of the day as the fracas and on the very spot.

The gallows and the pillories were set up in a roped-in circle of 2,300 yards. The condemned men were surrounded by English dragoons, and the latter were protected by Egyptian troopers. Mr. Matchell and the governor of the province directed the execution. The son of the first man condemned to death approached them, and asked permission to receive his father's last requests. This final prayer was met with a refusal!

At half past one the English soldiers mounted their horses and drew their swords; one minute later the hangings began.

One man was hanged; the members of his family, his relatives, and the entire population, massed at a distance, filled the air with their heart-rending cries. Two others were flogged in presence of the corpse.

Then the same scene was repeated three times. Four men were hanged and eight flogged. The horrible spectacle lasted an hour. A savage, revolting spectacle, if ever there was one, during which European spectators shed tears of pity and horror. And all went away repeating the words of one of the men hanged: "*A curse upon the tyrants! A curse upon the tyrants!*"

This day of June 28, 1906, will remain a fatal date

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in history. It is worthy to figure in the annals of barbarian debaucheries.

The story of these executions filled the whole of Egypt with violent indignation. Fifty years of struggle by all the enemies of England could not have produced such a result. But this task was accomplished by the English agents themselves.

Egyptian poets have written verses on the executions of Denchawai which will perpetuate the memory of the scenes in which civilization and humanity were outraged in the most revolting fashion.

And I come to-day to ask the English nation itself and the civilized world if so absolute a breach of the principles of justice and the laws of humanity can be tolerated.

I ask the English, jealous of the renown and the prestige of their country, to tell us if they expect to increase the moral and material influence of England in Egypt by tyranny and barbarism.

I ask those who talk so loudly of humanity, and who fill the world with their indignation at scandals of other countries a thousand times less revolting than that of Denchawai, to prove their sincerity by protesting energetically against a monstrous act which is enough to ruin European civilization forever in the eyes of oriental peoples.

And finally I ask the English nation if it is worthy of it to allow its representatives to recur, after twenty-four years, to laws of exception and to more than barbarous processes in order to govern Egypt and teach Egyptians human dignity!

I admire sincerely, and with gratitude. the English

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deputies and writers who have loudly expressed their horror at the sinister tragedy played in Egypt. But, seeing that they were having an influence on public opinion, which was beginning to condemn the policy of Lord Cromer, Sir Edward Grey has warned the house of commons to beware of Mussulman fanaticism in Egypt. He has appealed to the members not to meddle with Egyptian affairs, in order to avoid weakening the Egyptian government, or rather the omnipotent Lord Cromer, in presence of a danger which I emphatically declare to be chimerical.

The English officials in Egypt set up this danger simply as a warrant for the recent atrocity and for other atrocities to come.

Now, this danger does not exist, and it is the very purpose of such atrocities to create it.

In the name of all that is most sacred on earth, I affirm that there is no religious fanaticism in Egypt. Islamism is dominant there, being the religion of a large majority. But *Islamism does not mean fanaticism.*

Sir Edward Grey has been led into error. I beg him to reflect a moment on this. If there were really any fanatical sentiment in Egypt, would England have dared to judge fifty-two Mussulmans by an exceptional court composed of four Christians and only one Mussulman?

If there were fanaticism, would not the revolting executions at Denchawai have been sufficient to kindle its destructive and annihilating fire?

Would not all these provocations have exasperated the Egyptian people and caused an explosion of this

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pretended fanaticism?

Why did not this fanatical sentiment, of which Sir Edward Grey speaks, give rise to affrays like that of Denchawai at the time of the Tabah affair, when the great majority of the Egyptians were in sympathy with Turkey, and when nevertheless the English soldiers were always able to go about anywhere in perfect safety?

The discussions of the Denchawai affair have proved superabundantly that Islamism had nothing to do with it, and that the English officers even found useful and spontaneous coöperation among the Mussulman fellahs.

The Egyptians are entitled to ask for a serious and thorough investigation of the matter. Egypt is within two days of Europe. Let the English who love justice and are solicitous for the honor of England come here. Let them visit the cities and the country districts. Let them see with their own eyes how Christians of all nationalities live with the fellahs and with all the Egyptians. Let them convince themselves that the Egyptian people are not fanatical, but are desirous of justice and equality, and are determined, at any cost, to be treated as a people and not as a herd.

Yes, the Egyptian nation is conscious of its dignity; that can no longer be denied. It asks that its children be treated on the same footing with foreigners,—truly not an excessive demand.

Sir Edward Grey talks of protecting Europeans against Egyptians; but let him show us the danger that threatens the Europeans living in Egypt. Do they not live on the best terms with the Egyptians?

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Have they not the articles of capitulation to protect them? But who protects the Egyptians? Do we not sometimes see foreign criminals—against whose acts all the European colonies protest—killing and wounding Egyptians and escaping the Egyptian courts? And what penalty will now be inflicted on the English soldiers who killed a fellah near Denchawai, and on the officers who wounded a woman and three men?

Lord Cromer, in his last report, defends himself against those who attack the absolute power which he exercises in Egypt by saying that his acts are controlled by the English parliament and public opinion as well as by the Egyptian press. An illusory supervision and control, for no sooner does parliament take up Egyptian matters and reprove acts of barbarism than Lord Cromer tells Sir Edward Grey that fanaticism is threatening on the banks of the Nile and that parliament must keep quiet. With this method nothing can prevent Lord Cromer from continuing to govern Egypt by the most iniquitous laws.

That is why the honor of the English nation requires a weighing of the official affirmations against our own; a serious investigation; an impartial examination of the problem now before it.

For years Lord Cromer has been declaring that it is the Egyptian princes and grandees who hate the English occupation, because it has stripped them of their power, but that the fellahs adore it, and bless the existing *régime*.

Now, if the fellahs of Denchawai attacked the English officers simply because of seeing one of their women wounded, the sentence and the execution seem

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hideous and should arouse the indignation of the world. If, on the contrary, the fellahs acted under the impulse of religious or national hatred, Lord Cromer must confess that they curse the occupation, and that the administration of his lordship culminates in the most pitiful abortion. And in that case Mr. Dillon is justified in his declaration that "the speech of Sir Edward Grey is the saddest commentary on the situation and the policy of England in Egypt."

All lovers of impartiality and truth living in Egypt recognize that the affair of Denchawai was not the fruit of an anti-European movement, and that the Egyptians are the most tolerant people in the world.

The national programme of those who have an influence on opinion in Egypt is very clear. We desire, by education and the light of progress, to elevate our people, to make them conscious of their rights and duties, and to make known to them the place they ought to occupy in the world. For more than a century we have understood that there is no possible existence for peoples that do not enter on the path of western civilization, and we were the first eastern people to extend the hand to Europe. We continue to march in the path that we have chosen.

It is by education, progress, tolerance, and a liberal spirit that we shall gain the esteem of the world and the liberty of Egypt.

Our object is the independence of our country. Nothing can make us forget it.

The sympathy that we have for other Mussulman peoples is perfectly legitimate and not at all fanatical.

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There is not a single enlightened Mussulman who can believe for a minute that the peoples of Islam can league together against Europe. Those who talk of such a spirit are either ignorant or desirous of designedly creating a gulf between the European world and the Mussulmans.

It is only by an Islamic renaissance taking its impulse from science and liberality of spirit that the peoples of Islam can rise.

Egypt has a place apart in the Orient. She has given to the world the Suez canal and has opened the Soudan to civilization. She possesses an *élite* of superior minds, and the progress of the nation by the nation is proceeding with giant strides. She cannot be governed as if she were a far-off land hidden in the depths of Africa, out of touch with Europe. Are we not witnesses of the hot indignation of the English at what is going on in the Congo and elsewhere? How, then, can they permit the most atrocious crimes in Egypt?

All Europe must be interested in Egypt. It has considerable interests there, and many of her citizens have made great fortunes there.

Exceptional laws and tyranny can only irritate the Egyptian people, and suggest to them feelings diametrically opposite to those which they now profess.

We demand justice, equality, and liberty. We want a constitution that shall deliver us from absolute power. The civilized world and the true friends of liberty and justice in England cannot fail to be with us in demanding that Egypt, which has given to the world the finest and highest civilization, shall not be a

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field of barbarism, but a country where civilization and justice may become as fertile as her blessed soil.

MOUSTAFA KAMEL PASHA.

FOUR POINTS OF ANARCHISM

By the kindness of M. Henri Zisly, the Paris " naturien," I have received a copy of " A Vida," an Anarchist-Communist paper of Oporto, for March 4. In it I find a translation of my " What is Anarchism? " with four brief comments by the editor. I do not suppose that my reply in Liberty will be read by many of those who saw " A Vida " in March; nevertheless, since the comments there printed summarize very usefully the main objections that Anarchist-Communists everywhere are disposed to make to the views I had set forth, it will be no waste of time to make these Portuguese criticisms the text of a little discussion here.

In the first place, then, where I had written " Thus the triumph of Anarchism would not prevent the continuance of police and jails, and such continuance is to be expected," the foot-note answers:

> Certainly in a *free* society nobody could debar any one from the right to undertake the police business or to erect a jail; only, in our way of looking at it, no one would do so because there would be no need of it. This assertion of the author seems to us (with due respect for another's opinion) even puerile. We do not count on the survival of police and jails in an Anarchist society, simply because police and jails are a component part of the State which Anarchy will abolish; they are a phenomenon characteristic of the coercion which certain classes exercise against others, of the yoke laid by man upon man—a coercion, a yoke, incompatible with the purified atmosphere of an Anarchist society.

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If this is right, then my statement was even more puerile than "A Vida" makes it; for my Portuguese translator makes me say that we must count on the "possible" survival of such things. (I should explain that the translation of my leaflet is obviously made from the French version published in "L'Ere Nouvelle." In translating from a translation it is inevitable that there should be some errors which might have been avoided if the translation had been made direct from the orginal. Thus "A Vida," though I am on the whole well pleased with its translation, now and then makes me say what I had not thought of saying; and in particular I notice a tendency to modify expressions of indefinite quantity: such conceptions as "some," "many," "most," or "sometimes," "often," "usually," are interchanged. Aside from this, the Portuguese translator seems to have rendered his French copy very faithfully—more faithfully than the French rendered my English.) I meant to say that the continuance of such things as police, courts, and jails was to be expected, not merely as "possible," but as a thing presumptively certain. But, on the other hand, I did not say, as my critic silently assumes, that I should expect a *permanent* continuance of these institutions. What I did mean is this. When we become able to set up an Anarchic society, we shall do so without waiting for all our neighbors to agree with us. If we did wait, we might wait forever, for there are many people who will never believe in anything till after they have seen it tried and working. We shall establish Anarchy while about half the people are still partisans of the old order of things. Now, these people who

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have always had police, etc., will certainly at first, until they get used to the new system, want to have what they have been used to; and they will provide themselves with police and jails, unless we coerce them into refraining. But, as Editor Teixeira of "A Vida" agrees with me, if we did so coerce them we should ourselves be guilty of government. Hence, if it is genuine Anarchy that we establish, those who desire a police will be free to furnish it for themselves; and, I repeat, those who have grown up in the old order of things will very many of them want what they have been accustomed to regard as necessary to the security of life. This is what makes me feel sure of the survival of the police, apart from all question whether we can expect this survival to be either desirable or permanent. I set aside these two other questions, because I see no use in discussing them when we are talking about another point which we find that they cannot affect. After Anarchy has once begun, the experience of freedom will rapidly modify men's ways of feeling and acting. What the modifications will be, neither I nor any other man can predict in detail with any assurance; the only thing that we can say with almost absolute certainty is that they will be for the better. If "A Vida" thinks that experience of freedom will make men give up trying to maintain a police for even purely defensive purposes, I am not disposed to contradict; I only say that for my own part I regard all such things as uncertain. The only thing in Anarchy that we can plan is the beginning of it. We know what sort of men we shall have to begin it with, and what ideas will be in their heads, and how they will be likely to act under given

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circumstances, because we see them all around us. What men will act like after a century of freedom we do not know. Whether I myself would support a police agency in the beginning of Anarchic society I do not know; it would depend on the circumstances under which the Anarchic society began. I shall endeavor not to be fool enough to make up my mind what I would do till I know what those circumstances are to be.

Next, where I have said:

> Here is the chief split among those who call themselves Anarchists, one party holding that property in the material products of labor is a corollary of personal liberty and should be defended as such, while the other holds that all property is an absurd institution, whose defence is an outrage on personal liberty. Logically, each party holds that the others are not true Anarchists,

I am answered thus:

> Logically, it appears to us that defending individual property under the pretext of personal liberty is not in any way compatible with the doctrine of Anarchism. We hold, in the first place, that, by applying this criterion to all other *bourgeois* institutions, we should come to the logical necessity of defending them all; secondly, if it is a fact that property was instituted by the robbery and violence of conquests, and is defended and consolidated by the existing State (an evolution from primitive violence and robbery), it is a fundamental self-contradiction to seek the abolition of the State and the maintenance of the organisms created and defended by the State.

Logically, I cannot see why the defence of one institution of a certain group need imply the defence of the rest. If I approve of having letters daily collected and carried from city to city, and think that, after we have got rid of the government, this letter-carrying business will still have to be done by somebody, does it

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follow that I also approve the custom-house? Yet the two are at present wofully entangled with each other. If Abel lets his flocks pasture on Cain's growing crops, it is obvious that Cain's liberty to cultivate crops is seriously interfered with; in other words, Cain as an agriculturist cannot have liberty of industry, unless he has property in his crop at least to the extent of forbidding pasturage there. The same argument, repeated under the successive circumstances of harvesting, grinding, etc., leads us to infer Cain's absolute property in the crops, or at least a property more nearly absolute than governments now permit. (I am not defending the method by which Cain finally squared the account, but I think that, like some conspicuous assassinations in modern times, it was not so surprising as it was lamentable. I do not think Abel was blameless in the matter.) If "A Vida" thinks that an equally plain argument will show that personal liberty requires the custom-house, or the censorship of the press, or compulsory military service, let "A Vida" present this parallel argument; for I, on my part, fail to see it.

Neither do I know it to be a fact that property began with violent conquest. It seems to me that to speak of the first conquest as "robbery" implies that the conquered had, antecedently to the conquest, a right to the things that the conquerors took from them. The statement that all property began with conquest seems to me to imply that property in land began earlier than property in the products of labor; for I do not see the occasion for a war to plunder the products of labor previous to the recognition of any property in

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them, when, by hypothesis, primitive communism would permit the new-comers to share their enjoyment without exposing themselves to the risks of a fight. If we suppose that the new-comers tried to take advantage of communistic custom beyond what was recognized as reasonable, and that the fight resulted from their trying to carry off an amount that did not leave a reasonable allowance for the producers in whose hands it had lain, then we must infer that the first violence was used by the producers in maintaining their claim to retain it,—in other words, that the claim of property was first made by the producers claiming their own product. Indeed, it seems to me hardly supposable that men can ever have known the idea of property, and desired to claim property in any produced thing, without first of all desiring to claim property in the products of their own labor. I conclude, then, that "A Vida" must agree with Professor Molinari that the first wars were wars for the possession of hunting-grounds. But, even if we admit this, it does not prove them to be the origin of property. Among dogs the institution of property in bones, etc., exists, as I suppose, all over the earth; I suppose we have sufficient reason to believe that wild dogs did and do claim property in bones, etc., just as our tame dogs do. But it is only in a few special places, as in Constantinople, that we find among dogs the institution of property in land. (When a dog learns and adopts the *human* institution of property in land, and defends his master's grounds, this is obviously not the same as a development of this institution by and for the dogs themselves.) It is obvious that among wild dogs living by

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the chase the institution of property in land would be ruinously absurd, while among dogs living as scavengers in a city, where the things they eat cannot run away, this institution may be very convenient. Among dogs, then, property in the products of labor appeared earlier than property in land; the social condition of dogs is surely in general more primitive than anything we are able to observe among men, and gives us strong reason to believe that the earliest property among men was the producer's property in his product.

I do not feel, however, that the origin of property can prove anything as to its present admissibility. If I believed that it originated from plunder, I should see in this a strong reason for suspecting it to be bad, but I should still think that for proof we must consider the facts of the present day; it might be that a bad beginning had given rise to a useful result. Among the facts of the present day the only reason "A Vida" offers against property is that the State undertakes to protect it. But so does the State undertake to protect my life against murder; I do not therefore think that, because I am an Anarchist, I must give up the claim to protect my own life. The State arrogates to itself various very useful functions, such as the carrying of letters and the collection of certain statistics; we do not assume that Anarchists must therefore be opposed to having this work done by anybody. On the contrary, I should say that the periodical counting of the population was an institution originated by criminal rulers for criminal purposes, and up to our day maintained by criminal rulers by criminal methods, which a free and intelligent civilized society would nevertheless

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desire to continue by peaceable methods for the sake of its great public utility; the like might conceivably have been true of the institution of property.

Next come my words:

> Is law-breaking Anarchistic? There are two kinds of law-breakers,—Anarchists and tyrants. An Anarchist is one who is unwilling to be subject to the will of others, and is willing to allow others the same liberty. A tyrant is one who breaks laws himself at will, but wants others kept in subjection; for instance, Napoleon, Rockefeller, or any striking workman who tries to maintain his strike by violence against "scabs,"

and the protest:

> There is a capital difference: the tyrant breaks the laws because sometimes they are made with an *appearance* of utility and kindness for the people, since legislation is in constant evolution and the tyrant always wants the laws crystallized in their primitive brutality; as to the strikers, the violence exercised against the *scabs* is in fact just, because it aims at the common welfare of the Proletariat eternally wrestling with capital.
>
> If a man saw himself forced to use violence to stop another from throwing himself over a precipice, would not his violence be just? Well, submission to the employing class, and hindrance to the comrades who are struggling for the welfare of all workingmen, are precipices from which un-self-conscious laborers (*scabs*, traitors) must be saved by force, if need be.

These tyrants in Portugal must be very wicked, since it is sufficient to excite their hostility if anything has even an *appearance* (italicized) of utility and kindness; and very stupid, if they do not see how to play their game any better than by keeping the laws stationary. I must inform Comrade Teixeira that the sort we have here in America are less wicked and more pernicious. They all want the well-being of the people as long as it can be had without taking anything out

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of their profits, and some of them are even willing to spend money on it,—more money in some cases than they expect to get back. A great many of our worst laws are made and enforced by people trying to do the public good. The censorship of the press in America is the work of men who, as hardly any of us doubt, are aiming at the welfare of the people. Our protective tariff is kept up by men of whom many, even of the brainy leaders, sincerely believe that the interest of the workingmen requires it. (I shall never forget the day when I found out that William M. Evarts, with all his abilities as an advocate, honestly believed in protectionism in the same sense as a New York "Tribune" editorial!) On the other hand, instead of wanting the laws crystallized, they keep changing and juggling the laws for their profit. I admit that they are oftener against a change than for it, but they use the other method very effectively, too. Experience has taught us here that, if a violent measure aims at the welfare of the people, and is in the nature of a step of evolution, these two facts prove *absolutely nothing* as to its being really a good thing.

When a man is acting under an obvious momentary error, I may be justified in restraining him by force long enough to explain to him. If, when I have explained, he persists in his course, thinking that he knows better than I, it is my business to let him go. If I keep on holding him because I think I know his business better than he does, I shall be a pernicious meddler of the same sort as other criminal meddlers. They all think they know better than somebody else what is good for him. The only way there can be

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liberty is for a man to be free to do himself harm if he wants to act so and will not listen to good advice. If we let a man who thinks he knows what is "for the public good" control people's action, there is an end of liberty right off. As to necessity, I observe at the head of "A Vida" the proverb: "Necessity knows no law." We have that proverb in English too. But we have another proverb: "Necessity, the tyrant's plea." This is another thing that we have learned from experience. When the very worst things are to be done, the excuse is always "necessity." We have made this a proverb as to tyranny, knowing how the liberties of the people have always been destroyed in the past; but it is also the excuse for all sorts of rascality. Comrade Teixeira, do not those scabs commonly plead necessity as the reason for being what they are and doing what they do? They plead it here in America, anyhow.

Lastly, when I write:

> The defenders of property hold that, where there is any tolerable amount of free speech, it is brutish, useless, and altogether condemnable for a small party to attack the established authority with bloodshed. The Anarchist-Communists grade all the way from this position to the advocacy of the most reckless violence,

I am answered with the words:

> This assertion is hardly true, in our judgment. At least, much exaggerated. These Anarchists merely regard as puerile and degrading the Christian doctrine which says that one who is buffeted on the left cheek should turn the right, or *vice versa.*

At this point I do not know enough Portuguese to be quite sure whether my translator understood me rightly. I suspect that I am being thought to say that

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all Anarchist-Communists, or the generality of them, advocate "the most sanguinary violence." I only said that there are among Anarchist-Communists all classes, from the most peaceable to those for whose outrageous proposals no word of condemnation is too strong. I do not suppose "A Vida" will deny that there are some, whose right to call themselves Anarchist-Communists cannot be denied, who favor such measures of violence as to disgust most of their comrades. I expect readers to understand that in any movement the majority do not go to the utmost extreme. I have already been told by other critics that I ought to have acknowledged the existence of a few advocates of violence among the Anarchist defenders of property, and I have elsewhere admitted my oversight in this point. That the advocacy of violence is more general among Anarchist-Communists than among my own party, I did mean to say; and that incitation to what I and my friends regard as criminal is very common in the Anarchist-Communist press, I am willing to say at any time. Comrade Teixeira's words about scabs suffice to show how deep is the cleft between us on this point.

I do not know whether I may be permitted, outside of the advertising pages, to remind the public that I still have the leaflet for sale, and that I have known even Anarchist-Communists to think it worth while to buy a dollar's worth at a time for propaganda.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

We do not consult universal suffrage in order to ascertain its will, but to impose on it our own.—*Henry Maret.*

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THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

If my memory of constitutional history serves me correctly, the English house of commons substantially originated in the necessities of Simon de Montfort. He wanted the support of the people against the nobility, and so caused the sheriffs of the various counties to summon certain of the knights of the shire and town burgesses to a *parlement*, or, as the American Indians would call it, a "big talk," at Westminster.

The sheriffs were directed to select representative men, and these respective delegates were supposed to represent the whole people of their several districts; and thus was born the first representative house of legislature. And a very great step in advance it undoubtedly was. (This was about the year 1287.)

The government, before this, had rested in theory with the king, in practice with the king or his more powerful advisers and the nobility (the temporal lords or lay barons, and the spiritual lords or barons of the church.)

This house of lords was undoubtedly in its day a valuable check on the tendency toward autocracy or development of kingly despotism, which was, in fact, reached in practice under Henry VIII, and which was subdued, not by the house of lords, but by the house of commons in the beheading of Charles I.

But what I wish to notice here is that the house of lords never was and is not to-day a house of representatives. Every member is supposed to represent himself and his own interests, and every peer of England, temporal or spiritual, is entitled to his seat in this

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house. In short, the house of lords is the whole peerage of England, church and laity.

Neither was the house of commons a representative body. The members were not delegates, but were chosen from above by the writ of the king, and were chosen from the knights and wealthy merchants. The real commons, the peasantry, had no representative whatever; not one. The house of commons was, in reality, a house of knights and of wealthy burgesses. So here as always property governed. It was property imposing laws on the servile masses. The king (the great overlord), the barons (the lesser overlords), the knights and burghers (the property-holding class of the commonalty),—these were the governors; the people were governed. By social and political evolution the land monopoly by the king and lords and the other monopolies created for privileged classes or individuals were broken into. Wealth became more general. Men began to feel their rights and to assert them. And to-day the house of commons is a body of delegates elected (in theory at least) by the people to make the laws for their government, especially as to taxation and personal rights. This period in social development was reached only by centuries of oppression; of submission by the masses (who always submit); of resistance by the inspired fanatic, the despised rebel; of beheadings and tortures and imprisonments of those leaders who always stand and suffer alone that posterity may enjoy liberty. This evolution of representative government was considered by contrast so happy an escape from tyranny that it was accepted as the final solution. It is so considered to-day, and not

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only the unthinking masses, but the "statesmen" believe nothing more can be achieved. When a country has reached representative government and a written constitution, all men seem to believe that this is the final goal, the *ne plus ultra*, and there is no use to look further. If it be true, as a glance at the course of every natural law will convince us, that there is no goal anywhere, no cessation from change; that there is always progression or retrogression in all things,—then obviously representative government is not the end of human social development, and there are other stages beyond,—Socialism or Anarchism,—for toward more government or less government all change has ever tended and will forever tend. But, assuming that representative government is the very pinnacle of perfection for a free people, the question is: Is the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave also the home of representative government?

Representative government is one, I take it, which represents.

The senate may be dismissed at once, because it never was intended as a representative of the people directly, and it is to-day the representative of the privileged classes. This by the operation of a well-known rule that property and privileges will always govern. The reason is that it pays them to govern, and they can afford to pay to get hold of the government. Under our system the natural and easiest purchase of a law-making power was to buy the senate by buying the legislatures which made the senators. Not that every senatorial seat is corruptly purchased, though no great apologies are needed for so general a statement.

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But in the political sense the senate is bought and owned by the property and privileged classes. We have evolved a house of commercial lords. Every child knows this. The common people of the United States are as dependent on the house of representatives as ever were the commons of England on the house of commons.

How far is it representative? Its members will recognize and bow to a popular uprising; so will kings. A machine is not valuable which requires a tempest to make it work. Day by day it no more truly represents the people than does the senate. It throws a sop to Cerberus in the shape of a court house, or post office, or river improvement, or some expenditure of public money for each locality. Each member gets his little local graft of some sort to which he may talk for re-election. If that be representing the people, then it may be said truly each member tries to get for his constituents all he can from the public crib, and all of politics comes down finally to this conjugation:

What can I get out of it?
What canst thou get out of it?
What can he, she, or it get out of it?
What can we get out of it?
What can you get out of it?
What can they get out of it?*

And to every question of liberty, of conscience, of

*But, friend Wood, if it were true that all politics does come down to this conjugation, would not things be ideal? If you and I and they get the utmost possible, what more can be expected? The trouble is that the conjugation stops with the second person plural. A congressman never (or hardly ever) asks: What can *they* get out of it?"—Editor.

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abstract right, either no answer is given, or, if it be weighed against profit, the answer is loudly for profit. Our house of representatives has passed a law which gives to the secretary of commerce and labor the absolute power of a Louis XIV or Charles I. or Nicholas III. Upon his mere writ, which cannot be questioned by any court, and against which the famous writ of *habeas corpus* is useless, any alien can be arrested and deported, without trial. In this way John Turner, a respectable Englishman who came to this country to organize trade unions, was deported as if he had been a mad dog. Chinamen are deported every day; and, if an enemy can get one of Mr. Garfield's men to declare any alien woman a prostitute, that ends the matter. She may not be a prostitute, but there is no appeal, and Garfield's writ is final. The whole miserable jumble of our colonial experiment, with all its injustice and inconsistencies, shows how skin deep is our love for liberty and justice. The immigrants we try to keep out are better citizens for freedom than we native-born. They have suffered, and they know.

But to get back to our unrepresentative house of representatives. The candidate is selected by an organized machine. He is selected because he is not strong enough to have any dangerous views, and will be subservient to the machine, which in its main spring is the same machine which moves the senate. He is elected by the vote of the people, or such of them as belong to his party and take interest enough in the matter to vote. When he arrives, does he find he has joined a deliberative body? Not at all. The house of commons is a house of debate. The French cham-

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ber of deputies is a house of debate. The German reichstag is a house of debate. So is every legislative assembly in Europe, and sometimes of very fiery debate. But the house of representatives of the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave is not a house of debate. It is a machine for cut-and-dried partisan political results.

The man newly elected to represent a district of the Free and Brave may be bursting with ideas for the good of his country and the good of his district and the good of the world. But, no matter what he is bursting with, he is entitled to voice his ideas, to get the floor and express himself; so much he is entitled to in originating a bill. But, when a bill is once up for debate, the most commonplace dolt in the house should not be denied his right to be heard. Not only out of mouths of babes and sucklings is truth proclaimed, but sometimes out of the mouth of a congressman. And, anyway, the long, long struggle for the house of commons, which I have suggested, was for this freedom of debate, the real airing and ventilating of questions before the people by the people's agents.

This freedom of debate is the most dearly-prized privilege of those newly-created legislatures which have felt the evils of tyranny. The wisdom of debate is obvious; it not only educates the people, but sometimes educates the debaters themselves. Even a congressman may absorb an idea. But, if the newly-elected Solon fancies he has the floor because he has got the floor; if he fancies he will be recognized by the presiding officer, the speaker of the house, just because he is waving his fists under the speaker's nose,—he is mis-

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taken. Even though there is no one else on the floor, the speaker will look through and over and beyond him, with unseeing eyes, unless he has first visited the speaker in his room and arranged the subject, the day, the hour, and the amount of time. If all this meets the speaker's approval, he will tell the representative of the people on what day and hour and for how many minutes he will hear him on that subject. If the subject is a disagreeable one to the speaker's party, the people's representative cannot be heard at all. Of course this arbitrary power is given to the speaker by the rules of the house,—which is to say, by the party in power. The majority of the house selects a man for its czar whom they can trust for party purposes,—and, if the czar rebelled against party, they could change the rules and rob him of power. But not only does this effectually gag the men of the minority, but it gags those independent thinkers of the ruling party who wish to criticise party policies. Thus, it being the Republican party policy to "stand pat" on the protective tariff robbery, not even a Republican will be seen or heard by the speaker on that subject. Is this a free country? Is this representative government?

The minority in turn are handed over to their "leader," and he arranges with the speaker which of "his men" the speaker shall recognize; so any recalcitrant member of the minority party is as hopelessly gagged as his brother of the ruling party. Two leaders voicing the supposed policies of two camps control all debate on all legislation, and the man who has an idea of his own and wishes to bring it before the country might as well stay at home as expect to be heard

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in congress, unless the "czar" of his faction chooses to permit him. Even the senate deliberates and debates. It is from the senate the people get all their own education which comes from the debate of a measure.

If the house of representatives be too large,—which is nonsense, for time can be adjusted,—cut it down. A man can just as well "*represent*" a hundred thousand people as fifty thousand, or two hundred thousand as one hundred thousand. It's all a question of proportion. But the present method makes the house of representatives a hack machine, and makes it the most unrepresentative, unintellectual, and unstimulating legislative body in the world. The legislator is a mere graft agent for his own community.

I quote in conclusion the remarks of Mr. Shackleford in the house of representatives on March 16, 1906. He was squelched in his rebellion, when it was realized what he was saying. What American citizen can contemplate such tyranny by the bosses of a party and feel that he is "represented" in the halls of the national legislature?

"The gentleman was not recognized until he had first surrendered his constitutional rights as a representative of the people and crept into your private room, Mr. Speaker, there to supplicate you to extend to him your grace.

"No member can submit any matter to a vote of the house until he shall have first sought and found favor in your sight. The constitution contemplates that the speaker shall be the servant of the house. In defiance of the constitution you have made yourself its master. You have packed every committee so that no bill can be reported without your consent. Unless you are willing, no member can move to discharge a committee from the consideration of a bill and take it up in the house.

"You sit an enthroned despot, subjecting the reports and destinies of this great people to the dictates of your own unbridled

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will.

" Who stands to-day between a progressive, enlightened people and the Statehood to which they are entitled? You, sir; only you! You crack your whip, and a majority of this house cowers at your feet. You turn your thumbs down, and the house deals a deathblow to prostrate, bleeding Oklahoma."

Here Shackleford said he had read in the morning papers that "Uncle Joe" had given it out flatfooted that he would not permit the house to concur in the senate amendment on the Statehood bill, and then proceeded:

" What a horrible announcement to be made in a free country."

The confusion in the house throughout Shackleford's remarks was such that very few members knew what he had said, when Tawney stopped him with an objection.

C. E. S. Wood.

THE "GREAT" NEWSPAPER AS HISTORIAN*

More than fifty years ago Carlyle said in effect that the old kings were dead, and that the editor was the modern king. The rule of this king is not hereditary, but it is in a sense absolute and in every sense irresponsible. His power is so great that criticism of his policies, of his sins of omission and commission, is almost idle. He has usurped every function that has in any way ministered to his vanity or pleasure or authority. He is judge, jury, executioner. He is legislator and interpreter of laws. He is critic and historian. He has displaced the lecturer, the book writer, and the preacher. The minister is glad if he gets a stickful in Monday's paper. Many preach with one eye on the night editor. This modern king makes and unmakes reputations. He makes and unmakes issues and platforms. He gives the average man all the opinions the latter has, or thinks he has, and all he charges is two

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*Read before a Chicago club of importance.

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cents or one cent for a liberal assortment of them. His tax is light and not compulsory, in which he realizes and at the same time mocks the ideal of Anarchism. If he were Carlyle's benevolent and enlightened despot, the problem of government would be solved. He tells us what to eat, what to drink, when to get vaccinated, how to vote, how to educate the children or treat the wife, when to strike, and when to go to law. He corrects prime ministers, lectures bishops on their theology, judges on law, and instructs experts in the elements of their professions.

There are despotisms that are tempered by assassination. Some kings have been overthrown by revolutions, and some have been placed in lunatic asylums. You cannot kill the modern king, the editor, and many of them anticipate any possible move in the other direction named by making their papers lunatic asylums and continuing to exercise their power, with more sublime impudence than before.

I am not concerned now with the political, scientific, theological, or literary performances of this modern king. They cry to heaven, to be sure, and perhaps, since the Literary Club is looking for trouble in the line of reform, as we gathered from the able and lofty inaugural of our new president, it might undertake the general reform of the newspapers. It is the historical side of the newspaper that claims my attention on this occasion.

First, there is the question of history as it is recorded—and sometimes made—by the paper from day to day. We necessarily depend on our paper, or papers, for our daily bread of news. It may be foolish to

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care to know what we call the news of the day. Nine-tenths of what we read in the paper can have no real interest or importance to us, and the wise reader is an expert skipper. But each of us is interested in some things, and as to these the daily historian is indispensable. It may be a great strike involving first principles, or a war, or a political campaign, or a church congress, or a murder trial, or the publications and musical events of the season. Of course what we want is an accurate record, the main facts set down without malice or license or arbitrary selection. It is notorious that we get nothing of the sort. The honest, patient recording of things that are actually said and done, and in the way in which they are said and done, is too dull and unprofitable an occupation for the modern editor-king. When there is no news to record, we know, he sends out his subjects to make news. This, however, is a small matter beside the treatment of news not made to order for the sake of screaming headlines and brisk sales.

It was an evil day when the newspaper publisher conceived it to be his business to influence or mold public opinion. There is, in truth, nothing in common between the recording function and the function of interpreting the facts or events recorded. Tell me exactly what happened at a given place, and I have the raw material for an opinion. If I am ignorant of the antecedents and surrounding circumstances of a recorded event,—say, the defeat of a French ministry or the formation of a new alliance,—I must ask someone to explain the event to me. It does not follow that the man who can supply the information as to the

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event has the right view of it. I may go to the London "Times" for the facts, and to the London "News" for an interpretation of them. As a matter of economy and convenience it is well to have your comment served fresh and hot with the news; but what if the comment, in addition to being wrong and dishonest, falsifies the news and leads to a prejudiced, dishonest report of it even in the alleged news pages?

With some exceptions the modern editor sacrifices the news to the views he holds, or wishes you to hold. He starts out with what he calls a policy,—another name for a stock of prejudices, notions, and personal likes and dislikes. He has the class bias, the party bias, the personal interest bias, to name no other. He is not content to express his alleged opinions; he must torture the facts into correspondence with them. If he hates labor unions, he gives orders to represent every strike as a riot or insurrection. If he says editorially that there are fifty labor assaults a month, the news pages must show fifty assaults.

A recent writer called attention to the fact that as regards the labor-capital controversy there is no longer a neutral public. The disappearance of this neutral public, whose influence used to make for conciliation and compromise and common sense, is due to the attitude of the press and mainly in reporting. Just as in certain schools of diplomacy language is used to conceal thought, so with many papers the purpose of publication of the news is to prevent the actual news from becoming known.

We have Democratic news, Republican news, Populistic news, plutocratic news, and the greatest of these

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is the last evil, for the world is rapidly falling under the dominion of plutocracy, and the press is simply one of its most effective weapons; but there is no such thing, with the average paper, as news pure and simple.

Now, if even we, who have witnessed the growth of these pernicious tendencies and the capture of the press by a vulgar, commercialized element, have no means of getting at the facts; if it be practically impossible even for us to know what is going on in our own city, in our own party, in our own line of business,—what will the poor historian of the future do? It is appalling to think of the judgments and conclusions, of the sociology and ethics and politics, that the future generations will try to build on the foundation of the reports contained in the yellow paper, the plutocratic paper, the class or factional paper, the blood-thirsty jingo paper, and so on.

There is nothing more valuable to the historian than honest partisanship. We may laugh at the man who does not know, politically speaking, that the war is over, or that we have expanded and taken the starch out of the Declaration of Independence, but he is with us. He is honest and has to be reckoned with. Of what use to the historian is the syndicated paper that has no opinions except for revenue, and that stands between him and honest, if mistaken, opinion?

What is to be done? When street-car companies carry things—not men—too far and exhaust our patience and strap-holding capacity, we municipalize them. We cannot municipalize or nationalize the press, since it is not a "natural monopoly." Any one who has made or stolen enough money can buy or

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start a paper, adopt the awe-inspiring editorial "we," and proceed to advise, dictate in the fulness of ignorance, and lie without shame and without much fear about all men and all affairs of men. Socialism might remedy this, but we are not all Socialists yet, and a few of us hope to remain individualists, despite the desperate efforts of a greedy and vulgar plutocracy to drive us into Socialism. What remedy shall we advocate? Millionaires might endow a newspaper in the interest of the contemporary and future historian. This resort failing, there remains nothing but the initiating of a movement to abolish the editorial page. We can boycott it, of course, though there are some lawyers who manage to convince themselves that boycotting—that is, letting alone—is illegal. We can pass resolutions praising and commending those papers that have taken some steps in this creditable direction and spare us their opinions. We pay street musicians more for not playing than for playing; why not offer to pay five cents for a paper that will give us the actual news without faking and doctoring and spoiling it, in preference to paying one cent for a paper which gives us far eastern reports prepared in Chicago, and Chicago labor reports that might as well have been written in Manchuria, and correspondence that contains no news, and news that contains no truth?

We might adopt the Tolstoian policy of passive resistance, but these are strenuous and militant times, and we cannot afford to let the jingo, the reactionary, the spoilsman, the grafter, the political clown, and the grabber do all the fighting. Truth may be mighty, but it does not prevail without some assistance from

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humble mortals. And what chance has the still small voice of culture and decency and justice in the noise produced by the quacks and demagogues and blatherskites? Alas, we were not all born in Arcadia, and, if we were, we have since moved away, like the ancient Greeks that Dooley wrote about. There is nothing Arcadian about our politics, our journalism, and our business scramble. All these are more suggestive of bedlam, and the most bedlamite of all our nuisances is the average modern newspaper, which abhors Arcadia, with its peace and sweet reasonableness and humanity, as nature abhors a vacuum.

The British poet-laureate, in a recent speech full of paradox, praised providence for the superior journalism of our day. He should have prayed for it, and thus tested the efficacy of prayer. There are some superior journals, but who reads them, and what is their influence on politics and business morality and the making of history? Alas! even the future historian will not consult them, for the curse of humbug is that it reaches the future through its grip on the present.

The average man asks how we would get along without the "great" newspaper. Let us ask how we expect to get along, as civilized, truth-loving men, with the "great" newspaper? S. R.

Said a young woman to me the other day: "It seems to me that a man who calls himself an egoist must be lacking in the sense of humor." The remark raised before my mind the figures of those jovial moralists, Calvin and Comstock, and those long-faced egoists, Rabelais and Bernard Shaw.

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HENRIK IBSEN.*

A writer born in a country whose language is not one of the principal languages of the world is generally at a great disadvantage. A talent of the third order that finds expression in one of the tongues that may be called universal achieves glory much more easily than a genius with whom the great nations cannot enjoy direct familiarity.

And yet it is impossible for another to produce anything whatever that is really artistic in any other than his native tongue. First of all, his fellow-countrymen must recognize in his work the exact savor of the soil. There is nothing for him, then, but to bow to this alternative: either the savor in question will evaporate through translation, or else, by some master-stroke at the command of very few interpreters, it will persist; but in the latter case the work will preserve peculiar characteristics of a nature to render its diffusion slow and difficult.

If Henrik Ibsen has become known and admired in all countries in a minimum number of years, this is due, in the first place, to the fact that he wrote in prose. Everybody knows that prose is infinitely more easy to translate than poetry. Furthermore, he has no style, in the rhetorical sense of the word. He uses short, simple, clear phrases, whose shades lie in the content and not in the form.

On the other hand, his production has evolved steadily in the direction of the generalization, the universalization, of theses. After having written plays in which only the Scandinavian soul was faithfully reflected, he worked more and more for the world public. A detail here and there indicates this tendency in a remarkable fashion. Thus in a play written in the middle of his career he places in Norway a château (Rosmersholm) of a type very common in Germany, Scotland, and elsewhere, but utterly unknown in Scandinavia.

Finally, and especially, he has revolutionized the art form in which he expressed himself.

Efforts have been made to trace his work to the initiative of certain German dramatists,—Friedrich Hebbel, for instance,—but it has been impossible to deny that these were no more than precursors.

The French dramatists who dominated the European theatre

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*Georg Brandes was writing this essay at the time of Ibsen's death. It should not be confounded with the previous writings of Brandes on the same subject.

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during Ibsen's youth belong to a category absolutely different from his own. We find in their works a special characteristic called intrigue, which Ibsen utilized only in the plays of his youth,—which are not real Ibsen. Another peculiarity emphasizing the contrast between the French manner, classic or romantic, and Ibsen's manner is the development of the characters. In the French pieces the character is established almost from its first appearance, either by acts or by other external indications. But at an Ibsen play the spectator who would decipher an individuality is forced to the same efforts as in life. No more than in life, for instance, can he count on the aid of such childish expedients as the monologue and the aside.

The most happily conceived characters of modern French dramas are almost all one-sided, or in some other way incomplete. Emile Augier's Giboyer, which seems so life-like, is lacking in complexity nevertheless, not only in comparison with kindred characters familiar to us in actual life, but in comparison with Rameau's nephew. In spite of everything, it is a symbol, and inspires within us no vibrant response.

How different with Solness! This character too is a symbol, but in his nature there are a number of individual peculiarities which create between him and ourselves close, firm, palpable ties,—painful.too, and thereby moving our passions.

And Ibsen has carried to such perfection this scenic realization of character and this thorough utilization of individual mental intrigue that it has become impossible to achieve theatrical success with plays of the sort that was triumphant in France and elsewhere twenty years ago.

Some of the most eminent *savants* of Scandinavia—Tycho-Brahé, Linnæus, Berzélius, Abel—and one sculptor, only one, Thorwaldsen, have won fame with some promptness beyond the confines of their own land. The number of writers who have had the same good fortune is limited. The novels of Tagner are esteemed in Germany and England; the fantastic tales of Andersen are popular in Germany, Poland, and France; Jacobsen has exercised a certain influence in Germany and Austria. This is all, or almost all; and the Danes, for instance, will never become resigned to the thought that the foreigner is unaware even of the existence of so profound and original a mind as Sœren Kiarkegaard.

This injustice, of which the rest of Europe is guilty toward most of the Scandinavian authors, and toward Kierkegaard in particular, has been of much service to Henrik Ibsen. He was the first Scandinavian to write for the universal public, and he

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worked a revolution in one branch of literature; it was commonly agreed that he was the greatest of all the writers ever born in the three countries of the North, and that, besides, he had no intellectual ancestry in his own race any more than in central, or western, or southern Europe.

One distinction must be noted. If the three Scandinavian literatures be considered from the absolute point of view; if account be taken only of the personal genius of the authors and of their national genius,—that is, of their individual value and of the relations between this value and their environments, race, etc.,—then several Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish writers are indisputably worthy to be ranked with Ibsen. But it is certain, on the other hand, that, if the first consideration is to be the influence exercised over universal intellectuality, Ibsen must be proclaimed the most powerful mind of Scandinavia up to the present time.

Henrik Ibsen began by producing plays whose subjects are borrowed from history or from legend. Then he gave to the stage works which fairly may be considered as purely polemical: "The Comedy of Love," "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "The League of Youth." But his glory rests on his twelve modern plays on which he worked during his maturity.

Of these twelve dramas six are devoted to social theses; these are: "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," and "Rosmersholm." The six others are purely psychological developments, bearing principally upon the intellectual and sentimental relations between woman and man. It is possible, however, to view these also as pieces devoted to a thesis, for they seem written especially to establish the superiority of the feminine character. This cycle includes: "The Lady of the Sea," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master-Builder," "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "When We, Dead, Awaken." This is a cycle of domestic and familiar plays, — intimate, in short.

It is with these twelve plays that Ibsen has conquered one of the most eminent situations among the rare minds that guide the course of universal culture. And, to form an exact and precise idea of the importance and the nature of his influence, it is fitting to compare him with other directors of the contemporary conscience. Taine, Tolstoi, and Ibsen were born in the same year. Naturally, these three men possess several traits in common.

Taine, like Ibsen, began by being a rebellious mind; before the age of forty, he did his utmost to bring about a revolution of

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French intellectuality. And then, as the years passed, Taine, still like Ibsen, came to hate democracy more and more, looking upon it as a blind leveller. Both have taught that majorities always and everywhere group around the worst guides and the worst solutions.

Taine, however, is the more conservative of the two. His ideal is the British *régime*. Ibsen is no more indulgent for that *régime* than any other that rests on an *ensemble* of established principles. In his eyes doctrines scarcely count. It is not by the aid of new dogmas that society is to be ameliorated, but the transformation of individuals.

Tolstoi, so great in his feelings, but so narrow in his ideas, has failed to understand either Taine or Ibsen, and it is painful to hear him declare Ibsen unintelligible. He belongs none the less to the same family as the Scandinavian dramatist, the family of the great modern iconoclasts, who are also prophets. He too is working for the destruction of all prejudices, and announces the advent of a new order of things, which is born and develops without the aid of the State and even against its opposition. Like Ibsen, he is full of tenderness for all forms of insurrection against contemporary society,—all, including Anarchism. Only he is impregnated with oriental fatalism, and of equality he has the most basely demagogical conception, the conception of a tramp,—and of a Russian tramp at that! Whereas Ibsen is a furious aristocrat, who would tolerate only one form of levelling, —a form whose plan should be indicated by the proudest of all souls. Tolstoi recommends the individual to dilute himself in evangelical love; Ibsen counsels him to disengage and fortify his autonomy.

We find in Ibsen certain of the fundamental ideas of Renan, who was his elder, and with whose works he seems to have been unfamiliar. When he writes: "I propound questions, knowing well that they will not be answered," do we not come in contact with a mentality substantially identical with that of Renan? The only difference to be seen sometimes between the two is that one attracts you by his charm, while the other lays hold of you in a manner that terrifies.

Count Prozor, moreover, has shown clearly the relationship existing between the conceptions set forth in a work of Ibsen's youth, "Brand," and those developed by Renan in one of his early works, "The Future of Science."

When Brand proclaims that the church should have no walls or any sort of limits, because the vault of heaven is the only roof befitting it, we recognize the same idea that Renan affirmed in

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declaring that the old church is to be succeeded by another vaster and more beautiful.

Among the great guides of conscience there is another whom we cannot help comparing with Ibsen. I mean Nietzsche, of whom, however, he has never read a line. Ibsen, Renan, Nietzsche, all three have claimed for truly noble individualities the right of escape from all social discipline. This is the favorite idea of Rosmer, and also that of Dr. Stockmann. Long before predicting the "overman" through the lips of Zarathustra, Nietzsche declared the formation of superior beings to be the essential aspiration of the race. The individualism of the three thinkers is of an ultra-aristocratic tendency.

Ibsen and Nietzsche meet also in the psychological domain. The latter loves life so passionately that truth seems to him precious only so far as it tends to the preservation of life. Falsehood, in his eyes, is reprehensible only because in general it exercises a pernicious influence upon life; when its influence becomes useful, then it is commendable.

In vain does Ibsen profess the worship of truth; he sometimes concludes exactly as Nietzsche, in favor of the contingent legitimacy of falsehood. In "The Wild Duck" Dr. Relling pleads the necessity of certain simulations. In "Ghosts" the very thesis is the harm that truth may do. Madame Alving cannot and will not tell Oswald what his father really was. She refuses to destroy his ideal. For here Ibsen goes so far as to place the ideal in opposition with truth.

Madame Borkman lives on an illusion. She says to herself than Erhart will become capable of accomplishing great things and will make his family famous. "That is only a dream," another character tells her, "and you cling to it simply to avoid falling into despair." Borkman, for his part, dreams that a deputation is coming to offer him the management of a great bank. "If I were not certain that they will come," he cries, "that they must come, I would long ago have blown my brains out."

Says the sculptor Rubec: "When I created this masterpiece—for the 'Day of Resurrection' is surely a masterpiece, or was at the beginning . . . . . no, it is still a masterpiece; it must, it absolutely must remain a masterpiece."

Ibsen and Nietzsche lived lives of grim solitude. It is difficult to solve the problem posited by Count Prozor,—the question which of the two has best and most betrayed in his works the influence of this isolation. It would be still more difficult to decide which of the two makes the deeper impression on the read-

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er, and which of the two will be the longer famous.

In Scandinavia, at any rate, Ibsen has founded no school. He seems really to have rendered the three kingdoms but one service,—that of greatly contributing to draw the attention of the rest of the world to their literature.

In Germany, Ibsen was highly appreciated twenty years ago as a great naturalist, like Zola and Tolstoi. Nobody would hear a word of the idealism of Schiller, and it was thoroughly agreed that Ibsen was no idealist. Various groups began to be fond of him for diametrically opposite reasons. On account of the revolutionary current that runs, so to speak, through the depths of his works, and which is especially apparent in "The Pillars of Society," the conservatives catalogued him among the Socialists. On account of his championship of the individual and his curses on majorities, the Socialists placed him, now in the category of reactionaries, now in that of Anarchists.

The contemporary German theatre, especially that of Hauptmann,—and Hauptmann is the greatest living German dramatist,—reflects the influence of Ibsen even more than that of Tolstoi.

In France Ibsen was adored as the god of symbolism in the days when symbolism was in fashion. He won hearts by the Shaksperean character of his mystical discoveries,—the white horses in "Rosmersholm," the stranger in "The Lady of the Sea." And then they consecrated him Anarchist during the years when it was good form to pose in favor of Anarchism. The bomb-throwers, in their speeches in court, named him among their inspirers. On the other hand, his technique has made a school,—witness, for example, François de Curel.

In England Ibsen has had scarcely any influence except on Bernard Shaw; and, in spite of the efforts of critics like Edmund Gosse and William Archer, his works are known to a very limited public. It is to be remarked that, in general, the English see in him a perfect materialist, but an admirable psychologist.

When everybody feels sure that he sees in the works of a genius a faithful reflection of the most diverse and contradictory mentalities, that genius must be very broad and very deep. The Norwegians have declared Ibsen a radical after having proclaimed him a conservative; elsewhere he has been dubbed by turns Socialist and Anarchist, idealist and materialist, and so on. He is all that, and he is nothing of all that; he is himself,—that is, something as immense and manifold as humanity itself.

GEORG BRANDES.

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A LITTLE GIRL*

AN EPISODE FROM THE EARLY LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

One evening, tired out after a hard day's work, I lay down to rest on the ground near the wall of a large brick house—a melancholy old building; the red rays of the setting sun disclosed large cracks and thick growths of mud on its walls.

Inside the house, day and night, like rats in a dark cellar, hungry, dirty human beings rushed hither and thither; their dirty bodies only half-covered with rags, and their black souls—just as naked and dirty.

Through the windows of the house, like the thick gray smoke of a great fire, resounded the hum of life. I listened to that long familiar, disgusting, and dejecting clamor, and then fell into a doze, not in the least expecting to be roused from my reveries by any unusual sounds.

But from somewhere, not far from where I lay among piles of empty barrels and broken boxes, there suddenly came upon my ears the sound of a tender voice singing a lullaby.

I had never in this house, before, heard mothers singing their babies to sleep in such a loving, tender voice. Carefully raising myself, I peeped through the barrels and saw, sitting on one of the boxes, a little girl; with her little flaxen curly head bent low, she sat there on the box, swaying slowly to and fro, thoughtfully humming a lullaby.

In her dirty little hands she held a big broken wooden spoon swathed in a red rag, and gazed upon her doll with large sorrowful eyes.

She had beautiful eyes; bright, soft, and more than childishly sorrowful. Noting their expression, I no longer saw the dirt on her face and hands.

Around her, in the air, screams, oaths, loud laughter, and loud lamentation hovered like mists; everything on the dirty ground around her was in ruin and disorder, while the lurid red rays of the evening sun, lighting on the wreck of broxen boxes and barrels, imparted to them a ferocious and strange appearance, resembling the remains of some enormous monster, overcome by the stern and heavy hand of poverty.

Accidentally I lost my footing; the noise caused the girl to tremble; seeing me, her eyes contracted suspiciously, and her whole body shrank in fear, as a mouse before a cat.

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*Translated from the Russian by George E. Haendleman.

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Smiling, I looked upon her dirty, sorrowful, and timid face; she bit her lips tightly together, and her thin eye-brows twitched nervously.

Suddenly, she rose from her seat, shook her torn, once-pink dress in a business-like manner, shoved the doll into her pocket, and in a clear ringing voice asked me:

"What are you looking at?"

She was only about eleven years old; thin, emaciated, she was observing me very closely, while her eye-brows still continued to twitch.

"Well?" she continued, after a short pause, "what do you want?"

"Nothing," said I; "go and play, I am going away."

Then she came up boldly to me, her face fastidiously wrinkled, and, in the same loud, clear voice, said:

"Come with me for fifteen copecks."

I did not comprehend her at first; I only remember that I shuddered as if in the presence of a great horror.

But she pressed closer to me, leaned her shoulder on my side, and, turning her face away from my gaze, continued to speak in a dull, sorrowful voice:

"Well, aren't you coming. . . . I don't feel like going out now to look for other customers . . . and besides, I have nothing to go out in: mamma's lover squandered my dress too, for drink. . . . Well, come."

Gently, silently, I began to repulse her, while she looked into my eyes with a suspiciously perplexed expression on her face; her thin lips were strangely curled; she raised her head, and, looking vacantly upward with her wide-open, clear, sorrowful eyes, almost inaudibly whispered:

"Why do you hesitate? You think I am little, and will scream? Don't be afraid—I used to at first—but now. . . ."

And, without finishing her sentence, she spat indifferently. . . .

I left her, carrying away in my heart a feeling of great horror, and the memory of a sorrowful glance from a pair of bright childish eyes.

MAXIM GORKY.

ANOTHER AND BETTER WAY TO CRAWL

Concerning the Wood discussion in Liberty, if it be advisable to "crawl" towards Anarchy in sexual relations by State aid (which is questionable), would it not be a better plan (than Mr. Wood's) for the State to disseminate the knowledge of how to prevent sexual conception, so that young men and maidens may

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indulge in the sexual function without resulting inconvenient consequences? If young unmarried girls did not give birth to babies, there would be no disgrace. The cost would be trifling and the benefit inestimable if the State should provide a "free" supply of Neo-Malthusian appliances. Mr. Wood ought to think this over. There are great possibilities therein for one who believes in State aid towards Anarchy. W. J. R.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

[London "Club Life," June 2.]

I'm an anti-Socialist,
And I've always done my best
Good old private Enterprise to shove along;
Reckoned nothing should be done,
Reckoned nothing should be run
By the State that tackles things and does them wrong.

So I run my own affairs
Just as other folks should theirs,
And I never even use a public road:
Never use the public rail,
All my goods and all my mail
I deliver at and take from my abode.

When I write to Greece or Rome,
With the letter, o'er the foam,
Straight I go myself and save the postage fee,
And I fetch the answer back
Per some ancient cargo hack
That receives no cursed State mail subsidee.

'Gainst the public bores and tanks,
Public schools and savings banks,
Water pipes, and wharves, and works of irrigation,
I've been fighting all my days,
By all private means and ways,
In the best and truest interest of the nation.

And the public governor,
Or the judge, or hangman, or
The public cop patrolling on his beat,
The sight of them to me
Is wrath and misery
When I run against them in the public street.

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PUBLIC ENTERPRISE

With compliments to the anonymous author of Private Enterprise.

[London "Club Life," June 9.]

I'm a Socialist, State mad,
And I think it very bad,
For any man to work "upon his own."
Everyone should guided be
By our god, Majority;
And should never think, or speak, or act alone.

The men who wear red ties
Are superlatively wise,
When they say that life would be a bed of roses,
If the State would just arrange
All production and exchange
On the scientific plan of counting noses.

From the navvy to the clerk,
Everyone should go to work,
At the calling of the communistic horn;
And their clothes and bed and rations
Should be 'neath State regulations
Right away from the sad day when they were born.

If the State does all the feeding,
It must supervise the breeding;
For, if we are to be a healthy nation,
Every infant citi-zen
Must be up to standard; then
There must be a State control of population.

So, shout hurrah! with me,
For the people must be free;
That is, as free as the State thinks beneficial,
When their wages, work, and wives,
Are controlled throughout their lives
By the omni-powerful Government official.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS,
London Patriotic Club.

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HISTORY AS TAUGHT IN RUSSIA

In all the Russian schools a manual of history written by the learned Professor Dowajski is in use as a text-book. The following is a literal translation of a passage from this manual:

Louis XVI was a peaceable and good king. After a long and glorious reign, during which he was particularly fortunate in his choice of ministers of finance, he died tranquilly in Paris, beloved by his people, being taken away by a rush of blood. He was succeeded by his son, Louis XVII, under whose reign the brave royal army, commanded by the royal field-marshal, General Napoleon Bonaparte, conquered, for the French crown, the larger part of the European continent. But the unfaithful Napoleon, having shown signs of abusing his power and pursuing ambitious ideas directed against the legitimate government, was, with the aid of His late Majesty, the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Alexander First Paulovitch, stripped of all his dignities, titles, and rights to a pension, and sent to the island of St. Helena, where he finished his life.

THE CASE OF THE VICAR OF BRAY

[Louis Martin in "Le Rappel."]

One man preaches liberty. He is put in power. Do not fancy that he will try to realize liberal institutions to the extent compatible with present necessities. From the moment that he enters the government liberty has no further charm for him; he dreams only of the delights of authority.

Another has passed his life in extolling the sweets of *régimes* of suppression. His party falls. He loses his old opinions in losing power. Do not be alarmed. He will find them again; with the first favorable wind he will quit again the shores of liberty for those of authority.

It is always the old story of the Vicar of Bray. From a Catholic he became a Protestant; then he came back to Catholicism only to abandon it again. Three or four times, without shame or false modesty, he executed this little maneuver. His friends were astonished, and reproached him with his indifference. "I," he said, "indifferent! I inconstant! Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I never change; I wish to be Vicar of Bray." How many people there are in this world who have no other opinion than that of wishing to be Vicar of Bray!

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The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

October, 1906
Price, Ten Cents

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

At Mr. Byington's request I print his article on "Government as a Spelling Reformer" in a spelling so simple that beside it Roosevelt's "simplified" method looks labyrinthine in its complexity. But let the nervous reader be reassured; I shall not repeat the offence. If there were no other motive, that of economy is sufficient. In orthography, strange to say, extreme simplicity is expensive, increasing the printer's bill some fifty per cent. However, I am not one of those who rave against Roosevelt for the stand he has taken in this matter. His orthographic initiative is perhaps the most harmless feature of his administration. My rage, rather, is against the American people, who have never shown their slavish Archistic temperament more plainly than by their readiness to sit up and take notice when a president of the United States, though a comparative ignoramus, assumes the *rôle* of educational leader, whereas for years real and qualified educational leaders have similarly appealed to them, but in vain.

Mr. Byington's supply of Anarchist stickers being exhausted, he has transferred to me the business of manufacturing and supplying them. Hereafter all the

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stickers will be of the same size, but they will be issued in greater variety. I have retained nearly all the old ones, and have added new ones suggested by Mr. Byington and other friends, as well as some of my own choice. In all, there are now forty-eight. I am printing a million of them, and expect them to be ready for delivery early in October. They will be sold in perforated sheets, each sheet containing four copies of the same sticker. This method allows the purchase of any desired assortment, whereas it has been necessary heretofore to purchase all or none. The stickers will be numbered from 1 to 48, and a circular giving the entire list will be mailed to any address, on application. Moreover, the price has been reduced, owing to the greater cheapness of manufacture in large quantities. For one hundred stickers—that is, twenty-five sheets of four each, assorted to suit the purchaser—the price will be five cents, postage paid. For two hundred, or more, the price will be three cents per hundred, postage paid. To produce at these prices I have been obliged to invest a considerable sum of money, and, because of this, and because also of the extreme cheapness and effectiveness of this method of propagandism, I appeal to all Anarchists to purchase the stickers generously and use them profusely.

I want a canvasser for Liberty and my other publications. If I can secure the right man, I will pay him a salary of ten dollars per week, besides a commission of one-third on all subscriptions and sales. He must be a man of good appearance and address, able to

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command respect and attention wherever he may go; he must be a thoroughly well-grounded believer in Anarchism; he must be a faithful and enthusiastic worker; and must be prompt, accurate, and reliable in his business methods and dealings. I do not expect that he will be able to do sufficiently well to make his work profitable to me in any other sense than that of helpfulness to the cause; but, whatever the loss may be, I shall charge it to advertising. The loss cannot exceed the salary paid. Every dollar's worth sold will decrease that loss and increase the canvasser's earnings. I believe that such a canvasser can earn fifteen dollars a week, salary included. Perhaps he can earn twenty; at that point his work would begin to be profitable to me. If any reader of Liberty would like the position, I shall be pleased to listen to his application.

If any wish to contribute to the fund for placing a memorial tablet on the house at Bayreuth in which Max Stirner was born (see, on another page, the call issued by John Henry Mackay), they may do so through Liberty, if they prefer. Such contributions will be announced in the number to appear December 1. I think this project far more important than the placing of the tablet on the house in Berlin in which Stirner died or even the placing of the slab over Stirner's grave. The grave-slab and the Berlin tablet are rarely seen by people likely to be interested, whereas Bayreuth, because of the Wagner festivals, will be, for years and years to come, a Mecca for liberal-minded people the world over; and, as Bayreuth is a small place and the sojourners there have very little to

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do, it is sure that a goodly proportion of them will find the Stirner tablet, and become aware that such a man as Stirner once lived, and read his wonderful book.

The Chicago " Evening Post " notices my new catalogue, paying especial attention to the advertisement of Liberty therein and quoting several of the " appreciations." But it could not bear the thought of a Chicago judge commending an Anarchistic periodical, and so it garbled the sentiment uttered by Judge Edward Osgood Brown, who " contents himself," says the " Post," " with the rather equivocal statement that Liberty is 'an almost unique publication'." Of course, if this were the whole of Judge Brown's statement, it would be equivocal. But, taken as a whole, what he said was absolutely unequivocal: " I have seen much in Liberty that I agreed with, and much that I disagreed with, but I never saw any cant, hypocrisy, or insincerity in it, which makes it an almost unique publication." That is to say, Liberty is unique because it is sincere, nearly all the other periodicals in the United States, including the Chicago " Evening Post," being more or less insincere. And the " Evening Post " could hardly have established its own insincerity better than by its garbling of Judge Brown's remark, with the intent of making its readers believe that the remark was not a compliment to Liberty, but a slur.

A good deal of discussion of the various cures for Anarchism has been admitted of late to the columns of the New York " Times," including a significant let-

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ter from "Constant Reader," who, deprecating Bonaparte's whipping-post as antiquated and cruel, proposed instead that the patriotic manufacturers of the country unite in a huge boycott of Anarchist workmen, which he thinks could be made effective in spite of the fact, frankly acknowledged, that many employers would be reluctant to sacrifice their pecuniary interests to their patriotic duty, as would be so often necessary, the Anarchist workman being as a rule the skilful workman. I do not often bother the newspapers with letters, but it occurred to me that here was an opportunity to be improved. So I addressed to the "Times" a brief and thoroughly unobjectionable letter, in which I expressed satisfaction that, after so many invasive remedies for Anarchism, at last we had been offered an Anarchistic remedy for Anarchism. I pointed out that the boycott and the black-list were preeminently Anarchistic weapons and had been steadily championed by Anarchists from the first; and, as an Anarchist, I offered a guarantee that, should the proposed boycott be attempted, every Anarchist in the country, though condemning the object, would applaud the method and accept the issue. But I also argued that the plan would prove a failure, not only because of the employers' selfish reluctance (foreseen by "Constant Reader") to dismiss the most skilful workmen, but because the majority of employers are, in my opinion, too much in love with fair play to be willing to substitute incompetent patriots for reliable and industrious Anarchists, not a few of them, indeed, being already puzzled by the query whether the political philosophy held by their most competent

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workmen may not, after all, be the true political philosophy. The "Times" did not print my letter. Can any one guess why?

It is not surprising that Secretary Bonaparte favors the whipping-post for Anarchists. In the eyes of a member of the family of the greatest murderer the world has ever seen no punishment can be too severe for those who dare to mention rope in the house of the hangman.

Henry Holt, the publisher and novelist, is a humaner man than Bonaparte. Instead of hanging and flogging, he proposes outlawry, for Anarchists. He is enamored of his cure, and can't understand the indifference of the sapient editors thereto. It seems that he has suggested it once or twice before, but without attracting much notice. But he is none the less convinced of its greatness, and he tells us that, if Anarchists had brains, they would clamor for it themselves. He explains his cure as follows:

> It is this—take the Anarchist at his word—apply to him the *argumentum in hominem*, not only to his intellect, if he has any, but to his person and his pocket—if he has any. He wishes government done away with. All right. As far as he is concerned, give him his desire. When he is convicted of having favored the abolition of government, as far as he is concerned let there be no government. Leave his defence of his person and property entirely to himself. Outlaw him. If any man or gang of men rob him or beat him, let him have no recourse to police or court. If any one kill him, let him feel, while he lives, that his murderer will go scathless.

Now, brother Holt, the Anarchists have sufficient intelligence not only to accept a cure which gives them

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what they profess to desire, but to puncture a quack cure and expose a shallow pretender who gives himself airs and imposes on the metropolitan editors. Do you really propose outlawry, complete and honest, or do you propose "jug-handled outlawry"? You would withhold protection; well and good. Would you allow the non-aggressive outlaw to protect himself, to assoicate with other Anarchists for self-protection? Would you permit him to occupy and use land, to buy and sell, to give and receive credit, to deal freely with all who voluntarily dealt with him? If your answer is "yes," you have indorsed the Anarchistic contention as to the right to ignore the State; you have, indeed, accepted Anarchism. If your answer is "no," then you are a quack, and are not giving the Anarchists what they profess to desire. You would aggress upon them, deprive them of the means of livelihood and protection, while denying them the small and poor protection in which you find the *raison d'être* of the State. Whenever you will guarantee that the State shall cease to rob us, we will take the chance of being robbed otherwise.

Chicago has been having a little pure-food crusade. Her food inspectors have been unusually active, thanks to Mayor Dunne's revolutionary indifference to "business interests." A very moderate newspaper thus sums up the results of the first week of the campaign:

That spoiled meats, rotten fruits, putrid fish, decayed canned goods, rancid butter, and similar nauseous substances have a market value, that they are "reprocessed" or "doctored" or otherwise treated and then are offered for sale to consumers or

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are served up as free lunch in saloons, is a startling discovery. Mr. Murray's investigations have brought to light places where large quantities of stuff little better than offal and garbage were stored up to be prepared for sale.

No one is innocent enough to think that the Chicago grocers and merchants are exceptionally wicked and abandoned wretches. But, if similar conditions exist in other cities, where, oh! where, is that worship of Law which my friend Wood of Oregon has made the basis of his whole philosophy of marriage and sexual relations? That the poisoners passionately invoke the law, and Law generally, when their interests may be served thereby, I am willing to believe. That, however, is a rather peculiar form of "worship" of Law.

Speaking of law, what of the persistent and systematic dodging of taxes on personal property, and of the wholesale lying and perjury that accompany it? Would a nation of worshippers of Law also be a nation of liars, perjurers, and dodgers of law-imposed taxes? Another nut for Mr. Wood to crack.

One of the most impressive supporters of law and order was the late Marshall Field, "the merchant prince" and multi-millionaire. Once a year or so he would proclaim the great discovery that all our ills were the result of contempt for and non-enforcement of the law. As regularly all the newspapers would write grave editorials echoing the profound wisdom of the great man and great advertiser. Now Chicago knows that Field failed to pay taxes on millions of property

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and sent his lawyers to lie about his taxable wealth and insist on a small assessment. A typical champion and worshipper of Law was Field.

One fact, however, has recently come to light which Mr. Wood is fairly entitled to cite in support of his theory. It is said that, when William Jennings Bryan lately arrived at this port from foreign parts, he needlessly declared dutiable goods on which the customs officials taxed him five hundred dollars. Mr. Bryan believes that the tariff is robbery, but he believes it to be his duty to help legal robbers to rob him. This is Law-worship,—the real article. And, as that excellent organ of free trade, the "Public," speaks admiringly of Mr. Bryan's act, I suppose I must concede to Mr. Wood another worshipper of Law in the person of Mr. Louis F. Post.

Bryan's threatened extension of governmentalism is driving the friends of governmentalism as it is to strange admissions. It never will do to entrust the operation of the railroads to governmental inefficiency, declares the secretary of the treasury; and, to enforce his remarks, he adds:

> There are over 20,000 public servants, exclusive of presidential appointees, under the direct supervision of the department at the head of which I have the honor to temporarily preside. They are a good, conscientious, painstaking body of men and women, and yet, if the treasury department were a private enterprise, every whit as much work could be accomplished with a reduction of one-third in number and one-fourth in the salary of those remaining. The condition is not to be charged to civil service rules and regulations, of which I most heartily approve, but to the inherent nature of public service.

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No Anarchist has ever said more. If Secretary Shaw's statement be true, it applies as forcibly to the post office department as to the treasury. If the efforts to extend the sphere of government shall continue to extort such confessions from the administrators of government, the foes of government can afford to preserve a blissful silence and let things take their course.

Bryan's "Letters to a Chinese Official"—a reply to the clever Englishman who three years ago created a stir by an anonymous publication purporting to have been written by a Chinese student of western civilization and Christianity—are a conventional, commonplace defence of "American ideals," and have pleased the Philistines whose "ideals" are of the Sancho Panza variety. I have no intention of criticising this production, but one sample of its wisdom calls for a word or two. The suggestion that Confucius forestalled the "Christian" golden rule offends Bryan, and he finds "a world of difference" between the precept, "What you do not want done unto yourself, do not do unto others," and the Christian precept. He says:

> The man who obeys Confucius will do no harm, and that is something; the harmless man stands upon a higher plane than the man who injures others. But "do" is the positive form of the rule, and the man who does good is vastly superior to the merely harmless man. One can stand on the bank of a stream and watch another drown without lifting a hand to aid, and yet not violate the "do not" of Confucius, but he will violate the "do" of Christ.

There is a difference between the negative statement

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of a rule and its positive statement, as Spencer contended in his observations on Kantian ethics. But the Bryan illustration is absurd. If it is no violation of the "do not" of Confucius to watch a man drown, it can only be because man wants such watching done unto himself. Is this conceivable? Does the average man want his fellows to see him drown without lifting their hands? Does man want injustice, unkindness, harshness, neglect unto himself? The fact is, the negative precept covers not only justice, but a good deal of negative and positive beneficence. It is different from the positive precept in that it is, generally speaking, a characteristic expression of a passive philosophy and passive attitude, whereas the "do" precept indicates an actual, "strenuous" attitude toward life. And, of course, an active attitude will yield more positive beneficence in a perfect state of society than a passive one —just as it yields more aggression in an imperfect society. Bryan's studies of the Orient, like his studies of the Christian civilization of the west, are still in the kindergarten stage.

Speaking of a most excellent decision rendered by Judge Stafford, of a District of Columbia court, in which the boycott is upheld without qualification, the New York "Times" says that it is a new doctrine that acts lawful for an individual do not become unlawful when done by agreement between a number of persons. Hardly new; Liberty has been advocating it for quarter of a century. The "Times" doubts if it will stand, "since the combination of a number to destroy a man's business is, necessarily, different in its

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effect from the efforts of single persons." By a parity of reasoning, then, the law must create a further distinction between the acts of single persons, for, when a manufacturer is boycotted by an individual consumer whose purchases amount to a million a year, the effect is necessarily different from that which follows a boycott by a consumer whose purchases amount to only a hundred a year. John Wanamaker and I are advertisers in the "Times." If I withdraw my advertising, the "Times" will not feel it; if Wanamaker withdraws his, it will be a heavy blow,—conceivably a fatal one. According to the doctrine of the "Times," then, I should be allowed to boycott it with impunity, but, if John Wanamaker should attempt such a thing, he must be adjudged a criminal. Is there any length or depth of nonsense or sophistry to which a newspaper organ of tyranny and privilege will refuse to go?

The receiver of the Philadelphia trust company that banked on Presbyterianism is of opinion that all religious denominations should be represented on boards of directors, and thinks even that "a conservative infidel of business reputation might be a good man to have on the board." Extraordinary admission, isn't it? from the home of Stephen Girard.

With Bernard Shaw spitting in the face of the German Socialists because they persistently refuse to assume the responsibilities of office, and with the German Socialists, through the mouth of Gorky, spitting in the face (here I use Gorky's own phrase) of France because French bankers continue to lend money to the

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czar, and with the French Socialists spitting in the face of Gorky because he has spit in the face of France, and with Voltairine de Cleyre also spitting in the face of Gorky because he has also spit in the face of Anarchy (which, by the way, is not the face of Voltairine de Cleyre), the London, Berlin, Paris, New York, and Philadelphia boards of health, if they intend to enforce the laws against expectoration in public places, are likely to have a lively time of it.

The arguments advanced by Mr. Swartz in his article on the Congo in this issue are not to be disputed; nevertheless the fact remains that, if compulsory taxation is to be practised, the tax in labor is the best of all forms, if imposed impartially. It settles the perplexing problem of incidence straight off; it does away with tax-dodging; and its effect is Anarchistic. Once John D. Rockefeller is forced to break stone for forty hours every month, whether in prison or out of it, the trusts, and with them the monopolies on which they rest, and with these compulsory taxation and the State itself, will go by the board.

The New York "Times" quotes with seeming approval the following sentence from Balzac: "To say to a man: 'You shall work but so many hours a day,' is to cut down his time, to encroach on human capital." But, unless I am mistaken, the "Times" approves Sunday legislation, and has written approvingly of the recent establishment in France of a compulsory weekly day of rest. Will it condescend to tell me why it is more an encroachment on human capital

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to say to a man, "You shall work but so many hours a day," than to say to him, "You shall work but so many days a week"?

Alexander Herzen, professor of physiology at Lausanne, died last August. He was a son of the famous Herzen, one of the early disciples of Proudhon. It is interesting to know that, though never active in politics, he remained faithful to his father's political and social ideas. The property of the family was confiscated in 1847. Later Alexander III offered to restore it to young Herzen on condition that he write in condemnation of his father's ideas. The offer was refused.

An Anarchistic surprise comes to us from Socialist New Zealand. The government has put forward land proposals which, if enacted, will compel all owners to sell within ten years the excess of land held beyond $250,000 unimproved value, and prevent the present owners of one thousand acres of first-class land or five thousand acres of second-class land from adding to their estates either by freehold or leasehold. This looks far in the direction of the "occupancy and use" theory, and is more libertarian than the Single Tax.

I am pleased to see that my friend Bolton Hall, who, by lending his name, has done rather more than his share to make yellow journalism popular, has at last become thoroughly disgusted with the horrible Hearst. But the fact that it has taken so long a time to develop this nausea in Mr. Hall's organism is proof to me that he has a strong stomach and weak eyes.

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A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE CONGO

In July, 1904, the king of Belgium appointed a commission to investigate the conditions existing in that country's territory in Africa. Leopold was practicall driven to do this by pressure brought to bear by the British government, which was, in turn, forced to act by the complaints of missionaries and travellers in the Congo territory. Everybody knew perfectly well that the commission was sent down there merely on a whitewashing expedition, and no other result was anticipated. Now there is no doubt that the whitewash was spread on thickly, but the things that show through are so glaring that one wonders what could have been covered up.

The report of this commission was made to the king in the latter part of last year. I have not seen the report in its original form, and the English translation (though bearing the imprint of of a prominent New York publishing house) is such a bad one and bears so many signs of having been done by some person not wholly master of the English language that it is difficult sometimes to make perfectly sure of the meaning intended. However, I shall take the report for what it apparently means.

The first thing that forces itself upon the reader's attention is the perfectly naive way in which the commission takes as a matter of course certain acts of government which civilized people for some decades have pretended to reprehend; although there are instances when the commission has deemed it necessary to apologize. Speaking of the land system and how it affects

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the natives, the commission says:

It thus happens, sometimes, that not only have the natives been prohibited from moving their villages, but they have been refused permission to go, even for a time, to a neighboring village without a special permit. The native, moving to another village without being provided with the requisite authority, makes himself liable to arrest, and occasionally is subjected to punishment.

The justification for this is that the State owns the lands, and that it can do as it pleases with its own. It merely condescends to permit the native to occupy a certain portion of it, and that only for purposes of cultivation; "all of the natural products of the land are considered as being the property of the State or of the companies holding the concessions." Thus we see that the native is allowed access to the soil only by sufferance, and that (as we learn further on) only because the labor of the native is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the white people there.

The question of taxation was really the most important with which the commission had to deal, and more space in its report is devoted to that than to any other subject. Here are a few excerpts from its "Justification of Labor Taxation," in some respects the most remarkable document that has been given to the world since the Stamp Act:

The white man, if he can become acclimated, can only with difficulty become able to endure the hard labor of the farmer and of the workman, and that too in a few favorable localities. . . .

It is only, therefore, in making of labor a duty that one can educate the native to furnish regular service and obtain the aid necessary to give value to the country, exploit its natural wealth, to profit, in a word, from its resources. It is at this price only

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that one can cause the Congo to enter upon the movement towards modern civilization, and snatch its population from the condition of bondage and barbarism in which they have rested until the present. . . .

Now the only means at the disposal of the State by which the native can be made to work is the imposition of a tax in labor; and it is precisely in view of the necessity of assuring to the State the indispensable labor of native hands that a tax in labor is justifiable in the Congo. . . .

The principle by virtue of which the State demands of its citizens, in the public interests, not only a contribution in the shape of money or products, but also personal service,—individual labor,—is admitted by European codes. The obligation of military service weighs heavily upon almost the entire male population of Continental Europe, and the laws clearly recognize in certain cases that the State and even the communes have the right to call upon their citizens for personal labor on works of public interest. For still greater reasons, this tax should be regarded as legitimate in a young State where everything is to be created, in a new country without other resources than those which can be drawn from the native population.

I have quoted at this length in order not to run the risk of doing an injustice either to King Leopold or to his commission. I cannot refrain from pointing out, however, a few flaws in this royal scheme of philanthropy, especially in regard to the last paragraph quoted above. Of course, to one who does not believe in any sort of compulsory taxation, the difference between the European custom and that of the Congo is one of degree only; but it seems to me that the justifier of military conscription must recognize that, in Europe, such service is exacted for a definite and limited period only, comprising only a small part of the life of the citizen, while in the Congo the conscription is for life. It is true, the labor tax in the case of the Congo native is nominally only forty hours per month; but it must be borne in mind that he must

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board himself and his family, and besides he has only what he can grow for this purpose, since he is not permitted to use any of the natural products of the soil. The forty-hours-per-month tax is, moreover, in most cases, virtually perpetual slavery, since it is frankly admitted by the commission that the forty hours of labor must be performed at such distance from home that the time consumed in transporting the product of the labor to the government post represents practically all the rest of the native's time. To the mind of this whitewashing commission, however, the fact that the native spends all his spare time in traveling to and from his work and delivering the product is of no importance, since he, "outside of the time spent in working for the State, passes the greater part of it in idleness." Of course, idleness is a virtue in those only who live off the labor of others. The commission overlooked the further fact that, in the Congo territory, the State does not treat the white settler on an equality with the native in the matter of taxation. It it required of the former practically all of his time, there might be at least a contention that all the people in the territory are impartially enslaved.

I am sure that the following peroration of the commission, on the subject, is such a beautiful piece of reasoning that my readers will forgive me for quoting it:

> A law, therefore, which imposes upon the native light and regular work is the only means of giving him the incentive to work; while it is an economic law, it is at the same time a humanitarian law. It does not lose the last-named character because it imposes some compulsion upon the native. To civilize a race means to modify its economic and social condition, its intellec-

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tual and moral status; it is to extirpate its ideas, customs, and habits, and substitute in the place of those of which we disapprove the ideas, habits, and customs which are akin to ours; it is, in a word, to assume the education of a people. All education which concerns a child or an inferior race necessarily inflicts a curtailment of liberty.

The remarkable thing about this is, to my mind, that it has attracted so little attention. It contains a brutal frankness to which even our own Roosevelt has not attained. I commend it to him as an example for the United States to follow in its "education" of the Filipinos.

Sometimes the native gets tired of working for the State, and seeks freedom in flight. For this the State is fully prepared. It has drilled a certain number of the most warlike natives as soldiers, and it sends a detachment of these after the fugitives. These latter are usually captured, but are brought back to the post only in parts,—a hand, foot, head, or some of the organs serving to show that the runaway was overtaken. The commission gently deplores this, and suggests that it be remedied; but it points out that "the native can understand and respect nothing but might"; and therefore:

Without doubt, he ought to yield to the inflexible law of labor which civilization imposes upon him. The more he advances on the highway of progress, the more he will be obliged to work, and, if some day his condition should approach our social status, he will have, like the Europeans, to work, not only to pay his taxes, but also to live.

With us, the great majority of the entire population must gain their livelihood by labor, and those who refuse to submit to this law have no other refuge than starvation, the prison, or the poorhouse.

If the rules of logic still hold sway, the inference to

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be drawn from the former of these two paragraphs is that the Congo native would not have to work merely to live; it is only for the higher privilege of paying his taxes that he is reduced to that necessity. By direct reasoning, therefore, the latter paragraph leads us to conclude that, before the advent of the white man, the native had no difficulty in avoiding starvation, prisons, and poorhouses. With what envy he must, then, look upon his more fortunate European brother, who has to work, " not only to pay his taxes," but also to keep himself from hunger, jails, or beggary!

Since I have started out to do exact justice, I must not forget to mention that the State (or its concessionaries) pretends to pay the natives for this enforced labor; but it is usually in commodities that the native finds of no use or value to him. In some localities the native is taxed so many *croisettes* (a kind of currency) in lieu of labor, and, in order to obtain these croisettes, the native is obliged to work for the rubber company. Hence:

> The quantity of rubber which the company requires in exchange for the croisette is left more or less arbitrary. More than that, the person who is in charge of the factory, and knows a native will not work after he has secured the number of croisettes necessary to pay his impost, is careful most of the time to pay the native in some sort of merchandise other than croisette.

The native's idea of the value of this alleged remuneration is likewise best stated in the commission's own words, which show that the native clearly realizes that he is a slave:

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In the region of the station of Stanleyville the blacks offered to an agent of a Dutch firm to surrender completely the remuneration whieh had been allowed them, on condition that the company would reduce to one-half the quantity of rubber demanded.

The only condition in the Congo territory that causes any uneasiness or alarm to King Leopold or his concessionaries is the question of depopulation. The natives are gradually being exterminated, and this in spite of the fact that Leopold prides himself on having "rescued" the country from the Arab slave traders and from the institutions of human sacrifice and cannibalism. Prior to the establishment of Belgium's "benevolent assimilation," the increase in population kept pace even with the ravages of the slave traders and with the domestic demands for human life and flesh; now, however, it is playing a losing game against the European diseases introduced, the excessive labor imposed by the government, and the slaughter by native soldiery in the so-called "punitive" expeditions, to say nothing of the fact that the natives are in many cases ceasing to have children in order to be unencumbered with them when they have to flee before a military expedition.

Now, if all this is what the commission has said (in bare, bald terms, in many cases), what may it not have left unsaid? Whatever that may be, the king has felt himself obliged to promise some reforms for the territory; but these, as enumerated in the daily press a few months ago, are merely pretended, and will still leave the way open for the same old abuses, since the only interest to be considered or conserved in

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the Congo is that of the king of Belgium. With this in view, of what use is it for Leopold to consider the native, except to preserve him for work for the State? It is all bluff to pretend that the natives will hereafter be engaged only "as free laborers," for neither the king of Belgium or anybody else has yet found any inducement for the native to work—except the divine right of kings and its corollary, force. And Leopold, who went to bless and remained to prey, knows how to exercise his rights. C. L. S.

GOVERNMENT AZ A SPELLING REFORMER

Certainly no one who takes an international view can doubt that spelling reform iz in the air. The Germans started at the beginning of the century; they had done a fairly good job of reform in 1880 and thereabouts, but, besidez the normal incompleteness of such thingz, it sufferd from such defects az that the schoolz of the different German-speaking powerz taught different systemz of spelling, and that the officialz of the Prussian government wer expressly forbidden to uze in any official buziness the spelling which the same Prussian government commanded to be taught exclusively in all public schoolz. But in 1901 the powerz got together in an Orthographical Conference, and agreed on a spelling which doez away with the writing of "th" for "t" in any nativ German word, practically settlz the principl that ther* ar

*It iz the traditional privilege of everybody who writes on the subject of spelling reform, whether in a friendly or a hostil way, to spel hiz articl on that subject az he choozez. I am here trying the looks in print of certain changez which hav seemd to me to be the logical first steps toward a really

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twenty-seven letterz in the German alphabet, and makes other simplificationz. In order to get readier acceptance, a large number of alternativ spellingz wer allowd. The printerz, who recognized that it waz nonsense to talk of not accepting the new system, rose in armz against the alternativz: for a printer alwayz hates alternativz. Therefore the German Union of Book-Printers, the Imperial League of Austrian Employing Book-Printerz, and the Union of Swiss Employing Book-Printerz, put their handz to the work, and produced a printerz' system which annihilated all duplicate spellingz for the same word with the same pronunciation, choozing almost invariably the more " advanced " form where the official list allowd alternativz; and the various German governments in their later word-lists hav followd the printerz' lead, tho with disagreements in detail from the printerz and from each other. I hav myself, as proof-reader on numerous German school-books, been uzing the new spelling about three years, az ordered by my employerz, and books with spellingz like " thun " or " thor " look a littl queer to me now. I believ the new system iz in general found to work wel where used, az it doez in my work.

Then the nation with the worst spelling in Europe, except English, took a turn. A wealthy Frenchman haz for some yearz been giving the French spelling-reformerz a subvention, and at length they got the

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effectiv reform; and, if I am leaving off my superfluous silent e'z in general, I shal distinguish between " there ", meaning " in that place ", and " ther ", meaning nothing but existence, az I do in speaking. I am very glad, too, to be abl to distinguish them; it would help the clearness of the language if we could distinguish them everywhere.

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minister of public instruction interested. He appointed a commission of grammarianz, educatorz, etc., to make recommendationz in the matter. The commission recommended pretty sweeping reformz, tho some scholarz criticize it for not being radical enough. The minister of instruction, however, when he saw the recommendationz, wrinkld hiz browz and sent the report to the Academy for advice. Ther iz not at prezent any grammarian among the memberz of the Academy, tho one of its official dutiz iz to prepare a grammar, which it has never found time to do since it waz founded. The Academy brought in a report on the report, in which it doubtless felt that it waz making extensiv concessionz to the spirit of reform, and did in fact concede enough to make unpleasant reading for the partizanz of rock-bound conservatizm; but the Academy's report was raked from bow to stern by the reformerz' gunz for the gross inconsistenciz which rezulted from its timidity. The secretary of the Academy, who had performed the duty of drawing up the report on the Academy'z behalf, himself wrote against the report and in the reformerz' favor, and indulged in some personal badinage against the man who drew up such a weak report; he said it waz permissible for him to be unceremonious with that man. Then the minister of education appointed another committee, representing both the Academy and the reformerz, to report on both the other reports; and it haz now reported that "g" with the soft sound, and "ge" before a vowel, shal everywhere be changed to "j", spelling "jens", "gajure", etc.; that nearly all doubl consonants which sound like singl consonants shal be speld

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singl ; that all words derived from the Greek shal be speld phonetically, bringing French into practical coincidence with Italian and Spanish az to theze wordz ; that all pluralz hitherto made with "x" shall be made with "s" instead ; and sundry minor changez. According to my latest information, it iz understood that this report will be put in effect, without waiting for any fourth committee to report on it.

Next the Zuluz took hold. They hav held two orthographical conferencez for the purpos of settling Zulu orthography, and have come to an agreement on all points save the chief point of all, which waz (I can best make it clear by a French analogy) whether to write "Je ne vous ai pas aimé" or "Jenevousaipasaimé." On this point the nativez and the dictionary-makerz wer for consolidation, while the educatorz and the book-writerz wer for separation; and it waz impossible to get either agreement or compromize. But the rest of Zulu orthography iz now regulated by agreement.

Next our own language fallz into line. The reformerz get Carnegie to lend them a hand, and, with hiz money to pay campaign expensez, they start a fresh boom for an enlarged edition of the lists of spellingz that Funk & Wagnalls got part of the public to adopt some few yearz ago. The prezent-day public feelz uncertain, however, whether the movement haz behind it anybody but Carnegie, the public being familiar with the multi-millionaire'z name but unfamiliar with the namez of the professorz, writerz, etc., in whoze handz he has put this bit of money—except Mark Twain, whoze name they do not accept az a guarantee of seriousness. Now

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One man for an instant
Strode out before the crowd.

Roosevelt ordered hiz printer in the government printing office to uze the Simplified Spelling Board formz in all matter printed to Roosevelt's order ; and the public listend. Roosevelt's bitterest enemiz must acknowledg* that no man in the country can blow a trumpet more sonorously than he ; and apparently that waz what the reformerz needed. The question of spelling reform iz before the eyz of the American peopl now az never before.

Yet this iz about all that Roosevelt haz yet accomplisht,—to bring it before the eyz of the peopl. The peopl blink at it, and each one watchez to see hiz neighbor try it, without thinking of trying it himself. The paperz ar, to begin with, remarkably unanimous in oppozing all change, whether wize and well-pland or erratic, whether strongly supported or sporadic. And now the Democratic paperz ar against Roosevelt as a Republican; a good number of Republican paperz ar against him az an overbearing man who triez to run too many thingz, who iz in general to be supported, but who puts himself in the way of wholesom disciplin when he triez to run the nation'z spelling ; and the paperz that ar Roosevelt's hearty supporterz ar so much in the habit of good-naturedly laughing at him that now, being also in the habit of laughing at spelling reform, they see in hiz prezent action simply

*If "acknowledgment" and "kedgree", why not "acknowledg"? Dr. Murray has been leading a forlorn reaction in favor of "acknowledgement", "judgement", etc., on the ground that a rule of English forbidz "g" to be soft except before certain vowelz. Let us rather insist that "dg" iz alwayz soft except before vowelz.

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a first-class opportunity for a newzpaper laugh. What wil come of it I cannot say; history iz being made az I write, and doubtless my record of facts wil look antiquated when it iz printed. But one thing iz clear: this reform, to which the general public haz heretofore given no attention except for the purpose of laughter, needed nothing so badly az serious public attention; and Roosevelt, despite the public habit of laughing at him, haz brought it more of this serious public attention than it haz ever had before within my knowledg. The report that the public printer at Washington findz it necessary, in response to an urgent popular demand, to sell at twenty-five cents each a great number of copiz of the list which the Simplified Spelling Board sendz free to all applicants, iz eloquent.

It waz antecedently to be expected that government would hav a finger in such a pi ; and it iz obvious that in the prezent case it haz put in more than one finger. In Germany, the classic land of government regulation of thingz in general, the State haz taken the direction of the whole change from the start, tho private enterprize waz first to reduce the State's scheme to a more convenient and efficient form. Correspondingly, Germany seemz to be the place where the change iz going into effect with the least friction and the least inconvenience to the public. For, as Plato remarkt in hiz time, ther iz no place wher a wholesale reform can be so readily put thru az in a despotizm. Plato'z dictum certainly requirez limitationz: first, you must get your despot on the right side; second, you must make sure that the reform iz not so unpopular az to

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shake hiz power; and, third, you must make sure that he haz hiz governmental engin in good running order; all theze three must coincide. The third factor, the rarest of the three, probably did not prezent itself to Plato'z mind at all, becauz inefficient despotizmz wer practically unknown in Greece; az soon as a despot's power showd any weakness, it waz the habit of the Greeks to put down the despotizm by armd force, and, if possibl, kill the despot; Plato had no conception of such a rust-ocracy az the Russia of to-day, tho he might hav seen such a thing half grown in Persia, if he had been an observing reformer, instead of a theorizing one. But in Germany the engin that Bismarck put in order haz not yet grown too rusty to grind out a great lot of work, and its fly-wheel carriz spelling reform thru at a single stroke of the punch.

In America the case iz different. We hav the disunion of liberty without its flexibility, the restrictivness of despotizm without its potency. It iz almost impossibl to expect success for a spelling reform in America against the oppozition of the public schoolz —and apathy iz oppozition in such a matter. The public schoolz ar under the control of the State legislaturez; or, in thoze placez where local or county authoritiz ar not bard by law from independent action, it iz almost incredibl that they should dare move in such a matter without an initiativ of the legislature, and, if they did so, it iz almost certain that the next session of the legislature would take away from them the powerz which they uzed with such independence. Spelling reform iz exclusively a movement of educated peopl, for several reasonz. First, when a man'z own

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education haz not got far enough to include very much besidez the spelling-book, he feelz a great respect for that spelling-book that constitutes so large a part of all he waz ever taught. Second, if a man iz not sure of hiz reputation for education, he iz afraid hiz neighborz wil think he cannot spel the hard way, if he advocates an eazier way of spelling. Third, new formz in reading ar a greater difficulty to him who doez not read eazily anyhow than to him who doez; tho in this respect I think it wil eventually be found that "American humor" haz done the reform a real service by familiarizing the man in the street with the practis of reading English in various spellingz, most of them better than the one he waz taught in school. Fourth, ther iz the reverence of narrow mindz for matterz of form; and, fifth, the general conservatizm of theze same narrow mindz. All theze reazonz make it improbabl that a legislature controld by a popular majority wil be found very favorabl to spelling reform, even if the educated ar proportionately reprezented. Now ad the fact that it iz customary for the educated to neglect the State legislature and devote their political activity to the attainment of perfection in national and city government—where they ar not yet on the verge of getting perfection. Consider what a State legislature actually looks like, and see how soon they ar going to take an interest in spelling reform.

I am painting in all the shadowz and leaving out the lights, I know. The New York regents ar a body of educated men who hav power to order that pupilz in the public schoolz of that State shal not be

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markt wrong on their examinationz for uzing the simplified spellingz, and I hav the impression that one of the Simplified Spelling Board iz, or waz, head of the regents. Then it iz possibl in other States to get a recommendation from the superintendent of schoolz or somebody, and to hypnotize the legislature—perhaps—with that recommendation. Still, with all gleamz of hope that can be found, it remainz substantially tru that the public school system haz us handcuft with the key thrown away, and that the only way to cut the handcufs iz by the influence of a quasi-official action of an audacious prezident.

Our experience at this moment showz us the weak point in this method, tho. It takes a rather masterful man to make such a stroke, and a masterful man in the office of prezident must necessarily, from the nature of hiz office, hav had a leading pozition in so much tyranny that he wil hav too many wel-earnd enemiz to carry the public with him az would be desirabl. Also political partizanship will do more against him than for him in such a matter.

Wel, suppoze we had no government; suppoze the schoolz wer on a voluntary basis,—what could we do? So long az the schoolz all stuck to the old spelling, we should be right wher we ar now; and it would be half-suicide, often whole suicide, for a school here and there to adopt the new spelling, while the country and the mass of schoolz were clinging to the old. What then? Must we not chooz between having a legislature to co-ordinate the action of the schoolz, and having nothing done?

Not absolutely, for a new dictionary servz to a large

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extent the purpose of a legislativ enactment, when all who like ar free to follow it. Still, we do very nearly hav to make the choice between theze two thingz. It doez not follow by a long way that the legislature must be a State one. It iz simply a case of the proposition I supported by so lengthy an articl a few months ago,—that lawz grow up by popular custom without needing a legislator (it haz lately been proved, by the way, that the prezent system of English spelling originated with the printerz of the Bible; the spelling carefully followd in the Bible waz taken az a model by the public), and that, when once formd, they oppoze a dead weight of rezistance to reform for an indefinit time, unless a legislature can be had to abrogate them at a stroke. But the more necessary this iz, the more certain it iz that men wil meet this need by free action, if they ar free to do it. If ther iz need of concerted action of the schoolz, they wil hav their own school congress to giv the word, and it wil be a body of such educated men az thoze who direct the policy of schoolz ought to be. The steps that hav already been taken by bodiz of educatorz make it tolerably certain that, if they had had the system of education in their handz, subject only to the need of pleazing patronz, ther would long since hav been a concerted movement by a large enough body of schoolz to keep each other wel in countenance: and, when once two spellingz ar both familiar, the man on the street wil generally take the simpler. The strait-jacket of government hinderz us from developing a natural system of legislation, on each subject by such authoritiz az the nature of the subject may demand,

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just az it hinderz us from natural development in everything else. The various half-developt free legislaturez that we hav all around us stop their work at the point where they know the exclusiv power of the State's legislature wil stop them from doing anything effectiv; and we ar left to hav our schoolz regulated by a legislature that waz chozen to regulate factoriz, or our factoriz by a legislature that waz chozen to regulate liquor, or—ther iz no end.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.*

DOGBERRY BONAPARTE AND THE "ANARCHIST."

The secretary of our navy delivered in August, before one of the numerous Chautauqua societies, an address on the proper treatment of "Anarchists." The subject was not exactly timely, but it was safer, the audience being what it was, than any topic relating, for example, to the lawlessness of the corporations Teddy is supposed to be fighting with "effect," or to the proposed taxation of incomes swollen beyond all healthy limits.

I have read various reports of the speech, but no paper has reported it in full. If Mr. Bonaparte started out with a definition of Anarchy and Anarchist, that definition has not found its way into print. Our intelligent reporters and editors do not care for definitions; there is nothing "exciting" about them.

Enough was printed, however, to convince the

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*Mr. Byington desires to notify the readers of Liberty that he has a new post-office address,—Ballardvale, Mass.

serious student that Mr. Bonaparte's ignorance of the subject of his address is profound and complete. He is as competent to deal with "remedies for Anarchy" as his prototype, Sir Joseph Porter, was to rule "the Queen's navee." From his particularly clumsy and muddled remarks concerning the alleged kinship between Anarchists and Socialists it is perhaps legitimate to infer that what he really objects to is the use and advocacy of violence. When he says Anarchist, he means bomb-thrower or physical-force man, and he would hardly make any distinction between the foe of all government who employed force and the enemy of *certain* governments who, in the interest of a particular form of government, State Socialism, employed physical force in a country which permitted agitation and the employment of political and legal means toward changes in government. If Mr. Bonaparte's position is not as I have stated it, then he is even less intelligent than, for the moment, I am disposed to regard him.

Now, if violence, propaganda by deed, is what Mr. Bonaparte would combat, let us see how he proposes to do it.

In the first place, he proposes *not* to abridge freedom of speech. Thanks for this small favor. Still, even in regard to free speech there is a sort of "if." To quote:

> Any abridgment from fear of the Anarchists of that freedom of speech and of the press guaranteed us by our State and Federal constitutions would be neither a wise nor a worthy policy; but these privileges in nowise shield counselors of crime or instigators of disorder and rebellion. A published writing recommending the murder of the chief magistrate and the violent over-

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throw of the government is a seditious libel at common law, and there is no good reason why the public utterance of spoken words of the same purport should not be made a like offence by statute. It is already a crime to advise a felony or grave misdemeanor if the advice leads to the crime suggested, and there is no good reason why this should not become a substantive offence without regard to its consequences.

This is somewhat vague. Does Mr. Bonaparte suggest a *general* change in the law, making it a substantive offence to advise any felony or grave misdemeanor "without regard to the consequences" of the advice? If so, the proposal does not greatly concern Anarchists. The lawyers should attend to the matter. If he means that the change should be made with regard to revolutionary propaganda alone, he is trying to burst an open door. In what State is a man who advises violence safe? Where do the police and courts stop to ask whether the advice actually led to the deed advocated? Was not Most sent to the penitentiary in relatively liberal New York for reprinting an old article by Heinzen justifying force in the case of tyrants?

Mr. Bonaparte would punish any one who orally or in writing should recommend "the murder of the chief magistrate *and* [italics mine] the violent overthrow of the government." Does the "and" mean "or"? If not, Mr. Bonaparte is again beating the air. It *is* a crime to recommend murder *and* the violent overthrow of the government? If yes, and Mr. Bonaparte would make it a felony to recommend "the violent overthrow of the government" under any and all circumstances, then his pretended devotion to free speech is a mockery. The advocacy of revolution amounts to recommending the violent overthrow of

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the government; yet even grave constitutional lawyers recognize the right of revolution. The right to anything one may not mention is a delicious absurdity in the eyes of all men of ordinary sense.

Passing over other muddy and confused paragraphs, I come to our Dogberry's positive suggestions. Here they are:

> On Anarchists the death penalty should be unequivocally imposed by law and inflexibly executed whenever the prisoner has sought, directly or indirectly, to take life. For offences of less gravity I advise a comparatively brief, but very rigorous, imprisonment, characterized by complete seclusion, deprivation of all comfort, and denial of any form of distraction, and a severe, but not public, whipping. The lash, of all punishments, most clearly shows the culprit that he suffers for what his fellow-men hold odious and disgraceful, and not merely for reason of public policy.

On these points it is really beneath the intellectual standards of Liberty to offer any original remarks. Our business here is to take advanced positions, to say what others, even of radical views, will not say or cannot say, rather than to repeat what such others have said. The Bonapartisms just copied have been ridiculed, repudiated, and denounced by scores of American periodicals and newspapers—from the "Public" and the Springfield "Republican" and the New York "Evening Post" down to the New York "Times," the Indianapolis "Star," and the Chicago "Tribune."

Let me quote a few comments:

> Such measures reveal at once the solicitude and confusion that exist in many thoughtful minds on this subject. Of Mr. Bonaparte's remedies, the first is possibly practicable, although to execute would-be assassins could reach the smallest number of

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dangerous Anarchists. Indeed, the death penalty can hardly serve as a deterrent to over-wrought zealots with the glory of martyrdom in view. As for flogging as a mark of social contempt, the man who is about to overthrow the existing social order is above small personal qualms. The lash, also, might turn a certain number of philosophical Anarchists into the more violent sort. . . . . . What most theorists on the subject really want is a cruel and unusual punishment befitting the crime. It does not suffice that the wretches be shut up out of harm's way: they must also be thrashed. If this vengeful policy is to prevail, we do not see why it should not apply all along the Anarchical line. For the violent sort, Mr. Bonaparte has provided; be it our part to restrain the more plausible, but equally seditious, phliosophic contingent. For Prince Kropotkine, when our immigration officials catch him on his next visit, we propose merely a reprimand, in prison, from the chaplain of the senate. Let the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale say firmly "tut, tut" in token of our national disapproval. For the smaller philosophic fry, we can conceive no more exemplary punishment than compulsory attendance at Mendelssohn Hall, or other temple of the present order, where each should be forced to listen in silence to the reading of all the treatises of all the others. For the youthful sort, we admit corporeal punishment.—*New York Evening Post.*

The presumption of innocence attaches to every defendant. Unless we take away the presumption, we shall find it very difficult to convict an Anarchist, unless there has been some actual overt act in the way of an attempt at murder, or at least a direct incitement and instigation to a particular murder. One can hardly imagine the conviction of an Anarchist simply for being an Anarchist, under laws which would not abridge freedom of speech and of the press. As for whipping, the privacy of the whipping, it seems, would defeat its object of discouraging others. There are two objects in public floggings. One is to punish the man flogged by hurting him. The other is to punish him by degrading him and holding him up to public shame. The latter would be quite as effective as the former as a deterrent, but its effectiveness would be weakened to nothing if nobody saw it done but the officials who did it. Doubtless the stocks or the pillory are disagreeable ordeals. But we do not mean to revive them, even for Anarchists. If the notion be merely to give this particular variety of criminal pain, Secretary Bonaparte ought in consistency to advocate the revival of the

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mediæval custom of drawing and quartering as well as of hanging. But it is inconceivable that torture for any offence whatever will again be authorized by American law.—*New York Times*.

There is much to be argued in support of theoretical Socialism and theoretical Anarchy. The so-called principles of these hated schools of thought are to be met with reason and argument, and not with despotic force. The murderous Anarchist is to be punished the same as the murderous any one else. His crime is in his action, and not in his thought. In the free air of liberty theoretical Socialism and theoretical Anarchy can do little harm. Their danger would be multiplied many fold by resort to such severe measures as Mr. Bonaparte advocates. The heavier the hand of tyranny, the more dangerous Anarchy becomes. A good example of this rule is afforded in Russia today.—*Indianapolis Star*.

To such comments from conservative organs Liberty contributors can have little to add. One remark is permissible—our Dogberries are as brutal as they are stupid. It's now the fashion to urge the revival of the pillory and the whipping-post; formerly even the official asses would pay tribute to decency and humanity by shallow disclaimers of belief in the efficacy of legal cruelty. At the head of the noble brigade of the neobarbarians is Roosevelt, "the peace maker," who would bring peace into District of Columbia homes by flogging the wife-beaters of that centre of sweetness and light.

Mr. Bonaparte wound up his address with this moving piece of grandiloquence:

The final and most truly vital condition of success in ridding our country of Anarchism is that American public opinion should recognize the utter emptiness, the inherent folly, of its theory and of all the kindred ready-made furnished-while-you-wait schemes for the social regeneration of mankind. Civilized society, as it exists to-day, is the outcome of all the strivings for

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justice and happiness of the human race during thousands of years. What monstrous presumption, what preposterous conceit, for any man, were he the wisest, the most learned, the most justly famed of his own age or of all ages, to imagine that, with but the dim, flickering lights of his own dull, feeble mind and a few imperfect lessons of his own short, ill-spent life to guide him, he could cast down and build up again this incredibly vast, this infinitely complex, fabric, and improve on its structure.

Misdirected wisdom, alas! True Anarchism is not, has not, "a ready-made scheme," and does not purpose to destroy civilization and begin all over again. Mr. Bonaparte might set public opinion an example by making some effort to inform himself as to the theory of Anarchism. Dull as he seems to be, I do not despair of him. Even he may learn to understand the first principles ot Anarchism, and realize the ineptitude of his suggestions as to the "remedies" for something that has no organic connection with Anarchism at all—violence and belief in propaganda by deed. S. R.

THE SLAYER OF WILD BEASTS

[Translated for Liberty]

The grand master of ceremonies of the court extended his brass truncheon toward the victor, and solemnly uttered these words: "Her Majesty the Queen wishes to see you. Follow me."

The victor turned pale and bowed to the ground, and then, without replying, followed the grand master of ceremonies of the court, between two files of armed men, all shining with metallic head-bands and aigrettes which made them look like monstrous beetles. On hearing the royal invitation, as if he had heard his

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death-sentence, he thought surely he would faint, for Her Majesty the Queen condescended to summon the hero of the bloody spectacle in order to confer upon him the greatest honor that faithful subject *ought* to desire as a reward for his merits, which prize consisted in the love of the queen, who, by the way, was majestically ugly and old.

Ugly, old, and mad: mad enough, understand, for confinement in a madhouse. Nero and Caligula were eccentrics of no mean order; but the strange humors of the queen of whom I speak would have shocked the modesty, offended the artistic taste, and turned the stomachs of those blood-thirsty men of righteousness. The queen of whom I speak, if she had not been queen, would have occupied a cell in a lunatic asylum. But, as the star of empire looked down upon her little brow, she occupied, instead, the royal palace. A substitution of dwellings which may be observed even at the present day. Imagine, then, what it was in those days. Then, many millenniums ago, the mad queen dwelt in a very sumptuous castle, rich in the grossest confusion of splendors that all parts of the known world could heap up around a crowned and brainless woman, in the shape of tapestries, gold and silver ware, precious stones, etc., etc.; and in this castle and out of it, over leagues and leagues of territory, the crowned and acephalous woman was free to do what she liked, amid the hatred and fear of all her very faithful subjects,—of all without exception, beginning with the prime minister and ending with the fleas on the person of the lowest cleaner of sewers.

All hated her; but all stood in great fear of her:

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that is to say, in great fear of the means which she had at her disposal,—hatchets, swords, daggers, poisons, traps, instruments of reign wielded by other persons who cordially hated her whom all hated.

Each hatchet, each sword, each dagger, each poison, each trap would willingly have turned against the gesture of the woman who commanded; but, *vice versa,* each hatchet, each sword, each dagger, each poison, each trap was afraid of all the other poisons, daggers, traps, etc., etc.

The prime minister of the kingdom, for instance, was charged by the queen with no other duty than that of putting on her magnificent sandals studded with rubies and emeralds,—a very great humiliation for so high a dignitary! The prime minister would willingly have slapped the face of his divine mistress with her sandals; but he was afraid of the three prongs of the huge fork brandished by the soldier on guard in the corner of the room, which soldier did not plant his huge fork in the belly of his divine mistress through fear of another huge fork that watched behind the door, or of the death-penalty imposed upon regicide, the enforcement of which the prime minister would not have hesitated to applaud with hands and feet.

Therefore sandal aud huge fork in their places, and blind obedience always and everywhere, even in the spot appointed by Her Majesty for her assignations with the gladiators who pleased her most, these gladiators not daring to protest even in thought, although feeling a mad desire to do so.

The queen went to the arena in a state of semi-nu-

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dity calculated to intoxicate. The lascivious windings of the veils with which she was skilfully enwrapped left uncovered the flabby abundance of her arms clasped by multiple rings of golden serpents, and of her yellowish breasts and shoulders iridescent with heavy necklaces. From under her crown, shaped like a Moorish dome, escaped her white hair, like coarse tufts of hemp, and her little round eyes, set in a face whose other features were a flat nose, piggish cheeks, and a double chin, moved about in a sinister fashion, shining in the light like two balls of carnelian. With rings on her toes and bracelets on her ankles, she rested her feet on a fine carpet—Persian, you will say; nothing of the sort; this time Persia is out of it. The carpet on which the queen's bare feet rested was woven of hair, light, dark, ashen, chestnut, cut from the heads of the most beautiful women of the kingdom to punish them for their beauty; and the pretty gradations of its tints were the only note of good taste in the confused sumptuosity of the royal riches.

Among the favorite spectacles of the august lady first place was given to those in which the strength and violence of man were best displayed,—struggles of gladiators and hunts of wild beasts.

Combatants pronounced unequal to their part, whether from accidental or wilful negligence, were turned over to the executioner, who cut off both their hands. If, on the other hand, success favored them, they ran the risk of becoming lovers of the queen.

Between these two evil extremes, the best fate that a gladiator or a hunter of wild beasts could hope for was a giving-up of soul and life in the arena, during

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the spectacle.

The hero of whom I spoke at the beginning of this very ancient history had fought two lions without one backward step, and had strangled his formidable adversaries one after the other, receiving nothing but a few slight scratches on his arms and legs. The people had risen in a delirium of applause and covered him with branches of oak and with red roses; the prime minister had touched his hand; and the queen had hastened to send him the grand master of ceremonies of the court, with an escort of twenty soldiers, to bid him approach the throne upon which she was seated.

Over the platform curling waves of aroma rising from censers placed at the sides of the throne diffused themselves in trains of blue smoke slowly floating away. But, in preference to oriental aromas, the queen inhaled the savage stench of the man kneeling at her feet, of the animal-skins that covered his flanks, of his black and woolly hair and beard, and of the marvellous bare torso still quivering from the recent struggle and stained here and there with fresh blood.

The hero pressed his brow upon the first step of the throne, and his hair grazed the queen's feet.

She bent over, extended her arm, and plunged it into this rough, hot mass of hair. Gleams darted faster than ever from the little eyes of the mad woman.

"Till this evening, giant!"

The hero reached the palace doors through atriums, porticos, corridors, and halls, between rows of lances, swords, bows, and tridents lined against both walls to guard the divine inhabitant of this palace, and finally, beside himself and filled with disgust, he drew aside

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the *portière* of the chamber.

He found himself plunged in a tepid shade, heavy with perfume, caressed by the violet langour of a lamp. In this sort of voluptuous cavern, amid the phantasmagorical obscurity of the shades and lights, two bright points shone upon a large yellowish mass.

As soon as he appeared, this mass moved, and stretched forth two arms.

The queen, the queen, free of her customary veils, her hair dishevelled, frightful as a fury, invited him with gesture, incited him with words.

"Come, giant! To-day you strangled two lions. And I am the most terrible of lionesses. Come, strangle me too in an embrace of love."

And the hero, mad with terror, mad with anger and disgust, seeing before him nothing but a monstrous thing to be annihilated, sprang with one bound upon the queen, as if she were a wild beast, and strangled her, not in an embrace of love, but in the vice-like grip of his ten victorious fingers.

Then he rushed out of the chamber, shouting: "I have killed the queen; we are free." And the soldier on guard at the door, having automatically lowered his trident, pierced him through and through.

But when the soldier saw the formidable body of the liberator himself stretched at his feet, he seemed as if awakened by a shock, and he appeared at a window, shouting in his turn: "The queen is dead; we are free!"

And the people, who do not look at things so closely, applauded him, and proclaimed him king in place of the dead queen. By this substitution they

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gained, instead of a mad queen, a king who got drunk every day. FILIBERTO SCARPELLI.

A CRITICISM

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have received and examined with great interest and pleasure "Benj. R. Tucker's Unique Catalogue of Advanced Literature." Certainly the catalogue *is* unique. It is an excellent thing for radicals and progressive people generally, and an object-lesson to publishers. The best catalogue of the ordinary pubisher or dealer is merely a dry list. The Tucker catalogue shows "how to do it," and should sell books by the hundred.

But may I be permitted to make a criticism or two?

In the first place, certain omissions, if they are not accidental or temporary, require explanation. Henry James is very poorly represented; the Humboldts not at all. These are illustrations.

In the second place, a good deal of the literature catalogued does *not* make for Egoism in philosophy or Anarchism in politics —if I know the meaning of the phrase "make for."

Examples: Spencer's "Sociology," including "Ethics." Spencer is an "evolutional moralist," not an Egoist, and, of course, his works "make for" the evolutional morality philosophy. Huxley's essays make neither for Egoism nor for Anarchism. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" is distinctly reactionary in tendency. Merejkowski *is* a reactionary—in theology as well as in politics.

No book in the catalogue is without some value or significance, and I do not suggest the dropping of any. But the claim that they all make for Egoism and Anarchism seems to me rather wild. S. R.

I am thoroughly aware that the title page of my catalogue is not an *exact* characterization of its contents. The nearest approximation to an exact characterization that I can think of is "The Literature that I Particularly Desire to Sell." But such a title, though it certainly would make for egoism, would do little to excite the interest of the public. And the one

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that I have chosen is sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

Undoubtedly the catalogue is far from perfect, and any suggestions looking to its improvement are welcome. In response to S. R.'s sympathetic criticisms I have to say:

1. That the catalogue lists only such "advanced literature" in the English language as appears in the catalogues of American publishers or in those of American agents of English publishers. This explains the absence of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Wordsworth Donisthorpe, and many others. As for Henry James, I do not look upon him as an especially emancipating influence. Such books of his as I have listed were chosen largely because of the information and opinions contained in them regarding men who were emancipators. It is my intention to add, later, English works not catalogued in America.

2. That I admit, as already indicated, that some, though not a good deal, of the literature catalogued escapes the limits of the title-page. But, though I plead guilty to this count of the indictment, I dispute the bill of particulars. Spencer's "Sociology" makes decidedly for Anarchism, though not thoroughly Anarchistic, and, on the whole, it makes even for Egoism, though far from thoroughly Egoistic. The sentence which the catalogue quotes from his "Ethics" is sufficient to show it. Huxley is no more consistent than Spencer, but the general tendency of his essays is Egoistic, and, notwithstanding his strictures on "Administrative Nihilism," he is more libertarian than State Socialist. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty"

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may be reactionary in tendency, but his criticisms of democracy are of distinct value to Anarchism. As for Merejkowski, I have catalogued only his work on Tolstoi, finding myself largely sympathetic with the author's contrast of Dostoievski with Tolstoi to the disadvantage of the latter.

By way of conclusion, I may say to S. R. that, if all the four hundred authors figuring in my catalogue were out-and-out champions of Egoism and Anarchism, there would be little occasion for the further publication of Liberty. T.

THE CZAR'S STRANGE VISITOR

[Le Masque Rouge in L'Action]

Nicholas II saw a strange little man enter his apartments. He looked like a hobgoblin. A big round head, in which were set a pair of emerald eyes, and in which a large mouth opened wide in a perpetual grin. In his right hand he carried a small box, and under his left arm a very long box, resembling in its dimensions the old clocks that sound the lugubrious hours in the fantastic tales of Anne Radcliffe. The czar arose, frightened.

"Fear nothing, Sire," whispered the strange little man. "I mean you no harm."

And, still laughing, he opened the small box. He took from it a sort of thermometer, which he placed on the czar's table.

"I have invented this," said he. "This tube contains a little blood, mysteriously prepared. Every time a crime is committed by the Terrorists, the blood rises in the tube. I offer it to you."

The czar had resumed his seat. Then the little man opened the large box. Another thermometer appeared, ten feet high. He stood it in front of the autocrat.

"This too I have invented," he continued. "This enormous tube likewise contains blood. Every time you commit a crime, the blood rises in the tube. I make you a present of it."

And the little man disappeared.

Filled with curiosity over the mystery, the czar watched the smaller tube for a long time. From time to time there were brief agitations, hardly perceptible. In the tube the red liquid

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rose a little. At that moment, doubtless, some Terrorist was staking his life on a bomb. An assassin general had just been executed. The czar trembled with anger and shuddered with fear.

But suddenly a frightful noise made him jump. In the large tube the red liquid was boiling, beating violently against the sides of the tube, as waves beat against a cliff. Are not the crimes of czarism the realization of perpetual motion? Not a minute passes but some Russian creature is tortured. The "pogroms" strew the city streets with corpses. Blood flows ceaselessly under the thongs of the knout. A ukase of the czar is nothing but a bomb that explodes a hundred thousand times.

In a rage Nicholas overturned the tube. The little man reappeared.

"What!" he sneered. "It exasperates you to see your crimes boil thus! You willingly consent to watch the mote in the eye of the Terrorist, but you refuse to look longer at the beam that fills your own,—a beam as thick as a gallows!"

And with these words, picking up his tubes, the strange visitor disappeared again.

BERNARD SHAW ON GERMAN SOCIALISM

[Berliner Tageblatt]

A lively feud has arisen between the English and German Social Democracy. In the latest issue of the "Sozialistischen Monatshefte" James Ramsey Macdonald publishes an article in which he reproaches the German Social Democracy with imperfect understanding of the English Labor Party and its methods, deplores the antagonism between Social Democracy and labor unions, and fears a serious split in the international movement from the prevailing misunderstandings between German and English Social Democracy. An episode in this interesting feud was furnished by the criticism which Bernard Shaw, the famous Irish Socialist and successful writer, launched against German Social Democracy in an interview with Frau Lily Braun on the occasion of the trip to England made by German journalists, a criticism with the publication of which in her "Neue Gesellschaft" Lily Braun took revenge for the amiable

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attentions of the "Vorwärts." Shaw had expressed himself as follows:

The German party is *too reactionary* for me. And the proof is that the "Vorwärts," after frequently and urgently inviting my coöperation, rejected the article which I contributed on the ground that it was too radical. I think there is still too much of a *spirit of anarchistic sectarianism* in the party, which obscures its view for large political aspects.

The "Vorwärts" made the following rejoinder:

We do not know that Shaw really expressed himself in this manner. But, if he did, Mr. Shaw is laboring under a strange *self-delusion*. He was indeed invited, by the former political editor of the "Vorwärts,"—whether frequently and urgently, we cannot say,—to contribute to its columns, and he sent an article on the occasion of the May celebration; but this was rejected, not because the editor considered it as too "radical," but because it was too "philistine" and because Mr. Shaw criticised in it the attitude of German Social Democracy in reference to the tariff bill of the government.

In answer to this Mr. Shaw sends the "Berliner Tageblatt" an explanation, which is sufficiently interesting to warrant its publication in literal translation here.*

It reads:

Dear Sir:

I regret to trouble you with a justification and an explanation which may seem to you more available for the Social-Democratic press than for the columns of your paper. But, if I should attempt to explain myself in a German *Social-Democratic* paper, one of two things would happen: *my letter would either be suppressed* because it contains ideas *which are more modern than those of the year 1848*, or it would be *translated falsely*, because the opinions expressed in it would strike a German Social Democrat as incredible and incomprehensible.

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*It is possible that Mr. Shaw's letter was written originally in English, and translated into German by the "Tageblatt." If, in having it "clawed back" into English, as Mark Twain would say, I have done Mr. Shaw any injustice, I humbly beg his pardon. And right here I may express a suspicion that Mr. Shaw is not responsible for the extraordinary profusion of italics and small capitals. Probably these are due to inability of the editor of the "Tageblatt" to overcome the execrable typographical habits that prevail among his countrymen.—EDITOR.

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Would you therefore have the kindness to furnish me an opportunity to inform the Berlin public through your paper that my friend Frau Lily Braun *misunderstood me* when she assumed that I expressed my regret on account of the German Social Democracy being anarchistic. I hasten to declare that the German Social Democracy *is free not only of Anarchism,* but practically also *free of Socialism. The German Social-Democratic party is the most conservative,* the most respectable, the most moral, and the *most bourgeois party in Europe.* Its representation in the reichstag is no crude party of deed, but a *pulpit* from which *men of respectable age and with old ideas preach impressive sermons* at a degenerate capitalistic world. Their loyalty to their *infallible, omniscient prophet,* Karl Marx, and their faith in his book, "the Bible of the working classes," reveal them in our skeptical age in the light of *exemplars of simple faith and simple piety.* With millions of votes at their disposal, *they resist the allurements of ambition and the substantial advantages* which go with *public office,* and describe those who turn from the joys of virtuous indignation to the work of practical administration and the responsibilities of office as renegades and traitors. To describe these high-minded men as Anarchists, *or to fear them as revolutionaries,* would argue the densest ignorance in regard to their true character and their parliamentary attitude. Almost they alone hold aloft in Europe the flag of the ideal (as Ibsen expresses it), and, if their devotion to this abstract task incapacitates them for anything else, this fact ought surely to weigh in their favor most powerfully among those who would maintain the existing order of German society.

The feud between the London Fabian Society and the German Social-Democratic party is very old. Many years after the founding of the Fabian Society in 1884 the only English Socialist who was recognized by the German leaders as a genuine Marxian was at the same time unfortunately also a notorious *scoundrel,* who, of course, explained the fact of his ill repute by saying that *all other English Socialists were frauds.* Since he was supported in this by Friedrich Engels, the German leaders accepted his statement with the customary pious credulity. Friedrich Engels was a most lovable and respectable old gentleman, who was so completely outside of the party movement that his pet joke consisted in detailing the fact that, besides the Marx family, the above-mentioned scoundrel was the only English Socialist who knew him by sight. Later this scoundrel was exposed by a tragic catastrophe which would have opened the eyes of any party less fossilized than the Marxian following ; but

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it exerted no influence worth mentioning in the way of an improvement of the relations between the German party and English Socialism. The Social-Democratic newspapers write about the Fabian Society at the present day precisely in the same way as formerly, when they were duped by Engel's bodyguard. Liebknecht indeed made an attempt to straighten out the matter, by speaking in a meeting of the Fabian Society in London, *but he also was too much of a fossil to comprehend that*, as regards economic and social theory as well as parliamentary and administrative usage, *English Socialism had left German Socialism far in the rear.*

In regard to myself, *my only difference with the German Social Democrats is that I do not agree with them.* I am NOT A MARXIAN. I am NOT A DARWINIAN. I am NOT A MATERIALIST. I am NOT A DOGMATIST. I DENY absolutely THE EXISTENCE OF A CLASS STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE PROLETARIAT AND THE CAPITALISTS, and contend, on the contrary, that *millions of proletarians stand ready to defend unto death the conception of "surplus value,"* because *they are just as dependent on it as their employers.* I will not be duped by the literary and journalistic genius of Marx, *because I am myself a literary genius and a journalist,* and it is not necessary to be moreover an economic genius in order to perceive that *in the domain of abstract economic theory Marx was a* SOCIALIST who harmed the movement he had called into life by the mistakes he made, and whose borrowed "theory of value" *would have become fateful to Socialism* if it had not fortunately been driven from the field by the works of Menger and the Austrian school in Germany, of Walras in Switzerland and France, and of Ruskin and Jevons in England. I am a Socialist who *aims to subdue political power through Socialism in precisely the same way in which it is now done through capitalism.* I do not object to Socialists filling public offices; on the contrary, if it were proposed *to make* HERR BEBEL EMPEROR AND HERR SINGER CHANCELLOR, and if they declined the offer "on principle," *I should attribute it to their incapacity,* which in my eyes can never be a point of excellence. And I hold this view with regard to the lesser offices which might now easily be filled by Socialists.

Under these circumstances I am maligned by the German Social-Democrats as a heretic, a slanderer, and a *bourgeois.* I regret this, for personally I like my German comrades, and I have done my best to enlighten them. But I must remind them of Ferdinand Lassalle's reply to the pedant. "You are at a disadvantage if you quarrel with me," he said; "if you call me an ignoramus, everybody will laugh at you. If I call you one,

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everybody will believe me." I fear my German comrades will incur the same disadvantage if they should be rash enough to assure Europe that I am only a *bourgeois*.

Yours sincerely,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

GERMANY SANCTIONS THE BOYCOTT

Our American courts have something to learn from those of Germany, as may be seen from the following decision rendered by the Tribunal of the Empire in a suit for damages brought by the bakers of Kiel against the instigators of a boycott:

1. The use of the boycott or the strike, in a struggle for higher wages, is not illegal. Employers, therefore, are not entitled to indemnification for damage resulting therefrom.
2. A trade union which threatens to expel those of its members who refuse to take part in such a struggle does not come under Section 153 of the industrial code, which visits the penalty of imprisonment on all who, by violence or intimidation, seek to induce other persons to take part in struggles for higher wages.
3. The party which seeks to obtain higher wages by the use of means legitimate in themselves does not come under Section 153 when it announces in advance that it will make use of such means and seeks thus to influence in advance the issue of the conflict.
4. Workmen are not guilty of conduct contrary to good morals in seeking, in such cases, to enlist public opinion on their side by means of pamphlets or newspaper articles.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN OFFENBACH

One of our friends, Mr. B., has a pretty suburban villa, in Pontoise. Every night for a month past some house in the vicinity has been visited by burglars. Mrs. B., becoming frightened, went to the magistrate to voice her fears that her turn would come.

"Why, certainly," answered the amiable magistrate, with a pleasant smile; "you may expect it. I even think it will come soon."

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"Well, what then?"

"Well, what would you have me do? We are pretty sure of the identity of the malefactors; there are at least a dozen of them. But, to arrest them, we must catch them in the act. Now, we have only four policemen. So we are obliged to let them alone. Yet wait a bit; let me give you a piece of advice. Insure yourself against theft; that is the best course possible."

Men are stupid. This is easily to be seen when we view them individually. It is seen still more clearly when we watch them acting collectively.—*J. Cornély.*

A CALL

On the twenty-fifth of October it will be one hundred years since Johann Caspar Schmidt, immortal as Max Stirner and the author of the work "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum," was born, and in the present year the wish of his admirers has again been expressed to me that, like the house where he died and his grave, the house where he was born, at Bayreuth, be marked by a memorial tablet.

As the last thing that I can do in behalf of Stirner's memory, I comply with this wish, and herewith invite all who are friendly to it to send a small contribution to the publisher, Richard Schuster, of the firm of Schuster & Löffler, Berlin W., Bülowstrasse 107, who, as the publisher of my Stirner biography, has consented to act as treasurer.

A small contribution—for no considerable sum is contemplated. The expenses, fourteen years ago, of marking the house in which Stirner died with a memorial tablet (Berlin NW., Philippstrasse 19), amounted to less than two hundred marks. A similar sum will suffice for the realization of this new wish.

It might be raised easily and exclusively through the coöperation of the friends of Stirner known to me, but I should not like to deprive any of his admirers, so numerous at the present time, of participation in this last outward show of honor.

On account of high advertising rates I shall not make any public accounting this time, but every participant, as well as every one who may send me a request for it, will receive from me a detailed report after the completion of the work.

JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

Autumn, 1906,
Berlinerstrasse 144, Berlin-Charlottenburg.

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LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

We, the undersigned, hereby subscribe, each the amount set opposite his name, to the fund for marking Max Stirner's birthplace with a tablet.

Benj. R. Tucker	$2.00
George Schumm	1.00
C. L. Swartz	1.00

NIMROD AND THE LAW

[Henry Maret in Le Journal]

One cannot too much admire the omnipotence of the Law, when at dawn on the day of the opening of the hunting season one witnesses a rush to the shop-windows of all varieties of game. Some skeptics, belonging to that class of people which nothing can ever satisfy, harbor the reflection that, as this game had to be killed before it was sold, it must have been supplied by poachers, and that it is as stupid to permit the sale of game at the very moment of the opening of the season as to forbid it at the very moment of the closing. One should not listen to these profaners of the laws. For my part, I prefer to believe that this divinity, the Law, bears within itself an omnipotent virtue, and that it needs but a few lines in the "Journal Officiel" to cause a precipitate scramble into the shops of hares, partridges, and pheasants, who would blush not to submit promptly to the legislation of their country.

And it is very fortunate that this is so. For otherwise what would become of the poor hunters, who, having paid dear for the privilege of circulating on the highways, where they meet nothing but automobiles, would be obliged to return to their homes with empty game-bags, if they did not find by the way obliging shopkeepers who take pleasure in doing them honor by a reasonable filling of their pouches?

For this reason the hunters do very wrong to complain of the poachers and to exhibit toward them a revolting ingratitude. Thanks to the cruelty of the laws, if there were no one to violate them, very few people could eat rabbit.

Bear in mind, indeed, that the hunters may be divided into two classes: the great hunters, those who have fine and well-guarded hunting grounds, who kill game by the thousand, and who, as a rule, not being fond of it, give it away to their friends; and the little hunters, who wander about lamentably on

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Sunday in search of a chimerical hare, which is a singular use to make of the dominical rest.

Under these circumstances the majority of the human race would be deprived of the pleasure of tasting a hare-stew but for their saviours, the poachers, sole purveyors of our tables, at which, moreover, willingly sit the constables whose duty it is to pursue and arrest them.

LIFE

As a cloud is blown from the mountains,
And driven away to the sea,
So the currents of life, 'mid humanity's strife,
Are ever cross-purposing me.

I rise to the mountains of pleasure,
To be hurled to the caverns of pain;
Then day by day I struggle away
To the beckoning mountains again.

"Our lives are what we make them,"
Some say—with eyes "on high."
If that were so, we'd surely know
Whence we evolved, and why.

Their lives disprove the saying,
For they're constantly tossed about
'Twixt hope and fear, and, while they're here,
They're swayed by endless doubt.

We're born, and we live, and we perish,
Without "By your leave" being said;
And merciless Fate drives us on to the gate
That separates living from dead;

And those "gone before" never utter
A word to their friends on this side;
While Fate laughs aloud at the yammering crowd
As she pushes us into the tide

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That whirls us along to the rapids
Which carry us over the brink.
"Where to?" is the cry, but there comes no reply
As into the darkness we sink.

The answer is always denied us,
And all we can do is to grope—
Those filled with "the faith" holding fast to their wraith,
While we "unbelievers" just hope.

We *hope* there may be something better,
But we *know* that life's facts must be met;
And, cry as we may for a chart of our way,
No answer can anyone get.

W. W. CATLIN.

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK

[Atlanta Georgian]

To the Editor of the Georgian :

"Father," said the Trusts to their venerable sire, the Tariff, "father, we have been indicted for 'conspiracy in restraint of trade.'"

"Oh! boys, how could you be so naughty!" exclaimed Papa Tariff, in pained surprise.

"Nonsense, my dear Tarry," interposed Mrs. Tariff (*n'e* Selfishness), "I really am surprised at you blaming the dear children for taking after their own father. Why, you dear, expensive old humbug, what on earth would you have amounted to if you hadn't been a restraint of trade yourself?"

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

December, 1906
Price, Ten Cents

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

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LIBERTY

Vol. XV--No. 6 DECEMBER, 1906 Whole No. 396

IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY

How strong a shield to tender youth,
  Whose mind might suffer stain or guile
By too much knowledge of the truth,
  Is ignorance of all things vile!

How blest that innocence impearled
  In maids from whom bad scenes are hid;
Who see no evil in the world,
  And would not know it if they did!

Amidst the sacking of a town
  A young girl from her casement leant,
And, on the riot looking down,
  She wondered what the outbreak meant.

'Twas Kishineff; a Christian mob
  Pursued with heaven-born love the Jew.
She saw them ravish, beat, and rob,
  And asked what caused them so to do.

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One from the street has raised his eyes
  Up to the damsel leaning there;
The girl could but evince surprise
  To hear his footsteps on the stair.

He comes, the villain bad and bold;
  Ah, shade of Shakspere, now at peace!
Not by this pen shall be retold
  The tale of Tarquin and Lucrece.

The spoiler fled; the maid misused,
  In human passions all untaught,
Watched from her window, as she mused,
  "I wonder what that rude man sought.'

Blest ignorance! that can defy
  The lightning-shock of lust uncurbed,—
That yields and only wonders Why?
  And is not otherwise disturbed;

Pass us no apples from the tree
  Of knowledge, howsoever fair;
We would not from the spoiler flee,
  We hail his footsteps on the stair.

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Come he in guise of Church or State,
Which we, with wisdom, might abhor,
We'll stand for pillage, small or great,
And wonder what he wants it for.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

ON PICKET DUTY

It is manifest to me that in the material sense the Anarchists of the United States are doing pretty well. To my offer of ten dollars a week and a commission of one-third on all subscriptions and sales I have received very few responses, and only one from an Anarchist. No response has been satisfactory. Therefore I renew the offer made in the October number, with this modification in the canvasser's favor: when in any calendar month his commissions have not been sufficient to make his total earnings for the month sixty-five dollars, I will make up the deficiency to that amount. This is the same thing as a *guarantee* of fifteen dollars a week, with a strong chance of earning a good deal more. The necessary qualifications are: good appearance and address; well-grounded belief in Anarchism; fidelity and enthusiasm as a worker; promptness, accuracy, and reliability in business dealings. If the right man offers, the position will be a permanent one, and, beginning with next spring, when I shall inaugurate the publication of new cloth-bound volumes of importance, it will include a canvassing of the book trade at wholesale prices. The canvasser

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must pay his own travelling expenses, but these will be small, as he will make a considerable stay in each town and only a short journey to the next.

I am pleased to be able to say that the sale of the new Anarchist stickers is progressing satisfactorily, and I hope that the announcement will cause still others to co-operate in their use. When several hundred people shall engage persistently in this method of propagandism, the fact will excite a steadily-growing interest in Anarchism.

When a magazine professing to take an advanced position on the problems of the day announces itself to the world as " a militant weekly for God and country," it is high time that Max Stirner's book received an English translation. And the manifest duty of the hour is about to be accomplished. The manuscript translation of " Der Einzige und sein Eigentum " is now in the printer's hands, and I shall publish it next year, probably early in the spring. It is the greatest work of political philosophy and ethics ever written; on these subjects it says the final fundamental word; it banishes all the spooks forever. It was written fifty years ahead of its time,—so far ahead that, after creating a temporary furore, it was utterly forgotten. Its revival, here in America, is destined to give an impetus to the Anarchistic movement unparalleled in that movement's history.

A. Martin, a German writer, describing himself as the author of a book, " Ueber natuerliche staatenlose

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Oekonomie" (a title which reminds one of Proudhon's discussion of "the dissolution of the State in the economic organism"), has published through Otto Wigand, Leipzig, a pamphlet of sixty-four pages on "Max Stirners Lehre. Mit einem Auszug aus 'Der Einzige und sein Eigentum'," which he inscribes to "Seinem liebenswuerdigen theoretischen Gegner" (his amiable theoretical opponent), "Miss Dr. Jessica Blanche Peixotto, Lecturer in Sociology at the University of California." Of the sixty-four pages only ten, introductory and explanatory, are by the author, the remaining pages consisting of extracts from Stirner's book,—a circumstance little calculated to inspire a publisher, let alone a "pirate," with too great respect for the reservation "of all rights (especially the right of translation) by the author" on the back of the title-page. Barring the charge against Stirner's book of a certain prolixity, and an apology for his atheism, Mr. Martin writes intelligently and sympathetically of his subject. He describes Stirner as a philosopher and social reformer of the first rank, and by his well-chosen extracts promises to awaken for "Der Einzige und sein Eigentum" an interest in circles hitherto closed to it.

A recent number of Russia's leading radical monthly, the "Rousskoie Bogatstvo" (Russian Treasure) contained one article on the Eltzbacher book on "Anarchism" (the article being sympathetic but critical, the writer pointing out that Eltzbacher's exposition is not systematic enough, and that the differences between individualistic and communistic Anarchism are

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not properly brought out), and another—very excellent—article on Mackay's Stirner biography. I learn incidentally that Michailovsky, the late Russian critic and radical thinker, understood the importance of Stirner, and many years ago devoted an essay to his ideas and his position in German politico-philosophical literature.

Ernest H. Crosby, non-resistant, disciple of Tolstoi, and friend of universal peace, supported, in the recent campaign for the governorship of New York, the monster who deliberately brought on the war between the United States and Spain, and who telegraphed to the artist, Frederic Remington: "You furnish the pictures, and I'll furnish the war."

The day before election the New York "Evening Post" said: "If Bourke Cockran's statement that 'there is only five per cent. of rottenness in this country' is true, Mr. Hughes's plurality should be ninety-five per cent." What moved the "Post," I wonder, to admit that exactly half the rottenness would support Hughes? I have always been of the opinion that the rottenness was about equally distributed between the two great parties, and I did not expect the Hearst diversion to materially disturb that equilibrium; but it surprises me to find that the "Post" agrees with me. I had gathered from its editorials that it found nearly all the rottenness on Hearst's side.

During the recent State campaign the horrible and hypocritical Hearst arraigned the New York "Herald"

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and its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, for pandering to vice through its column of "Personals," and plumed himself on having stopped the "Herald," by causing the arrest of some of its editors, from "dragging innocent victims into a life of vice and crime." In this matter the only difference between Bennett and Hearst is that Bennett publishes the "Personals," while Hearst publishes the advertisements of the quack doctors who live on the results of the "Personals."

With its customary sophistry Hearst's "Journal" tries to soften the election verdict by noting that in Hearst's own community, New York city, "a very great majority honored him with their confidence." On the contrary, the vote of New York city is the most striking evidence afforded by the election of the lack of confidence in Hearst. In a city normally Democratic by a margin of 125,000, Hearst, the regular Democratic candidate, received a plurality of only 77,000, while his associates on the ticket received a plurality of about 135,000. For the first time in political history, so far as I know, the fact that a candidate ran heavily behind his ticket has been pointed to as an evidence of the people's trust in him. If this attitude of the voters toward Hearst is to be described as "confidence," what word is left by which to fitly designate the truly awful popularity of Chanler?

A year ago the Democrats deposited in the mails postal cards charging Hearst with responsibility for the assassination of McKinley, and Roosevelt's postmaster-general promptly confiscated them. At that

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time Hearst was running for office against the Democrats. This year Hearst ran for office against the Republicans, and Roosevelt's secretary of State, speaking by Roosevelt's orders, brought the same charge against Hearst with much greater elaboration. Not from any love of the horrible Hearst do I point out this shameless inconsistency, but simply to show that he is not the only hypocrite.

Throughout the late political campaign the Tammany judiciary ticket was denounced by the New York "Times," "Sun," and "Evening Post," and by nearly the entire press, as a rotten one. The Tammany judiciary ticket was elected, and, if the ante-election statements of the papers mentioned were true, we now have a rotten judiciary elected for fourteen years. Two or three years hence, when this campaign has been forgotten, if some Anarchist, or some Bryan, or even some Jerome, happens to remark that the judiciary is rotten, I hope that the "Times," the "Sun," and the "Evening Post" will not rise in their wrath to declare that our sacred and incorruptible judiciary must not be attacked. But they will.

No old reader of Liberty has forgotten our lamented William Walstein Gordak, author of "The Ballot" and numerous other excellent poems of a similar character. To most readers, however, he was unknown in perhaps his strongest aspect,—as a poet of nature, love, and reminiscence. Before his death he entrusted to me a selected collection of his poems of this order, that I might publish them. The little

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book, entitled "Here's Luck to Lora, and Other Poems," is now ready. I have no hesitation in applying the adjective "great" to its contents. Indeed, it contains lines not a few worthy of the greatest, and even as a whole it will bear comparison with all but those rare poets whose names are immortal. There are thirty-two poems, making a handsome pamphlet of sixty-two pages in a stiff cover, and printed on paper of fine quality. For the tasteful appearance of the volume I am indebted to my friend, George Schumm, to whose competent hands I entrusted the task of superintending its manufacture. Himself an old friend of Gordak, he gladly undertook it as a labor of love. It should be stated, however, that the cover-design, the least attractive feature, was made by Gordak, who, a designer by vocation, was far better at his avocation,—poetry. I have sent about a hundred copies to the newspapers, and the reviews are beginning to appear. The Cleveland "Plain Dealer" says:

It contains a number of poems of real merit. Mr. Gordak possesses the requisite poetical imagination, and at times displays a remarkable facility of expression.

And here is the Portland "Oregonian's" estimate:

Mr. Gordak comes entirely unannounced, but his verse speaks well for him. He is a natural poet who writes evenly and melodiously of the beauties of nature and the daintier side of love. Nothing in his little book is cheap. His muse has a lofty flight, and his teachings uplift, especially in "By the Light of a Single Star," "The Old House," and "The Common Things That Be."

These critics little dream that they are praising

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the work of an Anarchist, though there are several poems in the book that sound the Anarchistic note. But the book is interesting to the readers of Liberty rather as the work of an Anarchist than as an Anarchistic work. Here is one of my favorite stanzas, from "The Common Things That Be":

Hail to the common things that be!
 The sound of rain upon the roof,
The rose, the wild anemone,
 The rhythm of the horse's hoof,
The scent of piny forests, glow
 Of Autumn's tinted foliage,
The smooth and slumbrous fields of snow,
 Familiar things—man's heritage.

How simple, and how vivid, and how impressive! And here is another, from "Venus":

 When first the boy's fond heart awakes
He sees the glimmer from afar
 And lo! the Morn of Venus breaks;
A decade and a half of night,
 Then rosy colors flood the skies;
The mad, the passionate lovelight
 Now greets him with its great surprise.

The price of the book is one dollar. I publish it at an inevitable loss. Were the price low, still it would be read by only a few choice spirits. I shall be fortunate if I sell a hundred copies, though I ought to sell a hundred thousand. With so small a sale in prospect, the price must be high. Each reader must help me to at least a partial return of my investment. And each will get his dollar's worth; no doubt of that. Literary values are independent of weight and bulk.

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The New York authorities are beginning to enforce the outrageous law depriving of the right of public meeting those whom it describes as criminal Anarchists. Several meetings have been broken up, and numerous arrests have been made. It seems to me that these meetings, called to discuss the act of Czolgosz, were very ill-advised. Certainly the persons arrested are in an awkward predicament, and it is difficult to see what can be done to help them. If any great lawyer would venture the opinion that this law can be overthrown in the higher courts, and would undertake to carry a test case through to a final conclusion, it would be worth while to spend a great deal of money in the effort. But to spend money in a hopeless defence of individuals who have deliberately put their liberties in jeopardy is to waste it. They may be the most earnest people in the world, but they must take the consequences of their own unwisdom. Certainly the liberty to advocate or excuse or explain assassination should not be denied, but most of us feel that we can worry along a while longer without that liberty, and are disposed to devote our means and energies to the attainment of other liberties of which we are more immediately in need. To each his chosen task and the inconveniences thereof.

The latest idiocy of the violent revolutionaries is the murder of an Italian professor who had condemned their methods. How can one join hands with such people in a struggle for free speech? They claim the liberty to advocate murder, and they deny the liberty to condemn it.

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"Liberty's" comments on Mr. Henry Holt's letter to the New York "Times," recommending outlawry, or legal boycotting, as the best and most civilized method of dealing with Anarchists, have elicited from him another letter to the same paper. In this letter he considers my remarks "as a specimen of Anarchistic reasoning." To save space, I give here all but the introductory portion of the communication, and deal with his points, which I venture to number, *seriatim*.

I have just received a little pamphlet entitled Liberty, and announcing itself as "The Pioneer Organ of Anarchism" (1), in which my paragraph is quoted as above, and then is followed by a series of remarks, partly abusive, (2) most of which have no coherent meaning to me. (3) They include, however, the following coherent, though it seems to me inapposite, questions:

> Would you allow the non-aggressive outlaw to protect himself, to associate with other Anarchists for self-protection? Would you permit him to occupy and use land, to buy and sell, to give and receive credit, to deal freely with all who voluntarily dealt with him?

Possibly a little comment on these questions may be worth while. Anarchism seems possible only in a mind unable to conceive the condition of the individual with the protection of the State withdrawn, and this Anarchist asks these questions in face of my having stated that condition, which answers them all. (4) Yet the application of that condition in detail, even if quite obvious, may perhaps carry some suggestion not entirely useless to others, if it is to him.

The condition does not directly touch the right of self-defence, and, if an Anarchist on trial for committing violence were to plead that right, admitting the plea would not be granting him the protection of the State, but merely be the State's refraining from an illegal act – which his punishment for injury inflicted in self-defence would be. Of course, there could be a law against admitting his plea of self-defence. But such a law would be entirely outside of his principles or my proposed application of them.

As to Anarchists bunching together to defend each other, the

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question of how far a man may take part in another's quarrel usually is too much one of circumstances to be always disposed of by a general rule. When a man legally interferes to protect another from violence, it must be to prevent an illegal act. But, as the Anarchist expressly denies the law's right to protect him, if the law takes him at his word, as I propose it should, no violence on him can be illegal. (5)

His principles, under my application of them, would not prevent his occupying or using land; but of course my proposed legislation would not permit him to take and keep possession of it by violence. But, if anybody else attempted to wrest it from his possession, of course the government he ignores would not, under the scheme I propose, give him any court to establish his title or get even with an aggressor. (6)

Of course, too, his principles, as I propose they should be applied, would not make it directly impossible for him "to buy and sell, to give and receive credit, to deal freely with all who voluntarily dealt with him," but he cannot in logic, and under my scheme could not in fact, get the government he repudiates to give him a court to enforce any claims he might have under all this selling and crediting and voluntary dealing. (7)

(1) Mr. Holt is not familiar with Liberty, its rank, and its history, yet he undertakes to discuss Anarchism, its logic, and the intelligence of its adherents. Pray, what are his qualifications? What has he read, and what does he know about these things?

(2) The remarks *were* partly abusive, and meant to be so, as Mr. Holt's letter was gratuitously abusive and insolent. To be sure, I know very well that Mr. Holt, generally speaking, is a superior man, and I hold him in considerable esteem. But as he discusses Anarchism in public, though knowing it only from hearsay and very superficially at that, he is, so far as Anarchism is concerned, the "shallow pretender" that I said he is.

(3) I cannot supply Mr. Holt with understanding, when his own temporarily abandons him. There was

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not the least incoherence in my remarks.

(4) As Mr. Holt does not know what Anarchism is, not having read its literature, this "superior" talk about what our mind does or does not conceive is simply foolish, and requires no notice.

(5) I gather from this confusion that Mr. Holt would have the State recognize the outlawed Anarchist's right to defend himself, but refuse to allow several Anarchists to form an association for mutual protection. And on what ground? On this—that no violence on an Anarchist can be illegal, and that interference to protect anyone can be tolerated only when the object is to prevent an illegal act. Wonderful logic! If no violence on an Anarchist would be illegal, the right of self-defence, generously conceded, must be refused by Mr. Holt. How can an Anarchist be permitted to kill or attempt to kill a good State man for trying to do what is not illegal—use violence on the former? If Mr. Holt would permit an Anarchist to defend himself against a legal assault, his argument against tolerating interference on the part of other Anarchists collapses utterly. I may add that Mr. Holt's logic is on a par with his humanity and ethics. He knows but one criterion apparently—legality. If murder were not illegal, I suppose he would think it strange in anyone to object to it or to suggest the formation of voluntary associations to prevent and resist it. I advise him to read Spencer's chapter on "The Right to Ignore the State," in the first edition of "Social Statics."

(6) Thanks. We should not ask or expect the aid of the State's court, but, of course, in the name of

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the first principle of justice, equal liberty, we should insist on the right to defend our possessions as well as our lives and limbs.

(7) Again, we should not ask or expect the aid of your legal machinery, but would provide our own to resist all aggression. As to what outlawed Anarchists could or could not do "in fact" as regards trading, credit, etc., it is not necessary to debate the point with Mr. Holt. We are quite willing to take our chances. There are more Anarchists and Anarchistic sympathizers in the world than the Holts imagine, and, if they ever get a chance to order their existence without the benevolent (?) and officious interference of the State, they may astonish the superstitious worshippers of "legality" by their hold on the good will of decent and thoughtful members of society. It would be a safe bet that Mr. Holt has not the remotest idea that liberty to associate for the organization and mutual insurance of credit is one of the principal things sought by the Anarchists as a means of making government superfluous. I don't believe that he knows that such liberty is now denied. He probably thinks I asked him merely if he would allow an Anarchist to run up a bill at his grocer's with the grocer's consent.

Of course, when Mr. Holt's plan is put into execution, it will be necessary to place upon the Anarchists some outward sign whereby the thug may know his legitimate prey. Suppose the plan had been adopted half a century ago. Probably Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry D. Thoreau would have been seen walking

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the streets of Concord adorned with a letter A as large and scarlet as Hester Prynne's. And, if a thug had attacked Emerson, that gentle philosopher could have defended himself with impunity, but, if the more pugnacious Thoreau, stepping in to protect Emerson, had killed the thug, the State would straightway have seen to it that, instead of ourselves, the inhabitants of either heaven or hell should have the joy of reading "Walden." It is to laugh!

Auberon Herbert is dead. He was a true Anarchist in everything but name. How much better (and how much rarer) to be an Anarchist in everything but name than to be an Anarchist in name only!

The ignorant London correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," after referring to Mr. Herbert as, "after Herbert Spencer, our great Individualist," contradictorily adds: "He carried his ideas of equality to a point where he had a following which was compact and portable,—namely, himself." Now, as a matter of fact, it was hardly possible to oppose equality, in the general sense, more strenuously than Auberon Herbert did. The only equality that he believed in was equality of liberty.

In giving his reasons for dismissing from the army in disgrace a battalion of colored troops because of their failure to disclose the identity of some of their number who had been guilty of murder, Roosevelt admits that "a number of men who have no direct knowledge as to the identity of the men who actually

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fired the shots will incur this extreme penalty." He thus flies squarely in the face of the professed spirit of our fundamental law, which prefers the escape of ninety-nine guilty to the punishment of a single innocent. It is the act of a tyrant for the encouragement of flunkeys. It is also, as the New York "Times" points out, "in flat contravention of that provision of the constitution which declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law'."

The Japanese problem pleases me greatly. For once Gompers and his crew, for whom I have no respect, are thoroughly consistent. Backed by both of the great parties and by Roosevelt himself, they have excluded the Chinese from this country, and now with perfect logic they demand the exclusion of the Japanese as well. Poor Roosevelt doesn't know what to do. It was easy enough to exclude emigrants coming from a weak nation like China, but to exclude emigrants coming from Japan, which has just whipped Russia, is a risky piece of business. So Teddy's activities are directed at present to the discovery of a way to deprive California of its right to control its own school system, that State having inaugurated the anti-Japanese campaign by excluding the Japanese from the ordinary schools. Strenuous Teddy has no desire to scrap with Togo. When big stick meets big stick, then comes the hug of peace.

A few months ago Roosevelt, thinking aloud, said we should "ultimately" find it necessary to limit un-

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healthy fortunes. As months are ages to him, he has dropped the "ultimately," and declares it "a clear duty" to proceed to tax large fortunes and regulate "the business use" of wealth. He does not tell us what he means by the last phrase; he doesn't know himself. Is he beginning dimly to perceive that the thing needful is to prevent dishonest acquisition of wealth? If so, he had better suspend the Quixotic campaign on combinations "in restraint of trade," and devote his leisure to a study of the questions of rent, interest, and so-called profits. He may discover that the real sources of robbery and plunder he hasn't so much as touched. On the tariff swindle he is a stand-patter, and on the currency question an ignoramus.

It would be interesting to know what becomes of all the money seized by the Russian revolutionists. For the last six months we have been reading, almost daily, seemingly well-authenticated reports of seizures of immense sums of money in process of transfer. I have kept no record of these, but, making a rough guess, I should say that they must aggregate at least two millions of dollars. Now, two millions will finance a revolution of respectable proportions for a very long time; and, as this source of supply seems virtually inexhaustible, I really see no need of sending collectors to America. Indeed, I very much doubt if Gorky himself could have successfully begged more than a paltry hundred thousand from this rich nation, even had he taken the precaution to leave his sweetheart at home.

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Brander Matthews, whom no one has ever accused of humor, says, in an article in the "North American Review," on "Reform and Reformers," that the "reformer is very likely to be lacking in the sense of humor." But he does *not* offer as illustrations Rabelais, Voltaire, Cervantes, Swift, Sterne, Heine, Boerne, Byron, Stchedrine, Shaw, Fulda, Mark Twain. Not every reformer is a humorist, but every real humorist is apt to be a reformer. Matthews goes on to dwell on the unpleasant characteristics of the reformers,—their violence, their recklessness, their dogmatism, their distrust of human nature,—and to quote Emerson, Lowell, and Curtis against them, incidentally misrepresenting the first-named, who disliked "professed philanthropists" as "the worst of bores and canters," but who, of course, never imagined that reformer and philanthropist would be considered synonymous terms. Now, Emerson and Lowell were themselves radicals in their day, and even Curtis was a civil service reformer and a mugwump, and, as such, an object of hatred and ridicule in "conservative" circles. But the upshot of the argument is that, objectionable as reformers are, "we [Matthewses and Philistines] ought to work with them, when we must, profiting by their zeal and utilizing their energy." One shudders to think of what would happen if the Philistines should nevertheless persist in refusing to join hands with the reformers. The world is no spring chicken, Brander, and the reformers have managed to get on without the favor and aid of the blockheads and "good citizens." We know how the nice, respectable, sane-and-safe people worked with Socrates,

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Jesus, Savonarola, Bruno, More, Paine, Ruskin, the Abolitionists, and the radicals and reformers of every historical period. The future is not likely to be different from the past in this respect, yet the reformers are not at all disconsolate. It is generous of Professor Matthews to recognize the " function " of reformers in the light of history, but I venture to think that their labors would not have been entirely wasted even if he had not made his noble plea for them. By the way, is not Mr. Matthews himself a hated reformer now? Has he forgotten his spelling-reform crusade, and the compliments he and his fellow-crusaders have received from Harry T. Peck and the purists of the daily press and of " Blackwood's "? Or is he pleading for himself and confessing his own faults? If so, the Philistines will be more venomous than ever with him.

Behold the fall of a daring social speculator and Utopian! In his " Modern Utopia," H. G. Wells abolishes not only nationality, but race. Nothing but a world-republic satisfies him, and he expresses contemptuous pity for those who imagine themselves superior to this or that race. He has Anglo-Chinese marriages even—what race magnanimity and boldness! But in his " Harper's Weekly " article on America he joins the Philistine immigration restrictionists, and shakes his head gravely at the inpour of aliens who are not fit for American citizenship. He doubts the realty of the assimilation of these inferior beings. They may, he says, acquire a smattering of English and elementary political knowledge, but he smiles at the cheerful notion that this will make them desirable

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additions to the population. I hope Wells the Utopian cannot hear the provincialisms and know-nothing fallacies of Wells the publicist and "searcher after realities."

The famous Russian tenor, Chaliapine, who is a personal friend of Gorky, was lately fined nearly a thousand rubles for refusing the *rôle* of Soussianine, the man who sacrifices himself to save the czar, in Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar." One may admire this tenor's independence, and still question his judgment. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" is a very remarkable musical work. Is the Revolution to obliterate it? May not an Egoist listen to "Parsifal" because it teaches the lesson of sacrifice? Must every good man in the theatrical profession decline to play the villain's part? Is the actor to sit in judgment on the author? This sort of thing will carry us far. Is it not better that we Anarchists, disciples of the devil, should inherit his monopoly of all the good tunes than that some of them should be abandoned to monarchs?

Dr. Forbes Winslow declares that statistics show that before long the number of the insane will exceed that of the sane, and the contemplation of an insane world he describes as a burning and absorbing problem. I do not appreciate the dreadfulness of the situation. When nine-tenths of the people have become insane, they will build asylums for the sane. Will the difference be so very great? Do you say that then the insane will kill each other by wholesale? But that is precisely what the sane are doing now.

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And is it not better that the insane should kill each other than that the sane should kill each other?*

The New York "Evening Post," speaking of the Rand School of Social Science, says that, "situated on East Nineteenth street, where the East Side joins the old residential region below Gramercy Park, it is a natural rendezvous for the professional Socialists of the proletariat and the amateur Socialists of the well-to-do classes." When I was looking for an office for Liberty last January, it must have been sheer intuition that guided me to the corner of East Nineteenth street and Fourth avenue. Liberty's windows command a near view of the former homes of Courtlandt Palmer, Colonel Ingersoll, and Samuel J. Tilden, but not until I learned it from the "Evening Post" did I know that I had dropped into the very heart of the Socialist quarter. Where Anarchism is not, there is my country.

A quasi-humorous and quasi-learned editorial appeared in the New York "Evening Sun" on Roosevelt's spelling reform order. With the aid of the "intelligent compositor," the writer overwhelmed the readers of his paper with an array of unfamiliar names. We find Wilhelm von Humboldt, Hobbes, Locke, and other—to lower New York—mysterious strangers somehow dragged into the discussion, and we get to this delightful paragraph [Italics mine]:

* As an editorial paragraph strikingly similar to the above appeared in the New York "Times" of October 6, it may be well to anticipate the charge of plagiarism by stating that my own paragraph was written on October 5.

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Those who approve of the institution of spelling reform by executive order can have no sympathy with the modern doctrine of non-intervention by the State formulated by Locke, when he declared that government had no other end than the preservation of property. And much less can they accept the doctrines of Mill, Dunoyer, and Spencer. It is needless to say that such extreme individualists as Max Stirner, *Bakounie*, and *Audubon* Herbert would have regarded official interference with the dictionary as even more objectionable than the health laws or police regulations, that they abhorred.

The writer, I suspect, is a student of the literature catalogued by me, and possibly also of Liberty. Let him persevere, by all means, but I would recommend the cultivation of a sense of proportion and fitness, and of the "light touch." Heavy artillery is not used to crush a few weary, footsore, and shivering "invaders."

Can good come out of a purity convention? Yes, apparently. In October such a national convention was held at Chicago, and a surprising revolt against Comstockism was manifested in the remarks of several delegates. Comstock's whole policy was assailed as worse than futile, and some went so far as to recommend the teaching of sex physiology and hygiene in the schools. Comstock, by the way, was to have attended the convention as a delegate, but he stayed away, pleading sickness. Perhaps he knew that some of the delegates were men who were very sick—of him.

The Brazilian ambassador, arriving in New York by steamer the other day, created an excitement by refusing to answer the impudent and ridiculous questions put by the immigration officials to every alien

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reaching these shores. Dubbing these questions a rigmarole, the New York "Evening Post" says:

> It sufficiently illustrates the fantastic and offensive attitude of our government towards travellers. Gratuitously offensive, one must add, for it cannot be maintained for a moment that it is necessary thus to quiz all comers in order that really undesirable immigrants may be weeded out. To suppose anything of the kind is to imply criminality as characteristic of all first-cabin passengers and idiocy of all port officials. This foolish inquisition is one of the remaining methods of barbarism which we trust congress will soon remove.

Liberty said all this as long ago as last February, and said it better. Why do people continue to buy the "Evening Post," when back numbers of Liberty are cheaper?

The appointment of Lawson Purdy as president of the New York department of taxes strikes me as an anomaly. I do not understand why a community which wishes to tax personal property should entrust the job to a man who does not believe in taxing personal property, and still less do I understand how a man who thinks it unjust to tax personal property can engage in the business of taxing it, But Mr. Purdy is an exceptionally clean and honest man, and there is no doubt that he has found a way of reconciling these things that is satisfactory to himself. The "Public" says that Mr. Purdy "is probably the first man of really scientific attainments as an expert in taxation to be placed at the head of the taxing machinery of a large municipality." That sounds very pretty. But, if we say that he is probably the first man of really scientific attainments as an expert in legal robbery to

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be placed at the head of the legal-robbing machinery of a large municipality, it doesn't sound as pretty, though we really say precisely the same thing in other words. One of the Anarchist stickers reads as follows: "The institution known as 'government' cannot continue to exist unless many a man is willing to be government's agent in committing what he himself regards as an abominable crime." Writing to my friend, C. E. S. Wood, I happened to put this sticker on the envelope. He returned the envelope with the following question written against the sticker: "For instance?" This paragraph is my answer.

Maxim Gorky came to this country with a woman whom no priest had pronounced his wife, and he found not where to lay his head. Tom Platt's wife trapped him in a house of questionable character, and the Easy Boss has gone to a ruin which he richly deserves, but not for this reason. Enrico Caruso is said to have rubbed his hand three times against a woman's dress in the park, and it is probable that the American public, cutting off its nose to spite its face, will visit a contemptuous and annihilating wrath upon the great tenor, with the result that he may never sing here another season. And, while we are thus engaged in magnifying peccadilloes, men of eminent respectability in the South are killing right and left, and men of eminent respectability in the North are stealing right and left, and nothing is being done to stop them ; on the contrary, they are growing daily in prosperity and power. It is evident that, in the international economy, it is the special function of these

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United States to pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin.

The New York "Times," in reviewing H. G. Wells's new romance, "In the Days of the Comet," remarks: "What he has to say upon the question of the love of men and women has aroused not a little disturbance in England, but will not cause a ripple of excitement here. Life is too short, and we are too busy." Let me see, was it during Holiday Week that Gorky and his sweetheart reached these shores?

Some years ago, because I refused to allow that the State should have an authority over infants superior to that of the mother, J. Wm. Lloyd shook the dust of Liberty from his feet and marched off in high dudgeon. The inevitable has happened. Mr. Lloyd is now a State Socialist.

The New York "Times" is of the opinion that, in upholding the decent and the wholesome in literature, it will never be able to discourage a new Goethe or Heine. Liberty agrees with the "Times," and is glad to see that it has so accurate an idea of the limitations of its power.

Joseph E. Gary, the murderer of Spies, Parsons, Fisher, Engel, and Lingg, is dead, at last. Fortunately there is no law, *as yet*, to compel us to weep.

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The Festivities of the Knout

After ordering the priest to administer the sacraments to the inhabitants of the village, the chief of the district of Kerson commanded the Cossacks to whip them to death. The butchery lasted four hours.

THE LIEUTENANT.—Stupid brute! You killed her too quickly; she wasn't even made to tell where her money is.

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THE TRUANTS.

Sitting Raven had asked the Agent for a permit to leave the Reservation, and had been refused. He said nothing. The matter was settled, and the Agent smoked with keen satisfaction at his wise firmness in handling these Nature children.

Sitting Raven folded his black-white-and-red striped blanket about him with the grace and ease possible only when we do instinctive things; untied his spotted cayuse with the roached mane and malevolent eye; re-tied the hair bridle about the patient under-jaw; calmly lifted himself into the saddle (letting his blanket drop carelessly about his loins and legs); and soon the eagle feather, bristling up from his glossy black hair, was disappearing over a roll in the sage-brush toward the canyon where were his conical, smoke-browned teepee, his faithful, unquestioning Silver Breeze, and Little Squirrel, their four-year-old daughter. When he had been refused his liberty, Sitting Raven had not even tossed his black braids with an impatient hand. He had not, as a truly civilized man would have done, taken it out on his horse; not that Sitting Raven cared any more for the horse than the white man would, but he cared too much for himself to exhibit emotion and become a laughing stock to the whites. Nevertheless, he was bitten to the heart. He wanted to hunt venison for the winter. He wanted to get trout, which Silver Breeze would split and smoke on one of those airy willow-scaffoldings, which looked as if roofed with fire, where the sun shone red through the fish.

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Silver Breeze wanted to dig the aromatic wild anise-root and the sweet bulb of the camas, and to begin to teach Little Squirrel to know these various; delicious gifts of the Great Mother. To that Great Earth Mother he appealed his troubles: "Were not my fathers and my fathers' fathers here before the White Man came? Did I journey here in a wagon, as a vagabond, from afar? No. I was born here. The earth is my mother, and I am a child of this very breast. Oh, my Mother, are not my father's bones buried in your bosom? Are not the shades of my ancestors all around me, wondering how long I will endure this? Who made me a slave, or gave the White Man right to say when I shall come and whither I shall go? Who is it shall put a chain upon me?—I who have done no evil thing. Was I not born free, and shall a white man who laughs like a coyote and wears glass shields over his eyes say where I must stay? I will not act any more like a coward or like a child. I have a right to be free, and I will go." The pine trees shook their spices over him and nodded, "Go." The breeze clapped his lean and sinewy back and said, "Go." The sun laughed among the pine tassels and played with the round bright leaves of the manzanita, and said, "Go." And the waters of the creek, where stood his fragile home,—and there it was now, among the willows,—murmured and chuckled, "Go." A magpie spread its black-and-white beauty to the air and sailed down the canyon, shrieking, "Why, in the name of the Great Earth Mother, don't you go? Weren't you born even as free as I?"

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Sitting Raven unsaddled his horse and turned him loose, and, striding with great dignity to the camp fire, he said, in deep, musical tones: "To-morrow we will go." Silver Breeze smiled. Indian wives never question, never debate, never suspect. [Let me pause here to heave one profound sigh.]

Next morning their departure was witnessed only by the birds, the pine squirrels, and the paling, countless stars. Silver Breeze rode first, astride, with her knees nearly up to her chin, and surrounded by ragged bundles and furry bales. Little Squirrel came next, on a woebegone two-year-old colt, as big as a large dog, and apparently moth-eaten. Then came the cavalcade so industriously packed by Silver Breeze: the white horse with sore eyes carried the teepee; the sorrel ghost, bark-boxes and rawhide bags, filled with wild huckleberries, dried wild cherries, dry camas, jerked beef, sugar, matches, soap, and flour. Next, minced along the trail a sad piebald, with all manner of bundles of all manner of colors, a red blanket showing among rabbit-skin robes and bear pelts. Another sorrel, with white face and pink eyes, with more rawhide bags, some horsehair and rawhide ropes, an ax, some great shallow water-tight baskets, and a sheet-iron kettle on top. Lastly plodded a wan, white, wall-eyed mare, with a piebald foal behind her. She was loaded with more robes and skins and blankets,—the precious store of meagre poverty. Sitting Raven brought up the rear on the roach-maned piebald, and, as the sorry little train wound along the hillside, he surveyed it with calm dignity, ever and anon dropping the lash of his elkhorn quirt mechanically on the

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flank of his horse.

The procession flitted along the mountain, winding in and out among the young pines and over fallen logs. Sitting Raven was happy. He took deeper breaths. He looked out over the pale bluish valley. He looked up between the gently swaying pinetops into the bright blue sky. He was traveling the piney trail and breathing the balsamic air, without permit from any man. He was free.

They camped by an eddying pool, close to which he made a great beehive, of willows bent over and covered with sod. It was just big enough to hold him. He built a roaring fire, and heated rocks from the brook, and put them red-hot into the beehive, and then, naked, he crawled in there with water in one of the water-tight baskets, and he splashed this over the stones, till from steam and sweat he was dripping like an otter; Silver Breeze having first thrown a blanket over the hole by which he crawled in. Then he walked into the cold pool, and rolled about in it like a beaver. He called to Little Squirrel, who came to him and, dropping her one garment, swam with him, and they frolicked like a bear and her cub. Now he was ready to hunt, and in the morning, before daylight, he would be slipping through the forest, over the carpet of pine-needles damp with the morning, and he would come upon the deer as noiselessly as the cloud shadows which flit through the forest. But a low, soft, guttural call from Silver Breeze caught his ear. He wrapped himself in his blanket, and went to her. Behold, here was a government forest ranger, who gave him to understand that all this land and all the

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forest and all the streams belonged to the Great Father (a purely mythical person), who allowed no one in the timber reservation to hunt or build fires without permission, and he asked to see Sitting Raven's permit to be off the Indian Reservation; but Sitting Raven stood stiff and calm as one of the great pine trees and refused to understand anything, and refused to speak, but stood in silence, like a part of the mountain. Then the ranger ordered him out of the timber reserve and kicked out the fire, over which Silver Breeze was boiling an ox heart, with flour and wild garlic. Sitting Raven saw that the forest ranger carried a rifle, and, as cartridges were too precious with him to be wasted on a White Man (who could not be eaten), he, sullenly, and Silver Breeze, submissively, ate of their dried food, and next morning, like an antlered buck, he led his confiding ones lower down, out of the forest reserve, as the ranger had indicated.

Here he came upon three men, well armed, who stopped him and demanded his permit, and, when he would show none, and would not talk with them, they threatened to arrest him, and ordered him out of the mountains, saying this was the timber land belonging to white men, who owned the land and all that was on it, and the air above it. So Sitting Raven, with a fire in his heart, left the mountains, and came out into the bright sunshine of the great valley, where ran the white dusty road into the purple horizon. On each side of this road was a barbed-wire fence, and down this armored lane the procession started, now led by Sitting Raven. It was so dusty that the horses sank

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half-way to their knees in the soft powder and stirred up suffocating clouds. Still under the burning sun they plodded on. Sitting Raven saw on each side of him great plains, where certainly were plenty of rabbits and where there ought to be antelope. He saw a willow-shaded stream where there should be trout. But always the fence denied him. They could not even get water to drink. Always the horrible wires bristled at them. They came to a ranch, and he started in to water his herd, but the men drove him off angrily. It was very far between ranches in that barren country, and each time that they tried to drink they were ordered away. So all day long they traveled, thirsty, between the relentless lines of barbed wire. If Little Squirrel had not been an Indian baby, she would have fretted and cried, but she took it just as the little colt did, or just as a little bear cub would, silently.

When it was really dusk, they came to Johnson's ranch, and Bill Johnson looked upon them and said they could camp for the night in his corral, "But be damned careful about fires." Sitting Raven nodded that he would be most damned careful; and at last the barbed-wire wall opened and the little pack herd stampeded to a warm and sluggish irrigation-ditch which crept through a corner of the corral. Silver Breeze and Little Squirrel pushed in on the upper side, and knelt and drank, also. It was not like the cool and sparkling water of the mountains, but they drank, and drank again. Then Silver Breeze went about her business, and soon the dusty packs of pathetic poverty were arranged in a small semi-circle, enclosing Sitting

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Raven, Silver Breeze, and Little Squirrel, as was proper and the custom. The stars took their places, and the world slept.

Next morning Bill Johnson saw the haggard Indian herd sniffing starvingly about his corral, and picking up here and there a straw. The sun was growing warm, but, within the circle of packs, Sitting Raven, Silver Breeze, and Little Squirrel still slept. "Damned lazy Indians," swore Bill, and he strode over to the silent camp to awake them. But for them no more the piney trail or sunny desert; no more awaking. Chubby Little Squirrel lay with her baby throat cut, as if she had been a little pig; the blue-bead necklace about the soft brown throat of Silver Breeze was sullied with her blood; and close by her side slept Sitting Raven himself. He had signed for them all the everlasting permit to be free, and within the small circle of their paltry possessions, as was the custom, they slept on.

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

SHAW ON THE RIGHT TO KILL.

Our friend Shaw—there's only one—has been shocking the dullards of Anglo-Saxondom by an "attack" on the "Thou shalt not kill" commandment. His own feeling, he says, is that we are not doing enough killing. Why should useless, superfluous, dangerous, and mischievous creatures be suffered to occupy space and appropriate food and material for raiment? Because they are human? But this answer, to Shaw, appears a clear instance of question-begging. If human life is sacred, it must be because human life is

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presumed to be useful, to say the least; but, where the utility is absent, or actually converted into harmfulness, the sacredness vanishes, and it is permissible, if not laudable, to relieve the crowded little earth of such burdens.

This, I take it, is the Shaw position, paradoxically put to stir up the Philistines, but seriously maintained *au fond*. But there are other objections to the Shaw plan than those advanced by the witless respectables. Indeed, the method he would employ to weed out the worthless brothers and sisters into the Unknowable involves a grave fallacy.

What he facetiously proposes is a public inquisition authorized to summon every man and woman at fixed periods (say, every five years), and demand of them proof that they deserve to live on. They must show affirmatively that they are doing as much for society as it is doing for them. Those who fail, he says, should be sent to the lethal chamber and gently dispatched into the limitless universe.

Such a proposal is characteristic of the Statist, the restrictionist. No libertarian, however ready he might be to deny the sacredness of human life, would propose an inquisition or the sentencing of superfluous and useless persons to death. The trouble with Shaw is that he puts the burden of proof on the wrong shoulders.

An intelligent society establishes right conditions of life, labor, distribution, and exchange, and renders it impossible for men to oppress and exploit other men "in the regular course of business." It prescribes, in addition, penalties for violation or infringement upon

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those individual rights which are the corollaries of the principles whereon the society is founded. Under such a state of things the individual is free and safe until some one complains of him and proves him guilty of aggression. The court, or inquisition if you will, tries alleged offenders, but no one who is not, by some one, definitely accused of an offence need apprehend impertinent interference.

In other words, in the right sort of a society, each member is presumed useful, or at least harmless, presumed to live on his own honest earnings, or on honest earnings left or transferred to him by some one else, and the only person disturbed is a supposed invader, the burden of proof always being on those who prefer charges of invasion.

Mr. Shaw may assert that this is a purely Utopian conception, that it is impossible to establish conditions and lay down principles that would warrant the general presumption of worthiness. But, if this be his position, how is any one to prove his right to continued existence before any inquisition? Proof of anything implies an appeal to standards and principles of individual and social relations.

It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the Philistine critics of Shaw did not detect the real fallacy in his proposal. One of them, the "Topics" man of the New York "Times," attempted to be very "scientific." Here is his comment on the inquisition-and-lethal-chamber scheme:

> There are a good many men and a few women who have no obvious excuse for being alive; who, if requested to give one, would find difficulty in doing it. That, in a way, warrants the

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establishment of lethal chambers, but there would be some rather large obstacles to be overcome before entirely satisfactory boards of judges to serve in the Shawian courts could be selected. If they could all be appointed by Mr. Shaw himself, the task would be easy, and of course it would be perfectly performed. The trouble is that he could not get the job except by the votes of the very people whom he would at once declare unfitted for existence, and then the whole plan would break down.

If Mr. Shaw would only look sharp, he would notice that his scheme was invented and put in force by "Nature" more than a few hundred years ago, and that since then the killing of the unfit has been constant and of enormous extent. Mr. Shaw is himself the product of this process, just as all the rest of us are, and he may be sure that, if he or we cease to be useful, "Nature" will put us out of the way in short order, or at least in good time for "Nature's" purposes.

This is very "important—if true." But how does it happen that so many unfit politicians, employers, lawyers, journalists, not only live, but flourish? How does it happen that the most worthless are the "fittest" in modern society? The "Topics" man has yet to learn that, where the environment and conditions are "rotten," the rottenest creatures are the fittest to survive in that environment. "Nature" troubles herself little about the ideals of worth preferred either by Shaw or by the "Topics" man. Our business is to create conditions that will favor the preservation of just and humane men. That done, nature will come to our aid and weed out the unfit—the aggressors, imbeciles, and good-for-nothings. What right conditions are, and how they are to be established, is another story. S. R.

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Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
 Frequently are inexact:
But the thought that comes unbidden
 Is the one that fits the fact.
—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

Pennsylvania's new capitol, that cost four millions when it was done, and thirteen millions after the graft had been added, is worthy of President Roosevelt and the brass band, both present at its dedication last month to discourse according to their gifts. It is well that such scenes are photographed and phonographed for future reference, for they will not be known in the original to remote posterity. Some day brass bands driven by human wind-power will be superseded and suppressed, as G. B. Shaw foresees, by mechanical tune-pushers, actuated by electricity, and so harnessed to the proper instruments that they will, so to say, play themselves.

And it is not telephoning too long a distance, I hope, to predict that future presidential addresses will be elicited from machines built on the same principle, —that is, in such a manner that, by passing sounds through some sort of a modulator, words will be produced corresponding in significance to the ideas of the crowd in front of the grand stand. The talk-producer of the future must, of course, be set in motion by the chairman of the meeting, and in that respect it will resemble the distinguished speaker of the present; but it will possess the advantage, which the orators of to-day have not, of being susceptible of control when it roars, and of suspension when it has said enough.

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If we had any way to stop our orators when they begin to run emptyings, or to suppress them when they put on their glasses and pull a manuscript on us, they might be permitted to endure; but, as the case is, they are going to be crowded to the rear by the dirigible and suspensible speech-maker here foretold; and we shall know what we have gained when this fruit of invention is perfected and we have had a chance to contrast its work with what the world calls oratory and statesmanship to-day.

The mechanical declaimer will not of necessity be sedentary. Set on the rear end of a railway car, it may perambulate the country, carrying delight wherever it goes and leaving eloquence in its train (pun unavoidable), but needing no guard of secret service men to protect its parts from being violently disassembled by enemies of the social order. It will make talk cheaper than ever. Established in the White House, it will emancipate the industrious artificer of addresses for delivery at Mothers' Meetings, Wesleyan anniversaries, and Holy Name congresses. Fed with reports of the corn crop in Kansas, it will turn out such Thanksgiving proclamations as will make us forget the earthquake and fire in San Francisco and the hurricane on the gulf coast. It will win its way to the pulpit, and thence deliver sermons without human intervention, and hence without liability to error. There will be no clerical indiscretions then, and no heretical utterances. Safe, sane, and conservative orthodoxy is assured, patriotism protected, decency defended, righteousness promoted, and race suicide

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exposed by the mechanical moralizer, warranted to emit words to fit the ideas of the crowd in front of the grand stand.

What I intended to say about Pennsylvania's new capitol at Harrisburg, when diverted from my theme to follow the scientific imagination, is that the people of the State have chosen an expensive medium for advertising their inability to govern themselves. If they could not be reconciled to concealing their pride in this, and were resolved on publicity, they might have got the fact before the world at smaller cost by buying space in the "Ladies' Home Journal." And they have failed in another way of compelling attention to the subject, by not making their penitentiary more conspicuous and ornate. They spend too much proportionately on their capitol as an ad., and do not get the circulation they ought to for their money. I hope they have not overlooked the fact that a Statehouse is the same kind of evidence as a penitentiary. The two institutions are triplets, the third being the courthouse. These are monuments to the felonies of man, as churches are to his superstitions. The conjugality of the court and jail is confessed by putting the two under the same roof, or by joining them together. The family should be united by hitching the capitol on to its mates. Then it would be seen in a minute that, by spending thirteen million dollars on a Statehouse and barely one million on a penitentiary, the system of criminal edifices is thrown out of proportion.

The new capitol will be shown to visitors in Harrisburg, and the man on the rubberneck wagon will in-

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flate his chest so as to give extraordinary force to his language as he dilates on its good points. He will look about him in a lower tone of voice, and display a subdued and gloomy pride, if any at all, when the wagon passes the best jails in the city. You can't blame him. It is not in his day's work to explain that a Statehouse is as much a matter for regret as a State prison; but reflection calls to our bosoms that sad conclusion. The capitol costs more, first, last, and all the time, to erect it, maintain it, and support its inmates; it produces less that is valuable to the community, and more that is useless, if not deleterious; and I am not sure that, when the chaplain appears to discharge his duty at a dollar a minute, he addresses his prayer to an honester set of men than are lined up to hear what the chaplain of the penitentiary has to say to them.

The Statehouse belongs to the department of charities and correction. The statesman is vouchsafed to us that through him our errors may be made manifest. Doubtless there is need enough of him; only he is so much grander than the citizen, and comes so high, that he is like an *édition de luxe* on hand-made paper, hand-illumined, tree-calf covers, and gilt edges, to show forth the "errata" of a book printed on common clay paper and bound in rags.

If the people who support public institutions were as well housed as the inmates of them, they would never be able to pay their rent, the same being sumptuous to excess. Nearly twenty years ago I was riding in a cable car, with my intended, past San Francisco's

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handsome and commodious orphan asylum, which is situated in the pleasantest part of the city. As I took in the beautiful grounds, made homelike by trees, flowers, and a garden, and viewed the set of buildings that afforded such comfortable quarters, I spoke the thought which arose in my mind by remarking to my future wife, who blushed, that, if we ever had any children, my best hope for them was that they would be orphans.

The reformer who is elected is lost. All the defeated candidates in the late election who hoped to prove themselves saviours of society in office may find consolation in that solemn thought; and, if any of them is pious, there is no objection to his regarding his unsuccess as providential. The salvation of all reforms is that they get left at the polls. I had a great admiration for Henry George, and voted for him for mayor when he ran the first time. Afterwards, when the great truth enunciated at the opening of this paragraph dawned upon me, I smote my head in dismay at the possibility of his election and my complicity in his ruin. The Single Tax idea has some vitality, but it would scarcely have survived that misfortune. Besides his followers being disappointed of the promised blessings, scoffers, as in the days of Peter, walking after their own lusts, would have gone about asking: "Where is the sign of its coming, since all things continue as they were from the beginning?" It is the stoned prophet who stands to win in the long run.

I lost confidence in the sagacity of Mr. George when

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he ran for mayor the second time, for one is short-sighted, as I then perceived, who supposes that a reform can be advanced by putting its advocate in office. There has been one great reform in my day—the abolition of chattel slavery; and we should not have got that by voting for Abolitionists. It was effected by a man who had never been an Abolitionist, and who, when a member of congress, introduced a resolution to extend the Fugitive Slave Law over the District of Columbia. Mr. Lincoln's good work in making the slave a freeman was largely neutralized, after abolition had been indorsed by the ballot, by making the emancipated person a voter.

I should grieve to see the Single Tax idea sacrificed, or its propaganda languish, because, while that idea may be an "economic fallacy," it is the only doctrine I know of, with any adherents, that visits the seat of our economic pain, which is the land. The Single Tax is on the ground.

In the State where I reside there was a ballot-box victory for some reform or other a year ago. The reformers did not make good, and this year they were discontinued. All that the voters have recovered from the wreck of their expectations is the Bishops' Sunday law, which puts New Jersey in a twenty-four hours' trance once a week.

The political victory's only rivals in the *rôle* of a hollow mockery are some of those victories which, in a loose manner of speaking, are attributed to the sword. Our victorious war with Spain, adding to our collection of ethnological curiosities and entailing a vocabulary

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of tropical islands occupied by depressed peoples, has not been good for our health. It has undermined our constitution, and caused our devotion to flag. Invasion follows the flag when thus used as a verb in the infinitive.

Woman suffrage boasts no triumphs to compare with its defeats, and yet women have advanced further without the ballot than men have with it. Man has never made a patentable improvement on himself by means of the ballot. The Freethinkers have carried no election as such. Politics is still adjusted to the ideas of the revivalist exhorter, and a vote of confidence in the book of Jonah would not fail to carry at any town meeting or voting precinct in this officially orthodox republic. It is the logic of these remarks that the triumph of intelligence waits on Anarchy, whose adherents vote under protest or not at all.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE SOLUTION OF THE "NEGRO PROBLEM"

In a highly-civilized community—in an Anarchistic one, for instance—there would be no such thing as a "problem" arising merely out of the difference in the color of people's skins. At any rate, so far as the administration of justice would be concerned, the question of whether a person's skin was white, black, brown, red, or yellow, or any of the intermediate shades between any two of these colors, would not enter into consideration; in fact, it would not so enter into any application of the law of equal freedom. The purely social or commercial treatment which one

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individual would accord to another, however, would naturally be governed by the approbation or disapprobation in which one individual would hold the characteristics of another; and, should certain characteristics be racial, and be frequently manifested, and be distasteful to the people of another race, present racial antipathies would persist, though of course only to a non-invasive degree.

But the people of the United States are confronted by a real race problem, and they have tried in many and various ways to solve it. The white people of the North have offered many solutions, ranging from the impracticable and futile to the stupid and absurd. The white people of the South, forced to be at least practical by the pressing necessities of their situation, have frankly and brutally resorted to force in their attempt to maintain their supremacy over the negroes. In every practical solution that I have seen offered by white people there has been a proposed violation of the law of equal freedom, and in very few—if in any—of the proposed solutions has there been a recognition of the fact that the white people themselves are responsible for the presence of the negroes in large numbers in this country, that they are responsible for their economic condition, and that they are absolutely responsible for their social position. Of course I recognize that, in one sense, this latter statement is a mere truism; but, if concrete evidence were needed, it is afforded in the social equality that is accorded (questions of wealth and education being considered) to the negro in various European countries.

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Now, it has been left to the negroes themselves to apply the rational solution of the problem,—that is to say, the Anarchistic one.*

The report comes from South Carolina that the negroes of that State have made a more or less concerted effort to stop lynching, and the result, if the effort is persisted in, will be to secure for the negro, not only immunity from lynching, but also as much political freedom as the white people enjoy. They have blacklisted such men as they consider responsible for the use of illegal violence against them. This means simply that they refuse to work for them. There is one case in Saint George where a planter has lost thousands of dollars through his inability to get the negroes to work for him, for his cotton is rotting in the fields. Eagerly lawless when he could induce his fellow-whites to lynch the negroes, this planter now (finding himself unable otherwise to force the negroes to work for him) promptly resorts to the law, and has twelve of the leaders of the boycott arrested on the charge of "conspiracy"! He thinks that he has the magistrates on his side, and doubtless he will experience little difficulty in securing the conviction and imprisonment of those arrested. But that will not cause his cotton to be gathered, and, if the negroes are wise, they will continue to decline to work for him, for it is physically impossible for all of them to be put in jail, even if a majority of the white people in the State are willing to sanction such a glaring attempt to resuscitate

* I do not at this moment recall that anybody has publicly proposed this solution, but perhaps my memory is at fault. I have myself, however, many times suggested it in private discussions of the question.

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human slavery.

The negroes of the South have the white people of that section in their power, and they can exercise that power without the commission of a single overt act. I hope that the example thus set by the negroes of South Carolina will be followed all over the South. If this were to be done, the most disturbing features would be eliminated from the negro question. C. L. S.

THE VOICE OF THE "EINZIGE" IN FRANCE

It is more than astonishing to find such an article as the following, an article which would have delighted Stirner's heart, in the place of honor in so reactionary a journal as the Paris "Figaro," and especially over the signature, "Fœmina." In translating it for Liberty, I crave the honor of subscribing to its each and every syllable.

"My friend," wrote the Marquise de Lambert to her son, "never indulge yourself in any follies save those that give you pleasure."

How well I like this advice! It bears witness to such good observation of self and others, to so exact a sense of reality!

If we were to limit our activity to the things that give us sincere pleasure,—follies, frivolities, great deeds, playthings,—life would at once become simple, easy, and—yes, in very truth—much more moral.

In every one of us—or in almost every one—there are two personages: the real one, and another one manufactured by public opinion, by imitation, by vanity and stupidity. This second individual dominates the primitive individual, compels his respect, forbids him to express his wants, to formulate his dreams.

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By reducing him to silence and quiescence, this bad master enervates, paralyzes, destroys his slave. He soon reigns alone over a territory which does not belong to him and which he governs ill. It is he who gives us tastes contrary to our instinct, urges us in paths that are not our paths, hurls us into adventures for which we were in no way destined, imposes upon us artificial passions, gloomy follies, mortally wearisome diversions, and, to finish his imbecile work, persuades us that all of it is the result of our free choice.

Hardly any one lives by himself and for himself. Generally our virtues and our vices are foreign constructions. Our opinions do not belong to us; we receive them from external circumstances, they are not born in our blood. We attack what we ought to defend, we devote ourselves to causes which logically we should combat. Unconscious of our real personality, we carefully play a *rôle* which we take seriously. And with what stupefaction we view those who, escaping the bad master, satisfy their instincts, think according to their temperament, love, hate, suffer, and enjoy with their fibres and not with an imagination deformed by examples and habits! These indulge themselves only in those follies that give them pleasure, and so they indulge themselves less than others, and their existence, when viewed closely, is seen to be a very reasonable one. Yet they seem to us odd, abnormal; they scandalize us. "What originals!" we say with a tinge of contempt, we who endeavor to copy so faithfully the emotions, ideas, and behavior of our neighbor, who in turn is the precise counterpart of his neighbor.

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In truth, we prefer no matter what effort to that of knowing ourselves and feeling and thinking by ourselves. The desire to imitate is stronger than hunger and love.

Every morning, opinion, fashion, revolutions, order and disorder, are reborn of this universal and burning desire to do as others do, which throws men out of their beds and sends them to work, to play, to crime, to self-sacrifice.

Each goes in search of the group to which he belongs, and which has remade him in its image. But who dreams of choosing his own pleasure, his real pleasure? Nobody! We look for pleasure to things in which one or several persons have told us that they found their pleasure. If these things do not suit us; if they deceive us; if they disappoint us,—it will be a proof that life is detestable, that's all! In fact, it is bad, and particularly for those who take it in the wrong way,—that is, all of us!

When Madame de Lambert advised her son to commit only those follies in which he found real charm, she put him on guard against the danger of confounding his vanity with his passions, of subordinating his aspirations, whether reasonable or unreasonable, to opinion,—in short, of imitating instead of living.

Imitation gives us more faults than virtues. And how many faults it gives us. . . . . One does not become a drunkard because of frequent thirst and because one drinks with pleasure, but from drinking when not thirsty with other people who are drinking.

It would take a great amount of energy to refrain from doing—even if one is little tempted—what one

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sees done around him. It is too difficult! We yield! We imitate; we repeat the imitation; we become accustomed to it; and then we decorate the habit formed with the name of pleasure. One really has to excuse himself to himself for having acted in spite of himself. But, if this habit is ill adapted to your person, it will injure you by separating you from yourself, however good and excellent it may be, this habit borrowed through weakness. Why did you not seek elsewhere a satisfaction involving no lie?

The morbid *ennui*, the discouragement with which so many beings drag themselves through their amusements, among brilliant careers, surrounded by an apparently harmonious family, is an unconscious remorse at having missed something magnificent and important. Certainly they have missed something,—their life, nothing more,—and all for not having had the energy to do the extravagant or rational deed that suited their inner personality; for having avoided the folly—or the wisdom—in which their pleasure lay.

We all have capacities of enjoyment; we all have an object to attain. In order to enjoy and to realize, one must seek one's pleasure; that is a surer morality than to follow in a dispirited fashion a flock which does not know, either, where it is going.

It will be objected that human beings are sufficiently inclined to run after their own satisfaction, and often by the worst roads. I flatly deny it. There are few people sincerely attached to the pursuit of their pleasure, if we except the sinister maniacs of vice,—but these are sick people, of which we need not speak. I am thinking only of the worthy persons, almost nor-

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mal, who go about hap-hazard, who do not know their own law, who are profoundly ignorant of their own needs, and who choose their acts as they choose for their summer holiday a site whose picturesqueness is declared to them by an illustrated poster. One would like to say to these people: Not simply should you rush into those follies alone that give you real joy, but, further, you should do only that which you feel a keen temptation to do, without exterior incitement, without first looking to see what others do, without concerning yourself about the state of astonishment into which you may plunge the public or your friends, without any thought of the public.

How many rash and guilty acts would be avoided by such a method! How many courageous acts would be accomplished!

Fear and love of opinion for the vain, imitation for the weak,—those are the two mainsprings of morality and its opposite. Would not the simple, sane, and sincere search for one's own pleasure give better results, more satisfying to human pride?

In one of his speeches in the Long Parliament, Cromwell said that what is done doubtfully is a sin. I am quite of his opinion. And we do doubtfully all that vital instinct does not dictate, all that is suggested in opposition to ourselves, all that we discuss at first in order to resolve upon afterwards in spite of a weak protest from within. It is true that we perform antomatically every day a multitude of acts which we do not discuss for a moment. I do not look upon these as better than the acts of suggestion or of vanity. The only good acts are those of ardor, passion, enthu-

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siasm,—the acts of impulse. Impulse is the movement of the inner being, of the being that knows what it wants and what suits it. Even when this movement is bad, I prefer it to those that are prompted by opinion and debility. And be very sure that, if they could take place without hindrance, in full liberty, the impulsive actions would often be excellent. But even the maddest of the impulsives undergo the pressure of their surroundings, and, whatever they may do, are always a little restrained, always lie a little to themselves.

Yet in every one's memory there is some one of those sudden movements that upset domesticated egoisms and create disorder. Question yourself closely: do you regret the things which you did with a start, in a fever, in extreme emotion, to satisfy a violent need of the heart, of the mind, of the blood? Do you regret the unmeasured generosity whose consequences became a burden to you later? Or those frantic decisions in which you sacrificed everything to a passion too strong to be counterbalanced? Or those violences which gave vent to accumulated heartburnings? Or the absurd frankness which destroyed a "fine future" to gain the liberty needful to your pride? Do you regret those things that resemble neither the dull follies into which we sink from habit or the showy follies in which we compromise ourselves in order that people may say of us: "What an astonishing person!"? Do you regret the follies that "pay," to use the American expression?

I do not believe it. We regret those follies whose disastrous ending we foresaw at the moment when we

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took the plunge. There are follies which we regret before realizing them ; these are the most numerous, the ones that we should avoid.

But we regret also many acts that are called reasonable ; we sometimes regret having stifled an extravagant dream in order to take a companion, of one sex or the other, who was not chosen for pleasure's sake. We regret having entered upon a career very well adapted to those who recommended it to us, and very ill adapted to ourselves. We regret having bought a house that we did not much want, in order to give a better idea of our fortune. We regret, and greatly, having broken an arm in an automobile accident, after taking up automobiling simply to imitate everybody. We deplore the stomach-ache given us by a dinner at which we were terribly bored. We regret so many things ! having so carefully cultivated false friends, and allowed true ones to depart . . . . for one has hardly room for true friends among all these tasks performed in order to be thought well of and to resemble others. We regret the time, the long time, lost in running after what we did not want, in keeping by us people that were unattractive to us, in assuming fatiguing duties without compensation, in forcing ourselves, without aim or result, to tell useless lies . . . . and we regret also having spent our money for appearance instead of to satisfy our real tastes; having been faithful or unfaithful out of snobbishness.

When we reflect upon it, we perceive that nowhere, at no time, have we sought our pleasure. We perceive that we have forgotten to live, and we regret it . . . . when we reflect upon it.

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AUBERON HERBERT AND HIS DOCTRINE

The following notice of the death of Auberon Herbert is copied from the London "Chronicle" of November 6:

We regret to announce the death of the Hon. Auberon Herbert, which took place yesterday at his New Forest residence, "Old House," in his sixty-eighth year.

He was the third son of the third earl of Carnarvon, and was formerly M. P. for Nottingham. Mr. Auberon Herbert was a notable figure in journalism, politics, and public life generally.

During his short tenure of a seat in parliament (1870-3), Mr. Auberon Herbert inclined to the Republican movement, which was at that time making some stir. But he was too independent in judgment to submit to the trammels of any party, or swear by the tenets of any school. The title of one of his principal books, "A Politician in Trouble About His Soul," sufficiently expresses his detachment.

His long and brilliant letters, which were once a frequent feature in the "Times," touched political and social questions with impartial independence. He was something of "a character," and "an original." Of later years his political ideas approximated somewhat to those of Tolstoi. He was an opponent of compulsion in all its forms, and not least of the compulsion of social conventions. He liked to live his own life; he had great charm and distinction, but cared nothing for the routine of society. He was an enthusiast for open windows, open doors, and outdoor life,—a form of freedom which he not only preached in various letters and tracts, but practised at his Hampshire home.

From the Oxford "Chronicle" of June 8, 1906, I copy the following report of a lecture which, so far as I know, was Mr. Herbert's last appearance in public life:

There was a large gathering at the Sheldonian Theatre yesterday on the occasion of the delivery of the Herbert Spencer lecture by the Hon. Auberon E. W. M. Herbert, D. C. L., St. John's College. In the course of it he said those who had many points of disagreement with Mr. Spencer would yet, he thought, acknowledge and admire the quick eye with which he always saw the principle underlying the facts, and the sure, masterful hand with which he grouped the facts round the principle. The great whole that made all things one was ever present to his

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view and acting on his thought. It was a splendid work both of insight and creative genius; it was a splendid effort to make the world intelligible to them as a whole; and, whatever defects there might be—as there must be—in so vast an undertaking, whatever fillings in or takings away time might bring,—and his truest followers would never fear to differ from him,—whatever doubts and questions and new interpretations might belong to the future, his work would remain as a great monument of what one mind could achieve, facing the great world problem, if not in its full completeness, still more so than any man who had preceded him. It was a work, whatever might be their own personal disagreements with it, that must exert a deep influence in moulding and directing the thought that in turn had so large a share in moulding and directing their human destinies. Agreeing or disagreeing, accepting or not accepting many of his conclusions, they could not, he thought, deny the great debt they owed to him. How many of them had longed to find reason and order and intelligibility in every part of nature and life, to lose all sense of aimlessness and confusion, and so they saw the great meanings standing out plain and distinct before them, so to learn what they must do and not do in their own lives, so to learn how to co-operate with the great purpose running through it all, and to distinguish between the true and false progress.

If they would forgive his telling a personal incident, he had sometimes laughed, and said that Mr. Spencer spoiled his political life. He went into the house of commons as a young man, strongly believing in the work that was to be done by the great political machine. Only exert, he thought, the full power of that machine on behalf of the people, drive it full steam ahead, and use it to give the great gifts, to undertake the great services, and to sweep away the obstacles that still lay between us and the promised land; and at the same time he felt, he thought, a smouldering resentment against that worthy house for its hesitation to let the great machine do its work, denying their full play to its giant forces. He stayed at home in the evenings trying to master one volume after another of Mr. Spencer's writings. Before long his teaching had done its work. He no longer believed in the great machine; he no longer believed that that handful of them, sitting there in the house, could make a nation, build its fortunes, and reform its character. He began to see that it was a work that lay far out of their hands, far above their strength. It was a work, as he saw, that must be done by the nation itself for itself, by the free individuals in their own groups, united by their common desires, united by

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their common efforts, and ever as the foundation of it all respecting deeply and religiously their own freedom, and with that freedom the rights of all others. It was, he saw, only too easily in their power to mislead and to injure, to hinder and destroy the voluntary efforts and experiments, to weaken all the great qualities, and to turn the nation into two reckless, quarreling crowds.

From that day he gave himself to preaching in his own small way the saving doctrine of liberty, of self-ownership and self-guidance, and of resisting that strife for power which turned the men of the same country into two hostile armies, ever striving against each other, ever dreading, ever hating, each other. It was true, pathetically true, that they might touch the heart of the people by a generous appeal, honestly spoken and deeply felt ; but that was not the all-absorbing business of politics ; the business of politics was to get votes, and votes were most easily and surely gathered by appealing to the special interests, interests which, in the great majority of cases, were not of the true permanent order, common to all, but interests belonging to this or that section, and which often involved grave injury and injustice to others.

Let them see what really their party system was, and what their strife for power meant. Suppose a nation of five million voters, three millions voting on one side and two millions on the other. What happened ? All rights went to the three millions, no rights to the two millions. The two millions were decitizenized. They no longer had any share in the country, or any part in the guidance of its fortunes. As individuals they were de-individualized ; they had no rights of ownership in themselves, over their body, over their faculty, and, as far as they could transfer the mind and the soul by machinery, they had lost rights even over themselves ; they were the subject race living at the mercy of the conquering race. The great question arose, could it be right for them to accept and live under such a system ? Why should they desire this unlimited power over him ; why should he desire it over them ? There were grim stories of men in the madness of their play staking life and soul. After all, were they gamesters at the political table, staking liberties, rights, property, and even the control of mind and soul, as far as these fell under the control of machinery, in the excitement of a great game ?

It was rarely given to a man to use three words which in time would revolutionize the thought of the nation. That was what Mr. Spencer achieved. His words were, "Progress is difference,"—a very simple, but a far-reaching, truth. It meant that,

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if he was to see more clearly or do anything more efficiently and better than it had yet been done, he must see it was done differently from those who had gone before him. That being so, it followed they must adapt their system in everything to favor the greatest difference of thought and action. What they had to look forward to was that all the men and all the women of a nation should understand that it was their part as individuals, and, acting in their own groups in every part of life, in the humblest or in the greatest part, to make the better take the place of the good. Once they could get that feeling widespread through the nation, then progress would lie before them in a truer way than it ever yet had done. And now he finished by a last appeal. If they once believed that under their present system of unlimited power they were learning to strive against each other, to dread each other, and even to hate each other, if they were turning aside from the road which offered them moral and intellectual progress, if they were encouraging and unloosening a force which would pass entirely out of their control, then let them be brave and resolute in the matter, and put limits upon this power which they placed in the hands of their government. Their great object had been to recover the full liberty of the individual and to restrain the ever-growing power of the government.

FREE SPEECH UNDER SOCIALISM

[Atlanta Georgian]

To the Editor of the Georgian:

W. A. Johnson, a Socialist, thinks that the rights of free speech are abridged when Socialists are not permitted to speak in the streets, and, with many protestations of the rights of the individual, contends in the "Georgian" for the "freedom of speech of every individual, at all times and places." Now, when a Socialist speaks with enthusiasm of the rights of the individual, it is well to be suspicious. And I suspect that Mr. Johnson's enthusiasm for free speech is restricted to an eagerness for the freedom of oral speech only "at all times and places."

Fervor in the cause of freedom of written speech "at all times and places" is not a conspicuous characteristic of Socialists. They are firm believers in the rights of the post-office. But Lysander Spooner, a philosophical Anarchist, stoutly asserts that "any (postal) law which debars a man of the right of employing

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such a messenger as he prefers abridges his freedom of speech." Mr. Johnson, the Socialist, would probably tell Mr. Spooner, the Anarchist, that the proper place "at all times" to mail his written speech is the post-office. You see the point: A Socialist should be free to distribute his oral speech at all "places." To deny him this right is tyranny. But the individualist should not be free to distribute his written speech at all "places." To deny him this right is not tyranny. How could it be, when it is Socialistic to do so? The proper "place" for the distribution of written speech is a government post-office.

Mr. Johnson, the Socialist, writes: "The Socialists do not wish to intrude their views on the public by speaking on the streets, but, when they seek to use the streets in an orderly manner and find them obstructed by the police, they are simply within their constitutional rights, not as Socialists, but as individuals, in demanding a removal of the obstruction."

Now, Mr. Spooner, the Anarchist, would probably rephrase the above outburst of indignation so as to read: "The Individualists do not wish to intrude their views on the public by writing with their pens, but, when they seek to use their pens in an orderly manner and find them obstructed by the police, they are simply within their constitutional rights, not as Individualists, but as individuals, in demanding a removal of the obstruction."

What does Mr. Johnson, the Socialist, think of the assertion of Mr. Spooner, the Anarchist? PLAIN CITIZEN.

THE INFLUENCE OF IBSEN

In a recent lecture at Harvard University on "The Corner-Stones of the Modern Drama," Henry Arthur Jones paid the following fine tribute to Ibsen:

No glance at any corner of the modern drama can leave out of sight the ominous figure of Ibsen. A great destroyer, a great creator, a great poet, a great liberator, in his later prose plays he has freed the European drama, not only from the minor conventions of the stage, such as the aside and the perfunctory soliloquy, but from the deadlier bondage of sentimentality, of one-eyed optimism, and sham morality. As there is no modern playwright who understands his craft that does not pay homage to Ibsen's technique, so there is no serious modern dramatist but

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has been directly or indirectly influenced by him, and whose path has not been made clearer, and straighter, and easier by Ibsen's matchless veracity, courage, and sincerity. Throughout these later plays, again and again he shows us how far more poignant and startling are inward spiritual situations and the secret surprises and suspenses of the soul than outward physical situations and the traps and surprises of mechanical ingenuity.

Like all the greatest artists, he is greatest, not where he is most realistic, but where he is most imaginative. It is true he does not reach through the middle zones of cloud and tempest; he does not attain those sunny heights of wisdom and serenity where Sophocles and Shakspere and Goethe sit radiantly enthroned, watching all the turbid stream of human life as it flows a thousand leagues beneath their feet. Ibsen for the most part looms darkly through a blizzard, in a wilderness made still more bleak and desolate by the gray lava streams of corrosive irony that have poured from his crater. Yet by this very fact he becomes all the more representative of his age, and of the present cast and drift of European thought and philosophy. His generation has heard and received his insistent new gospel, "Live your own life." But human hearts will always long for that strain of higher mood which we seem to remember. "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

Ibsen is a citizen of a small country; this gives him many signal advantages and some monstrous disadvantages. If his eyes avert their ken from half of human life, yet his vision is the more keen and strenuous for the half that lies before them. If he is a sour and shabby courtier to beauty, he is never a traitor to truth. He will never be surpassed in his angry scorn for lies. He has great fascination, but little charm. Joyous youth will never hobnob with him. For happy lovers he grows no sweet forget-me-nots. The poor in spirit he crushes. They who have rooted themselves at ease in the rank stubble of modern commercialism shudder at him, as a weed at the plowshare, as a cancer at the knife. For two-thirds of humankind he has only a command of self-contempt and a sentence of despair and destruction. But the strong he fortifies; the steadfast he establishes; he is a scourge to slaves, but for them that are free he enlarges the bounds of freedom. They honor him who honor the truth, and they welcome him who welcome the growl of the thunder and the dart of the lightning rather than stagnancy and miasma, and the fitful shimmer that dances around corruption. A test of Ibsen's quality is supplied by the characters of the men who

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have most hated and vilified him. Some tribute may, perhaps, be offered, belated, but, I hope, not too late, by those whom his tense and shattering genius has at length conquered and brought to own with great regret that they have in part misjudged, in part underestimated, him. He will long stand forth, a frowning landmark in the domain of the drama. Weak creatures may now be counseled to shun him, and to cease from cursing and shrieking at him. He remains.

AN ANSWER TO HENRY HOLT

Mr. Steven T. Byington sent to the New York "Times" an answer to the letter from Henry Holt proposing that Anarchists be outlawed. The "Times" has not printed it. It has given place, however, to the following very good letter from Louis F. Brown, of Plainfield, N. J. Why the "Times" preferred it to Mr. Byington's I do not know. The latter may have been no better, but certainly Mr. Byington has a reputation as a representative exponent of Anarchism which Mr. Brown has not.

Mr. Holt, who writes so interestingly about boycotting Anarchists, is evidently a victim of the popular impression that an Anarchist is necessarily an uneducated, uncouth, ill-bred, dirty, long-bearded tramp, with a bomb in one hand and a torch in the other. I could introduce him to Anarchists who are professional men, poets, *littérateurs*, editors, college professors, school trustees and of like reputable occupations. It is natural that he should have no conception of the theories of Anarchism, as he shows in his letter in to-day's "Times."

The point is this: If government were to withdraw its protection from Anarchists, would it also withdraw the restrictions that it now imposes upon their peaceable activities? Would it refrain from imposing taxes upon them? Would it permit them to offer and circulate their own notes as currency to anybody who would accept them? Would it permit them to occupy and use land which is now unoccupied and unused, which is held vacant merely to impose a tax upon him who wants to use it?

Anarchism looks forward to a new step in civilization when the compulsory form of organization will be relinquished, and the minority will be free to form associations for public purposes, supported, not as at present by compulsory taxation, but by voluntary subscription. Roads, lighthouses, water-works, all will be maintained by those only who wish to subscribe for such

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objects. Even a police force might exist, but only those who thought they needed it would unite to pay for it.

Clearly no government could grant freedom from taxation, for this would be equivalent to abdication, and republics abdicate less frequently than kings.

Anarchism regards the restrictions on currency as the root of interest, and the fruitful cause of excessive wealth, with the aggregations of wealth which we call trusts, and the restrictions on the use of vacant land as the cause of rent, which is another form of interest.

There are plenty of Anarchists of considerable wealth, not millions, perhaps, but certainly well up in the hundred thousands,* but they would all cheerfully relinquish their property if Anarchism were established, because they believe that the prosperity even of the rich will be infinitely greater under the *régime* of liberty.

CHEAPENING A LUXURY

Since Clemenceau became minister of the interior in the French cabinet, he has issued several circulars to the police looking toward the abolition of the *passage à tabac*,—an institution bearing some similarity to our own "third degree," the difference being that the latter usually consists of mental torture only, with a view to the extortion of confession, while the former is physical torture practised to satisfy the cruel and revengeful instincts of the police. As a result of these circulars, a prisoner who had been arrested for a trivial offence and submitted to the *passage à tabac* was fined sixteen francs by the magistrate, who at the same time reprimanded the policeman. Apropos of this, Henry Maret writes as follows in "Le Journal":

> I was very glad to learn, when reading our court report yesterday, that now it costs but sixteen francs to be beaten by the police. Formerly it was much dearer. I knew a time when, if a depository of public power had struck you with the flat of his sword, you would not have gotten off with less than a fortnight in prison.

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* Mr. Brown says, in this sentence, that there are hundreds of thousands of Anarchists. He means to say that there are many Anarchists with hundreds of thousands of dollars.—Editor.

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There is no doubt that we are losing our good old habits. The notions of the old law are no more needed. To be sure, courage has not been found yet to ignore altogether the unchangeable rule of our jurisprudence that the beaten pay the fine, in the absence of which rule society would be impossible ; but they keep on diminishing it gradually, and to give only sixteen francs for being passed *à tabac* is really not to pay at all. One must be without sixteen francs in his pocket to refuse himself the exercise of this right of man, which, though not inscribed in the famous proclamation, has nevertheless been the most preciously kept of all since the French Revolution.

There is some danger in thus putting this *passage à tabac* within reach of all purses. The rush for it will increase proportionately, and in our police stations they will not know to whom to listen. In vain will the minister of the interior and the prefect of police send circulars; who the devil will pay attention to them ?

"What !" all the citizens will cry, "you allowed us to be beaten when it cost us the eyes in our heads, and now that we can enjoy the farce for sixteen francs you forbid it!"

It is not worth while to deprive one's self, and, although the judges have thought it their duty to severely censure these gayeties of the sabre, we shall not easily get rid of a habit so inveterate that of it especially we may say that it is a second nature. It is a long time since the *rôles* were inverted; no longer do the revellers thrash the watchmen, but the watchmen thrash the revellers.

Perhaps, if we were really determined to come to an end, we should find it useful to change the prisoner, and to apply the fine henceforth, not to him who received the blows, but to him who gave them. Only this would mean such a revolution in jurisprudence and such an overturning of the rules of established justice that one cannot think of it without a shudder.

HOMOCHROMY

The prince of Monaco, whose tiny principality contains the greatest gambling-house in the world, but no stock exchange; whose subjects are the only people in the civilized world that pay no taxes, the treasury being constantly replenished by the profits of the games, in which no citizen of Monaco is allowed to

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participate; and who spends the gains yielded by the famous "zero" in exploring the depths of the ocean instead of trying to multiply his riches through subjugation and exploitation of inferior races in the wilds of Africa, this prince of Monaco is not only a man of science, but a man of wit. Witness the following extract from a lecture which he delivered in Paris last winter before the Popular University of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine,— a lecture which dealt with the phenomenon of homochromy, or the power which some fish have of concealing themselves from their enemies by identifying their own color with that of their immediate environment:

> Surely there are many among us who would like to have the means of sometimes concealing our presence. But let us rejoice that this faculty has not yet been acquired by human beings, for, though the animals always utilize their faculties in conformity with the laws of nature which govern them, man so willingly departs from the rules which civilization and morality impose upon him that the resource of homochromy would expose humanity to great dangers. Man already makes marvellous use of a similar weapon peculiarly his own,—the lie; that is humanity's homochromy.

THE STIRNER MEMORIAL FUND

The fund started by John Henry Mackay for the placing of a memorial tablet on the house at Bayreuth in which Max Stirner was born has received the following subscriptions through Liberty. The subscription is now closed, so far as Liberty is concerned. Any one else wishing to subscribe may remit, by postal money order, to Richard Schuster, Buelowstrasse 107, Berlin W., Germany.

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No. 8 —Whatever really useful thing Government does for men they would do for themselves if there was no Government.

No 9.—The institution known as "government" cannot continue to exist unless many a man is willing to be Government's agent in committing what he himself regards as an abominable crime.

No. 12.—Considering what a nuisance the Government is, the man who says we cannot get rid of it must be called a confirmed pessimist.

No. 18.—Anarchism is the denial of force against any peaceable individual.

No. 24 —"All Governments, the worst on earth and the most tyrannical on earth, are free Governments to that portion of the people who voluntarily support them." —Lysander Spooner.

No. 32.—"I care not who makes th' laws iv a nation, if I can get out an injunction." —Mr. Dooley.

No. 33.—"It will never make any difference to a hero what the laws are."—Emerson.

No. 34.—The population of the world is gradually dividing into two classes—Anarchists and criminals.

No. 38.—"Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it."—Bernard Shaw.

No. 44.—"There is one thing in the world more wicked than the desire to comm nd, and that is the will to obey."—W. Kingdon Clifford.

No. 46.—The only protection which honest people need is protection against that vast Society for the Creation of Theft which is euphemistically designated as the State.

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