Anarch and Pantarch. To the Editor of Liberty: Permit me a word in reply to the fairly and kindly criticism of the venerable Pantarch. I must needs love such an apostle of liberty, though he and I should war upon a thousand battlefields. I feel modest, indeed, in opposing the views of such a man, — one whose years of wise insight and oversight have made him deservedly famous; yet I gather courage from the thought that the newly opened and impartial eyes of the child oft see more clearly the true aspect and relations of environing phenomena than the abstracted, theory-bound vision of the philosopher. That I know very little about Pantarchy or University is true. That I should know more of them is doubtless also true. And that I would be extremely glad to fully understand their merits and demerits is still more true. But that "dead state," poverty, at present prevents my pursuing the necessary works, and would probably prevent my finding time to properly study them were they within reach. I am certainly "fairly open to correction." The man who can mistake me in error does me a favor only second if indeed it was second — to the pointing out of a new truth. This much preface. I come to the points of controversy. My denial of a collective reason Mr. Andrews permits to stand, and I think wisely, for, until the collective brain can be demonstrated, the collective reason had better remain in its true position as a mere hypothesis, had it not? A function without an organ to is my view an absurdity. My assertions may be proved individual reasons to attach to the needs of individuals, he meets with a counter-assertion. Assertions are but assertions, and two of them in opposition belong. This to a plain and self-evident inferior. But he finds my chief logical alibi and inability in my identification of the needs of humanity and of individuals. I am not alone. My misery is rendered tenable by the company of "nearly every other approximately radical thinker," but our comfort is much endangered by our broadening before as eyes a curiously and highly magical view of which he places great confidence. What is this stick? Obviously, humanity. What, then, is its "subject matter?" It is a stick. It is a stick of the stick. Then there is no room to put the needs of humanity at one end of the stick (and thus cont 1t it) and the needs of the individual at the other; for there are individuals as both ends, and all through the middle. Like the town that could not be seen because of the houses, humanity is invisible because of individuals, and the view of the needs of the race cannot be separated from the needs of the individuals. These two points are not distinct, as he says; are no more distinct than a log is distinct from his tail. A dog without his tail is not a dog, but a deformity, and humanity, minus the humblest individual naturally belonging to it, is not humanity, but ma-jority. The needs, or at least classes, of the majority may indeed be distinct from the needs or desires of the minority, but the needs of the race are the needs of which all individuals unite. If some, or even one, need one thing, and the rest need another thing, it is not a conflict between the race and one or more, but a conflict between a majority and a minority. Therefore I say there is no real conflict between individuals and the race. How can there be, when every individual is a part of the race, and all individuals are the race? Remember, it is the question of human right that is under discussion, and concerning which I claimed that the needs of individuals are justice, Fraternity, Liberty, are not those also the great needs of the race, and are not, therefore, the needs of the individual and the race here one and the same, therefore identical? So it seems to me. Yet Mr. Andrews avers: "There is a very real conflict between the two things. Considered separately the needs of a single individual and the needs of the race are seen to be never identical, but always in opposition to each other." Methinks I claim the two are identical for high?" But I can easily reply: It is too high. You are above the clouds, Mr. Andrews, and distance has thrown a strange embarrass- ment between you and the actual facts of human relations- ship. You had better come down to a merely "philosophical elevation" and let the "still higher" points alone.

Again, Mr. Andrews asserts that "anything to be, at all, must assert itself, as against the whole universe," and, in order to evade distinct, must apparently emphasize itself, and endeavor to suberminate others, and is "in essential anta- gonomism with every other; it is contrariety." Can this be true? I say, I have, friend also is; we love each other as bro-ters; we are so antagonistic; when together, we do — a very emphatically emphasize ourselves and endeavor to suberminate each other. Are we who are distinctly and all? No! Two firm-sealed men never walked the green earth. Would a bitter Ju- tification for a rough-hewn blade, help up to be, or increase our freedom? I know not. My observation has led me to believe that the greater the harmony the greater the freedom (and this because the basis of harmony is right relationships, which necessarily includes liberty and justice, and because the "method of harmony" is definitive non-opposition) and the greater the conflict the greater the peril to separate existences and the more nameless the actual impotencies of liberty.

This does Mr. Andrews make by contra-"the true or integral philosopher" with "the partisan or more social sectarian." Does he mean that Anarchists deserve the Gap- ter epithets? If Anarchists have not been light and clear eyes, gone to the bottom facts of human mis-relations, then I know of none who have. If they, who know no race, nor col- or, nor nationality, nor flagging of country, but only humanity, — the one man and the many men, his rights and their rights, — if they are partisans or sectarians, then my only answer is, "No!" But is this the question? Is this the depth I strive with no man as against any man, but with any man for the rights of all men.

What does be mean by contrasting the principle of freedom with the principle of order? From the womb of the Ideal freedom is born the ideal order, and Freedom and Fre- dom are of the same blood and cannot be antagonized. Is it true that the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts, — pecu- liarly true of human freedom and cannot be antagonized. I am, if I suspected for one moment that Anarchism was partis- anism, I would run my sword through its midst and quit the question as I would with all who stand in the Reich's way. I strike hands with no man as against any man, but with any man for the rights of all men.

I might have noticed the "sword and shield" criticism but you, Mr. Tucker, drew my sword so aptly and used it so deftly that I can only stand back and applaud. Well done! Comrade! Staunch home like an Anarchist! W. V.

The Redemption of Credit Money. To the Editor of Liberty: Lynden Spooner says: "To make a note solvent, and so effect circulation as it may, it is only necessary that it should make payable in coin on demand." Mr. Kellogg puzzled his brains on this point a long time, and finally came to the conclusion that a bond was the best thing to redeem. Now, it seems clear to me that swamping a note for something other than redemption is not redemption. But we do know for certain that when the issuer of a note receives the same in full face value, — why, it is redeemed. Could it very well be taken for a standand of value; but so long as we permit so few rich men to get all the available gold into their hands and then demand coin, the result will be a commercial error, a panic and a general confusion. The nature of things is, that if you allow the holders of credit money to demand coin, the same coin will be hoarded and held for a premium.

The Burden of an M. C.'s Song. [Based on the result of a popular song.]]
She shoulders at this, but a moment after she was already 1. Je t'aime, the smile—that good smile—on his lips, when they have announced to him that little Julie is there, that he is going to see her immediately; and she feels happy as she thought of having a little happiness of her own. How he expected her for the New Year! And then mentally reeled the words: "I knew it by heart, this letter which he had written her on learning that he would not see her.

She had not, nevertheless,—the hundred francs necessary for the voyage. She was getting a little for a whole year of privations, bringing which she refused herself everything, stinking herself in food and in fire which she lighted so rarely in winter. Yes, she has had them in December, but there she could not begin again—"

The last word is pronounced by a man with a ready smile, and a guard between us. Perfect darkness: I could not even see his features. Few men in each cage, ten women and children before them! The woman weeping, the men sneering as loud as they can make themselves heard in the upper hall of the calls of the guards, of raps on doors, of a hundred men and women continually knocking at once under one vault, all her life long.

"Come this way, madam, the director wishes to speak with you," said a guard.

She enters the office.

"A man, with bad features, glasses, young and tired, must have received her standing, speaking to the chief guard:

"Are you sure it is Number 4,237? in the hospital quadrant? That's the one! Sick! Can he not go back to the parlor?"

"No, sir."

"Is your husband sick, in the infirmary. You cannot see him for some days yet."

"Sick? What is the matter with him?" cries the poor woman. "But then I was going to the infirmary!"

She is almost content to escape this horrible parlor. Impossible. Absolutely impossible. It is contrary to the rules. The law is that the sick must be brought to a woman not used to a man's presence, without whom she is well again.

"I will come from a long distance, sir; I stay here only a few days."

"He need not have got into prison: this is the rule. I know nothing about it. No interview till he can go down to the parlor."

"But I beg of you, sir... What is the matter?"

"Inflammation of the chest, vomiting of blood—or something or other of...sort."

But if he could only see me, oh! you would see how they would give him strength... He is sick because he has not seen me for so long a time... he will recover."

"I am already told you, madam, that it is impossible. What do you want to me to do? It is contrary to the rules."

"Thank you, dear ones. If you only knew how he loves me; I am everything to him... What must I do, tell me, in order to get permission? But it is my husband, sir, and I, his wife, have not the right to see him?... What have they done, then, that they keep me away..."

The sobbs broke her voice; a cry of pain escaped from this feeble breast.

The director knew not what to say: he pulled his mustache impatiently. The heavy shoulders, the man with gray hair which was made by a long service, but who rarely had business with women—fixed his eyes on the director's embossed cap thrown on the table.

"The rules are opposed to it... the law... the law for all..." stammered the director.

She took refuge in his office.

The woman remained alone with the head guard; she went toward him.

"Sir, you are a father, you ought to understand me... You have, perhaps, a daughter, a son... Who are married... Who are engaged... Who are dead... Jean is also an honest man... I beg you, let me see my husband."

And she sank down on a chair. Her sobs choked her; she wrung her hands.

The old guard was put completely out of countenance. He twisted his whisker in his hand, but what could be done? Call other the guards? What was the use? His whole experience of thirty years did not help him in the least; he felt himself dumb.

At last, an idea seemed to bring him light.

"Jean, my poor woman, I say to you; Jean is a good fellow, throwing a glance at the door of the office."

"The director will return this evening; perhaps he will act on his own responsibility... This is an inspector, he would not dare... I will speak to the inspector tomorrow morning."

"Toward some other evening, perhaps..."

"This way, this way," added he, about, pushing gently towards the door the tottering woman.

Her eager eyes, Julie let herself be led by the arm. She sobbed no more, she trembled in every limb, and her colorless lips launched this interpolation:

"I am wretched, beastly men, with your rules and your laws, made to break hearts!"

Julie Tissot had runned all day in the vicinity of the prison. These words: "inflammation of the chest, vomiting of blood," rang in her ears; thoughts, scraps of incoherent thoughts, pursued each other in her head, without her being able to speak a word of them.

Sometimes she saw her husband dying, his eyes wide open, alone, abandoned in a great room, vainly calling his Julie to give him water, then falling back exhausted on a trunk and a scaffold, not possessed of the poor woman.

She walked, walked straight on, without knowing where she was going... A moment later she threw off her torpor, her brain refused to admit that Jean, so strong, so brave, so firm, of the great lips, of this terrible sickness. It would not get up again, as soon as she should see her; she would give him courage, recall him to life. And dreams of happiness unfolded before her eyes, carrying her on the wings.
IRELAND!

By GEORGE SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

CHAPTER IV.

That evening, after the sounds of the clarion and of military orders borne on the vulturine tones of the hussars of Chambord, and, the next morning, from Bunclely, a fanion formed of the curvus tents of an ancient edifice could be seen pointing to the sky.

On one hand largest, and highest, floated the English flag, and officers and soldiers passed in and out incessantly, as if full of business.

The drums beat the roll to fall in, the bands came together, formed in lines, the officers called out, and the soldiers returned to their quarters, which were in the rays of the rising sun, and the men, in huts, were soon followed by regimental banners in different directions.

They are garrisoning the villages, the smallest hamlets," said Pat Burn; "they will give us a garrison, too; of course we must shut up our wives, our sisters, our daughters.

"Yes," a young man, Bruce, said, "the Ancients Britons are in no way less cruel than Gowans's Mob; but, more than that, they have gallantries.

"Ah," added Paddy, "they are dreadful.

"The whole soldier left by the government on Ireland is made up of the worst elements of the army," said a third.

The edict declared, fourth, that Sir Ralph Abercombie, not desiring of subduing his military glory by sanctifying with his presence all the crimes which are committed in addition to the rigorous measures ordered from high places, has resigned the general command.

A noise came from the castle of Newington; creating of iron gates, caracoles, singing soldiers. Bruce, the same face came out, exulted and sang in the top of his voice, and the soldiers, with their officers, and the squadron sat at a gallop towards the stirring camp, ascending the hill at a gallop, receiving military salutes from the bands of troupers which met them, and arriving in front of the flag where the superior officers lodged in the high tent awaited them, his lieutenants ranged about him.

Numbers of birds suddenly flustered over the camp, in confusion, a sort of innumerable swarm, to the delight and the contempt of the soldiers of wooden soldiers; then, one by one, the orders of the superior officers which their subordinates sang out by turns, like roosters and in the same guttural voice, the troops wheeled, and, by rapid movement, spread out and occupied in both of the posts assigned to them, of the principal instruments, strident, martial, victorious.

The greater portion of the officers removed their tents, laying down their arms, taking off their uniforms, putting on their vests, and, at their ease, prepared carefully, on hearts skilfully improvised, the plentiful repeat which they must light upon the enemy. Bruce, the same as Dukes and his companion descended the hill, talking together, pointing to the village, and raising their sneering and sinister voices.

"That is too sick," commented the young Paddy.

A noise of approach and parade had little by little, rounded the curiosity of the Bunclelyanos. Grouped on the door-rolls, they talked together, interjecting the gestures of men of Newington and his companions, and replying sharply by invective, which was a lost in agon about the manners of the old.

"The counsellor!" said Pat Burn, commenting upon their obvious enemy's animosity, "see how he acts; that bar which he traces horizontally—with what energy!—that signifies that he will level our inlets without leaving a stone standing, smoothing the soil like the face of an ear of corn; and the trues which he says would literally overhaul the entire of the Shannon, would drop the hills, and let us have the highest branch in order to show us the shores of England!"

"Let him first take care not to lose his skin to us to make drums out of the old one!"

"You mean: the old core. Just because of that, he will have a chance to escape!"

The horsemen entered Cullen Park, where the flourish of trumpets received them, giving them a consequent, and, on the steps of the castle, appeared in a magnificent attitude, all the riders with gold like a bishop's cope, the Duchess, accompanied by Sir Richard Bradwell.

Pat Burn and Bruce, smiled an exchanged jokes; but they remarked the barrels.

While Lady Ellen were a costume of her guest's colors, and testified to him with an eager grace her joy at their presence. Sir Richard appeared very stiff and reserved, very chary of discussion. It was, I assure you, hard thing, keeping his hand free from all contact with theirs, and their dark clothes contrasted with the brilliant dress of the Dessy, wearing a cutting garter.

"The Lord forgive me!" said Paddy Nell, who joined with the jokes, "one could sweat that he is green!"

While they were at a distance of several miles to discover the shade of a garnet! They laughed at him, and he himself was amused at his precipitation, declaring nevertheless that he had no pitch in his eyes. And, in any case, he had the right to say that the son of Newington wore the colors of Ireland. He had often seen them on him.

"This is a joke, or a blunder of his taller!" observed some one.

"Perhaps a way of showing that he is at heart with us!"

At the sound of a trumpet call, breaking out suddenly on the spot, every one started; fifty soldiers suddenly appeared, before any one had seen them approach. They were composed of great height, with a straight stick, and noticeable, rolled up their trousers, occupied at the other end of the hall, should notice her.

Contrary to his expectations, she was well received by the house-party, a woman of about forty years of age, who, with incredible rapidity, would attack the first person that was in her way, and killed with a vindictive look, without a formidable passion, surrounded them by her débuts. They saw no such luxury in the hamlet of the central town; they witnessed too many sufferings, that the friends of the prisoners are generally pretty well received.

To be continued.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. CHEKRYNOWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

A week after the visit for which Beaumont had "very much thanked" Katérina Vasiliyevna, and two months after the beginning of the acquaintance, the sale of the factory was consummated; Mr. Loter was getting ready to start the new works, as he had started many years before, and to complete the commercial transaction as a merchant should, he notified Beaumont that the house appointed manager of the factory at a salary of a thousand crowns a year; this he should receive hereafter, and he was already engaged to sell the factory, and his underlings, had already paid the account. His servant, however, was not yet detailed, and they had no experience of the daily relations which will result from her consent to the proposition. She cannot judge whether daily life with a man of such a character as her sweetheart will please her or not.

But, M. Beaumont, if her relations with this man have been daily, that surely gives her certain guarantees of mutual happiness.

"A certain,"—we never think of it would be very much if the test were more thorough. The young girl, from the nature of the relations permitted her, does not know enough about men to judge, if an encounter is an important, her own reactions, is in the same way with men who marry. Only he can judge in a general way: he is well acquainted with many of various characters, and knows what character suits him. She has no such experience.

"But she has had a chance to observe life and characters in her family and among her acquaintance; she has had excellent opportunities for reflection."

"That is very true, but it is not sufficient. There is no substitute for personal experiences."

"You have only widows marry," said Katérina Vasiliyevna, laughing.

"Your expression is a very happy one. Only widows. Young girls should be forbidden to marry."

That is the case," said Katérina Vasiliyevna, seriously.

At first it seemed very queer to Polokooff to hear such conversations or part conversations. But now he was somewhat accustomed to it, and said to himself: "That is the man I should like to marry."

The next day this part of the conversation,—the general conversation was usually devoted to other subjects,—this part of the conversation of the night before continued as follows:

"I have put to you the story of your love for Sislofrof. But what was this? It was..."

"We will sit down, if it is all the same to you. I am tired of walking."

"We will sit down, if it is all the same to you. I am tired of walking."

"What are you talking of?"

"I was speaking of the matter which has so much interested me."

"We will sit down, if it is all the same to you. I am tired of walking."

"Or rather, it is not so much that John, but how you feel..."

"What are you asking for?"

"I was speaking of the matter which has so much interested me."

"No, I was not."

"We will sit down, if it is all the same to you. I am tired of walking."

"And so it is."

On page 4.
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-A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties, and who neither bladder by oppression, nor brandishes by oppression, nor is degraded by oppression. -P. C. W. 

In Anarchism Abideth Much Fun. 

The lot of the radical reformer is, in a worldly view, hard. He is misunderstood. He is ostracized. He is despised and rejected of "good society." The love and sunshine of many beautiful spirits among men and women who despise him because they think not what they do is cut off from him. He wears shoddy and sees the poorhouse abroad. Especially, if he be an Anarchist, is he hot in the cold, for he has taken the veil and renounced all the honors, offices, tame, and monuments of the State, so zealouslv coveted by the mass of men. 

Strange, however, is this saving law of compensation in human affairs. The happiest and most joyous men I have ever met have been these radical reformers, and I have reason to believe that the intense peculiarities of their radicalism have seemed to gather fun and infinite good humor out of life. For my part, I never have had so much fun and been so happy since I learned my ship's bell and went to Anarchism. As I say, there seems to be a sort of mysterious compensation in all these things, which probably constitutes the spiritual groundwork which has made religion so persistent a factor in all ages and amongst all tribes and conditions of men. Even Anarchism may in a certain sense become a sort of religion with a man. 

The first batch of good solid heir-seeds that I enjoyed after embracing Liberty was some two years ago, when Mr. W. S. Bell was seized with the military whim of inviting me as a professional Anarchist to speak on the platform of the New England Freethinkers' convention; in such royal company as James Parton, T. B. Wadsworth, and other great lights. A match thrown into a vat of camphene could not have produced greater spectacular results than did my humble and unconscious act of quietly and informally explaining the philosophical basis of Anarchism in a general and manly manner. At the close of my remarks the learned Parton stepped excidedly into the aisle and declared my reasoning to be utterly false, though he was utterly unable to tell me why. A cluster of excited voices resounded all over the hall. Miss Susan H. Wilson of Fall River fluttered about like a startled parakeet, scolding like a vice... 

"Wadsworth left for New York, shouting, as he retreated: "I will meet thee at Philippi!" Seaver and Mendum, the Dan and Pythagoras of Freethought, were quick on their feet in arms. Seaver bellowed like a bull, while Mendum held the gap over free discussion. In the afternoon Mr. Schell, a Free Religious goody-goody from Albany, kindly prefixed his lecture with the remark that the one disgrace of the convention was the fact that an Anarchist had been permitted to speak on a New England Freethought platform. At this Dr. Stillman arose and shouted: "You are a bigoted abolitionist or a laborer that was the convention prevented from becoming a mob, simply because an Anarchist had quietly and peaceably stated the philosophical basis of a method in sociology. O Freethought! what antics are perpetrated in thy holy name. 

Some two weeks ago it was my pleasure to lug this terrible demon of Anarchism upon the Freethought platform of New York, before the Manhattan Liberal Club, of which Mr. Wadsworth, the man who was to meet me at Philippi, is president. I was told before the lecture that the heavies brooded in the Club had been whetted especially for my benefit, and expected to be annihilated without mercy. Mr. Wake- 

man came late, and, without waiting to even shake hands with me, in a sort of excitement of the last meeting and thrust me before the audience al- most before I had time to gather my wind, saying: "We will now listen to the strange notions of the speaker of the evening." As upon the Boston occasion, it was at the close of 

my lecture that the fun opened. The giant who was to meet me at Philippi was dumb, and could neither be coaxed nor provoked into unleashing his mighty wrath. It is true this mouthed German, whose pate will roll in any direction that is given it, exclaimed that the individual had absolutely no rights, and that such as were accorded him were the kindly gifts of society. With this tremendous shot he col- lapsed. 

Then came Mr. Putnam, whom I love and esteem as a man, but whom I pity as a prophet thinker. After stating that he agreed with me perfectly in theory, he then went on to bear to "see the very po- sitions which he himself had emphatically endorsed. Such a ludicrous chasing of one's own tail is seldom witnessed, and, when the witty Mr. King departed the laughable pantomime just witnessed of "Putnam ver- sus Putnam" was heard the house. 

Mrs. Leonard conducted herself very handomely, and put a quietus upon one or two frivolous objections to Anarchism, which showed her to be as finished a thinker as she is a lady. Quite in contrast with her was the fat Mrs. Dole, a faithful follower of Jesus who goes picking about at liberal meetings, and who, after criticizing my gestures as a professional electionist, left the hall in probable disgust. 

Notable figures also were young Dr. Foshay with his irrepressible zeal to revolutionize the Macdonaldis, and others, but none of them seemed to summon the courage to demolish me, and greatly to my astonishment I escaped without a scratch, and was happy in the generous confidence of others to a man. 

Thus endeth the last chapter of fun. That there is more ahead I am confident. And all this ridiculous circus-work comes of one's professing a method of so- ciology whose very groundwork is peace as against vio- lence, whose very essence is love and attrac- tion as against force, and whose body and soul is Liberty equipped by cost. 

Cast away your ridiculous fears. We have come out into the open. Act not so tre- 

nibly before the truth, last finally your vaunted Free- thought dissolve in this hypocrisy and leave you in pitiable disgust with yourselves. 

Beware of Batterston! 

Gertrude B. Kelly, who, by her...bletics in Liberty, has placed herself at a single bound among the foremost radical writers of this or any other country, expresses elsewhere, and in a masterful manner, the unique scheme of one Batterston, an employer of labor in Western, R. I., who calls cooperation. But there is one feature of this scheme, the most iniquitous of all, which needs still further emphasis. It is found in the stipulation that no work- 

man discharged for good cause or leaving the employ of the company without the written consent of the super- 
intendent shall be allowed even that part of the an- nual dividend to which he is entitled by such labor as he has already performed that year. In this lies cunningly hidden the whole motive of the plot. By promising to give labor at the end of the year the paltry sum of one-third of such profits as are left after the storage of funds, on their usual per cent investment, and adding that not even a proportional part of this dividend shall be given to labor if it quits work before the end of the year, this Batterston deprives the laborers of the only weapon of self-defense now within their reach,—the strike,—and leaves them utterly defenseless until they shall become intelligent enough to know the value and learn the use of Anar- chistic methods and weapons.

Having got his laborers thus thoroughly in his power, and after waiting long enough to establish their con- fidence in him and his scheme, Batterston's next step will probably be to gradually screw down the wages. The laborers will have to submit to such reduction as it comes, or lose their dividend; and for the average la- borer there is such a charm in the word 'dividend' that he will go to the verge of starvation before giving it up. Now, of every dollar which Batterston thus man- aged to squeeze out of labor, only forty cents or less will come back to labor in the shape of dividend, the bal- 

ance is lost to the business. It is obvious that the reducing process will have to be kept up short time before capital's income will be larger and labor's income less than before the adoption of this philanthropic system. So, more and more, over, capital will thereby secure the additional advan- tage of feeling entirely independent of labor and will not have to lie awake nights in anticipation of a strike, knowing that, however rigorously it may apply the lash, its slaves will still be dumb. 

Additional evidence that this is Batterston's plan is to be found in the further stipulation that no dividend will be allowed to superintendents, overseers, book- 

keepers, clerks, or any employees except the manual laborers to be justified! Because they are not the extreme limitation upon personal freedom, and notwithstanding the tremendous and inevitable danger of inflicting destruction upon the individual, and the extermination of the middle and less extreme danger of sacrificing some individual rights, while remove governmental abuses by agnosticism, social scheme by social, we would ex- 

cept the pineapple of the man who govern as a monar- 

cher, while he solaced a fish-the fisher whose is who uses his hand by voting to write the most quiet and more effective exercise of the power of volun- 

tary cooperation, as we find it in a democratic form of 

government. 

I never could have solved any one who voted thus because I never knew any one to vote for such a pur- 

pose. I never knew any one to vote except to either sustain old monopolies or create new ones. A vote's platform sometimes includes the abolition of one or another tyranny or the limitation of the government itself. And even to make a vote for any special tyranny, he must vote with a party upholding all the other tyrannies. If any one should arrive at the extraordinary conclusion that he would vote for no party at all, but for all, he would be led to the pinnacle of the man who govern as a monar- 

cher, while he solaced a fish. In such a man he uses his hand by voting to write the most quiet and more effective exercise of the power of volun- 

tary cooperation, as we find it in a democratic form of government. 

In a two-column article this is the only point made by Editor Macdonald worthy of a thinking man's at- 

ten tion. The rest is a compound of stipulations and quibbles. 

When a man gets so far as to deny that to
LIBERTY.

J. B. J.

Just a Ray of Light.

Rev. M. J. Savage, in order to be in line with his brother ministers, including Rev. Joseph Cook, recently had something to say on the labor question. He said a great many things, but, if he had said but one, it would be better for him. That thing was: "What we are after in this world is perfect freedom of contract, perfect liberty of the individual." Does Mr. Savage know the meaning of "perfect liberty of the individual"? It seems not a very hard thing to understand, but that he does not understand it—to be charitable—is proved by an expression he used further on in the same sermon. "If I am a laborer," said he, "I cannot see what difference it makes to me, provided money be well spent, whether the ownership is in one hand or in forty. So long as it is used in the public service, it makes no difference who owns the title deeds." And still Mr. Savage says he believes in the perfect liberty of the individual. If he does, he must certainly believe in individual ownership and no other kind.

Mr. Savage also said that he believes the people can better the general condition of affairs by means of the ballot. Does not Mr. Savage understand that it is the ballot beyond all things that clears up the individual? The thing back of the ballot is majority rule, and a majority knows no individual. I presume Mr. Saag would answer this, as I find many of them will, by saying that the ballot, while it may be wrong in principle, can be made to give us temporary advantages while we are waiting for the grander things to come. Mr. Savage believes in, if not a personal god and a personal devil, at least a good influence and a bad influence. Being a覆盖面, he must. Would he admit that it is well to use the evil influence for temporary advantage? If he be an honest preacher, he would say: "Shun the devil." We Anarchists say: "Shun the ballot." It is the devil of individual ownership, a damnation with future threats of promises of power and gain.

The Senator and the Editor.

V.

The Editor.—Continued.

We hope the reader will agree with us when we remark that our friends, the industrial editor, whose views we are to continue through this chapter, shows marked ability in the way he seizes the right points to be developed in the discussion of the labor question. He could not have done better than to clinch as he does the point of arbitration. So much stress has been laid upon this supposed solution of the case between employers and the employed that it is quite time the subject was treated to an editorial airing after the fashion that Advertising the Horace Greeley Constitution is but a "labrating" matter, and no real intervention of a conciliatory or peace-making principle, a brief act of reflection suffices to show. Some self-adjusting idea of the desideratum. But let us anticipate.

The editor continues: "We are told that when money is employed by its rightful owners to earn more money, etc.

"I asked a different question. 'What is Jacob Poor? I have money; you have none. You have labor; I have none—or don't care to have. Now, you can't labor unless I bid my money to give you an opportunity. It must be this for you to order in order to earn more money for me. When you produce for me, you earn hands; the hands are 'a week. I will sit by and watch you and 'm money do the work. In due season I shall expect my mo. to return to me seven-eighths of the labor done.'"

"Jacob responds with temerity: 'No you don't! That is a hoggiest game.'"

"But there is fat, or he can live on the fat of the land; he is de dandy, and will wait till Jacob's stomey calls him to terms."

"But how does Jacob differ from the deacon? In no substantial point is his plan different from that of Jacob. Indeed, the deacon of the first church, his brother thorp, his diligent labor and economy; or by inheritance from some thrifty ancestor. Let Jac.

"Robert but be thrifty and economical, and one day he may put himself in an advantageous situation also. But it seems to strike no one that there is an absolute denial of equality in this claim that money can in any sense have an advantage over labor. The old says that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire' should mean precisely that he shall have in full his equivalent in whatever exchange it may be.

"We cannot now devote the space to this thought we could wish. But in one brief sentence we say that the true economist of the future will derive for Deacon and his Poor, the increase of his money, he must add thereto 'by his own labor and not by that of Jacob Poor.' If he gets his money into business and manages the business, for that labor he is 'worthy of his hire.' But for his money—what hire is it worth? Let Jacob Poor and himself continue to live like, and he will continue to discover. But, it is asked, and with such assurance one understands that the question is believed to be unanswerable,—what shall constitute for the risk he takes in putting his money into whatever sort of working establishment? Suppose he ventures and loses all? Small inducement one would have if there was not the incentive of some additional profit,—if he, in other words, must use his own capital and then work for bare wages like any other common workman?

"So ingrained is the prejudice in favor of this argument, so universally is it accepted as wholly sound and rational, a simple utterance of truth in regard to it, we are well aware it can be made for a complete disavowal of the truth. The truth is, however, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.' The truth is, therefore, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.' The truth is, therefore, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.' The truth is, therefore, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.'

"If I say Jacob Poor, your capital is his hire. And if I say ours, that is yours. Let one consider for himself how he can turn a profit, and he will find that he can.

"But, we say, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.' The truth is, therefore, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.' The truth is, therefore, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.' The truth is, therefore, that one of the most illuminating maxims of rhetoric is, 'One word is worth a whole volume.'

Justus Schweab has broken away from Most and his methods, and the "Freiheit" accordingly warns Socialists against him. One by one the men of real character who have been deluded by it for a time are finding themselves unable to stomach that so-called Anarchism which simply aims to substitute one form of tyranny for another.

Standard Labor Literature.

Karl Marx.—Capital: First English translation is now at hand. 2.50 each; the whole work, 26.50. Wage Labor and Capital; 48 cents. The Communist Manifesto; 10 cents. Extracts from Capital, 10 cents.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

(continued from page 2)

necessary to enable you to appreciate the character which it would be good for you to find in a husband. You do not want a rascal, but an honest man,—that is all that you want. But should you ever be married to the character of the man who may have provided, or he is honest? In such matters a better knowledge of the character and relationships is needed, which is the same difference as the difference between writing and speaking. We decided yesterday that only widows should marry, to use your expression. "What sort of a widow are you, then?"

"Yes, but she was used with a sort of discontent, and in the last words there was almost a trace of spite.

"It is true," said Katėrina Vassilivna, somewhat sadly, "but at any rate I have not the means to do so."

"And you would not have succeeded in doing so, for one cannot reign experienced when one has it not."

"You are indulging in the insufficiency of the means afforded young girls, for making a well-grounded choice. As a general thing, that a choice may be well-grounded, not only upon a knowledge of the character, but upon the opinions of the parents, too, is necessary. If a young girl may know her own character very well, if, for instance, know mine, and it is evident that I shall not change. I am twenty-two years old. I know what a man is to be happy: a tranquil life, with no one to disturb my peace and that is all."

"Evidently you are right."

"It is difficult to tell whether these indispensable traits exist or not in the character of any given one? May one find it out from a few conversations?"

"You are right. But you have said yourself that this is the exception and not the rule."

"Certainly it is not the rule, M. Beaumont; given our conditions of life, our ideas, and our customs, one cannot desire for a young girl this knowledge of every-day relations, this knowledge of which we say that, if it is lacking, the young girl runs a great risk of making a bad choice. Under her present conditions there is no choice at all. She cannot choose what is given, when the doors may enter into it. She cannot derive the necessary experience from them except in very rare cases; it would be useless to wait for it, and the danger is great. The young girl has to accept her destiny, and with discomfiture she has to deceive her parents and the world, or hide herself from them, which is the next thing to defeat; and this would decidedly lower her character."

"You are to be pitied, since you are of the view that life is too hard. And if I that did not happen, if she did not become bad, her heart would be broken. And yet she would gain no advantage by being so, for had she not the relations, either of her own character or so painful to her heart, are never more than relations of appearance, not at all the relations of every-day life. You see that that would not be at all advisable, considering her present way of living."

"Certainly, Katėrina Vassilivna; but that is just why our present way of living is bad."

"Why so? We are in accord on that point. What does it mean, in fact? Saying nothing of the confusion of general ideas, what is its significance in personal relations? The man says: I doubt whether you would make me a happy man."

"Oh yes, I would."

"I should have to be a beggar of life, and I would have to live on this. I am used to no other way."

"I am not satisfied that you want a beggar of life."

"You are right, and I am not satisfied with that."

"That is, perhaps, or rather that is not the way? The man says: I have not so much to give that I should be happy with you; but I promise you to choose me. You have chosen me, but I, pray you, reflect, reflect again. It is much too serious a matter even in relation to me who love you much; do not give yourself up without a very rigid and systematic examination. And perhaps the young girl answers: 'My friend, I see that you think, not of yourself, but of me."

This provision plainly authorizes no taxation whatever, except for the raising of revenue to pay the debts and legitimize expense of the government. It no more authorizes taxation for the purpose of establishing monopolies of any kind whatever, than it does for taking openly a boldly all the property of the many, and giving it outright to a few. And none but a couple of usurpers, robbers, and swindlers would ever think of using it for that purpose.

The court says, in effect, that this provision gives congress power to establish the property of money. Congress has power to tax all other money, and power to prohibit all other money in a power to give the present money a monopoly.

Let us look at these constitutional provisions, and see how much authority congress can really draw from them.

The constitution says:

The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts, and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States.

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This is no more than an unvarnished statement of the argument, by which the court attempts to justify a prohibitory "tax" upon money: for the same reasoning would apply to the taking of a tax on any and all other means of industry and traffic, by which "any other monopolies, granted by congress, might be infringed."

The court says that a tax levied upon the "power to lay and collect taxes," etc., for the necessary expenses of the government, and the power to establish this monopoly of money, than there is between such a power of taxation, and a power to provide money, that comes closer to a power that congress, or any other governmental authority, may generally license.

This whole idea lies in the root word "tax," to describe what is really a penalty, the power to lay any one of any man's natural rights of providing for their subsist and well-being. And none but corrupt and rotten congresses and courts have ever raised this money for this purpose, nor do they do so free from violation of all other civil and natural rights, which is their only true and natural market value; and there is no occasion for congress to do anything in respect to it.

The only thing, therefore, that we need to look at, is simply the power of congress to coin money. So far as it exists in the United States, it is simply a power to weigh and assay metals—gold, silver, or any other—term upon them marks indicating the exactly the same thing that they are facing by their coining laws: a penalty for violating their coining laws, and their coin may be used by them to buy, sell, and let them go in the market for whatever they may choose to do in competition with all other coin, and all other money. This is their only true and natural market value; and there is no occasion for congress to do anything in respect to it.

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What is Justice?

It is an idea impregnating a power that lays down a rule or law to which the individual owes respect and obedience as presented in the supreme egoist. My wishes most yield to the law's; and though I may feel that it beclouds justice, I do so in God's name and obey it. I do not this day adopt any higher idea of justice than is found in the Supreme Law-giver.

Killing Chinese.

I do not question that the willing white slaves of America are capable of supplying till they can supply the labor market as cheaply as Chinese. But I do question that they are willing, and who are not superstitious about killing a man, may prefer that white men shall be there than Chinese. The Chinese has a sort of caste with them that white men would not be found there.

When he comes to full consciousness, he sets up as his own master, and thereafter, if there is to be any use for the word justly, if we are to have a law of justice, it is in the interest of the individual to be made beneficent to the last human and duty; and these duties are simply matter of contract. The egoist will act as they see fit or prevent them from being done in so much or association with him under a mutual agreement.

Tak Kar.

[It will be seen that "Tak Kar," in his two articles, defends or promises for the killing of Chinamen upon the ground that, by doing so, he is merely in accord with the beliefs of the Chinese in their religion and atmosphere. He may want, not to trespass upon each other's individuality, the motive of this agreement being the purely cogiscistic desire of each for the peaceful preservation of his own individuality.]

God and the State.

"One of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written." —Digest of the "Age of Reason" by Professor H. W. Footner, Professor of Natural Law, University of Buffalo. The book is dedicated to Mr. William J. Garvey, President of the American Bar Association, and to Mr. N. G. W. Taylor, Secretary.

God and the State.

An essay showing how the principles of cooperation may be realized in practice. It is full of novel and stimulating ideas and suggestions for the solution of the pressing problems of the world. It is written in a clear and concise style. It is the work of a brilliant and original thinker. It is a work of lasting value.

NEWARK LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The subject of Anarchism is receiving considerable attention in Germany, and the following letter is published:

The subject of Liberty is receiving considerable attention in Germany, and the following letter is published:

Mr. William H. Robinson of the New York Times writes:

I am very glad to hear that you are going to write about the subject of Liberty.

Mr. Wm. J. Robinson.

Mr. Walter B. Robinson.

Mr. Wm. J. Robinson.

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