On Picket Duty.

"Man strives after liberty, woman after morality," said old Goethe. Denying morality as social order, it is evident that the one is necessary as the other, yet the having of both or not having of either just depends upon the method by which their achievement is sought. Work in the "many" way, and you attain both; follow the method prescribed to women, and you plant the seeds of crushing tyranny at the same time that you engage rebellious license.

Henry George assures Henry D. Lloyd that the single tax meets all the demands of the "new conscience." If so, the "old conscience" was much better, for I have known a goodly number of people whose "conscience" could not rest satisfied with the single tax. Certain it is, at any rate, that common sense never did, never can, and never will satisfy itself with the "wildest sophism ever uttered by a sane man," as Frederic Harrison calls George breakfast, which, he adds, is being defended with "runt more suised to a negro camp meeting than to an industrial inquiry.

An editorial in the Boston "Herald" improves upon that, in "seeking a cure for social ills, one fact has to be taken into account,—that the methods of correction from which the only good results are to be hoped for must be those that spontaneously out of growing conditions." To the student of Socialist reform the corollary which the "Herald" draws will be as unexpected as amusing: "That is, the general recognition of the Communist, Socialistic, or Anarchistic basis is utterly impossible." Wonder what sort of a combination the "existing conditions" are, if they contain none of the elements of the three specified social systems.

Mayor Hiram Jenks, New York, in accepting the County Democracy's renunciation for the mayoralcy, concludes his letter with those words: "I stand in this struggle for law and order first, and then for individual liberty in all respects where it has not been restricted by law. To all unnecessary restrictions of individual liberty I am unalterably opposed." I like to see a man use the word "all" with this confidence. It indicates a positive character, adherence to principle. But if used too recklessly, it is apt to result in embarrassing contortions. It is a very dangerous word in a rule that admits exception practically, even though denying it in terms. If a man makes a statement that implies an exception to a general rule, he must be careful not to frame the rule so rigidly as to exclude exception. In this new, for instance, Mayor Hewitt surely does not mean to say that law never restrains liberty unnecessarily. Yet if he does not mean to say this, and if he stands for law first, how can he be unalterably opposed to "all unnecessary restrictions of individual liberty? This logical difficulty surrounds and entangles the very roots of Mayor Hewitt's political philosophy, and it befouls him to clear it up.

"Abstinence" and its "Reward." [S. G. Tchernovetsky.]

Moderation, fornication, or postponement of personal consumption, by the capitalist has a specific result, which should properly constitute the only reward of that quality or fact. Suppose a man has five pounds of jelly, and, instead of eating the whole five pounds the first day, eats only half a pound, what should be the reward of his abstinence? In the first place, he will be in good humor. In the second place, he will have something delicious tomorrow, and the day after, and so on. It is the same with a man who has three barrels of corn, and who only consumes two pounds daily. Instead of consuming the whole in one day, what is his reward? In the first place, he could eat so much corn in one day. He could throw it into the river, but he certainly would not be excessively. But to throw it into the river would be foolish: so he has his reward in the consciousness of not having acted foolishly and not having made himself a laughing-stock in the eyes of good people. In the second place, by consuming only two pounds a day, he is prepared with corn for a long time, whereas, had he not "abstained from personal consumption" on the first day, but eaten the whole, he would have gone hungry the next day.

Political Microbes.

The following extract from a letter from a friend carries out no well its own suggestion that it suffices simply to print it. "Liberty's scores" could find no better expression.

My dear Tucker:

Can't you point the finger of Liberty's scorn at the collection of political microbes which the cancerous system has produced in the Republican party's nest of microbes at Congress in Massachusetts?

First district. — Bandall, a rather 60-year-old, of no education among his townsmen, and positively no ability.

Second district. — Raising from the grave—God save the mark! He, ignorant, foolish, unscrupulous, buying his delegates without shame.

Third district. — Beards, a man of no knowledge or ability, except as a political ringmaster.

Fourth district. — No candidate.

Fifth district. — Banked on an imitation of the last election, from mental weakness, pompous, rapid, empty, and arguments good authority to be suffering from softening of the brain, and perfectly insane.

Sixth district. — Lodge, able, but known to all men to be absolutely without principle.

Seventh district. — Cogwell. — "Bill" Cogwell, simply a swaggerying sort.

Eighth district. — Greenhills, an indolent, bright-red, deafening man, flukey, but unknown.

Ninth district. — Candidate, a principle again, plausible, not to be depended upon, a trimmer.

Tenth district. — Walker, a strongly individualized man, with no ballast to keep him from going from one extreme to another.

Eleventh district. — Wallace, simply a tariff-intoxicated manufacturer.

Twelfth district. — Rockwell, admired because he is a fighter.

"WANTED: MICHIGAN. — LOOK AT ME!"

Not a man ever so strong, able, and principled among them all.

Taken together, a delicious taunting upon political institutions.

The Democratic party has non-elected better men so far, but it seems to be as soon whether they are not defeated for that very reason.

A Vital Truth. [Swift.]

Anger and fury, though they add strength to the defenses of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I dream of all things free!

Of a galleon, galleon bark
That sweeps through storm and sea
Like as an arrow.

Of a stag that 'er the hills
Cows bounding in his glees.
Of a thousand foaming rills
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A stately monarch roving;
In my veins I have heard
The rushing of his wing.

I dream of some wild river
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods without it shelter
I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the flowers and bowers at play;
Of a forehead mild the wild.
With the star to guide his way;
Of a house on the greenwood tree,
My heart in chains is bleeding.
And I dream of all things free.
LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,
AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.
A DISCUSSION
BY Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. ANDREW'S REPLY TO MR. JAMES.

Continued from No. 135.

I may as well use this word [society] as any other to illustrate a certain tendency on the part of your Correspondent, to which I have already adverted, to a lamentable and unreasoning attachment to the name and abstractions which constitute the modern name and abstractions which conventionally and habitually define society as the "sentiments of fellowship and equality in the human bosom." In the end of the same paragraph he asserts that the "sacrifice of society—this sentiment of fellowship or equality causes man to lock away from him, to forget, and from whatever external patronage, and find true help at last in himself; that is, to return to the essential individual;"

What I have just said of society is in this sense true, and I think it is the reverse of the truth which I believe. For society in which those senses is it that I exhibit a "sorcery contempt" Whose superficiality is it now?

In that I have never seen your Correspondent adds, "society is the sole beneficial of the arts and sciences, and the individual man becomes partaker of its benefits only by his identification with it." In which definition is society used here? In the sense of the act of being direct benefactor of my arts and sciences? Is that what is meant? Or is it the "sentiment of fellowship and equality among menAPON which is the direct benefactor of the arts and sciences? Or, is it the "sentiment of fellowship and equality among men upon which is the direct benefactor of the arts and sciences?"

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the man knowingly sacrifices himself and all future thought of happiness in the privation of freedom, the consciousness of which no affront, no amount of the world, could atone for to an inconsiderate soul. One compels his mind to it. It would be strange, on the other hand, if the balance of motive never fell upon the other side; and then comes the terrible decision, the crucible which victoriously焦黑于 the unprotected head of the betrayer woman, and the last destruction of the happiness of all concerned, in another of the stereotyped forms of evil.

To be continued.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By E. L. YAT.

Translated from the French by Hall. B. Tucker.

PART SECOND.

THE STRONG-BOX.

Continued from No. 316.

Camille had not demanded satisfaction of the traitor. One does not fight with Judas; one is content to let him hang himself, provided he has sufficient conscience left.

Conscience and diplomacy are incompatible; remorse did not torment Frénil, and the spirit of Talleyrand inspired him.

A diplomat is a man who lies in the interest of his country, and who consequently can lie in his interest in private.

Language was given to man — I beg pardon, to the diplomat — to disguise his thoughts.

Starting from all the axioms of his sixth class, the young attaché wrote this letter to Camille:

"My dear, I do not dare to say: friend, and know not how to write to you after the crime that I have committed against the cause and friendship. My conduct is certainly inexorable, but it is inexcusable.

"I know not what is the end of my fat flax of mind. I have to appeal to your judgment; the son of an ambassador, belonging to the Court, and threatened with arrest in company with the others, I yielded to a mad fear which caused me to lose your confidence and that of your father.

"I saw everything compromised, not only for me, but for my father, my sister, and my relatives destitute of fortune, and — I confess to it — I sacrificed your fate to my father's rest.

"You so dearly loved your mother perhaps will forgive me for having been so weak in a matter that concerned mine, and I hope that you will not refuse your pity, until I find an opportunity to regain your esteem and your friendship.

"In this chamber's letter Camille simply sent the following answer:

"I pity you . . . and I hope you will see to it that you get your head broken for the people at the next insurrection.

"This answer, for the first time, and however he ceased to address Frénil in the language of intimate friendship, was interpreted by the young diplomat as meaning indigence and pardon. So he received to accept the invitation and go to Camille's roof.

The Baroness Hoffman's party was a splendid affair. Her husband's recent death had raised the style of her receptions; and the abbé Venon, an accomplished bachelor of such worldly festivities, did not complain of them.

This evening, risen from his fall, hollower than ever, thanks to a sermon against calumny, sat down amidst the most ceremonious attentions in the printed newspapers to the bruised parts, the abbé shook more discretion and reserve than at the Berville dinner, not speaking to the ladies, not looking at any in particular, and made the soiree in his house, addressing only the mistress of the house and her daughter, his attention absorbed by the les and other refreshments incessantly passed around on silver trays.

The baroness applauded his success, which seemed to her the triumph of God himself over the devil.

The baron was delighted with Camille, who had consented to open the ball with him.

Claire had accepted, making a frightfully white face at Camille and, behind her fan, sweet eyes at Gatsby.

Claire was engaged for the cold welcome given by him to the baron by Claire, who was almost forward in her attentions, and for the still colder salutation of Camille, who had simply bowed, refusing his hand with this bitterly polite excuse:

"Pardon me, Monsieur Count, I cannot; it is impossible for me to use my hand to laugh.

The first quadrille began.

It was really a true roost in the full force of the word, a rush of all Paris, ladies and women, sharpening the bodies and people with everything, hardened in the old privileges or converted — Gertrude said converted — to modern equality. Locheard was sounding Lédré-Rollin for political news for his two journals, one French, one English, for every one of them and the young rosary, Lécrus, was talking over the marriage contract with the baron.

Watching the quadrille, the abbé Venon, more austere than ever, said to Gertrude:

"What a frightful thing the ball-room! What an example! What chance has innocence here? What a denial of the family, what a symbol of our morals, absolutism and promiscuity! See these Quebec cards, these figures, all tempest and abomination. First two forward! very well so; but first three forward! then you might as well wash the plate with the dirty hands and help the lady to get the crumbs! And balance your ladies. And the waiters! O Lord, the vanity of marriage!

Gertrude almost crossed herself in assent and contrition.

Claire was embarrassed, the air was rumushed, embar-}

Then, taking advantage of the moment when the baron led Claire away to the corner, by agreement with Gertrude he made a sign to Claire, who approached the barrows; and softly spoke in her ear.

Claire made a gesture of ascent and joy, and quickly started toward her mother's oratory, a sort of boudoir sanctum adjoining the very ball-room which so shocked the modesty of the abbé. She entered; and straightway Frénil, who did not lose sight of her, upon a similar honest and pious inscription from the priest, went in the same direction and entered also.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOSPITAL.

Louise Didié's sickness grew worse. Unable longer to endure this state of things, Father Jean spruced himself up, as he said, — that is, put on his best rags and passed his hands through his hair and his thick beard.

The young man looked at himself in the mirror, and, not difficult to satisfy, hoped that others would see him with his own eyes.

Upon my word, I have the air of a m'lord," he said to himself; "I look only a country gentleman." And without further reflection, full of confidence, he started for the residence of the celebrated Doctor Dubois.

The elegance of the establishment considerably disconcerted him at first; but he quickly recovered his plebeian assurance, and with perfect self-possession inquired of the physician regarding the doctor.

"This is where Doctor Dubois is, or the Charity Hospital?"

"You have an errand with him?" asked the curé, eying him disconfidently.

The offended tenant, in a voice more supercilious, still pointed to the servants' staircase, which Father Jean quickly ascended.

The rooms were filled with works of art, and paintings by the great masters, ancient and modern; hid the walls to the satisfaction of the doctor and the diversion of his patients.

What struck Jean especially was a table covered with a pencil of gold and silver coin, — a firmament, one would have said. Jean was dazzled, if not dumb.

Continued on page 3.
Liberty.
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To the Editor of Liberty:

Referred to your favorable reply of October 15, I fail to find an answer to the question as to the result of the attempt of two rival protectors to secure different persons the same territory. I answer it, if I am not at the same time ignorant, the protector which has the power rather than the quality of protection which would succeed. But if the tyrant, by sophistry, could convince the masses, as Anarchist policy is to their benefit and could obtain their support, Anarchist liberty would invariably descend to despotism. (3) The present State, to my mind, is indeed the natural outgrowth of Anarchist, its sacred character being due solely to the strong arm, vigilance and sustained by a copious amount of sophistry.

My remarks about equity do certainly not refer to what is now the quality or equity, but to the genuine articles. The statement that the value of the protection in the possession of land equals its economic rent I consider true, even if the possession of land is a possession in an economic sense. By rent I mean of course that which Ricardo terms rent, i.e., the difference between the productivity of a particular piece of land and the marginal productivity of any other piece of a value of a product over the value of the labor producing it.

The observation regarding the sentimental value of protection is certainly out of place, since in economic discussion none other than exchange value can be considered. (2) Even in the case of the possession of land is superior, the value of protection in the possession of land can be shown to be equal to its economic rent. The right of possession to land consists of a certain amount of the benefits, in most cases in the advantages which the use of such land affords to an unencumbered possession. It represents a giving-up, by the community, of that for which they would obtain for themselves, the cost to the community being that which they have relinquished, and equals in value the special advantages which is the cause of rent. In this sense, it seems to me that affording this protection is affording the same protection as to the land, but the different, to the economic rent. (6) Moreover, assuming that owing to the favorable locality or fertility (eliminating a difference of skill or other causes) the productive land gives a value of protection is so high that a third party may dispose of the same by a distribution of this rent which they, in the course of exchange, have paid to him? If the people of a community are endowed with the productive powers, they may give the same protection to one who is willing to pay the rent; and, if the occupier refuses to do so, the right of occupation will simply be given to one who is willing. (7) This, in the case of invasion, but a bargain. (9) What right has he to expect the community to secure him an opportunity to make impossible equations? It is true that the value of the advantages offered, whereby equity is established? I can conceive of no other individualistic measure (11) by which the advantages which are possessed by the possession of land are actually obtained. In cases in which the possession of land is feebly regarded as inferior, that is to say, that he loses by an equal advantage to the other man. It is to me an equal advantage to the other man. It is to me an equal advantage to the other man.

(10) No other? Is Anarchist's measure individualistic,
LIBERTY. 136

Lovers' Relations.

An unknown friend, writing from San Francisco, raises two objections to the ideas about love and lovers' relations that have been expressed in Liberty. Both are well worth discussing.

Her first point is made in the following sentence: "If I were to be told that I am a woman that I did not like, I would want nothing more than to see them try to live together. Nine times out of ten the disenchanted azure-lover leaves her. This is evident!" "It is evident!" as an argument against "living together" generally, and is based on the proverbial truth that "families and their pleasures are always understood!" But such a point is not as irrelevant as it seems. It is not important to reflect a little more upon the subject and revise her opinion in the light of the considerations briefly submitted below.

Granting for the sake of the argument (for I am far from really admitting it th) distance not only lends enchantment, but that the latter is absolutely indispensable in the absence of the former, why should lovers think of and fear disenchantment while they are yet in the baleful stage of being all in all to each other? It is not disputed that during the 'age of enchantment the desire to be near and inseparable is exceedingly strong, and that only external and insurmountable obstacles can now make amant lovers undergo the misery of silence and eternal separation. Besides, if they know that the days of their love are numbered, they know that there are other and newer joys in "What goes before." While there is life, there is hope, and what love lacks in durability it must make up in intensity and variety. "It is the same old story as we have told to every human being who lives without love in a national and free state of society. Love would not be a drug in the market, and it would not be necessary to take it in small doses for fear of having to go alco-

Another fact to be remembered: Lovers cannot and do not think of the time when the flower of their affection shall fade and grow dim and die. The happiness of the present absorbs them, and leaves them without thought or care for the future as it waxes out the past. And, where there is some such happiness, for fear and anxiety of external effects are precisely the opposite of that in my friend's imagination. Such apprehension only draws them more closely together and narrows their horizon. It is not in love that they feel it would be utterly impossible to cease to love; they could not conceive of any change. Of course, they are not what they were, and all their power of control theebb and flow of their affections. But, while love continually changes, it changes fancifully, at every given moment, infatuated anditemid, Why, then, should the reader, read on "Love?" If not, let me urge her to take it without delay.

My correspondent further thinks that "[Tolstoy and Tchaikowsky are] wrong when they say that kissing a woman's hand is degrading to her". She thinks it "can be as loving and respectful as kissing the lips," and would like to "think of a pair of eyes or lips or hair of her lover" showed that she thought him inferior to her. All this is perfectly correct, and neither I nor Tcherkovsky consider that kissing a woman's hand is degrading to her. Had Leoekohff held Yevra's hand in his coaxingly while they were conversing and kissed it spontaneously, it is certain that she would have felt her little gesture undelivered and thought Lopokovskia a sharp freq creature. But—men are so stupid!—instead of this, he praised some ordinary remark of hers, and formally requested to be permitted to kiss her hand in acknowledgment of her superior intelligence. Yevra properly felt a little insulted, and by a natural association of ideas was led to think of the wrong act committed by a woman of women by men, who, my correspondent must be aware, are in the habit of acting the part of worshipers and willing lackeys before the modern socially so-called polite society. When, on another occasion, Dmitry tells Verochka: "You have walked bare feet over the floor; let me kiss your feet," of course, she does not think of the desperate rulers of barbarous countries who compel their subjects to kiss their feet, for between that form of degrading homage and Lopokovskia's it is nothing in common. It does no good to know, moreover, that Lopokovskia did not strictly obey Yevra Piatunina's commands and permitted him to kiss her hand all the time, applying to her with special license.

How Statemen Can Benefit Humanity.

[Paul Noyes].

It should be the task of the statesman to make himself less of a statesman. He should remember the sentiment of justice that the greatest possible number of free individuals can live in harmony with one another; and such shows or in conjunction with some fellow-workmen, can occupy himself with the eternal problems.
Continued from page 6.

Pardon me, Monsieur Dubois, for taking up your time gratuit, as I see it is a very great deal to you; perhaps you may be a very busy man to-day, for I have crossed your shop in the last ten minutes; I pay and receive a bill for goods.

The baron de Dubois, who left his name to a private asylum in Paris, the baron Dubois, was the great liberal practictioner of his time, the chief physician of the insane asylum, and a great name in the medical profession of the day. He is a great friend of the humane and philanthropic society, and I have seen him three times in the past year.

The people called him "the good doctor." He has indeed a pronounced temper, and as a doctor he recognized himself in me.

Consequently the slight of Jean, so frank in look and voice, neither borrowed nor refused. He was a good fakir, a poor man, and he lived as much as was his due. He seemed to him worthy of it.

"Ah, man, says Dubois, "squint, time is none. What do you want?"

"Nothing for myself, doctor, as you see; I am well enough, thank God! But I have a lady for a neighbor who..."

"Ah, and you, my buck."

"Oh! with the most honorable intentions," exclaimed Jean quickly, "the poor old lady; and pardon me, Monsieur Dubois, if I give you my words a mischievous meaning, that the husband of the lady of the house has just left the house and I am said to be his wife.

"To be sure; I was wrong. Come, what is the trouble?"

Very well then. You see you have confidence, since I am here. You could easily do it for me; a doctor must be good! He is not like the lawyer, you know.

"And why?"

"Why? Because the best lawyer is he who wins the best case, while the wise doctor is he whose worst case is the best disease.

"Truly," said the doctor, charmed by such a sense, "that is a good definition of the two roles, and in your words the prescription that I shall give you: your protege. Go on."

"The messenger is waiting for a reply," said the servant."

"I will go... but first your poor neighbor! Come, my old man."

They were about to go out, the servant came back with a card bearing these words:

ISMAEL GRIPON.

Brokers.

And in pencil: "Urgent, apathy.""
LIBERTY. 136

War and Government.

(Court de Mensingen in "Sur l'Armée").

If only I dreamed of this word, war, a fright comes over me as if the moon were falling from the sky—when I think of the exasperation, of a thing remote, finished, abominable, monstrous, against nature.

When men are ventured, we smile with pride as we proclaim our superiority over those savages. Who are the savages, the real savages? Those who fight to eat the common food, to eat, to love, to sleep. The little soldiers running among you are destined for death as the flecks of sheep are that a butcher drives along the road, until the last fall on some field, the head split open by a sword or the breast pierced by a club; and there are young men who might labor, produce, be useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who for twenty years have lived and suffered, seeing them as only as they see their own child, will learn in six months or a year perhaps that the son, the child, the bride brought up with so much love, has been turned into such a thing, and die of grief. The falling cow is boweled by a bullet and trampled upon, crushed, reduced to pulp by cavalry charges. Why have they killed her, her beauty, her pretty life, her hope, her joy, her life? She does not know. Yes, why?

War! . . . to fight! . . . to struggle! . . . to massacre men! . . .

And we have today, at our speech, with our civilization, in the respect, with the sense of science and the degree of philosophy which the human race is supposed to have reached, a race of men as, who with the sword kill, with the fire, with the bolt and with perfection, many men at the same time, to kill poor devils of innocent men, with fascinators and with science.

And the most astonishing thing is that the people do not rise against the governments! What difference is there between the people whom you have described as having the courage to kill when they see the dog, to kill the child, to kill the woman, and with perfection, many men at the same time, to kill poor devils of innocent men, with fascinators and with science?

The naked Court. (Poulet Henri de Léopard.)

An engraving charged with immorality is on trial.

The three magistrates constituting the tribunal are solemnly among them. One man is light, another dark, the third gray. In the morning, before coming to the court-house, in the evening, in the social tennis, they move, they differ so less in their attitudes and expressions that, in order to understand them, we have to at some point seem like three copies of one model. On dressing their robes a moment ago, their faces assumed the same expression, the same air.

The guilty engraving is spread before their eyes. Nevertheless they scarcely examine it; they only give it an occasional oblique glance. They are waiting. They will study it at leisure later.

The assistant district attorney speaks. The regulation requires them to remain in their offices all day.

The assistant district attorney is bald; "on his brow to his neck, and he expresses himself as follow: "My God, I would like to be able to say to the engraver whom I ask you to condemn possesses very fine talent, desires to be considered a perfect gentleman, and who..."" The court-votes for life. We have to public duty decency to fulfill. The engraving which we charge with criminality represents a woman at whose feet lie three cabbages. Now, only is the woman naked, but the cabbages also is naked.

The assistant district attorney pauses awhile, and then says:

"Surely there is no intention here of preventing the manifestation of art. The government, the magistracy, and the district attorney's office bear against art. No more we can wish for more, nor do we understand each other. It is important to distinguish between the various kinds of nakedness.

Another pause of the bald personage, who then, in a more solemn voice, proceeds:

"There is the ancient naked and the modern naked. We do not think that we are obliged to add more to this question of art. And the engraver, in whose..."

The cabbages, gentlemen, - do not forget it, - is the emblem held up to us in our infancy as the personification of maternity. It is extremely shocking. Your minds, so sagacious, so penetrant, so profound, have already perceived it. It is useless to dwell upon it. Moreover, in case you should still remain in any doubt, remember the learned definition of obscenity which you have given: 'Obscenity exists where art does not step in to elevate the image,' and when you have retired from act and voice deliberation, you will find the art step in by the side of this cabbage to elevate the ideal."

The poor engraver, pale as death, rises, and can only say:

"My cabbage is naked, I confess; but in that respect it does not differ from other cabbages, its fellows. I did not know that a cabbage, to obtain the freedom of the city, has to have a complete dispute. If it must be a complete confusion, I do not know where to find the ideal cabbage. I have confined myself to looking at ordinary cabbage, and I have the idea that perhaps that cabbage has been again as I used to set the weekly sauce, as it must, it would allow me to venture that I have seen nothing obscene in them. I did not know, it is true, the definition of the term 'difinition,' which I do not know. I excuse me, I do not understand it."

"The court declares the case closed and retires. In the council chamber, and the gray judge rises, and places the engraving upon the engraving in front and return it in every direction."

At last the young blonde exclaims in despair:

"This cabbage resembles all cabbages; I see no indecency in it."

Then the gray judge takes off his glasses, wipes them care- fully, replaces them on his nose, takes up his design, looks at it closely and from a distance, in the light and in the shade, and says in a good-natured tone:

"I agree with my colleague."

"But," says the dark judge, who has thus far been silent, "does it not give a false idea of the small cabbages?"

His companion a second time feel and smell of the paper.

"No," says the blind judge, squarely.

"But," says the gray judge, "I am astonished at your imagination."

The dark judge tenderly lowers his eyes and resumes:

"We do not sentence," answer the two other magistrates, u chorus.

"What do you wish on the obscurity which exists in this place? . . . .?"

A double burst of laughter stops the speech on the dark judge.

"Very well, we will acquit," he says, with a vexed air.

Ante the five minutes left be declares from the bench:

"We declare acquittal, let reference to the Nicole be as often as it needs to be."

"And we have the food of its existence, still more of its own essence. tudor, do not, in a general way, inspire in our ideas, the court orders its discharge."
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