on Picket Duty.

Let not one wonder that Liberty is silent on the late’s altercation, the "Christian Socialist" movement. Though one is sometimes led to study an opponent’s advantage rather than his gratification, and so speak approach, he must be cruel only to be kind, yet of the marriage of "scientific Socialism" to the dead horse of Christianity charity compels to forbear thinking aloud.

English hypocrisy is agitated over the hardships of the children employed on the stage, and is busily trying to get a law passed prohibiting or regulating the atrocious employment of these children. Really, it is appalling to contemplate the dreadful status of these children, especially in contrast with the convenience and comfort so abundantly enjoyed by the thousands of children of the London gutter.

Because Mr. Pentecost, in saying pleasant things of State Socialism, dares to have an opinion of his own and does not copy official statements, the organ of the Socialist Labor Party vilifies him and accuses him of base motives. When State Socialism is established the guild system will be the only cure for hypocrisy, and the wages of such sin as Mr. Pentecost’s will be death. For his sake, then, I hope that that time is not so near as he imagines.

A London newspaper reports that, when Rochefort learned the news of his son’s suicide in Algeria, he rose from the table at which he had been sitting with his niece taking supper, and retired to his room, there bursting into bitter tears and falling on his knees to pray for his unhappy son. Of late Rochefort has been known to commit many unpardonable follies, but I cannot believe that he has lost his sanity so far as to resort to despair.

E. C. Walker speaks of John Ruskin and Stephen Pearl Andrews as master writers of English prose. Now, there is a great deal to praise and admire in Andrews, but it is not to pretend that his style is at all equal to Ruskin’s, who has been justly called the master of modern English prose. I can easily name a dozen living writers far above Andrews and yet considerably beneath Ruskin on the scale of literary power and influence.

T. L. M’Cready, the "Standard’s" clearest and liveliest contributor, is rapidly working up his way to the Anarchist position. He has abandoned a great part of the Georgian chaotic platform, and, with the exception of the 8% tax measure, insists on individual freedom. I think he is much nearer to us already than Mr. Pentecost, whose faith in the inevitable success of State Socialism is much stronger than facts and logic would seem to warrant. By the way, while Mr. Pentecost is dealing with the objections to Socialism, it would be well to attempt an answer to the article of Mr. M’Cready on the "Fallacies of Socialism" lately published in the "Standard."

The only prominent American daily that has taken the sound individualistic position on governmental and industrial questions is the Galveston "News," whose editorials Liberty frequently reprints with appreciation and pleasure. Are we now to be blessed with another powerful champion of freedom? The "Transcript" of this city the other day had a remarkable editorial, entitled "The Moral of Mr. Fink," the unmistakable moral of which was that compulsory government is incompatible with healthful economic activity. I reproduce it elsewhere for the benefit of those who are able to perceive the contrast between its robust logic and the sickly sentimentalism of the Boston Nationalists.

William Douglas O’Connor, the author of the "Good error: To defend one’s self against coercion is not to exercise coercion; protection against invasion is not invasion; and communities may construct any safeguards against crime without being themselves in the least arbitrary and tyrannical. Even punishments of criminals are not invasions of rights, provided the may and may not be explicitly defined in the social compacts. "Mm. Morris seems to be the last man to criticize opponents without exact information on the meaning of the terms they use.

My suspicion that the editor of the "Workmen’s Advocate" derives all his economic wisdom from the little "Principles published by Marx and Engels as a "Communist Manifesto" has now settled into firm conviction. He amends his denial of the right of the Anarchist and single-tax schools of economy to the claim of scientific importance by a frank confession that he "does not know that they are schools at all." Why, of course he doesn’t, and that’s what the trouble with him is. It takes hard labor and deep thinking to master the nature and logic of these systems, which a labor politician neither cares nor needs to resolve upon. It is easy to learn to talk Socialist slang and to every opponent with the vulgarity of fishwomen, and this is the only qualification demanded of partisan editors. Should the editor of the "Advocate" take a long vacation and study some of the works of the schools referred to, he might perhaps be able to discuss matters with greater profundity and seriousness on resuming his editorial duties. At any rate, I strongly advise him to try the experiment.

Those individualists who feel alarmed over the success of the State Socialist agitation in England will be considerably reassured if they take Grant Allen’s view of the subject. "The so-called Socialist," he says, "ought to base his examination to be a Socialist in name only. Feeling deeply the good of the fundamental wrongs under which the proletariat at present suffer, he accepts at once the Socialist solution as being the first and easiest and there affords him. But when one presses him hard as to the separate classes and items of his creed, one finds generally that what he lays stress upon is the injustice itself, not the supposed Socialist cure; and that in instinct and spirit he is individualist at bottom. I do not myself believe that true Socialism has, or ever had, any large following among the people in England. I believe the soil and somewhat selfish English mind runs in quite another groove, and looks upon the world in quite another fashion. And I am perfectly sure that, if it came to the point, anything like true Socialist measures would worsen the worst opposition and indignation of nine out of ten so-called Socialists." For my part, I am perfectly sure of exactly the opposite. It is true, no doubt, that the demand of Socialists has largely existed for the existing injustice, but it is equally certain that this demand has developed a philosophy; and on authority and despotism, with which the State Socialists, both individually and as a body, are so thoroughly in love that if given an inch, they will take an ell.

The Lion’s Council of 1754

[Transcribed from the Masonic by John A. Ricci]

A lion held a court for State affairs. Why? That’s not your business, sir, ‘twas theirs’ He called the elephants for counsellors—still the council board was incomplete—

With asses all the vacancies fill,

Heaven help the State!—for lo! the bunch of asses

The bunch of elephants by far surpassed.

He was a fool—the aforesaid king—you’ll say;

Better have kept those places vacant surely,

Than fill them up so poorly.

O, no! that’s not the royalCB

Things have been done for ages thus—and we have a deep reverence for antiquity;

Wiser and better than our fathers were.

The lion must be complete, even though you make it

quipptto with asses; for the lion saw

the bad for ages as his law—

He cannot break it.

"Boulias," he said, "my elephants' good sense

Well soon my asses' ignorance diminns,

For wisdom has a mighty influence."

They made a pretty finish!

The minds fully soon obtained the awe.

The elephants became as still as they!
PART FOURTH.

THE STRUGGLE.

Continued from No. 46.

As and formerly, at the Quai d’Austerlitz, he sang his refrain:

"Fever wine! Fever jai! divine!"

Just then Baron Hoffmann entered, saying in an undertone:

"Now I must squeeze the sponges."

"Here, Monsieur!" said Léon to the rag-picker.

But Jean, still drinking, said:

"Who’s that? Nothing. . . . What are you talking about? . . . Don’t stir . . . For my part, when I soak myself, I take root."

And, taking out the letter, he cried joyfully:

"I have it!"

Jean struggled on the floor, screaming:

"Oh! robber! murderer! He is killing me, he is robbing me . . . as he did Didier. He takes it, he burns the letter; the proof; help, murder! fire!"

The baron was in fact burning his daughter’s letter in the flame of a candle. But suddenly, glancing at the pocket-book which he held in his hand, he exclaimed:

"What do I see?"

He read:

"Berelle Bank.--Jacques Didier, collector. Straightway he replaced the pocket-book in Jean’s pocket.

"The proof!" said he to the baron.

"Ah! robber! cried the rag-picker. "Double assassin. My letter! my proof! Stealed! burned! He kills the daughter as he did the father."

The baron rang and died loudly:

"Hello there, somebody!"

Léon, Léon, and two other valets, one of whom was dressed as a footman, hurried into the room.

"Arrest this drunken man," ordered the baron. "He is the murderer of Jacques Didier, the collector of the Berelle Bank."

And he went out triumphantly, holding his head high.

Jean, picked up by the valets, struggled: a madman, in a paroxysm of intoxication, and screamed as if it were an anxious nightmare:

"Murdar! assassin . . . Who says I’m drunk? No, I am not drunk. I am mad!"

Releasing himself, he seized a bottle and drove back the valets.

"Oh! my head burns. Demons! they have poured fire into me; I have been drinking hell! . . . Two against one, the cowards; they have filled me up . . . ."

And looking at the valet, he replied in his France.

"There, there are ten of them now, the traitors. Murder’s wine! the devil’s blood! the milk of white men’s blood!"

Looking in his pocket for the letter, in the height of his fury, he stumbled in a frightened yet threatening voice:

"The letter, the Quai! Jacques! Marie! Wine! . . . To the guillotine with wine! . . . I am wine! I will execute wine! Let them be no more wine upon earth! Where is wine that I may exterminate it?"

With a supreme effort he overturned tables, bottles, and glasses, rolling in the hoist himself.

Then only could the valets pick him up and carry him off, gesticulating and crying with horror:

"Forever wine! Forever justice divine!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCIERGE.

In prison shung the Concierge is called the Tower and the great inner courtyard the Heap. It is the rag-basket of Paris, the human rag-basket, continually filled by the orders and sorts by judges, those rag-pickers of the police and the courts. On the day with which we have to do, three hundred Parian fragments were swarming in this pit, open to the sky, but whose high walls, impenetrable to scale, would have discouraged the most determined. A circular bench fastened to the wall permitted the prisoners to sit down by turns.

On one side a door, on the other a fountain with an iron goblet. The desperate eyes of this wretched crowd were lowered towards the ground. In fact, why look above at free space and thus add the torture of Tantalus to that of the jail? So there was no need of work, vagabonds, drunkards, keepers of girls, provokers of the suburbs, old offenders in the courts, superannuated bandits,—this entire world was gray, thoughtful, anxious. They nestled without mingling with each other; groups formed and closed up spontaneously, the delinquents of a day separating from the habitual criminals. Like gravities to like.

A keeper, with his heavy key in his hand, watched the prisoners, imposeing silence upon a few youngsters whose buffooneries were continually bursting out, in spite of the posted regulation forbidding loud talking, laughing, singing, whistling, leaping, and running, all of the drugmen of the ward, to use the word of the prisoners and the jailers, the latter speaking the same tongue as the former, howling not with the wolves, but like the wolves.

Into the "heap" had strayed a young man of scarcely twenty-five, with a smiling and honest face, the spruce and natty dress of a prosperous workman, a kind and frank nature, possessing the two beauties, physical and moral, the one reflecting the other.

"Ah-shah!" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching. "How badly one sleeps here. What a hotel furnished with bugs! Upon my word, the mattresses are too thickly settled, like the suburbs of Paris."

The door opened, and some attendants, prisoners helping in the service, appeared, carrying casks of black brandy and a kettle filled with warm water in which a few dry vegetables were swimming.

"Says I, see no besfotank," said the young man to himself, feeling a good appetite. He distributed the bread and then poured the soup in earthen bowls shaped like basins.

The young Bonnin’s turn.

"The devil!” he exclaimed, taking his bowl from the attendant’s hands, "am I to wash my hands in this or eat it?"

"You are to swallow it, you joker," said the other.

"Ah! indeed! Only I was about to say "...

"What?" asked the attendant.

"Why, that it isn’t clean enough to wash in; but provided it is for the inner man, I am silent . . . and I introduce your lye into my person. Thank you!"
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As the Overseer reminded the attendant of his duty.

"All, but me," replied Bonnin, in a voice of the column.

Boon, said the Chief, "I am not worth while,

"You do want to go into the mill," cried the keeper.

They were not to see him again, unless he came in a car.

"If you consult my tastes, I will say no, unless your heart is really set upon it," said Paolo.

This was done, and he returned to his bowl, which he had emptied with a gulp to avoid being noticed by the other customers.

The attendant related his grievances to the workman.

"To think that I should be here, when the last place where I was employed was the Mill."

"Just imagine that this is a branch establishment," said Bonnin to console him.

"I am ruined," groaned the other, "and yet I am an honest man."

"Retired from business," said he, "and obliged to sell what you have sold your capital of honesty."

"Yes, I see, you have taken for a canoe and put you in a cage."

"But you have a right to go to the workman."

"And it appears that you have been arrested for a personal offense," said Paolo.

"Ah! you know that?" said the other, on his guard.

"I answered Paolo; "but say, what happened at that manifestation of..."

"...You are informed, I hope," snorted Bonnin. "You want the explanation of my affairs. Well, if any one asks you, "will you answer without hesitation that you know nothing about it."

And, as Paolo began his yarns again, the workman doubted his rassle.

"I am not the slanderer," said the other, "and he swears that I have no money."

"You are not cut out for a rover. You were a waiter in a restaurant, you made yourself a spy, and took your way of serving society."

But the keeper again paused.

"Well," he cried; "what are you coming?"

"And the old acquaintance of the Hotel d'Italie, resumed his service and before an old workman and broken, who viewed this scene with a solemn look of revolt.

When Paolo took his bowl, he saw that it was full.

"Ah! you swallow nothing," said he, in astonishment.

"I am not hungry," said the old man, without raising his head.

Bonnin took his bowl, saying joyfully:

"Really! Well, you're in luck. I am your successor."

And, after swallowing the soup, he continued his observations:

"This is the old man who was with Bonnin, killed his success with a joke.

"What stupid nonsense you talk! Don't you know that the dishes are never wasted?"

And he finished his service, happy at having driven his nay into the scoffing and inepturable workman and riveted it.

"Then," said Bonnin, quitting the circle of his hearers, "one is bound to believe that the spirit of the Concergerie is like the good God and makes something out of nothing."

And after this, comparison flattering to Providence, he went to sit down on the bench, away from the crowd of laborers, whom the litigating parties, each party composed of several smaller bodies having their separate suits, but all concurring for the purpose of making up the necessary majority in each case. The mass of superfluous people assembled, and when at length became so accustomed to acting together, and so well acquainted with each other's schemes, that they were organized to the point of being able to carry out by sheer force of numbers; just as we now continually see large bodies of men conspire to carry by mere force of numbers for any purpose that will directly or indirectly make money out of other men's pockets and put it into their own. And we should also see distinct bodies of men, in separate suits, combining and agreeing to all the tricks described above, in the cases of other suits, to the purpose of eking out the necessary in: for just as we now see distinct bodies of men, interested in separate schemes of ambition or plunder, conspiring to carry through a batch of legislative enactments that shall accomplish their several purposes.

This system of combination and conspiracy would go on, until at length whole States and entire nations would be nothing to the litigating parties, each party composed of several smaller bodies having their separate suits, but all concurring for the purpose of making up the necessary majority in each case. The mass of superfluous people assembled, and when at length became so accustomed to acting together, and so well acquainted with each other's schemes, that they were organized to the point of being able to carry out by sheer force of numbers; just as we now continually see large bodies of men conspire to carry by mere force of numbers for any purpose that will directly or indirectly make money out of other men's pockets and put it into their own. And we should also see distinct bodies of men, interested in separate schemes of ambition or plunder, conspiring to carry through a batch of legislative enactments that shall accomplish their several purposes.

The Latter noticed him and looked at him with pleasure, content at finding a sympathetic countenance in the midst of the repulsive herd."

This is how it was. The government asked us for three months' credits. Granted. We pinched our bellies; but now it seems that our debtors of the Provision are not content. So I followed the conscripts of my meeting to a meeting of creditors. The friends of the Government: "Bread or bread lead." That did not seem to me exactly logical, and I, a little too consistent, as it seemed to me too consistent, so we will get bread or bread lead. My variation doubtless did not please everybody, for they grabbed me and here I am."

The old man shook his head.

"Ah! but these were because I have worked so hard all my life that I am no longer good for anything... not even to enter the national workshops. For worn-out laborers there is nothing but the poor-house or the 'Heep.' I haven't even the strength to go and ask for any lodging, I simply slept outside in the vagrancy. The prison! Ah! if we have another revolution and if I am free! My name is Erutz Chaumette, young man, and in February for the last time in the old habits. I was an artisan, I am made of... the last time, did I say? Who knows? for I left blood there."

And the workman with the hammer straightened up his lofty stature, roaring like a lion and giving us qualification for the libelous predicament.

"At your age, my friend, I was like you, gay, laughing, taking life easily. I earned my living as a machinist. Then I got married. Children came and then died. Children are poor, I am past my prime."

It would certainly seem that mankind might agree upon a cessation of hostilities upon more rational terms than that of unconditional submission on the part of the less numerous body. Unconditional submission is usually the last act of one who confesses himself subdued and enslaved. How any one ever came to imagine that one of our institutions of freedom, has never been explained. And as for the system being adapted to the maintenance of justice among men, it is a mystery that any
Liberty.

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"In shallowing great and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolutionary abolition at one stroke of the second

venerable, the goal of the magistracy, the club of the politicians, the group of the contemplatives, the ruling body of the department, and all these influences of Politics, which yearly grow great under her heel."—Procopius.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles by other signatories than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their general purport and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. These articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he approves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Business necessities compel the editor of Liberty to take a long journey, during which it will be impossible for him to directly control the publication of the paper. He will be absent about two months. Until his return Liberty will be issued by Victor Yarros, whose work in the past is sufficient guarantee that the Anarchistic propaganda will not suffer under his charge.

Socialism Kicking Off Its Baby-Clothes.

In my review of the "Evolution of Revolutionary Thought," I took the position that the central truth of Socialism, that all existing institutions are survivals of what have held in common, is that "association will be the watchword of the future," that the coming social order will be prevailingly based on cooperation of free equals. I also affirmed that such notions as common property, State control of industry, and suppression of individual initiative, still prominently kept in the foreground by many orthodox Socialists, are merely survivals of the vestige in which the infancy and minority of the Socialistic idea was enveloped, but which a mature and more critical age conscience to oblivion or to a small corner of memory as interesting historical data. It is but natural that the State Socialists should deny this, and insist that, not Anarchism, but their own conception in perfect entirety is the latest development of the orthodox Socialists. But here a principle of truth and law is right and law, and that "liberty" is an ideal dear only to the middle-class heart, with the guarded phraseology of Kirkup: "Real progress can be established only on a wide basis of improved conditions, not through the application of a single formula. Unless wedded to moral law and resting on a secure economic basis, freedom is not a special blessing. As a condition of a good and happy life in the highest state of humanity, it is one of the greatest interests of the world and of all time, as a condition of truth and law, and through right methods of social organization. It must go hand in hand with enlightened progress and economic security. By itself freedom is no solution of the real and positive difficulties that association for voluntary associations of preventing transgression of liberty is must doubt essential to reduction of coercion on members when equal liberty is violated by others; who so license allowed them would render equal liberty impossible. If now the American non-members in what the breach of liberty is to be made by which you what constitutes a breach of liberty happens to differ from that of his judges, their representative measures will be an act of tyranny to him. It is my sincere conviction that the great majority of those who uphold the present social condition do so because they are certain that the present laws and institutions is to carry out this protection should be bolder by none. If, on the other hand, that protection to property which constitutes the "right of property" is to be included in and under, non-members cannot "own" property. It is not human nature to the life and property of whom here particularly re- phrased, the loss of property is endangered and since "ownership" can exist only where such protection is exercised, the right of ownership undeniably applies to the void. For the system of divided labor that will naturally develop into a demand for money: hence the taxation of the property-owner is unnecessary; and in an equitable state of association, the idea of this protection will be determined by competitive
The Wing of Azrael

Critically readers of the better class of fiction have often commented on the singular fact that married life is unhappy. They have found that the problems of matrimony are a source of deep and abiding unhappiness of love. Very few of our great novelists have ventured to lift the veil and expose the daily scenes that follow the "happy event," generally prevent, if not to say to the anxious. The writer of our present work, we united into one "bdi" farewell to their kin and start on the wedding-journey, presuming intentionally to convey the assurance that the further consequences of it is certain to be of any Interest. Such as have depicted marriage life did not exactly to begin the unfolding of a and the bridegroom, in the heat, we women have a tale of win and lingering agony, unless the author, in obedience to preconceived rules independent effort to explain it. The novel raises an atmosphere of joy for his "exemplary" characters. Sycophants, averse to meditation, have a little less and for superficial minds have found it in conclusion of their career, based on logic and observation, that the institution of marriage is a delusion, a snare, a failure, and a mockery, which would be well to "reform altogether." To dilate on the principle of freedom in love which has been espoused by these opponents of marriage is an unnecessary for me here to carry on the argument with the reasoners that Mona Cabell was one of the most prominent defenders of freedom in sexual relations.

Remedy for Official Corruption Suggested

The undertakers of the trunk line presidents to induce Com- monweal in the public eye, a spot in what circumstances have made a somewhat-wit pictures, to wit, the railroad business. Mr. Albert Fink has been working for the re-election. It has been mentioned far as we have been heard of, there has been not, among all the conflicting inter- ests that he has had to adjust, any impetus upon his fairness or any lack of courage. Declaring a man, a very highly paid and consequently much- coveted, though laborious and difficult, position, he has es- caped the chromatic gout with every public official, and has been per- ceptible to everybody. It is not fair to suppose that Mr. Fink is a better man than George Washington was, or than a good many others who have been in the public eye, but it is not fair to overlook the pronouncement of the public by the minority which did not vote for him. This has always been so, and always will be, so long as the State survives. With the gen- eral public as a witness, thousand dollars a year is employed to arbitrate the ugly differences of the trunk lines, the case is quite different. The association is a necessity of the land. They have come together for purely business reasons, and business reasons guide their choice and continued employ- ment of an arbitrator. If they had any idea that they were being victimized in the association, they would withdraw from it.

End of Speech

(b) Certain further controversy would be idle, if Ego- list propone to stand in future upon the ground taken in his concluding article. On the contrary, I think we must virtually yield. I have not found myself, as far as the present is concerned, is the point that created many of the defects of liberty, and social arguments. Since you do not quarrel with what I consider a state of ideal democracy, built upon the law of equal fre- edoms, I can only be gained by a closed box of arguments for or against our individual views as to what will take place when liberty is triumphant. We can for all that condition, it results from this, that no one so much as it is the most active factor of progressive evolution, of the survival of the fittest. The highest state of civilization must result from such influence, as soon as men begin to understand that a grant of equal freedom is the best policy.

The act which seems to us to be followed by any sort of consideration. It may start from the fact that the desire, the impulse to invoke the natural laws to enforce the claims of liberty, permitting economic laws to do the remainder.

End of Speech

Revolution Always Wasteful.
human mind could ever have been visited with an insaniFly wild enough to or- line the idea. If it be said that other corporations than governments surrender their affair in to be the body of a society. the case is different. though they cannot be subject to the same form of restraint, they are as little, chief They simply enter into a compact, the nature of which is entirely different from the relation of parent and child. Nor does any banking corporation allow a majority to impose taxes upon the members for the payment of the corporate expenses, except in such proportions as are necessary to maintain the corporate establishment. In every instance, the members can impose no tax upon their proprietors, nor can they be required to hold any office, or pay any sum of money, at the will of the corporation. This is a principle that cannot be carried into effect, and is consequently unnecessary. It is also a principle that cannot be carried into effect, and is consequently unnecessary. 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Liberty. 147

Anarchist-Communist.

I heartily thank my Australian comrade, Mr. Andrews, for the interest he takes in my views, but regret sincerely to see a professed Anarchist make a mistake so fundamental as the one in his last letter. As one who has not only wasted but lost many years in an effort to find a solution of the social and political problems, I cannot help regretting that for the most part I have had since I became an Anarchist been a mistake of my part one of this important point, that Anarchists do not claim the right to do as they please, but that they do not claim the right to do what is necessary for the protection of either their own or other people's rights. And almost every article I have written within this time, has been an attempt to explain this.

To many people it is absolutely incomprehensible. Is it because it is so simple it appears insignificant? Is it because it is so clear they can see through it, and therefore see no necessity for it? I do not know. I cannot bound it, so full of tremendous potentialities that it is as an opaque brilliance to their dazzled vision. A little of one's own ideas will start some one in that direction, and I am sure you may state the simplest "thou shalt" in the simplest form of sound words forever, and you will never be comprehended unless some one has already started the direction.

But I do not think I am understood, and the side of the listener, puts him in a position to receive it; and where this reciepency exists, the most complex truth, conveyed in the simplest form, may be understood.

You may need a man for a life-time on facts, but unless he digests and assimilates them into his thought-life, you have simply clogged him and produced inertia and stuper.

To what extent, does the force of the idea penetrate, produce, or stimulate? Is it not one of our principles that the supply must be adapted to the natural demand? Nature is not a mind; it is not a thought, but it may lead your horse to the water, but thirst alone shall make him drink.

Diverse ability, diverse stupidity. Hence division of labor, and diverse equality. Stupidity is the birthright of us all, and every man is in his own right; every man is a genius in himself; every man has a number of capacities. But I can answer your question by saying perhaps, the爱你 governmental affords of a correct theoretical knowledge of the liberty they blanphabet.

I asked, a man and nature strikes her in the old and unexpected ways, but she "gets there just the same." Mr. Andrews has but to revise his argument in the light of the first principles of his article, and he will find the "man of straw as a "principle which I distinctly repudiate. My studies in nature and Anarchism, particularly the reading of Pro- pser, have opened my eyes to the true and only working every thing. Psychologically, equality, counterpose, that she is continually, and by a thousand varying methods, effecting this exact. So true it is, in fact, that she will not let two men be the same, even, as my friend, but she has opposed it to the principle of aggression, antagonism, government, as a perpetual fact in nature. Thus the more equal men become, the more developmental of their attitude toward inferior nature, the more complete their conquest and tyranny over the wealth of the world.

In the sphere of man and social harmony, the three, I observe two great principles which balance each other like the centripetal and centrifugal forces, but which are both forms of individualism, or, the principle of naturalism, or of love, of men, units, individuals formed out of Humanity, the Grand Man; and the principle of Communism, or of men, units, individuals, forming a perfect world, an end to their own freedom; he is free to risk it. And this experiment is risky. But when communism of goods is grossly proposed as the real principle of the new society, I, as a freethinker, can only protest. Liberty, in my opinion, is not possible to community of goods is established, except under utopian mental conditions which it is absurd to suppose; therefore, in the name of free society, I condemn it. Nevertheless, community of goods, as a spontaneous and variable phenomenon, will probably come, society, just as it manifests itself today in governmental society, only to a vastly greater extent. For instance, two men with a common interest sit down and work out both objects, and then decide as to net profit, if their personal sympathy is sufficient. Every manifestation of what we call favor, the freecommunism, be the manifestation of co-partnership in the welfare of the world. All this is right, and all that I object to is any law, custom, or public opinion which would incite communism of this sort as a duty, or would make it painful, odious, or otherwise difficult to avoid it, to compel, or even to strive after, the external communism is to obstruct the internal. Nature resents dictation.

Anarchist-Communist for a Comunist is because nature rests on what of the emotions and acts I have called communism. Emotion is the fact that nature is thus an eternal, untainted, ever regretting that where that is emphasized, altruism follows fast enough. Herein is hinted a general truth. Nature knows we are all] that together we have done, or left undone, the things that are the means. She bids us to sow and to dig, for she knows we can be trusted to reap. She bids us gather and labor; she bids us eat and drink. She who knows we will live after death, only real she gives us a scanty crop of wild and sour; to the man who would only eat, flatulence and rotting disease; the man, who would sleep knew nothing of sweet and refreshing sleep.

Everywhere she rests emphasis on the end, and emphasizes low means. And communism—love, sympathy, cooperation, the letting alone of every man in his own right—is the means. With what world will you find the most love, respect, dignity, sympathy? Always where liberty is the largest, always among equals. Let every man alone in his own right and there will be no war.

Every-man-for-himself before prosperity, prosperity before generosity, egoism before devotion, self-control before a conflict of principles, liberty over all. The products of communism are those in which there is an absence of liberty, or by which liberty is threatened: the normal forms are those in which liberty has perfect nature. In Communism the abstract form of the communism is of external, infeasible forms, limiting the normal communism of love, sympathy, cooperation, of the letting alone, of man, the true, humanity, Man, Man.

 ganizations might have. To grant it; no man has a right to compel your generosity, or to command you to your loving. But a man's mistake. Liberty, those things of are of beauty, and love and generosity are of favor. Am I understood? There is an obligation to love and be generous, but it is internal, not external. It cannot be postured or erected; it is not an obligation to affect or generosity in others, or in self toward others, in order to reverse the natural order. To attempt to force affection, or generosity of the other, is like trying to catch a ghost. Clutch, and your hand pass through empty air; stand back, and the vision is vivid as life. Hence the reason for the law that makes the proclamations. Anarchists have to compel or frighten men into natural affection and community of goods. Thinking that by demands they can get others to feel what they have learned to feel in defiance of liberty, and they have always failed, and will always fail while the world stands. Communism, of course, no emphasis on love needs no emphasis, but Anarchism needs emphasis. If man must learn to love, needs no emphasis, but equality liberty needs emphasis.

Seek first liberty, and all these things shall be added unto you.

If I must be called Communist, therefore, let me not be called Communist-Anarchist, but Anarchist-Communist, re- A State Socialist on "Looking Backward." A State Socialist on "Looking Backward."

Liberty has already given expression to its disgust at the inordinate fuss over Edward Bellamy's book. But Liberty is Anarchist, and it is not the first time I have been accused of being a pro-business and intelligent State Socialist, who, however mistaken in his authoritarian beliefs, at least founds them on something more rational than rhapsody if not as fascinating as fairy tales, to tell the truth about this ridicu- lously over-rated production. I knew that such a critical view would appear, and he has come. A healthy rebuke of the insur- rectional "nationalism" is contained in the fol- lowing paragraphs by Hubert Cline, one of the foremost members of the Fabian Society and editor of "To-Day," the only Socialist magazine in England:

We have deferred noticing "Looking Backward" for sev- eral months, because we have been characterisitcaly reluctant to repeat the note which has gone up in its favor. We always like to shout with the crowd, and, when the crowd is made up of Socialists, our de- sire to express the note of optimism becomes even more acute. Hence the non-appearance, hitherto, of any mention of Mr. Bellamy's successful book in the pages of the only English Socialist magazine. But open confession is good for the soul of the confessor, and if we were wrong in our views of this latest Utopia, it is well for all that our So- cialist brethren should exact only what we were wrong. We have studied "Looking Backward." There is an exasperating suggestion of Mr. Barlow all through it. This, perhaps, is inexplicable from any stupid not the productions of the French, or Mr. Bellamy has not brought genius, but only talent and clear thought, to his task. But the work has been so well and so thoroughly done that we frown it in the ordi- nary way, and will continue ourselves with just stating its ef- fects upon our own minds, leaving it to enter readers to say how far their experience agrees with ours, and hoping that we may be left alone with our unconfirmed heart. Every one who is likely to read this will remember that striking passage in J. S. Mill's "Autobiography," in which he tells us of the critical moment in his life when he was asked himself whether, supposing all his ideals were realized, he would really be happy: how the "Ego" answered "no," and how he began to believe in altruism, much like that has been the effect of "Looking Backward" upon ourselves. With Mr. West we have walked the streets of Boston, and taken a ride down "The Overland Street of the future." We have had intimate talks with Mr. Leete, and sighed the while for half an hour of Mr. Bernard Shaw on "the family." We have turned on the music tap in our twentieth century bedroom, and the sounds it brought delighted us not half so well as the hot and crowded Richester Boulevard of "Looking Backward." We have looked regretfully of the pre-cathedral and Cardinal Manning. Lastly, we have had a dinner with beautiful Edith Leete, and talked for hours of the typical Utopia of the future. It was not a hit. we both write and thought, that for our heart the all time was well—where concerns nobody. Anyhow, we have never so fervently thanked the Fates for making us so happy as to be able to live in the nineteenth century London and to be able to close our eyes to "Looking Backward."

Some glimmering of the same thought seems to have found its way into the mind of the author, for on the last page he puts: "It is for her, better for you, better for her," it said, "better your part pleading for crushed humanity with a scolding generation, than here, drinking of shall you have not been, and eating of trees whose beauty

grant it; no man has a right to compel your generosity, or to command you to your loving. But a man's mistake. Liberty, those things of are of beauty, and love and generosity are of favor. Am I understood? There is an obligation to love and be generous, but it is internal, not external. It cannot be postured or erected; it is not an obligation to affect or generosity in others, or in self toward others, in order to reverse the natural order. To attempt to force affection, or generosity of the other, is like trying to catch a ghost. Clutch, and your hand pass through empty air; stand back, and the vision is vivid as life. Hence the reason for the law that makes the proclamations. Anarchists have to compel or frighten men into natural affection and community of goods. Thinking that by demands they can get others to feel what they have learned to feel in defiance of liberty, and they have always failed, and will always fail while the world stands. Communism, of course, no emphasis on love needs no emphasis, but equality liberty needs emphasis.

Seek first liberty, and all these things shall be added unto you.

If I must be called Communist, therefore, let me not be called Communist-Anarchist, but Anarchist-Communist, re-
truly.” Now, we have for the last six years plied in a small way, for “crystallized humanity,” from club forums and elsewhere; we have never, to the best of our recollection, assented a husbandman, or even, for the matter of that, a strut cat, but this book has done a good deal to make those more con- 
scious with one another if the alternative is the social milieu formerly smiled on Mr. Bellamy’s Utopia. But that is not the alternative, and so we shall go on working for Socialism, be- 
lieving that the coming State has not yet been glimpsed by mental eyes.

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Translated from the French, of Hume, by John Addison.

Dear friend, this is a warning.

If you write such books as these! Would you gild and honor win, 
Now and then the humble reader! 
Surely you provoke the Fates,
Thus to speak unto the people,
Thus to speak of Priests and Parasites,
Thus to speak of Kings and Parasites,
Friend, your lot excites my fears!
Kings and Priests have long arms,
Priests and Parasites have long tongues.
And the people have long ears!

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