On Picket Duty.

I am in a position to assure the readers of Liberty that the extraordinary offer of the "Transatlantic" to give away six two-dollar books every week, advertised on the eighth page, is a genuine one, and will be carried out in good faith according to the plan stated.

Chief Justice Fuller repeats, without due credit, Grover Cleveland's aphorism that, while it is the duty of the citizen to support the government, it is not the duty of the government to support the citizen. Have they not heard of the statement that this government is based on the free consent of the people? But if so, it can be no "duty" of the sovereign citizen to support his agent and servant, but only his interest. The fact that "duty" is appealed to indicates that the servants feel themselves to be of no sort of use to the masters.

Upon the motto of the Boston "Arena," selected from Heine, "that we do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them; they master us and force us into the arena, where like gladiators we must fight for them," the "Open Court" rationally remarks: "The battle we allow; but our ideas are we ourselves; we are bundles of ideas, and theirs is the conflict in the arena; to speak of their possessing and forcing us contains a tinge of dualism." It also involves the heresy of duty, and is anti-Esoteric. We fight because therein is our life and health.

The "Australian Radicals" (which, by the way, has steadily improved since it was last referred to in Liberty) and is second to none of the best Anarchist organs) reprints Liberty's paragraph on personal polecies, obviously not with a keen appreciation of its truth. By this time we, I fear, learned with sorrow that in Melbourne on Monday, it is a current preoccupation of the time and almost a literary savagery. But possibly it may have discovered that Mr. Lloyd is apt to be very "subjective" in his opinions, and that his ideas need not necessarily be in harmony with external facts.

Mr. Lloyd's complaint that I brought forward century-old quotations in support of a system of polecies at least a century behind the best spirit of the age, it seems to me, goes to prove the charge made against him by Mr. Barrett—namely, that he is "supremely independent of facts, evolving his ideas of others' sayings and delving out of his own inner consciousness."

Where, indeed, does Mr. Lloyd get the notion that the system of polecies approved by Liberty is a century behind the "best spirit" of the age? If Proudhon, Bastiat, Barnett, Toynbee, Carlyle, Ruskin, Pareto, Huxley, Harrison, Spooner, W. D. O'Connor, are not among the civilized writers and best representatives of the age, will Mr. Lloyd kindly point out who are their superiors? The system of polecies which I defended is the majority of men and all capable minds.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale pronounced at a Nationalist meeting that, in face of the dilettante who affirms that the best government is that which governs least, and of the Anarchists who seek to abolish it by all government, he and his brethren call upon all who believe and pray for the kingdom of God to rally and support and strengthen the hands of good government. Passing in silent contempt the reference to the highest real writers and philosophers of the century—Mencken, Emerson, Spencer, Buckle—as "dilettantes," one may agree with this Bismarckian tantalizer, after paraphrasing the last clause of his sentence: "The Nationalists call upon those who are silly enough to believe in the 'Kingdom of God' humbling to put their faith also in the political superstition of 'good government.' And they are certainly wise in avoiding those rational people who desire to pay the Hales for making them natural citizens of a kingdom whose existence they cannot prove.

Robert Buchanan dismisses Ibsen's literary, dramatic, and philosophical claims with hasty and scurrilous contempt. In his opinion, Ibsen is a bore, a dullard, and a dotard. Well, Mr. Buchanan has a right to hold this opinion. But, as Talleyrand said, though I do not expect him or ask him to agree with me, at least may ask him to agree with myself. In the same review article he frowns upon superficial and incompetent criticism of productions requiring a disciplined mind, great knowledge, and exceptional intellectual endowments. He will have every author judged by his peers, not by a lot of mediocre, irresponsible, half-educated, self-styled reviewers. But in obedience to his own principle, he must yield up the privilege of criticizing Ibsen, the philosopher, the champion of a great principle, to those who make a specialty of the study of social science and philosophy, limiting his criticisms to the literary and dramatic standpoint. Either Mr. Buchanan must eat his anathemas and be content with modern style of criticism, or else he must start his reform at home and acknowledge that his temperament, summary, and authoritative manner of pronouncing upon Ibsen's philosophical ideas is no more deserving of serious attention than any of the verdicts of the class of reviewers he makes the victims of his wrath.

The Philadelphia "Justice," a single-tax paper, prints without comment the following utterance of Prouton: "To whom belongs the rent of land? To the producer of land without doubt. Who made the land? God, then, proprietor, begone." It strikes me that the single-tax theologians are other than wise in trying to lean on Prouton. Their fundamental proposition is that the community creates the rental value of land, and they want the community to collect its own product and enjoy it. Prouton, on the other hand, says that to God belongs the rent of land; and hence, according to single-taxers' logic, the rent should be paid directly into God's treasury. But, though the prophet professes to know all about God's intentions and wishes in this matter, and to act as the trustee of that monopolist, he does not perform any miracle to prove his connection with divinity. Plausible reasoning, however, will decline to expose the single-tax and demand some unanswerable evidence of its enforcement by God. Let the prophet perform a great miraculous act,—conceive a well-informed man of the truth or originality of his ideas, or a keen observer of his honesty. But I am reminded that phony people never have been capable, and are always blindly followed by deluded or crafty pretenders who call themselves prophets.

"Do not be deceived," the "Open Court" warns its readers, "by the false prophets who preach in high-sounding terms. ... They tell you that liberty enlightens the world. Do not be deceived, for it is just the reverse. Liberty does not bring enlightenment, but enlightenment brings liberty; and there is no liberty which is not based on enlightenment, on education, on culture, on morality, on wisdom, on good-will."

To understand the strong language used by "Waterman's Journal" to another journal, the "startling depth of ignorance displayed in this [affirmation] turns one giddy as he gazes into the bottomless abyss of confusion that is before him." So loosely and vaguely to dogmatize on a subject so important is simply unexcusable in a journal pretending to be scientific and precise. In what sense does the writer use the term, liberty? Does he not see the necessity of clearly defining it? If he had had the courage to reflect, he would probably have understood that the licentious and wretched Russian peasants, for instance, have no political and economic freedom before they can begin to doubt of their luxurious joys of culture and civilization, and meaningless statement. I only wish to protest against the way in which a scientific journal treats sociological problems. It is time to abolish the habit and privilege of dealing cavalierly with social science.

The hallmark of the opponents of free-thinking is the quantity theory of money—the doctrine that an addition to the volume of the currency necessarily deprecates its value. Because of the persistence of this error, it is pleasant to note that "D." of the London "Telegraph," who is a thorough-going individualist but understands the importance of free money, has lately assailed the orthodox view in the following language: "In more than one branch of economic thought, the theory accepted at present is based on reasoning which will not bear examination. I venture to say that the ordinary theory of money—the quantitative theory, as it is usually called—will be found to be delusive in much the same way as was the wage-fund theory. The fundamental misconception is in treating a proposition of mere co-existence or quantity as an adequate explanation of causation. Economics is the etiology of wealth; and the notion that a theory of price can be built up on such a statement as that, if credited, is equivalent to re-establishing one of philosophy. The value of money (or general prices) will be inversely as its quantity; —the notion that such a proposition as this, from which all other purely arithmetical elements have been carefully eliminated, is an explanation of the level of prices, certainly shows how basically the logical requirements of some scientific men are satisfied. I am glad to see that so sober an economist as Mr. Giffen is beginning to have some inkling of the unsoundness of the quantity theory of price."
The rag-picker of Paris.

By FELIX PUYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FOURTH.

The title-page of a book.

The banner entered, with a beaming face. He held in his hand a copy of the "official." Embracing his daughter, and forcing his voice to a curtailing tone because of the presence of the maids, though he did so with some difficulty, he said to her:

"So, then, this is the day, dear rebel. How obstinate the female mind! Surround her, at last!"

He kissed her again.

"Admirable costume," he added.

Then aside:

"Sparkling stone, flaming robe ... let us complete the dazzling spectacle."

He opened his journal and said:

"Claire, list to History! This evening, by privilege, at midnight, will be celebrated at the palace of the Roman Embassy, by Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, the marriage of Mlle. Claire Hoffmann, daughter of Baron Hoffmann, and Monsieur the Papal Court. What do you say to that? What a festival! It is complete! Hurry your maids, and be ready; in an hour friends will be here. I will return."

Claire, before her mirror, wearing her dress, crown, and bouquet of marriage, and of martyrdom, had listened without hearing.

When her father, having finished his reading, started to go out, she cried anxiously:

"Where are you going. Do not leave me. I don't know why, but I tremble."

He rose and went out.

The barbarian retracted his steps, and, in a low voice and a tone which he intended to be gay, he explained:

"Bah! the end of the day, dear sensitive creature! Courage! One last stroke of the ear and ... in an hour we shall be in port. I have burned your letter. I have the girl's hand, and I complete the lack; I have my father's pocket-book, a fatal proof against her old knight."

"Ah! my God!" exclaimed Claire, "another victim."

"The last," said he.

"When will end this defiance of justice? An accomplice in a new crime! I will not, I cannot. You put too much upon me. ... I scourge them."

"They or we are the victors," he added, "I am in favor of Claire, it is necessary. He's there! Authority to the end. And this time it is the end."

"It is hell! It is the salvation of all, believe your father and friend. I swear to you that I will save them after ourselves. Have I not succeeded in everything? No more risks, no more frights! I am going to make sure of the departure of the midwife. I shall myself."

"Make sure of her, I will return."

And with these words he went out by a side door opening into his private apartments.

Claire remained alone with her maids, nailed to the spot where her father had left her, last in a mortal presentiment.

"It is salvation," she resumed in a very low voice. "But at what price? Great God! To hide a fault under a crime and pile victims on victims ... and myself the last one ... after the others, I decked today for the altar ... the last sacrifice. Ah! I dare not look myself in the face. I am afraid. ... and these mirrors reflect me everywhere."

She took a few steps, trying to flee from her own image.

"Rosine, my wife," she said to one of the servants. "Quick! Folded and rolled down."

"Yes, Madame iselle," answered Rosine, running to find the veil.

Claire walked slowly down in agitation and impatience.

"It seems to me," she murmured, "that my secret is written in letters of blood upon my brow, and that it will be easily seen under these folds ..."

Rosine and her companion came to put on the veil.

"Cover me with the veil."

Then suddenly, as if bewildered:

"Is there not a spot on this veil?"

"A spot?" explained Rosine, astonished.

"Yes, a red point there."

"No; Madame iselle; it is the reflection of the curtains."

"Ah! you are right... leave me!"

The maids obeyed and withdrew.

"I shall betray myself," cried Claire, "my head, my heart, are burning ... this fatal secret will out in spite of me. It is escaping by force like those poisones that break the glass that contains them. ... I see it; I hear it cry, ask for a cradle, a grave, change this veil into a shroud, this crown into a pillory."

Then, resolutely:

"Vicious! Chimera! ... to be forgotten like the others. No more anguish! I must share my father's ardent delight in struggle, the atrocious intoxication of success. Come! audacity, let us be bold! Now, man is under ground. No one knows it ... can know it. Crime is for the poor! We are rich. ... The Diders for the Hoffmanns! I am the worthy daughter of my father. We are hunters by nature. Let me howl with the wolves! A curse upon the weak! Salvation is for the strong!"

The maids came back, led by Rosine, and the maids ran away.

In one of the adjoining rooms were exposed to the gaze of a crowd of guests invited to these wedding festivities the numerous tridad presents which the wealthy and noble guests of the bankers-baron had made to his daughter.

Water once gave to the river.

It was a dazzling spectacle of luxury and art. One would have said that it was a collection of master-pieces of the goldsmith's art at an international exhibition.

Necklaces, ear-rings, bangles, rings, ornaments of all styles and all prices in emeralds were jewels themselves, all that the great jewelers of the day, the Mmeutier and the Odiots, all that the rarest stones, cut, set, and mounted in the finest metals, could offer in the way of perfection, with the names of the most illustrious and most august givers.

The Pope had sent the golden rose, an exceptional honor reserved for queens, and his blessing, more precious yet.

The Numéro had sent a silver cross studded with diamonds.

The Abbé Veuton, the dear confessor, a brilliant red ruby, representing the heart of Jesus.

The exalted of the French had forwarded from London an India Cashmere; and then what is called a household article—a tea-service.

The English ambassador, a practical man, had presented a silver gilt chamber- vessel.

All the nobility and wealth of Paris were represented there by the entire scale of precious stones—yellow, blue, green, emerald, turquoise, topazes, etc.

Then came the gifts of Camille's friends.

Louchard, among others, had contributed himself with presenting his wife, ... a pearl of friendship, he said.

Loubin had offered the bouquet of orange-flowers.

As for Gieren, his gift was given by his absence.

There was everything besides, as if the case with those who can want for nothing. All the rich cut articles to kitchen utensils—and the smallest lost among these would have been a dowry for a Didier—each object being surveyed, handled, criticized, and estimated according to the taste of the amateurs.

The last pin had been put in the bridal crown, and at last the church ceremony was completed with the paternal luxury of the paternal dwelling, she felt a diziness of pride, and staggered again under the weight.

The parlour at the back, drawn aside by Laurent, allowed a view of the apartments infinitely multiplied by the reflection of skilfully placed mirrors.

Women in full dress and lackeys in livery were streaming with gold, flowers, feathers, and jewels under the chandeliers; here and there the man, sober and stiff in their official dress-coats, offered a contrast of black in this glittering crowd. ... Claire advanced bravely into the grand salon toward the guests, like the goddess of this fashionable Olympus, the millionaire Venus of All-Paris, and received resolutely all the homage that a great lady can desire, the admiration of men and the envy of women.

Everybody smiled and fluttered, bowing like a very tender plant.

But suddenly there was a movement of recoil and surprise.

Nothing came running in, pale, white, and voiceless, approached Claire hastily, and whispered in her ear a word that made her tremble from head to foot.

Suddenly through an open door entered without ceremony the police commissary with his thirds and his escort...

Behind him came Father Jean, with his back on his basket and his hook in his hand, carrying his head high; then Madame Pottard, with lowered head, and some police officers.

Two other persons approached in the splendor of the palace.

"Let no one go out, or speak to the master if he comes in," ordered the commissary.

And making a sign to the agent who followed him, he said:

"Watch!"

"Yes, Monsieur."

And the agent went out to watch.

A thunderbolt falling into this saloon would have produced less effect; a ray of joy, the spreading of the forehead of more than one man, the sympathetic laugh, in the fall of the idol, revenge for their own degradation.

The commissary advanced until face to face with Claire, who stood motionless and overwhelmed.

"The Madame iselle," said he to her, "a painful duty brings me here to effect a confession required by justice."

Claire drew back in terror.

"What does this mean, Monsieur?"

Jean, who had advanced, followed, by the others answered her.

"It means that we are invited to your wedding in the name of the law:

"I am possessed of your activity."

"You did not expect us, I see," continued the terrible Jean, folding his arms in front of her. "Justice is so slow," he sneered, shaking his gray head. "You were
grown without but sin, deceit, to love, and veil. You lacked nothing, God forgive me, but the right to carry them."

And, turning toward the magistrate, he exclaimed, overwhelming the guilty one with a grim:

"Yes, Monsieur Commissary, this lady who wears a virgin's bouquet has had a child.

This lady who wears this nuptial crown had her child killed by this wifel"

He designated Madame Pottard, downcast but affirmative, and then his gesture came back, more threatening than ever, to Claire, bewildered by this inexorable and public execution.

"This lady," scrutinized Jean, in the paroxysm of his justice, "this lady who-wore a veil of innocence, the Baroness Claire Hoffmann, has suffered this poor and virtuous girl, Marie Didier, to be accused of all these crimes.

Carried away by his own words, with flaming look and fulminating gesture, he poured his blow into Claire's veil, twisted it in the air a moment, and threw it into his basket, crying with a terrifying laugh:

"Ah! ah! ah! A rag like the best! Into the basket! Into the basket!"

Claire, crushed with shame, hid her face.

"Lost!" she groaned feebly.

But Jean, as terrible as the justice of the people, continued:

"Before God and before man you have no right to wear this veil. It will serve as a swelling band, or rather as a winding-sheet for your child ... death ... like my honor."

The rag-picker seemed Olympian, his gesture dominated the gathering, his grandeur filled the room. His lifted hook was the thunder-bolt, his basket seemed the sun. He was no longer Father Jean; he was Jupiter Tonans, risen from the clouds of poverty to hurl gilded crime into the abyss.

"Pardon, pardon," begged Claire.

Marie, unable to contain herself, stopped between the guilty woman and her judge.

"It is Father Jean," answered the chaplain, "I say she, with a prayerful tone that came straight from the heart, 'you so good!'

"Yes, there you go," said the rag-picker, confounded. "Defend her ... queer girl, you are. ... She or you!"

Claire, more and more bewildered and bending so low that she seemed to wish to disappear in the depths of earth, stammered in mortal terror.

"Where to hide then? Where to fly? Where to die? Where to die?"

Death rather than this punishment! ... I can no longer contain the remorse that is killing me. ... Suppose it should become eternal? Ah! I must confess and expiate!"

The commissary seized this opportunity for a confession which he had sought by a stroke of theatrical justice.

To be continued.
The Woes of an Anarchist.

That bare-armed organ outside my window goes near to drivi
me mad (I mean I was than I should). What am I going to do with all the
money that comes in? I bought a pair of shoes, a new coat, and a pair of boots. I also got a pair of gloves, and I gave the State notice to quit. Ask the organizer-peddler to carry his money elsewhere. I have tried that, but he refuses to come. He says I am asking too much. I think this man would be worse than the first. ought to move out of the way myself. But I cannot conveniently take my leave of the street. I am the one who is responsible. I took your coat, and, by standing beside, executed a series of movements that would have moved the bowels of Odysseus. The only effect produced was a near neighbour (whom I respect) begging me to postpone my sale, as it interfered with the pleasant harmonies of the organ. Now Fate forbid that I should curtail the happiness of an esteemed fellow-streetman. What then was to be done? I put on my hat and walked forth into the streets with a bound, the extent of my difficulties individually.

The first person I met was a trump who accepted me and exposed a tongue white with cancer, whether real or artificial I do not know. It nearly made me sick, and I really do think that persons ought to go about exposing disgusting objects with a view to gain. I did not hand him the street-car fares, but he left me on the streets. He expressed a hope that an infinite being would be pleased to consign him to infinite torture, and pass on. I wandered through the streets after all, full of houses painted in different shades of ornament, and with a passion for decoration as fervently like one another to make one wish that they were either quite alike or very different. And I wondered whether someone had not painted this or that house in pastel pink at the same time and with the same taste.

At last I reached a place where the road was rendered impassable by a crookedness of the street, and I was not able to get through it by the shooting from an inverted tub. He was explaining that many years ago Jesus died to save sinners like us, and therefore we should not do so. He was not interested in the state of his license without consideration. I ventured to remark that, although tides might be perfectly true, still I wanted to know what the men and women of the neighborhood were doing. He replied that he knew my sort, whatever that may mean, but that he had not time to go into it. He was sitting in his chair, and the crowd he had collected prevented me from even asking him.

He told me not to stay, whatever that may mean, but that he did not want me to stay there, and I went on. I asked, "For what did we there be none left by then," was the somewhat puzzling reply. "But surely if you are going to do a little commerce, it cannot be managed," I said. "Oh, yes," said he, "I have a little girl, with a pretty laugh at my simplicity, "but the others always come and gather them just before they are ripe." I could not know what this was all about, and it ought to be done to put a stop to this extravagant waste and ruinous competition.

The result of the present system is that nobody gets any money except that portion of the profit which is due to an old gentleman who was fishing in the rivulet; "Exactly so," said he, "it is just the same with fish. You see there is a close season for salmon and some sorts; but thoseSoundere are steadily destroying the rest by catching the immature fish, instead of waiting till they are fit for anything. I suppose they think that the law does not allow them to do so.

I admired the force and beauty of the metaphor, and proceeded on my way.

Beginning to feel sorry, I made trucks for the nearest village, where I knew I should find an inn. A few hundred yards away I arrived at a place where a small group of people were standing on the track. I wanted to know what they were doing. They were standing on the track, and I asked them what was happening. They told me it was a strike against the railroad company. I asked if they had any idea of what was going on, and they said they had no idea at all.

I entered the railroad depot, and was met by a policeman who appeared on the scene and cut roughly the order of the followings. "I'm sorry," I said, "that free citizens have been sent to jail for their opinions. I believe that no one should be punished for expressing his opinions. I want to know what is going on there, and I want to know how it is possible to do a thing like this without a trial." I then asked the policeman if he had any idea of what was going on there, and he said he had no idea at all.

As I emerged from the station, not a little crooked-tread, a cat shot across the road followed by a yelping terrier, who in his turn was urged on by a very noisy boy. "Stop that," I said, but the dog continued his way. I followed the boy, and the cat continued to run. I thought it was frightened, but it didn't seem to be frightened at all. I went on, and I thought it was frightened, but it didn't seem to be frightened at all.

As I approached the town I noticed a little curly hair, a cat shot across the road followed by a yelping terrier, who in his turn was urged on by a very noisy boy. "Stop that," I said, but the dog continued his way. I followed the boy, and the cat continued to run. I thought it was frightened, but it didn't seem to be frightened at all. I went on, and I thought it was frightened, but it didn't seem to be frightened at all.
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Not long after that he removed to the West, and I never saw him again. But ever and anon I have heard the clanging of his print-making press in answer to my own, and these responses have been like pulse-beats of sympathy across the miles. I inform myself of what the good work was going on. Mr. Fowler's share of this work was a large one, and he had it well mapped out and far. But he has been forced to leave it in the shape of an ideal sketch. Who will realize it? Who will do it? We only know that the task cannot be completed by his originating hand, and for this we mourn.

New Abolition and Its Nine Demands.

The New Abolition Party, nominally of the United States, but really limited at present (pending the time when it is to "sweep the country like a wave") by the necessity of not being a political party but an "organized army," as Mr. Stowe stated its "out with eight demands; and, taken as a whole, very good demands they were. Lately it has added a ninth: just why, I don't know, unless New Abolition was jealous of Liberalism and bound to have as many demands. This demand seems hardly reasonable because in the case of Liberalism none do not seem to have proved a magic number for demand purposes. However this may be, it is certain that the ninth demand and is a square to several of some of its other demands, notably the fifth and seventh. The ninth demand is for "cooperative maintenance and control of all public highways, waterways, railroads, canals, docks, reservoirs, telegraphs, telephone lines, telegraphs, ferries, and any other works and works for parks, electric lights, etc., to be operated in the interest of the people." The seventh demand is for "immediate and unconditional repeal of all forms of compulsory taxation." The fifth demand is for "immediate and unconditional repeal of all statutes that in any way interfere with free trade between individuals of the same or of different countries." Suppols that Mr. Sturts (the father of New Abolition) and I live on the same side of a river. I have a boat; Mr. Stuart has a ferryboat. If Mr. Stuart says: "How much will you charge to row me across the river?" "Ten cents." I answer. "It is a bargain," says Mr. Stuart, and he steps into the boat. But up steps at the same time the New Abolition party in the shape of a police man (and it will have to take that shape, because in those matters a demand without a blue coat on its back and a club in its hand is an ineffective demand), and says to me: "See here! stop that! Don't you know that the New Abolition party, which at the last election had a good majority, institutes your row-boat with the rest by instituting the "collective maintenance and control of all ferries"? If you attempt to row me across the river, I will confiscate your boat in the name of the law." And then, adding: "But you may as well get out of that boat and take the ferry-boat which the New Abolitionists have already provided." "Officer, you are exceeding your duty," hotly replies Mr. Stuart: "I have made a bargain with you...."

Mr. Tucker, and if we were all qualified for your position, you would know that the New Abolition party demanded, in the platform upon which it swept the country like a wave, the "immediate and unconditional repeal of all acts which interfere with free trade." "Yes," I say, bastarding to put in my own (I use the word metaphorically, no referring at all to my boat-cars), "and you would kid that this one triumphant party demanded the immediate and unconditional repeal of all acts of compulsory taxation. So I should like to see you confiscate my boat. "Oh! you're a couple of tom-noodles, way be behind the times," retorts the policeman; "the demands of which you spoke were numbered five and seven; but the demand in regard to ferries is a ninth demand, which invalidated all previous demands that conflicted with it." Mr. Stuart, being a law abiding citizen and not one of those "Boston Anarchists" who do not believe in the State, sorrowfully steps back from the boat inwardly cursing his political offering. Then, to the government ferry-boat an hour later, and gets across the river just in time to lose the benefit of a lecture by a "Boston Anarchist" on "The Fate of the Individualist Who Threw a Spee to the Socialistic Caberets."

The Morals of Mr. Donisthorpe's Woes.

The reader of Mr. Donisthorpe's article in this issue

"Mr. Donisthorpe's Woes"-a delight and gratification due not so much to the poetical beauty of the gifted poet's offering (though that is by no means slight) as to its brave, consistent, and fearless utterance of the bracing thought of liberty. No small merit, at this time when poets spend their finest efforts in adulation of the existing official disorder of things, or at best bend their genius to the glorification of an opposition which in its blind desire to set the world aright would but embitter every spirit and drive people and driving them to despair. First and foremost, therefore, I greet Mackey's "Sturm" as one of the earliest and strongest signs of the rising tide of protest among the German people against the spirit of authority that is threatening it with the curse of dead levities and social decay, alike from the sides of the powers that be and of the powers that want to be of social democracy. "Sturm" was first sent into the world two years ago.

"Sturm."
Eight-Hour Exploitation.

Advocates of the eight-hour movement have a free and easy way of criticizing their opponents. They claim that theirs is a very practical, and any reasoning that does not support their conclusions they dismiss as dogma. Though claiming that their movement is a genuine one, they shrewdly neglect too much evidence to recognize the fact that nearly any reform is merely a work that claims to be practical and scientific. — Gunton's "Wealth and Progress." Instead, a number of pamphlets and leaflets are issued, containing more or less sensationalism, but all vague and falacious. Probably the most common objection is that it is only a sham and delusion. When pressed hard on economics, the advocates fall back on the morals of the movement. Humanity demands it, they say. It will give the laborer time to think, and then he will become a Socialist, and then he will be able to see the在一个 the reaper. If it is not completely global, it is only ridiculing a great movement? I answer that the ridiculousness is involved in the arguments for the movement. And besides, any argument more profound is to be taken as doctrine. What was the answer to Victor Farrar's "Feast of Laments"? A Spectator, who may have stolen the corn in disguise give a poetic wink and say: "Walt till the movement rises, then see what will fly." This is worse than the blind man's Buff. Not the slightest notice is taken of any intelligent criticism. They all beg the question, and nothing but a repetition of the glorious results supposed to follow are insinuated in. Effects are mistaken for causes, and the argument is self-destructive. If just as much can be produced in eight hours as in ten, and no increased wages follow, where is the benefit? If less is produced and wages remain the same, it is equal to a rise in wages; if the decreased production is followed by the same rate of unemployment as before, then the increased unemployment is set at work, where the benefit? If increased production does not mean an equal increase in wages, the movement is simply a demand for the privilege of being further exploited, and English syndicates are answering the demand. There is a misleading idea in their truism that reduction of the hours means increased production. It is true that labor-saving inventions have been designed to offset the increased demands on the part of labor, but this has resulted to the benefit of capitalists, and not to the laborers, or else Edward Atkinson is correct, and the laborer now gets all he deserves.

But to pass on. The advocates of an eight-hour day have a theory for improving the condition of the working-classes that these criticisms are made. That certain trades can reduce their hours and increase their wages there is no doubt: but they can do so only by decreasing profits, not increased demand. Where a reduction of hours means a greater intensity of labor no benefit results. Where it means greater cost of production, it forces into use more machinery, and under capitalism that means a harder struggle for labor. It ought not, and it will not happen, because labor movement is not Socialism. Only on one condition could the agitation be successful, and that is that all the laborers determined at a certain date to strike for shorter hours and no reduction of pay. But in case of such perfect union, no agitation would have the slightest effect. What occasion would there be to limit the demand to eight hours? Why not make it six, or such number of hours as was found to be necessary to provide the standard of comfort? But that would be a revolution, and the Federation is not expected upon the more "practical" and impossible plan of inaugurating the reform in sections, and this fact in the face of the fact that in nearly every trade there is a reserved army of untrained laborers, while capitalists may fall back. Another part of the program is that the laborers who are not immediately in the share of the reform shall provide the funds for those who come to inaugurate the agitation in their section, in the event of the success of this section, as profits are not to decrease, prices must rise, and so the laborers do not share the benefits are to pay for those who do. This is extremely practical. It is thus that eight-hours, like the single-tax, profit-sharing, etc., is but a scheme of raising Socialism, and this can be hookeyed into any such movement is easily very innocent or an unprincipled corkscrew.

A. H. SIMPSON.

E. C. Walker, in offering excellent comment upon Herbert Spencer's recent notary letter on the labor problem in the London "Times," in which the great thinker virtually confesses that the problem has proved too difficult for his intellectual powers, says with immutability: "It would be presumptions in me to assert that these propositions ever arrest the attention of Herbert Spencer, but surely there is room for hope that he will in some manner be made acquainted with the 'personal occupancy and use' theory of land tenure, for in its practicalization, I am thoroughly convinced that the class of escape from landlordry on the one hand, and its dreaded alternative, nationalization, on the other. For a man who has studied all the solutions proposed, and who has become thoroughly convinced of the equity and expediency of the occupying ownership principle, the above is too modest to be compatible with the proper pride of firm conviction. At any rate, Mr. Spencer certainly will now find his attention arrested by paragraphs, very similar to Mr. Walcher's. For 'Waterman's Journal,' the last exponent of Spencerian individualism, has quoted without disavowal or comment, and therefore apparently with approval, a letter to editorial to the effect that 'the principle of occupying ownership is the most important factors which can and will transform the present society, by degrees, into one governed according to strict justice.'

After a long and detailed examination of the contents of the "Nationalist," the editor of "Waterman's Journal" comes to the conclusion that the Bellmans have given us a larger share of ignorance than falls to the lot of the average man. Thus Liberty's purely deductive opinion, expressed before the appearance of the magazine, has now also been reached by inuition. The ignorance of the Nationalists may therefore be accepted as a scientifically demonstrated fact.
are you a foreigner? I should like to feel that onour
havs and rabbits for the rest of his life, sir." "Has the
issue been settled?" I asked. "Yes, sir, but the
man on the ticket told me, Lord Brownman was some
years ago and was maintained at considerable loss for
the benefit of others." "I understood the particulars of
what it contained, as far as I could make it out," he
asked. "And now there isn't a blessed rabbit in the place."
I presumed he was speaking of the past and not the
steep, the path the traveler would take. "Or, so I
thought, at least as I am about to start. I wished myself
perpetuated under a posse of ostlers, grooms, and
hangers-on, who literally lifted me into the waiting
and evinced the most touching concern for my comfort
and safety. My knees were swelled in ruts and the
agress was firmly buckled across to keep me warm and
dry, without any effort on my part, and as the horse
Brownman cracked the whip, half-a-dozen pair of eyes
"looked towards me", while their owners drank what they
were pleased to call their healths. "I am thankful to you,
young man, for what you said." "I forgot him, and
fell to reflecting on the curious circumstance that it
ought to be in the power of a man to increase his
fortune, to purchase a nobleman's company and conversation
for the sum of a half-crown. Yet it so undoubtedly
was. And yet, after all, what was there in it! There
was a sort of a certain kind of a thing, the hoarse
air would have the meaning of all the millions more of
our own class who could have the power of selling
to the highest bidder a shilling-and-seventeenth part
of kingship and party. The result is, the" — the road
— the right of the strong to trample on the weak.
the absolute domination of the effective majority.
Only today, instead of being conferred on its entirety
on a single person, the whip was shared among a few
little bits, and a sid to lots to the highest bidder, by
a ring of five million of potentats and their like.
Such is the result of the "whipping," thought, and I might
possibly have built up an essay on the reflection, when I
was suddenly roused from my reverie by a grunt from
the box seat. "Tell me," I said, "what do you think
what you said?" "Fine bird," repeated his lordship in
a louder grunt, and jerking his thumb in the direction of
a distant object. "What do you think of it?" I asked;
and continued, "Begin what?" I asked, a little ashamed
of my stupidity. "October tomorrow," he replied, "forgotten,
eh?"
"Oh, yes, I have been thinking of it."
"Moors, moors," explained Lord Brownman, "grooses,
sir, gruses are you... or... or..."
"I see," I answered, as soon as I caught his meaning.
"Doesn't good this season, sir?" he went on. "Good,
how?" I asked. "Good, there is no rain," he explained
shooting me, I replied, as soon as I caught his meaning.
"Doesn't good this season, sir?" he asked, "How do
you think of it?" I asked; and continued, "Begin what?
and continued, "Begin what?" I asked, a little ashamed
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sir, gruses are you... or... or..."
cution. "He put on his hat and walked out of the room."

The United States, as Mr. McDowell has been wont to declare, is a country "out as he had come in." There is never a word said about the hero's representative or his garb, no matter how bold the nobleman's action. The letter is brief, the speech is carefully
culled. Now, there is a reason for this. It is a well
established principle of English common law that, when
every detail of the right is set forth, the court in its discretion may take, the representative of either side may single out a suitable
sententious from among the crowd. In ease of a murder in the American army, I am told, it is usual to state every
testimony by lot. But in every English murder the instructions are to look round a man without
a hat. When found, he is marched off to the market
sta. with the proviso that the right to change them will be
in the hands of Cambridge for admission. The facts were not denied, and the
witnesses were all agreed, whereupon came from an unex-
pected quarter of the court, "Be candid. Whereas the
papers, and ed the worthy stipendiary, "is it a fact, I ask,
that the plaintiff was without a hat?" There was no gain
saying this. The prospector was howls at the time of the
alleged assault. That settled the matter; and the Com-
mander-in-chief of the British army left the court (metaphor-
ically speaking) without a stain on his character.

However, as I have said, put on my hat, and off we
proceeded to the conference rooms of the big club with the odd
name of "The National and Political Union," of the late
Benjamin Disraeli to signify the patriot as opposed to the
cosmopolitan and anti-national. "Liberal" was first used in a political sense to mean the more advanced group of the
party as opposed to the "servile" who believed in State-
control. And yet the members of the club avowedly upheld
State-interference with business and industry, and the desire
for a larger type of tax upon the creed of liberalism. Yet
there's no one loves liberty more than we. But we've got
to draw a line at democracy, you see. I've been elected to sit on the
Council of the Tory Union. I must go there. It's quite a
place. That is my duty, and my duty I mean to do.

Everything which is calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a
patriotic man must be put down. We are not going to tolerate places which in-
volves that sort of thing. But at the same time, there are
no foes to liberty, if liberty is to be taken. And that's the only liberty worth fighting for, if, you know, I mean it. Mr. McDowell
may have his way, but now let's get down to business. Let's
cash-forging itself to keep up a little of the
worrying matters for the purpose of penalizing conduct which may
possibly lead to further forgery. And in this way, the word is
precisely legal, but a song likely to lead to forgery is il-
llegal. Is that consistent?" "Allow me," shouted a
motion as a mean, and by some few words, "perhaps, being a lawyer, I know
more about those matters than Mr. McDowell possibly can.
The gentleman who asks the question is in error. His
major premise is false. Forgery in this country is a middle-
manoner, by 25 and 20, etc. "Farewell," said
me, and the voice in the back row, "I also am a lawyer, and I say
that the Act you refer to does not make fornication a middle-
manoner, it's 25 and 20 and 30, etc. It's as
true as you commit the sin; that is a very different matter." "I don't see that it is," replied the stentor man, "for what is a con-
spicy to form a union to do the same thing?"

The gentleman who is talking to the court agrees
that since they cannot commit this sin without
agreement, it is a conspiracy to form a union to do the same
thing. It follows that if I am right." "Not at all," rejoined
the lawyer at the back, "not at all; I fear your ideas of conspiracy
are somewhat eccentric. For instance, the Digest of the
Criminal Law, which I hold in my hand, you
will find these words: 'provided that an agreement between a man and a woman to do wrong is itself a conspiracy.
I suppose Mr. Justice Stephens may be taken to
mean something about the law,'" Chairman (coming to the
roa)

"I confess," said, "I confess I am in d difficulty.
I was getting ready to see you, sir. Perhaps Mr. Clavel will favor us with a few words?"

"I don't know," said another gentleman, "I confess I am in d difficulty.
I was getting ready to see you, sir. Perhaps Mr. Clavel will favor us with a few words?"

"Or is the question before the meeting whether Mr. McDowell and his coadjutors are the proper persons to act as coadjutors to my own views on certain political questions?"
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