On Picket Duty.

The newspapers are laughing at the proposition of a wealthy Westerner to settle the race question by pensioning every ex-slave. I am afraid I do not fully appreciate its ridiculous aspect. If there were ever a just pension, it would seem to be this one. If compensation is not due to men who from childhood were robbed of their labor and liberty, to whom is it due? It is not incumbent upon the present generation to pay the debts of its ancestors, but, if it seems fit to assume them, the claim of the ex-slave, who suffered against his will, is certainly superior to that of the volunteer soldier, who suffered voluntarily.

The "Herald of Anarchy" announces that the "Citizens' Defence League," which "will be at once a defence association and an insurance society," has been started. The League will defend those of its members brought before the law for the following offences: refusing taxes; for purposes of which the individual does not approve, or for institutions he does not require; refusing to send children to the board schools; smuggling; carrying on business without a license; establishing note-issuing banks; establishing postal associations in competition with the general post-office. It will also defend the citizen against unjustifiable molestation by the police in the streets and other public places.

The publisher of the New York "Nation," writes me that the rejection of the advertisement of Heinzen's "Rights of Women" was a clerical error, and that he is ready to print the advertisement if I should offer it again. I am very glad to hear it, and take pleasure in reiterating my endorsement of the "Nation"'s action. Nevertheless I must express my astonishment that in the office of a journal like the "Nation," power should be given to underwriters to sit in judgment upon books issued by its regular advertisers. I suppose that such a thing was possible only in the postal department of the United States government under the administration of John Wanamaker.

Kicking at nothing seems to be a favorite exercise of the Communists. John Most has repeatedly begun or ended long attacks upon Liberty with the remark that it is read only by a few old women in Boston. Now his disciple, the editor of the Chicago "Arbeiter Zeitung," is pursuing the same course. After stating, a proem of John Henry Mackay's new book, that Liberty's influence is inappreciable, this editor devotes his leading article for four days in succession to a critical consideration of the book in question, which, by the declaration of the author himself, owes its existence to the influence which Liberty had upon him. The "Arbeiter Zeitung"'s assertion that Liberty has no influence is one of its few that are not self-contradictory.

Recently in these columns, discussing the standard of value, I showed that the manufacturer who sells implements to a farmer for bank-notes suffers if gold subsequently declines, since the gold that the manufacturer gets for the notes will not buy back the implements. Mr. Wedderburn comments on this in his new paper, "The Auditor," and asks me why this causes suffering to the manufacturer, and why he should wish to repurchase the implements. This is positively feeble-minded. We shall never hear of Mr. Young's criticism being not seen by me until it had been put in editorial type, and that then, although I realized that it was not strictly consistent to give editorial expression to a defense of a biological doctrine which I had acknowledged myself incompetent to discuss, it seemed to me that such an acknowledgment ought to be credited to me as sufficient disclaimer of responsibility for an article with which I am strongly inclined to agree, and to which I had no objection save the objection founded on my incapacity to judge it. I still ask no quarter from Mr. Tandy. If, after the drubbing that I gave him for his impudence, it makes his brushes less painful to know that he forced me to this explanation, I extend him the sole in a humanitarian spirit, and assure him of my willingness to be held to a strict accounting for everything that appears in Liberty's editorial columns with the general qualification that is kept standing at their head. I may add that Mr. Tandy learned the lesson of editorial responsibility from Mr. Yarros with the same inaccuracy that characterizes his biological studies. The editors of a paper are not jointly responsible for the entire editorial pages unless they are equal in rank. Such, I believe, was the case in the office of the Denver "Individualist." Such is not the case in the office of Liberty. In the latter the editor is held responsible for the editorial utterances of his associates, but his associates are not responsible for the utterances of the chief.

Kate Field asks a foolish question, and gets a foolish reply from the "Evening Wisconsin." Kate Field's question relates to Edward Bellamy, and is put thus: How is it that one man so firmly in competition to be the root of all evil to the human race ventures to enter the competitive market with a newspaper? How does he hope to make his venture succeed, except by making it the "New Nation" more attractive to the public than other weeklies? And how can he afford to berate the rest of us poor competing creatures while he is engaged in the same business?" "But Kate Field ought to know that it is from the industrial sphere alone that Bellamy seeks to banish competition; in other spheres he is willing to maintain and encourage it. This is inconsistent and unintelligent, but it disposes of Kate Field's kind of objection. The answer of the "Evening Wisconsin" is as follows: "Kate should not worry over a problem which exists only in her own active, inventing mind. As a matter of fact, an examination of Bellamy's paper will convince any one that its editor cannot possibly be struggling to make it more attractive than the other weeklies. It is the most inane, tedious, incoherently drasy essay in periodical literature that was ever plumped by exchange editor into waste basket. It is as much in contrast with Kate's own sprightly and interesting publication as a spot of soot is in contrast with a corrosivng binary star."

This, I say, is a foolish answer, because besides overlooking the distinction just pointed out between industrial competition and intellectual competition which Bellamy draws, it makes the violent assumption that Bellamy could produce a bright, readable, and vigorous periodical if he only thought it consistent with his philosophy to do so. No, no, Bellamy is doing his best, and nature alone is responsible for the sad result of his strenuous efforts. Should the objection be raised that, since Bellamy sells his paper instead of giving away papers to workmen in the industrial sphere, he cannot be expected to refrain from intellectual competition in consequence of the industrial competition which is forced upon him. In the second place, the "New Nation" is not a financial success, and there can be no objection to Mr. Bellamy's losing money in industrial competition.
"Die Anarchisten."

The young German poet and novelist, John Henry Mackay, has placed the friends of liberty under the very greatest obligations to himself by his noble and magnificent gift of "Die Anarchisten." I have just read the book, and feel that it would be in positive for me, to speak of it as long as I have read anything that has given me such keen delight and pleasure. It is a book of rare excellence and beauty, and one destined to do splendid service in the cause of liberty.

Mackay's is a magical pen. Under its skill the social conditions of the English metropolis, typical of "civilized" society, the world over, rise before the reader's eyes in all their terrible reality. But terrible and frightful as it is, one feels that the picture is not overdrawn, but only too true. One gets the impression that what is here described has been observed and experienced in every detail. The misery and wretchedness of the richest city in the world, its poverty, its hunger, its prostitution, its despair,—all are powerfully drawn. No one who reads these descriptions without conceiving a wholesome disgust and contempt for the boasted civilization of the age.

However, the great merit of Mackay's book lies not in its descriptions of the horrors of civilized life. That is his purpose, and not a very noble one. His main purpose is to make a complete and logical exposition of the different theories, and of their various and different ways of viewing society and the means to be employed in lifting it upon a higher plane. The art with which this is done challenges one's admiration. There are scenes that are not to be described in detail. One must go to Mr. Trupp, the revolutionary Comment. viast, and Mr. Au- ban, the scientific Anarchist. While the communists of all classes will derive some benefit from "Die Anarchisten," I do not believe they will be able to combine the principles of being uncompromising; for Trupp is surely a typical revolutionist and Comment. viast. Yet no sensible person can study this character without perceiving the true spirit of his philosophic philosophy, if anything so foolish and irrational may be designated by that word. Carrad Auban, on the other hand, is as clear and cool in his views as he is un- derstand the incomplete inexpedience of force and sac- rifice as means in the regeneration of society. He views things so coolly and soberly. He is an all-around man. By a keen analysis he traces the evils of society to the individual State, showing that the selfishness of the people, and consequently demands its cessation. He is a disciple of Proudhon and Stirner, and we are left to infer that Liberty has played no small part in his intellectual development. His ends and aims are the more interesting because he does not confusion them as such is any individualistic Anarchist will endorse. For one, I joyfully welcome the new comrade.

"Die Anarchisten" is one of the most consistently radical books ever written. It is a great book. My feeling about it is such that I can say of the au- thor and his work:

War er geschaffen ist ein Edelstein; Delia blitzen Strahlen für die Ewigkeit.

Mr. Tandy's Consolations.

"I emphatically decline to be drawn into a discussion of the problem of use-inheritance. In the first place, I am cer- tain that if I do, and, if I have enough leisure, I doubt if Mr. Tandy's equipment is any better than my own." So says Mr. Tucker in reply to "Mr. Tandy's Consolations, as a doctrine and political movement from its most radical to its most moderate form. I shall, however, study this book and try to find the relation between Spenglerian individualism and their own system.

On the whole it is safe to say that the basic principles common to individualism and Anarchism have been a bit of a mystery. While the character, in the applications of first principles there is revealed more questionable logic and inconsistancy than could be found in "Social Science" by those who take the Anarchist position.

V. Y.
In the United Kingdom, the government is able to tax the people, not because of the government's right to tax, but because the people, not being free, cannot resist it. The government is not the product of the people, but the people are the product of the government. The government is not responsible to the people, but the people are responsible to the government. The government is not elected by the people, but the people are elected by the government. The government is not approved by the people, but the people are approved by the government. The government is not dependent on the people, but the people are dependent on the government. The government is not controlled by the people, but the people are controlled by the government. The government is not accountable to the people, but the people are accountable to the government.

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disappear. Don Jaime must have two thousand dollars a year. He is a gentleman. I cannot understand why he should desire to represent it when he might repre-
represent any district he chooses. He owns in the neighborhood of this town an olive plantation which his father, a soldier like himself, bought at a time when he was at play. This is the only bond, so far as I know, that attaches him to this district. I repeat, then, that I cannot understand why he should wish to be our representative; but I take it for granted that once he has attained his desire he will turn his back upon us, and sell us our business, and not give us an atom of sugar plums.

But now, for my final wish, I wish, if I may, my most cherished, wish, I have resolved (remaining silent as to my reasons in order not to alarm your other adherents) to support your can-
cidate. Cooper, therefore, for this I will do, to elect Don Jaime Prietamestel representative, and believe me your affectionate friend.

Compton Anstoke: A Study in the Nude.
BY GORDON FORREST.

Compton Anstoke was tired and generally worn out, and over the nudity of his most Christian features slept in the beginning of the room.

He was sitting in his arm-chair before an open grate, with his hands reverently clasped across his copious abdomen as though in prayer (or pain). His head had sunk upon his breast, and even and now it sunk still lower (in his endeavor to find its proper resting-place), until finally, also, rested upon his belly; and he looked as though doubly in prayer (or pain).

And he had a dream.

And it was such a dream. A dream of love such as erotic poets like to give utterance to in burning verse.

He dreamed of a dreamy woman. And in the valley of this land, and on the hillsides, youths and maidens sang and danced, their clean flanks, white, immaculate, glistening in the moonlight. They sang as though they played together, and joy was everywhere; and disease was known by none.

And Compton stood behind a tree and watched (so he dreamed), and he was horrified. He held his hands before his eyes to close out the wicked sight (there were wide spaces between his fingers), and groaned, and from his lips came the words, "It must be suppressed," and he thought about himself: "This is worse than the 'Kreutzer Sonata';" and even as he thought of it, he heard it play. The music of maidens' voices hovered above the top of the valley, and in the sweet tenor of the yoners sang clear above all the high- est realms of sound. Passionate was the air: strong and destroying as the passion of love.

And Anthony, or, rather, Compton, was impressed by all this physical beauty as the music rang round him, and he thought to himself: "Is this all? Is this all? Do I not join them? Am I not shapely?" and he disabused himself as he was made as Adam before he made (as holy writ tell) his dress of fig-leaves.

Then he surveyed himself.

But he appeared useless; so he entered a sparkling brook near by and bathed himself; and then again he surveyed himself and saw that he was not yet once a mere shadow. For across his forehead was a black mark which would not wash out: it was evidently deep seated in the brain. But he let the matter go as he was now already covered.

But Compton persisted in his attentions, until both youths and maidens seized him.

"You must be clothed," said one, "or else I will spell you, and we shall no longer be able to love, for our brains will be poisoned.

So they collected together and began to clothe him; and he was too frightened to object. Then, when they had finished, and he was clothed complete from head to foot, he again surveyed himself.

And he was so dressed as he was covered with a heavy coating of pitch, with a generous mixture of buzzard's feathers.

Then he woke.

He turned, and walked forward from his chair into the open grate, and he was covered with snot.

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