On Picket Duty.

What is the matter with DeWey? Has he become a "calamity croaker"? Speaking of London, he said: "I felt that this great city, with its magnificent palaces, with every evidence in part of it of the largest wealth, the greatest luxury, the most liberal expenditure, rested upon a volcano which only needed the force of civilization to bring it upon a catastrophe which would make the earth tremble." This was the expression made upon him by "the misery, the wretchedness, the seething furnace of ignorance" of certain parts of London. What is true of London is true of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and every large city in our own country. If the misery and wretchedness are anywhere to be found, they are in parts of either of these cities can be shown. It is surely impertinent to speak in such fashion, especially during a political campaign in which the Republican tariff is a principal issue.

The New York "Tribune" literary editor, after indicating the points in which the late and final edition of Mr. Spencer's miscellaneous essays differs from former editions, excuses himself from speaking of the essays themselves. "Their importance, originality, clearness of argument, and charm of style," he says, "are long since familiar in our mouths as household words." Everybody knows that the "Tribune" advocates nothing, or almost nothing, which can be justified from the point of view of Spencerian politics. If Spencer is right, the "Tribune" is wrong, and if the "Tribune" is sound, Spencer's views must be denounced as false and dangerous. Now, the reviewer does not frankly and formally endorse the Spencerian ideas; but in saying that they are important and original, and that the arguments are clear, he uses language which no editorial writer for his paper would ever think of using in the same connection. The "Tribune" is an ardent protectionist. Spencer is an ardent free-trader, and tells the protectionists that they ought to call themselves aggressionists. Does the "Tribune" consider this clear, original, and important?

One of the women delegates at the recent Newcastile Labor Congress said with reference to the "equal work, equal wages" demand that, "if it was contended that women who did men's work should have the same pay, it is means driving the women out." If our labor reforms are successful, and that under the aggrandized of justice for women is too slight a concession to the women, the female wage-workers, when they are properly organized, will enthusiastically and persistently demand equal pay with men, they are doomed to disappointment. If not common sense, then little experience in every sense is about to strike the woman out. While the conditions of the male labor market re main unchanged, it is useless for women to attempt to coerce employers into paying them the same wages they pay to men. There are those who think that the labor reformers are traitors, and that under the eloquent pleas of justice for women is a slight concession to the women, the female wage-workers, when they are properly organized, will enthusiastically and persistently demand equal pay with men, they are doomed to disappointment. If not common sense, then little experience in every sense is about to strike the woman out. While the conditions of the male labor market re main unchanged, it is useless for women to attempt to coerce employers into paying them the same wages they pay to men. There are those who think that the labor reformers are traitors, and that under the eloquent pleas of justice for women is a slight concession to the women, the female wage-workers, when they are properly organized, will enthusiastically and persistently demand equal pay with men, they are doomed to disappointment. If not common sense, then little experience in every sense is about to strike the woman out.
Liberty.

Issued Weekly at One Dollar a Year: Single Copies Three Cents.

RENZ T. TICKER, Editor and Publisher.
VICTOR YARGOS, Associate Editor.

Office of Publication, 224 Tremont Street.
Post Office Address: Liberty, P. O. Box No. 2938, Boston, Mass.
Entered as Second Class Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 31, 1891.

"An attacking event and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the extended good will of theAmerican people, the onrush of the great tumble, the roll of the monstrance, the clubbing of the policemen, the gathering of the military, the collection of all those animosities of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROCTOR.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles by other signatories than the editors' initials indicates that the editor approves their general purport and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for any phrase or word. But the appearance in these parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disagrees in any respect of the issues being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A NEW BOOK GIVEN AWAY WITH EACH RENewAL. A subscription to the new number is required in advance. The names of subscribers not heard from within two weeks' time will be removed from the subscription list. But to every subscriber who sends his renewal for one year hereafter in three months, he shall get the cash, so that the subscriber not later than two weeks after it is due, will be sent, postage paid, by the publisher, 25 cents if published by this house, or 2 cents if published by any other publisher. This is a permanent offer, and every subscriber is very respectfully requested to get a new book each year free of cost. But only one book will be given at a time, no matter how long the book selected.

Liberty and Boycoting.

"Dietorators," cries Kate Field, "must go—whether of high degree or low—before this land will be in fact what its name is. And she goes.

Monopolies dictate, trade unions dictate. A friend of mine told me the other day that he had joined the Knights of Labor and advised me to become a member of that order. I cannot join an organization that orders boycotts, or that prohibits honest men not within it from earning a living. Trade unions are admirable except when they interfere with private rights and privileges, such as should be guaranteed to everyone. If any organization attempted to compel a man to buy his pen from a certain manufacturer, I should be un-American, for it is a republic, and America ought to be, even if it is not, a republic.

Miss Field is not compelled by law to join either the labor or the capital organizations. She is sensible to refuse to cooperate with people whose objects and methods she disapproves. If boycotting seems to her an objectionable method, she is perfectly justified in discouraging the use of it by means not invasive in themselves. But, while such adjectives as "outrageous" and "deleterious" may express her own feelings, the adjective "un-American" does not express something more, and one may properly ask for the logical argument by which Miss Field arrives at the stated conclusion. Why is boycotting un-American? Because boycotters dictate, will probably be said. But why dictate? The question is not answered by the dictators, or Republican governments, dictate? The absence of all dictation means the absence of all government, the absence of all laws not unanimously and freely endorsed by the whole body of citizens. On the other hand, Miss Field cannot possibly object to boycotting because it is unofficial, non-legal dictation. Such an objection would imply a desire for a most un-American, most despotic government. Miss Field is not a State Socialist, and is not advocating absolute anarchy. She would allow employers to dictate terms to employees, and she would allow employees to dictate terms to employers. She believes in free contract, and free contract involves dictation.

Dictation in itself is neither good nor bad. The question is generally as to whether the terms dictated and the methods employed in securing compliance are invasive or not,—are warranted by the principle of equal liberty, or not. To show that dictation is bad, it must be shown that the dictators are seeking to impose terms, or conditions, which the public cannot legitimately enforce or impose under equal liberty. In some cases, the terms themselves are not invasive, but the means whereby the dictators are placed in the position to enforce them are invasive. The government is invasive in dictating the conditions upon which a man shall engage in trade. It makes exchanges and monopolizes the articles of consumption. Nearly all its financial and commercial legislation is invasive, and its dictation is thus far bad. But the laws against murder and theft, while they are dictated by the government, are not invasive in dictating the laws. The legitimate laws cannot be reprobated by those who believe in equal liberty. The criminal, when made to suffer the penalty attached to his act, is not sympathized with in his complaint or objection to dictation, while those who understand equal liberty do sympathize with the victims of invasive legislation in their objection to certain dictation. As to the dictation of monopolies, the first thing to settle is whether the monopolies are legally-created or not. We object to the dictation of the experiments of government, by exposing our liberties, creates the conditions essential to the maintenance of these monopolies. Where competition is free, there is always a remedy at hand against any evil action or dictation on the part of priorities. The boycott is not a weapon of invasion and invaders. It may be used prudently or recklessly, wisely or foolishly; but it cannot be used invasively. It would be a cause for general rejoicing and congratulation if the boycott should come late general use to the advantage of the body of legislators for special and invasive legislation. When the farmers of a Texas town determined to boycott the town of Lodiomia because the authorities of that town had seized and sold three horses belonging to a member of the Society of Friends, it was charged that the farmers, by an ordinance prohibiting stock from running at large within town limits, they proposed no acts of invasion. If they were injured, or imagined themselves injured, by ordinances in force in a given town, they are justified in withholding their patronage from the people of the offending town, knowing that, if their patronage is valuable, the ordinances obnoxious to them will be speedily suspended or repealed. Was this mere, more American? Could they be? Or that of the righteous who are the tenants of the city of Stettin, in Germany? The spiritual citizens of the city of Stettin, in Germany, by changing the custom of buying their books and stationery from the booksellers of the town, and by decreasing the currency of a certain species of paper money in circulation, compelled the government to make concessions. But who can say the fight is not fair and manly? The by-stander feels that personal liberty is safe in the hands of either party. Not so in the case of the boycott. By what dictate are the boycotters to suppress the "quacks," and who doubles agree with Miss Field that the boycott is un-American? They n. c. conspire to overthrow certain liberties of the so-called "quacks" and their patrons, and it is necessary to defend the "quacks " by as much as is necessary to preserve and increase the sphere of personal liberty. Then her have the legislation-legging physiicians. As for those who rely upon the boycott and similar non-invasive weapons, none have they offended. V.T.

Plumb-Line Pointers.

In a story in one of the popular family papers I find this bit of profound moralizing.

"Ain't it first-rate that folks can get married?" said John, not overly. "I never thought anything about it till I come to want you. Now just think o' that. In the State that folks wants each other can have each other: 'tis good an' all. It seemed queer when I began to think about it.

This quaintly but accurately expresses the idea of the masses concerning the relations of the individual and the government. In the State we live, in the State we move, in the State we have our being. To our Yankee lover there was no absurdity in the "law of the State that folks wants each other can have each other: 'tis good an' all." His only surprise is that the State should graciously grant so very much to its chaitels. Should the "law of the State" kindly grant him the privilege of marrying his bride upon arriving at a certain age his surprise and his gratitude would be equally great. The author of this story has in one paragraph depicted for us the typical modern American. Jonathan is not miserable and rebellious because the State supervises and restrains his activities in nine out of ten instances; on the contrary, he is supremely happy and obediently grateful because his grandmother State does not supervise and restrain him in all directions.

In a late number of the "New Nation" Edward Bellamy criticizes the attitude and arguments of Herbert Spencer and Frederick Harrison upon the question of woman's rights. Near the end of his article Mr. Bellamy says:

"We say frankly that if we did not regard the agitation for woman's suffrage as a step toward Nationalism and destined to end in it, we should feel very slight interest in it.

In other words, Mr. Bellamy would give woman what is called political liberty only on condition that she use it in assisting him in alienating all the liberties of both men and women. The gentleman is characteristically frank, and I thank him for revealing to us his real animus. It would tend to simplify several problems if the practioners would emulate his candor. It is less than two decades ago that, as a class, they strenuously opposed the political emancipation (so-called) of women. Suddenly they need about and became the loudest-voiced champions of the cause. Why this almost "lightning change." Simply this: They thought they had discovered that the unreasoning moralism and blind religious fanaticism of the majorities of both sexes provided the only "spiritual guides" of the people, to force hypocrisy, Sabbath-sanctity, and kindled legislation down the throats of the protesting majority of men. Now let the practioners join forces with the Nationalists under the leadership of Edward Bellamy and women may sit upon the throne of Authority and the nation becomes the foretold heaven of Christian Socialism, filled with machine-finished automations.

A Boston "Home Journal" writer remarks, speaking of the relations of George Sand and Frederic Chopin, that "The separation that occurred after a quarrel was a result to be expected of a union unsanctioned by God and man." This seems to finally dispose, off-hand, of a momentous social problem, unless our slugsbrough memories recall the fact that each year witnesses the formal or informal separation of some thousands of couples who were united with the sanction of man and presumably with that of God also, as his own-adopts almost invariably directly or indirectly. There must be a hitch somewhere in the essayist's logic. The same writer says of George Sand's social theories: "We need not touch upon her erroneous views of the marriage tie. In this land of the Puritans there is one class of people who never have been." From the class which it would be safe to infer that this lady is unaware of the fact that this land of the Puritans is the birthplace of the intellectual and ethical revolt which now throughout the Union challenges the very right
to live of the worse than peculiar institution which George Sand repudiated.

Mrs. Kendal says that in America the press is irreproachable, but in England the critics are not to be relied upon.

Mrs. Kendal must have been trying to foster our patriotism, or more probably the first half of the above paragraph was "will sarcastic."

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14.—Recently a story came from the north of the murder of a white man at Point Hope by natives and another woman. From the above it would appear that we are equally at sea in regard to what is the proper treatment of the lovers of other men's wives. In the States white men sitting on juries almost without exception vote for the acquittal of husbands and their grossly wronged male sex associates, while in Alaska they torture and shoot to death the Indian husband who is guilty of the same crime. What is the cause of this difference in the treatment of men who have "wounded their insulter honor?" Are the white men in Alaska whites and more just than those in the States, as this killing at Point Hope would on the surface seem to indicate? Or, did the remaining white men kill the stranger of their comrades, not because he, an "outwarded husband," had murdered a white wife, but because, as an Indian, he had killed one of the members of a "superior" race? I am sorry to say that the latter solution seems the more probable. In either view, the affair forcibly illustrates the humanizing effects of "civilization."

An editorial writer in the Boston "Herald" says that upon the occasion of his last visit in James Parton's home in Newport last Mr. Parton "surprised" him by saying I have no idea about going to church. I spent my Sunday last at the Unitarian Sunday school because it seemed to be the form of religion that had the least amount of hammering in it, and when they came to me and asked me to go to church to see if it was a personal call through these children from a higher source. I have been to church ever since. It is true that I go where the belief is as simple as possible. I go to church largely to help me. I have missed a great deal by not going to church in my early days. It is wonderful what a ministry children exercise over those who do not understand them.

The "Herald" editor need not have been surprised at Mr. Parton's statement. It is unfortunately true that the minds of most men weaken before their bodies die. Mind is dependent upon organization, and hence the processes of physical disintegration cannot not-proceed without the processes of brain deterioration. Mr. Parton was not an exception to the law. The man who stopped his subscription to Liberty because this paper refused to lay an offering of adoration on "War's red altar" to oppose the manes of the war dead on the altar of our capable body of lawyers in the invitation of his children to attend church a "call from a higher sources," and his plait that he missed much by not attending church in his earlier days is natural and not in the least difficult to understand. Indeed it is almost of a truth that the days of his strength. As weakness came on space he needs must lean on something and his human sympathv with his children took him to their playground, and to their nursery in the church. The failing of such an unmarred one; that he had needed the same drugged wine of superstition in the years of his physical and mental virility. But he had not. It was a sad and saddening illusion of devolution which may afflict any or all of us before our lives close.

Two music boxes that would not wind up were found by New Yorkers out of season with music. The robbery is to the devil.—Boston Herald.

If deceit is fitly personified by the devil, then it is true that the devil is a great help to the majesty. And the same is true of prohibitory laws, Sunday statutes, marriage laws, internal revenue taxes, and many other anachronisms. The bill, however, in the Bible stigmatizes as crimes perfectly legitimate acts, it opens the door to all kinds and depths of deceit and duplicity. The "Herald," if it were the true independent paper it claims to be, would have added that smuggling is a law-made crime, therefore no crime at all, and that the smuggler is the friend and benefactor of his race, because he helps to keep alive the spirit of non-conformity, of liberty, without which ethical growth and health are impossible. But the "Herald" did not dare say that; perhaps it did not think it is; its inability correctly is an object of the fear to speak truly.

E. C. Walker.

Four prominent daily papers are now advocating free trade; the Galveston "News," the Detroit "New," the Atlantic "Constitution," and the Memphis "Commercial." Ten years ago there was not one; ten years hence there will be fifty.

Mackay's new book, "The Anarchists," is now ready in English. In its opinion its publication will prove an important event. Those desiring the book should send the advertisement in another column.

My friend.

"The world knows not the names of those who scorn the world," says George Moore in his beautiful sketch of Casper, and it is true. Only knows the shrew, who sweep from it the cash prices; 15 cents only the successful. It gives wealth to those who pander to its prejudices; but to the few who will not stoop to make a commerce of their genius, it gives despair and death. They are buried and more.

Forgotten — But their memory lives in the minds of the few whom they influence; and they become so ideal for minds less pure than theirs; minds that are better able to fight the world for being tainted by what the world dubs worldly wisdom. Such an unknown genius was my friend.

When I became acquainted with him, he was about twenty-four years old, and two years my senior. He had arrived from Germany the year before, and was evidently bent on making a success in the new world by teaching languages. His appearance was very impressive: tall and dark, with slender physique. He had a distinct lightness in his steps, thrown back from his forehead; light-colored eyes, that were alternately smiling and sad; and lips, tightly closed, with an expression of exquisite refinement.

I attended a public library, of whose reading room I was a constant frequenter, and instantly determined to know him. He had one of the foreign magazines before me, and was evidently interested in it. He did not notice me from where he sat, so I changed my chair and took a seat at another table, almost directly in front of him. I suppose there was nothing strange about it, but as I had begun to be a German periodical, I could not read it; so I made a pretense. I knew he had noticed me, and I turn the locked up, one was income with the book and talk long to the night, arguing on social questions; or I would listen quietly while he indulged in a long philosophic dissertation on the condition of man at any rate I knew not, ever since, did I learn the beauty of friendship, and feel that life was worth living.

We had been acquainted for some time before I began to notice that he could read German; in him; he was becoming melancholy. Pupils were few and poor paying, and his health was becoming poor, a heavy cough frequently sent him to his narrow frame; but he continued to work on as hard as ever.

At breakfast he was engaged in writing articles on social questions, and for some time he had been at work on
a novel, parts of which he would read to me. Occasionally he would give me his manuscript to examine, and then we would talk on it together, often after I had read the latest chapter which he had written, he discussed at length on the novel and literature in general.

"I think," he said, "it is a rare time in the life of every red-eyed person who would be easy for them to write a novel of interest, which would merely be a record of their life, or of their impressions of life. Of course, art is necessary to perfect work; but even without art it would be interesting.

"Yes, there is a time when we live so intensely on some question that even those who do not write any impression are lost and we are no longer able to record them because we no longer care for the things that impress us. What Schopenhauer was once — who, even in old age, can draw youth with the pen of youth, but they are rare. On the way through life, the only impression which they have lived they have analyzed: their life has been a study of life. There are others who have written, with less art, but no less frequently. Perhaps that which he felt, he felt, he would laugh loudly.

"Am I not robust?" he would say.

But he was no longer robust.

"I wonder," he continued, "if Miss Schermer had not written her story when she died, whether she could write it now? Perhaps not. Perhaps the time is not considered them as important. We all advance in thought, and it is always the latest phase which is of most interest. Thus, as I advance, I become more interested in philosophy, and if I do not write the novel now, I might write it and write something else would be to me more important, and I would look upon the novel merely as a work of art."

He paused for a moment and then began to talk about his book. He explained the preliminary manner in which it would end; and he was especially proud of the dramatic character and beauty of the piece. He had drawn in the background, beyond the stairs and death among the mass around him.

"They will not," he said, "that he is the only one who really lives."

He noticed that I was hurrying the book, working beyond his strength, because he knew that he had no time to live.

I had managed to teach a few people, and earned enough for his very modest wants. Every day, now, that I saw him, he was becoming weaker, and even as I walked home from the stores was awake and clear on my face, that passer-by looked pityingly at me. At night, at home in my room, I would sit by the window and dance in the moonlight and think of him. I knew, not until he said that darkness is akin to misery.

III.

The end had come and I had lost my friend. They sent for me shortly before he died and I hurried to his room. It was, as usual, a room in his attic; and I spent along time on the dead leaves from the trees rustling mournfully under my feet and the worn color of the sofa. All nature seemed to me wear and aspect of profound absurdity. The sky was dark and dreary and the leading clouds were bringing low over the barren earth.

As I walked along I thought to myself that this was the time of year that he always liked to see. For many years he had desired with "the last leaf of the poplar, with the last flower of the meadow, with the last song of the birds," and soon enough. It would be difficult to give the leaves and the days to "the cold embrace of the earth..."

When I reached his room I saw myself at his bedside, and silently held his head in his grasp. After some minutes he said nothing; finally he spoke, and there was a slight smile on his pale face:

"I am playing Beethoven — you remember — in Turgenev's novel?"

I nodded, for I remembered that death scene well. Again there was silence for a long time; but his hand still gripped mine, without actually speaking. I asked:

"You will take my manuscript?"

Again I nodded; I was afraid to speak. His grasp on my hand did not relax, and thus, with my hand in his, he died.

IV.

In after years, I look over the manuscript which I left in my care — fragments, many; and unfinished — I think, sadly of his early death, and of what he might have been had he lived. Perhaps some day I may publish these writings."

My friend.