On Picket Duty.

Rev. Edward E. Hale writes on lotteries in his department in the "Cosmopolitan" this month. That he urges the total suppression of lotteries goes without saying, but he contributes a remarkably original argument in support of his position. The lottery, he triumphantly cries, must be suppressed, because, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Kentucky’s new constitution forbids the acceptance of fraudulent gambling. Of course this constitutional prohibition is never violated. The legislators cannot and do not accept passes for themselves, but they have them made out for members of their families. To the railroad companies the arrangement is profitable. In the above, the fact is very well understood by the people. But the law, at any rate, is obeyed.

"Unity" dissent from the opinion that scientific research cannot satisfy the hope for the "soul’s" continued existence after death. Those who hold this view, says "Unity," use the word scientifically in the sense of giving it a sense, limiting it to mere technical knowledge, the truth being that the word includes the entire field of human consciousness, the hopes and aspirations of the race as well as its more practical gain.

"Unity"’s definition of the word scientific is peculiar; but, without quarrelling with the absurd definition, it is surely pertinent to ask whether the hopes and aspirations of the orthodox Christians and Jews and Mohammedans are likewise included. Is the belief in a personal God and in the orthodox hell scientific? If not, why not? Since the aspirations and hopes of the race are "included," no arbitrary distinctions can be allowed. One man’s "hope" is as good as another’s.

Boston has an anti-tenement-house league which seeks to abolish the "reaping system." It has petitioned Congress for legislation against swaters, and demands the passage of a State law prohibiting tenement-house workshops. This league recently held a "genuine mass meeting," over which Governor Russell presided. The newspaper reports mention a curious and mysterious "assembly of the meeting. "As the Governor introduced Rev. Louis A. Banks, an odd gentleman rose in the audience and said that such a meeting should be held in God’s name, and asked that it be opened with prayer. Governor Russell, of course, asked Mr. Banks to keep quiet, and that gentleman led the audience in repeating the Lord’s prayer."

The old gentlemen’s motion was certainly in order. The prayers addressed to legislators are just as efficacious as those addressed to God, and irritation distinctions are not to be permitted. Workmen will pray, they should not forget the original claimant. But, seriously, is prayer to be a necessary feature of Boston labor mass meetings hereafter?

The "Journal of the Knights of Labor" reproduces Luther’s comment on the failures of the Chicago stock in sere. The executors are to be "high buildings evil" and the coincident solution of the problem by a private insurance company’s decision to put prohibitory insurance rates on high buildings, and append the following remarks: "All of which goes to show that as we have often contended, the opposition of Anarchists to government is rather to the name than the thing itself. Liberty stoutly objects to being governed by any of the institutions now recognized as governments, but is willing that a combination of capitalists acting in their own interests should step in and practically do the work that municipal government has left undone. If its dream could be realized, it would simply mean that the plutocracy would rule directly and regardless of anything to suit themselves, instead of as now, ruling in some matters in an indirect way under the form of representative government, which somewhat mitigate their despotism. But in the absence of government they would have everything in their hands. The "Journal," to begin with, asks the question in asserting that in the absence of government the plutocrats would have everything in their hands. We maintain that it is government which gives them their power to impose inequitable conditions upon the working and small business men. In the absence of the legally-creviced privileges which protect the plutocrats from the influence of their own trades, they hold, could do nothing. This point can hardly be argued here, but it should be borne in mind by the exploiters who are found of charging anarchists with subsidizing the direct rule of the plutocracy for the indirect rule of the same. In the second place, the "Journal" does not understand what despotism and government mean. When the insurance companies put a prohibitive rate on property, they exercise no tyranny whatever. They are not obliged to insure people’s property; they are in the business for their own advantage, and they are not expected to make any sacrifices.

Insurance companies fix their rates, and the people are at liberty to withhold their patronage from those that fix them too high. The insurance business is not a monopoly, and the people are free to organize a system of mutual insurance if they deem it well to do so. To govern or tyrannize in this way is "shameful," and this duty, if equal, shall not do, or that the common law of the commonwealth will not warrant the injunction.

To say to a person that he cannot have certain benefits to which he is entitled unless he complies with certain conditions, is not to govern. The insurance companies do not govern, any more than the "Journal" governs when it says that persons wishing to get it from the office must pay a certain sum for the privilege.

For Genuine Free Trade.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

In England we rej, it at the way in which you fight the battle of freedom, and that you and that which you believe is the key to all our problems. We are all one and that which we that we only need is that of the exarch of the Constitution, to form one direction is freedom is trade—of commodities, services, and intercourse. The first step is that which it does to make a man whether the article he uses is made in England or America? And if he cannot buy them, let him phrase his fancy by buying from every place, as just a man here can buy Scotch or English jam. England are as proud of your Emerson and Edison as they are of our of Herbert Spencer and our Watt. It is our stupid politicians that keep us as a people, in a manner, that divide each of us into more hostile party camps than nations. Let us strive to break down from their walls and receive the whole world into our community, which, as our language spreads, should embrace the world. The idea of great America being afraid of English goods or English of American productions is childish. We propose to fight government under the banner of Free Trade and feel sure of your hearty cooperation. The old Manchester school on the right line and to its legitimate conclusion, would have abolished government by gradually and peacefully taking over all its functions; but after the death of Cobden the movement got into the hands of Bright and Gladstone, who stopped it. We should have no hard question now if Cobden’s advice had been followed and free trade in land granted, no currency and capital questions with free trade in them, no labor question with free trade in labor, that is, without trade unions, which are nothing but a government. No drink question with free trade in drink. Free Trade, in fact, is the settlement of every social question. This is a way of putting the matter that every one understands, and applies from red herrings to religion, art, science, literature, leading: the one condition of progress and prosperity is free trade in it. It is difficult to get people to understand Anarchists, but free trade we do understand, and they are the same thing. So let us talk about and advocate free trade.

We are bringing out a paper under the title "Free Trade the Solution of Every Social Question" and write to you how you can do the same in America; but perhaps Liberalism is a more well-timed term with you, and the important point is what he

The world is turning against government. Let us try to guide by a way of perfect freedom, in which alone there is a perfect friendly peace.

Yours very truly,

C. CLAPHAM HOLDS, L. O. M., March 18, 1892.

Heroic Self-Devotion.

(see Transatlantic in Open Court)

Self-sacrifice in the public service is the highest form of political duty, and, when fully developed, it goes with patriotic fire. While that form of benevolence is more active in the United States than elsewhere, it is not altogether absent from the philanthropic spirit of England, France, and Germany. A republican paper gives us the following "poet's" account of American politics presents me with this heroic specimen of civic self-devotion: "Mr. Blaine is not in any sense a candidate for President, but should be nominated by New England he is patriotic enough to accept the office. He cares nothing for the Presidency, but he will take it as a matter of public duty." I regard that as a very high type of patriotic sacrifice upon the altar of the country. The work may be heavy and the wages light, but when duty requires a man to be President of the United States, he shall accept. This moment presents a parallel example of self-devotion in the person of the Count of Paris. Some alarm had been created among the nobilities by a report that Paris had renounced his claims to the throne of France, but the Count of Hoissville, a royalist partisan, denies the story, and shows that it is impossible to be true. There can be no question, says Hoissville, "of renunciation or of abdication. A right may be abdicated but not a duty. The ties of duty bind the Count of Paris, and will never permit him to abandon the cause which is his own but that of the nation." That sentiment is fine, and worthy of the Count of Paris, who considers it his patriotic duty to be King of France, and believes that his personal objection to the office ought not to stand in the way of a nation’s happiness.

WORLD-CITIZENSHIP.

(see Transatlantic in Open Court)

Veni, vidi, vici. The world is the heart, the soul is free.

The mind is nobler and the soul profounder. That, get by sutices jubiles' "we can not be the contrary. Even so, the highest freedom's bound expounder: Love the whole earth! Love not a single land! Because, by chance, "the country" it is called. A land is never free. It stands the earth, is not part of.

Which into fetters thrust thee, and enthralled! Oh! Break these bonds of narrowness and night, and receive the world into our community, which, as our language spreads, should embrace the world.

John C. P. Morton.
LIBERTY. 2/19

Spencer wrote "the welfare of the species is to be subordinated to the welfare of the individual, or else he was speaking only of "creatures leading solitary lives"? As for the "qualification" in the case of some of the..."Live, great weights, the club of "brievyng, the goveigne of the goodnesse of the Argument in this..."

Important Notice

The editor of Liberty, being about to move to New York, is compelled to temporarily suspend the publication of the paper. It will reappear either in Boston, or in New York probably not later than Saturday, April 16, and possibly earlier.

Egoism or Self-Sacrifice?

The individualist torch of "Today" flickers in the gust of some winds that blows open the door of the idol's temple, whereas it has mostly burned to implementing the steady light requisite for analysis.

In a criticism of Spencerian doctrine, on a point illustrating Egoism, I wrote: "If the welfare of others were subordinated to my own, if I had to subordinate my preservation to that of others; for non-preservation would frustrate future welfare; and I expressed the view that there is no apparent way so to act consistently with the..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."

I more particularly criticized Spencer's middle link of alleged reasons which kept the disappearance of the species would include the disappearance of the individual, and I may now add that it seems wholly inconsistent with his placing the individual in contradiction to the species, a relation implies mutual extinction, extinction of the latter, this action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."

It is curious in several aspects that "Today" should seek to set aside my minor premise. The major, by the way, of a distinction..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."

What does enthusiasm prove? That the crusader was more highly evolved than the rationalist? In one way, yes. Simply a fact. Nothing to cause evolution-worship in any thinking mind. Is not the political..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."..."The action having some tendency to help..."

1. The article in "Today" to which this is a reply is reprinted in another column.
involution, but basing upon the fact of the evolution of the individual in politics. Probably it has not given equal study to Egyptism, but, like others, has thought that the line of demarcation of the world, for some have always felt in perpetually delivering something of myself to the outside world. The gist of our idea is not I against you, but I and you, neighbor, — men conversing each one of his soul, — sovereign. This is the idea of morals, the great current movement, existing as political Anarchy.

From an Egyptian point of view self-sufficiency, it will be readily perceived, is either a compliance with conditions, in which case it extends only so far as they harmonize with the necessities, or it is a fact of volun-
tional conduct.

I am quite content to let "family" stand as a "conven-
tional term," for an inconvenient arrangement.

"Today" must be of very penetrating eye to see that the parent is not the slave of his offspring and yet that the parents "count themselves out, subordinate their welfare to the welfare of the family." "Today" is not required to define its terms or prove the com-
patibility of the two statements. If the parents are happy in the common interests, that is enough. It should suit others passably well. If they are not happy, but go and sacrifice themselves, — I must procure a definition of the word "slave" before accepting "To-
day's" assurance without reserve. This is a tautology subjacently, since by this statement a family is united, 3. A term which must be met with them. There are said to be some parents who are common slaves, and some who are willing slaves, but I am prepared to believe that it is possible to be a parent voluntarily and the other hand I think I have seen both men and women prac-
tically slaves in the marital relationship while not par-
ents.

But I do not wish to be metaphysical. "Today" is asked by a great many physicians, how to make a physician from any other kind of a physician if I met him in the street. Whoever fails to distinguish between a mechanical principle and the ethics which exhibit its operation may conceivably declare the principle annihilated when one or more of the engines are stopped by special friction. Such a person might assert that Egyptism is knocked out because women must have babies and husbands must sit up at night to administer soothing syrup.

Society vs. Egyptism. [Today.]

A writer who calls himself "the Eclectic Anarchist," and who professes to adhere to the law of equal freedom, criticizes Herbert Spencer's statement that, "postulating the desirability of the preservation and property of the given species, there emerges the general conclusion that in order of obligation the preservation of the species takes precede-
ence of the preservation of the individual," and says, in so avers, "are the features of liberty." He re-
calls Mr. Spencer's admission that "the species has no exis-
tence save as an aggregate of individuals, and hence the welfare of the species depends upon the welfare of the individuals only as sub-
serving the welfare of individuals," and asserts that, "if the welfare of others is subserved only as subserving my welfare, I can never be true to what I understand my preservation to that of others, for this is to use the general rule, which applies while I am one of the crowd [species, to the species]; the principle has been naturally moved, to the society, yet they will declare that they fight for the preservation of the species — meaning the part left at home. Metaphysics, however, are not sufficiently in the evolutionists inquire into the nature of the principle which secure social progress and the condi-
tions which modify the simple and universal "laws operating upon the property of the species." Mr. Spencer takes cognizance of all the facts; he studies the individual and observes the changes in his feelings and in his ideas, in order to arrive at the principles which govern his existence. He exposes the operating principles and their rationale and he points out the inevitable inferences from the consideration of the exter-
ces and directs our attention to certain sequences. Some metaphysicians prefer to fashion a system of politics or to translate something of their vagaries. In this sort of moodness there is some method; but there is no method in the madness of the man who professes to abide by the laws of their systems, and neglecting the very elements which make it applicable in the given case.

The Story of a Russian Peasant. [Novaya Vremya.]

Grandpa Ivan is sixty years old. He was sitting behind the oven, dressed in a rough linen shirt and covered with his sheepskin cloak. It was quite dark in the corner; the smoky, flickering light of the pine link which lighted the room did not reach there. The cracking of the burning pine and the voice of a cricket in the wall were the only sounds in the room.

In the burning pine link sat Aksenia, Ivan's daughter-in-

law, and her daughter Froshka, sewing a long white shirt. At the other end of the room hung a cradle, in which Fedyka, three years old, was lying; his mother, the young wife, who had just come, was sitting on the floor. Grandpa Ivan's mother becked him by means of a board which, in the form of a lever, was attached to the cradle. With one end under the cradle she could rock her boy without being dis-turbed in her work.

The heavy sighs or hoarse groans which Ivan had uttered the whole day were now dying away. In his mortal illness of his dissolving 3. Sympathy. As to himself, if he were conscious at all, he felt, quite comfortable. He did not feel anything, and did not think anything. "I am conscious," he would say, swayed before his imagination. Of such conceptions con-
sisted his life. They were, indeed, the make-up of his life, his blank, laborious existence.

Seventy-five years ago a young woman, Malanya Booli-

nka, was mowing rice in the field on a hot day in July. She had been married in the morning. The bride's-in-law had her new nurse, but she had been so silent and inopportune that Malanya could not lower swing the scythe; her head was dizzy, rings of red

vory lay around her eyes, she had a keen pain in her liver, and she yearned so much to look for some water. Old Vavrina, a neighbor, met her.

"What alls thee, Boolinnka?" she asked. "Thy face

looks not like thine own.

"I am broken down, Vavrina."

"Thou shouldst not have gone to work. Come, I will as-

sist thee."

Malanya made no rejoinder; she could not speak. The

woman led her to the village. But she could not walk far, and the nurse led her to her house. Half an hour later she gave birth to a strong, healthy boy. Her husband came with a cart and took her home. On the Sunday fol-

lowing, the nurse said to Malanya, "Six days a week was at work in the fields again, with her

child in a basket tied to her shoulders.

The first five years of Ivan's life left no trace in his mem-

ory. The next ten years he was working in the village, and said that his father, coming home drunk, had thrown him out of the cradle and broken his leg. But Ivan never thought about that, his defining of himself as a being, the crooked limb was a favor to him, for it saved him from military ser-

vice. He had strong arms, and he could work like any other peasant. For the rest we know nothing.

At the age of nine Ivan was sent to the Diakon to learn his letters. He got more blows than learning from the teacher, but he learned to read and write. When was was twelve years old his father decided that he ought to eat bread no longer in idleness, and he was hired out as a sheep-

herd boy to a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood. He

had no rest nor recreation for him on holidays, for his father spent such days in the barn, and he had to do wits the peasants called the "mud," — the cart wheels — wooden, the cart and the harness, the plow and the horse, in the chimney, repair the

lash in the roof, and so on. He had to work hard all the time, and he was mistrusted by his father, who had lost his reason in drink, was of a very ugly disposition and used his fist and his whip on the slightest prov-

ation.

When Ivan was eighteen years old his parents decided that it was time for him to marry. They selected for him a girl from the neighboring village, whose name was Matrena. The marriage took place in the town, and Ivan and Matrena had a basket on her left eye. She also had a bad reputation, because she was too corre-

sponding to the young fellows of her own village. Ivan did not choose her, but she would not marry any other man; her father insisted on his own way. Matrena was a strong woman and a good worker. The summers were long, and she was always busy; the rest of her work might be in the house — shop work, repair the cart and the harness, plaster the holes in the chimney, repair the

lash in the roof, and so on. He had to work hard all the time, and he was mistrusted by his father, who had lost his reason in drink, was of a very ugly disposition and used his fist and his whip on the slightest prov-

ation.

From that time the real life of a peasant began for Ivan. His father was a drunkard, his younger brother was sickly, the care of the entire household shone upon him. At the harvest time he had to go to the fields, at dinner time he ate a fragrant meal of bread soaked in kvass, and rested himself for half an hour, and then he went to work again until late at night. There was another rest or recreation for him even on the holidays, for his father spent such days in the barn, and he had to do wits the peasants called the "mud," — the cart wheels — wooden, the cart and the harness, the plow and the horse, in the chimney, repair the

lash in the roof, and so on. He had to work hard all the time, and he was mistrusted by his father, who had lost his reason in drink, was of a very ugly disposition and used his fist and his whip on the slightest prov-

ation.
his life, and gave his bride a good beating then and there. There was nothing unusual in that. The guests even approved of it, because he manifested the authority of a husband of his day. The bride cried a little, but that did not prevent her taking part in the next dance. After the marriage the young couple had a vacation of six weeks in a country place, where they were received in the circle of the society. They spent their time perfectly, and then they went to work as usual in the field and about the little farm of Ivan's father. Ivan had the notion that a proper husband should be able to make ends meet on a half acre of land. He followed the example of his father, whose concern was his father's farm. He and his father got drunk on the occasion of Ivan's marriage, and the bride had to bear the consequences. The two women cried when they were chastised, but everything was forgotten the next day when all had to go to work again.

The summer was hardly over when Ivan's elder brother, Mikhail, came home, having been dismissed from the army for some cause or other. The family was too great a tax on the means of livelihood on hand. It was, therefore, resolved that one of the three brothers should have to work out, which should it be? Mikhail, who was very clever and who always had an understanding of the work, was sent out. The younger brothers were not strong, and could not do as well a hired hand. By a majority standing, the third brother, until he came back in his youth, Ivan must have the house. And Ivan went away, far, far to the east of "Little Mother Volga" to work as a "boorok," a large puller.

The life of a boorok is well known; he is hitched to the line of the horse, which he pulls from early morning until late in the evening. He may walk up and down the line of the Volga, with the line on his shoulder, pulling the horse big, together with twenty other horsemen. He's the only one who can remove the children of the spring and the autumn, ankele deep in the dry sand or knee deep in the mud, in the parching rays of the July sun or in the pouring rain of September, they pull their horse at an average speed of ten miles per hour. Their wages amount to one gajon their employer would order a half and give them time to eat dinner and rest for about an hour. But, exhausted with his hard, strong, monotonous work, his shoulders and spine sore from the pressure and fret of the line, the boorok barely cares for his dinner; he falls asleep with the mire on his face, the horseman now and then has to notice. The horse owner calls, and, taking the line again upon his shoulders, the boorok takes his horse back to the farm.

In the winter Ivan worked in a lumber mill on the Kam. Here the work was easier, but the wages were smaller. The owner of the mill promised him a very good price if he worked hard. Paying the smallest wages, he insisted that his laborers should buy their provisions at his store. He charged them for their tobacco, shoes, and other articles of necessity three times as much as they were worth. When the working season was over, the balances in favor were very small. Still, adding the little which he received at the mill to that which was saved from his wages, he was able to send home a little barge or working the bumber saw in a lumber mill a man has no time to think of home.

Ivan also had a passport, a letter informing the consulate that he was at home. That happened in the winter, when he was working in the lumber mill. He told his mother the news. That made the old woman angry, that he curtailed his account in a most shameless manner. Ivan had to make his way home, about six hundred verst, on foot and almost without money. Half-begging and half-selling his sweat, he was able from time to time to buy something to eat. That went on for about six years.

Among friends was a postmaster, a letter informing the consulate that he was at home. That happened in the winter, when he was working in the lumber mill. He told his mother the news. That made the old woman angry, that he curtailed his account in a most shameless manner. Ivan had to make his way home, about six hundred verst, on foot and almost without money. Half-begging and half-selling his sweat, he was able from time to time to buy something to eat. That went on for about six years.

During the last week of his life Ivan was in his corner. He did not eat anything, but he felt rather good — restful, almost. He lived, as if he were expecting a slight pain. When tired of sitting outside he felt his way back to his couch behind the oven. He was tolerated with ill grace by the doctor, but he remained unheeded. "I wish they were here!" he was thinking. How long will they come! They had to come.

Ivan passed away quietly. Neither his mother nor his sisters were aware that he was dead. They sat in the dingy hall doing their needlework by the light of the pine link. Nor did Ivan himself know that his life ceased. The same motions were repeated, as if in a dream. The cradle was sent out to be sold.

"Is grandpa still living?" Petro asked, stepping up to the old man's couch. He pulled the coverlet — no reason to do so! He only did it out of respect for a man — no sign of life for 15 hours. Time his father did not disappoint him; he was dead; indeed.

"Well, Petro," said coolly, "he is dead. Tomorrow he'll go to heaven, or something of the sort."

The women began crying. The child in the cradle woke up and cried also. Mother took him to her breast. He fed great milk. He had never been so full of milk. He knew not, like his Great-Great-Grandpa, Ivan, like his Grandfather Petro, and like his own father, now a young man of about twenty years, he must labor all his life and die at last as one who "outs beats for nothing."