On Picket Duty.

It was the contention of the prosecuting attorney, in the trial of Ravachol, the dynamiter, that the accused was simply a common murderer, who, on being detected, professed the cause of Communist-Anarchism, simply to give his crime color. If, such really were the case, one cannot help wondering why the prosecuting attorney did not defeat this clutch for a martyr's crown by trying Ravachol for the common murder he is said to have committed rather than for his dynamite exploits, which killed nobody. The truth is that the anxiety in the matter was all on the side of the prosecuting attorney, who was far more desirous of exhibiting this reputed murderer in the role of a Communist than was the murderer of enacting that role.

There has been a law on the Pennsylvania statute books since 1885 prohibiting the manufacture and sale of butterine. Under the decisions of the United States courts, however, producers outside the State are able to ship their goods into the State and sell them in the original packages. An increasing number of dealers buy these packages, open them, and retail from them in violation of the law. So prevalent has this practice become that the Pennsylvania butchers, who used to sell their fats to the butterine factories, and now have to sell them in Holland much less advantageously, are taking advantage of it to prosecute the guilty parties in the hope of securing a repeal of the obnoxious law. Meanwhile the dear and protected people, instead of eating sweet and wholesome butterine, are forced to eat, strong butter, for which they pay a monopoly price to the protected farmers and dairymen. The people are protected in the right to be robbed, and the farmers and dairymen in the right to rob. All these protections should be wiped out. The only protection which honest people need is protection against that vast Society for the Creation of Theft which is euphemistically designated as the Stew.

G. and a few other shallow moralists are highly indignant over the action of the editor of the "North American Review" in printing articles written by such "vile rogues" as Quay and Croker. Addressing a correspondent of his, Godkin assures him that his abhorrence of "sarcornized literature" is not old-fashioned, and that his objection to Quay and Croker as contributors to a Review shows him to be a "scholar" and a gentleman." Godkin continues: "This extraction of dull rogues from their semicriminal obscurity to infect their hypocritical cant and swash on the public, side by side with writers who are an honor to the human race, is a great public nuisance and ought to be abated. We appeal to the editors of magazines, and especially to the editor of the 'North American Review,' to give us no more of it. Croker and Quay discussing on virtue and principle and statesmanship in a Review are not a whit more respectable than the Tattooed Man or the Bearded Woman. The only contributions they can properly make to respectable literature are personal confessions. Godkin and his tearful friends may be more "virtuous" than Quay and Croker, but they are certainly less shrewd and keen. One has to be very dull indeed not to see that the disgrace consists not only in printing the cant of rogues, but in having rogues in high offices and at the helm of the ship of State. Quay is a United States Senator and the chairman of one of the great political parties "controlling the destinies" of this people. It is this fact which makes his utterances interesting and important. Croker is a power in the great State of New York and in the nation, and his word is law. A nation that gives such individuals power and influence cannot complain of having to read the official opinions of its own masters and rulers. The Reviews are not responsible for the fact that rogues govern this nation; they must supply what the public demands.

Traceable Always to Privilege.

["Philo" in Journal of the Knights of Labor.]

In your issue of April 7, 1892, you make a singular error to which I feel impelled to call your attention. In your leading editorial on "The Disposal of Large Fortunes" you allude to the millions accumulated by the late W. H. Smith, the conservative leader of the English House of Commons. You say:

Mr. Smith began life poor, and his enormous wealth was accumulated from what was a practical though not a legal monopoly, the sale of books and newspapers. Railways, banks, manufactures, or monopolies were not secured by the aid of legal enactments depriving the people of their natural opportunities, but was simply the result of his own shrewdness and a favorable conjunction of circumstances. It is not a case that could be reached by any measure of tariff reform or land taxation, or by any means short of the monopolization of the system of the distribution. We commend a consideration of this instance of an enormous fortune piled up during a single lifetime without the benefit of any special legislation or privileges, other than those afforded to the shrewdest and cunning under competition, to our individualists and single-tax friends, who are always contending that, if unequal laws were repealed and competition had full swing, great fortunes would be impossible.

Your error consists in holding that Mr. Smith was not aided by existing laws, and that: the abolition of the land monopoly would not have interfered with him in the acquisition of fortune. Is it not an accepted fact that the freeing of vacant land and the solution of the money question would make it impossible for him to secure the services of sellers of books and papers at the salary he had paid them? If he did not offer them the full wages for their labor, or at least all but the smallest fraction of it, would they not take advantage of freed natural opportunities for gaining a living? Allowing even that they did not choose to leave the city, would not the supply of city labor have been much diminished by the exodus of very many to idle lands not too far away? Besides this, rent, or at least high rent, would have disappeared, and labor would have better affluence upon getting its full wages. Give us free land and free money, with the interest-bearing public debt abolished, and I believe that it will be impossible to find any one willing to sell his labor for so much less than his wages as to enable an intermediary to thereby become a millionaire.

No Discussion on Socialism.

[Reynolds Newspaper.]

The remarkable conduct of the Bishop of Lichfield in vetoing a discussion on Socialism at the annual Diocesan Conference at Lichfield is not without its lesson. Socialism was down for discussion, but the Bishop, exercising his prerogative, postponed its discussion. The Bishop of Shrewsbury stated that Mr. T. Salt, M. P., the lay secretary, had resigned his position because no discussion was permitted when last year the subject was brought before the Conference by Mr. Philip Stanhope, M. P. He (the Bishop of Shrewsbury) protested against the subject being shirked.

Liberty at a Bargain.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, May 4, 1892.

Dear Liberty:

Glad, very glad, to see you again after such a long absence, although I do not like the looks of your New York office as well as I did your Boston outfit.

When I was young, I was told that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. Mr. Tucker says that from this on it will be two dollars a year. I trust this will create a more spirited demand for it. The other price evidently was too dear, for it found no market.

Your friend,

WESKER BIRCHLIN.

Walt Whitman.

[Paraphrased quote:]

"The good gray poet! gone! Rowe, hopeful Walt! He might not be a singer without faults.
And his large, rough-hewn rhythm did not chime With solemn solemnity of time and change.
He was no narrower than wide Nature's wild,
More mercurial than sea winds.
Culture's child,
Lover of his generation's love of life and light.
Shrank from him shuddering, who was roughly built
As cyclops bemoan.
Yet there rang True music through his robustness, as he sang
Of brotherhood, and freedom, love and hope,
With strong, wide sympathy with great to cope
With all life's phases, and call ought uncle.
Whitman hearse are gone, and white woods are green,
He shall find hearers, who, in a slack time
Of puny banz and pessimistic rhymes,
Dared a bold man adventure and rejoice.
His "yawn barbaric." was a human voice
The singer was a man.
Amerigo,
Is poorer by a saltwort soul today,
And may feel pride that she both give her.
To this stout laureate of old Mother Earth.
The Essentials of Anarchism.

In a sermon preached five or six years ago, when Mr. Pentecost was a disciple of Henry George, he declared that “a book is not an Anarchist’s argument.” Since then Mr. Pentecost has not entirely accepted the Anarchistic dogma, but he has lived to see his old-time slander hurled at his own head. Now, however, strange to say, it is uttered by a professed Anarchist, who seems rather proud to think that “a book is not an Anarchist’s argument.”

The man who holds this singular view is an Italian, Xavier Merlino, who has come over to America to teach us what Anarchy is. Perhaps it is needless to say that he is a Communist-Anarchist. He is “surprised at the ignorance of native Americans” on the subject of Anarchy. The object of his visit is to dispel this ignorance, and he has allotted one month for the performance of his task, at the end of which period he intends to go to England, to redeem, I suppose, the balance of the Anglo-Saxon race.

He begins his work of redemption by clearing up the ground. To know what Anarchy is, it is necessary first to know what it is not. Therefore he says: “I don’t consider Pentecost of the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ or Tucker of the ‘Liberty’ real Anarchists, as they are bookworms and cannot exert any influence.” There you get it, Mr. Pentecost. It is your old statement in another form. “A book is not an Anarchist’s argument,” and, as you and I read books, we cannot be Anarchists. This then is Dr. Merlino’s first lesson to the ignorant native Americans,—that there are two essentials to the making of an Anarchist, i.e., the avoidance of books and the exertion of influence. As I am looking at least the first of these essentials, I fear I must resign my claim to the name Anarchist. To the charge that I have read and studied more or less, I am forced to plead guilty. I am so much of a bookworm that, when I criticize the theories of Communists like Dr. Merlino, I am conscious of having qualified myself to do by reading the best exposition thereof that can be found. It is too painful to Dr. Merlino that I am not a bookworm, since his criticisms of the school to which I belong show no knowledge of what its theories are. He doesn’t read books, and therefore possesses the first requisite of an Anarchist.

When it comes to the second requisite,—the exertion of influence,—I feel that we of the bookworm school have a fine buffalo dance, and mean to put half of what we do better before the public. He undoubtedly excels us in ignorance, but in influence we are his peers, if not his superiors. In spite of the fact that we read and study, we really do succeed in convincing many of our fellow-men that we are right. I. Dr. Merlino supposes that we have no influence, let him ask his friend Most. That despiser of books will tell him that on the day of the revolution the first duty of the revolutionists will be to kill all the “Tucker-men,” as he calls us, and that, if this is not done, the revolution will be a dismal failure. Does Dr. Merlino ask how I know that Most will make him this answer? I will tell him. Because he made exactly this statement in a letter to one of his old adherents who was giving signs of abandoning Communism for the doctrine which Most generally speaks of as “that damned Tuckerman.” Men without influence are not usually considered worth killing.

But if this does not satisfy Dr. Merlino, he can test our influence in still another way. He announces his intention of lecturing in all our large cities. In every large city that he visits he will find one or two or three or more of the brainiest and most active men in the labor ranks arrayed on the side of the bookworms. If he makes inquiry, he will be told that it is only a few years since these men were among the most prominent Socialist and Communist leaders; that in their secession and opposition Socialism and Communism encountered their greatest obstacle; and that this obstacle is due in no small measure to the influence of Liberty and the “Twentieth Century.”

When Dr. Merlino has had full opportunity to appreciate this influence, he will begin to think that, in trying to offset it in a month, he has taken a large contract. And never again will he dispute our right to the name Anarchist on the ground that we do not make ourselves felt.

The Black Caps.

BY MIRIAM DANNIEL.

“You are a shorthand writer?”

“I am.

“A reporter?”

“Yes.

“Come then, if you will, with me, and attend a play at the Old Theatre.”

“The Old Theatre?” I replied incredulously, holding the hall door wider open that I might better observe the man who spoke to me, in order to ascertain if he had made a mistake. That evening I passed upon the road to the ground, as you should know, three weeks ago, and in the cold gray ashes of its gilded munificence or crushed amidst its blackened ruins lie the dust of those beautiful and beautiful actresses, and the curtain, distorted laces of actors, whose lively antics drove rememberance of sorrow and death from the minds of their audiences but a few seconds before the tragic end of their comedy in the fire.

The man without was standing in the gloom of a shadow, and I could not discern even the fashion of his garments.

“I am a stranger,” he said quietly, “but I heard of your local event.”

“Local event?” I replied, nettled at this mode of reference to the terrible occurrence, “that was no mere local event which took from the stage its most perfect denizens and cleaned a thousand homes.

I escaped myself—by a miracle, being borne down the passage without once touching the ground, in the middle of the first wave of a river of frantic women and men—half of whom are now dead, and the rest battered beyond recognition from the pressure of the central movement. I cast one backward look as I fled from the death trap. Yellow flames were licking forwards from the stage as if the Dragon had occupied the place for a belt. Amidst the choking smoke and leaping fire the spectators were running, pushing, fighting, with tossing arms and despairs screaming of harsh terror. What manner of man are you who call so great and terrible a catastrophe a local event?”

“I am a mere messenger,” he said vaguely; “the Theatre I speak of is older than the one which collapsed as you say.

“Very well, Sir,” I persisted, “I know this city as well as any man, and, without boasting, I may claim to be better acquainted with its places of amusement than a newcomer. There remain now only the New and the Princess Theatres, which are both closed on account of public mourning.”

“Tay nor,” he said, leaning patiently against the stone wall, “I wait for you. You and you alone can report correctly what we shall witness this night at the Old Theatre.”

The dignity of the dim figure of the man and a certain vaticinal quality in his voice, to which my spirit responded, made me resolve to bare my coat from the pegs and accompany him forth.

You may marvel that I neither sought to retrace my steps nor questioned, when he turned towards the open street and ordered me on, in a lonely hill which slept the double sleep of winter and night, huddled under white sheets in repeated layers of frozen snow. The north wind bit my face like a vampire and generously pierced my garments, warning with my vital warmth, but I made no complaint, hushed to be less manly than the fellow who climbed uncomplainingly by my side. After a short time, however, my hair stiffened with ice, and from my beard hung little icicles. I was encrusted with the flying snow crystals. This state was a prelude to another condition, in which the cold seared my feet, so that to lift them alternately like dead logs I had to use both hands. It was a fruitful having in the course of a few moments I thought that my blood had congealed in my body and that the algor had taken my brain from its skull, and the man, my companion, was kicked in the chest, while my tongue clasped under my vaulted palate, unable to protest against such an unbalanced sport.

A blank succeeded. I was becoming conscious of the fact. I was again within the house of flesh, lifting my hands and limbs with curious pleasure, testing the perfection of its parts as a man might test the mechanism of a machine.

It was day. The dawn brightened in the Spiritual East with a breathless, intense growing light. Two purple wings of clouds hung over a large sphere which was revolving in dusky space, and seven amber feathers of the moon brushed the dust of darkness from the surface as the sun shone obliquely upon it.

“What is that planet below us?” I cried wonderingly to my strange associate.

The Old Theatre,” he answered, smiling slightly at the Earth.

“But we are upon it, are we not? I questioned wildly; “am I bereft of my senses?”

“You are but just sane,” he said, gently taking my hand and entreating me to pass upon the Stage beneath, for it concerns the world to have a true report of its own performance as seen from the air circle.”

Seated by the fire, and I took the golden quill he gave me and dipped it in an ancient tea bottle which he held for my use, his ink will be invisible,” he said, “to those who can not condescend what you shall write upon this linen scroll, but the least heat of sympathy shall render its
characters visible to a few, at any rate, who have experienced grief.”

"I see one side only of the ball, Europe, Asia, sable Africa, set in opal oceans.

"Upon the other half the play is the same; he said," "but by a different trope and less vindictively and realistically performed."

Below us a seething multitude of many nationalities thronged into the dark, with an electric light, the various proportions of which were in keeping with the occasion. The sun was high before the last man and woman had entered and the door was shut.

"How disgusting!" I inquired.

"Almost all the populations of the isles and continents," my friend answered; "there are comparatively few in the prisons, though really a considerable number.

"Why do they all wear black caps?" I asked again, for I had observed the fact as an eccentrical one.

"They are all judges," he answered gravely, "self-appointed, full of a temporary and temporal power, and they wear it to cover up their crimes and condemn the minority who have offended them, to Death, and Death in Life."

The Roof of the Hall of Justice was lifted, and I saw the Christ, throned, crowned, led by his captors into its precincts.

"Who is the accused?" asked the crowd.

"A blasphemous Jew.

"His crime?"

"Anarchy. He seeks to subvert the social order by teaching the divinity and equality of man. He defies authority.

"Crucify him! Crucify him! Away with him!"

cried the multitude, and he went forth calmly with willing feet to his death.

Very different was another criminal dragged from the dungeon. A young prostitute out-worn with unpleasant work, covered with epiphiliac sores, cursing and protesting, to live by one and another into silence at last. For her not Death, but Death in Life, to live away from her fellow creatures, no chance of human love because she had once hated. To be obliged to starve, to enter a dismal penitentiary, or remain in her hellish trade, which would shortly kill her of exhaustion.

The women said: "Cast her forth-ostracized."

She lay upon the floor, tenaciously turning about the base of a fluted column with her body.

"How many love her? I see in black caps were in these arms a month ago!" she screamed. "Oh, my masters, are you better than I? You had bread and I had none. Let me hide and wear a cap too. I am afraid, afraid, I shall be thrust out thus. Anyone will one can kill me; no, and one will care, since you say I have no rights."

But they quickly expelled her.

"Can it be that not even he who is judging her?"

I asked, disgusted at the spectacle before us.

"Look at them closely," replied my companion.

And I saw that the men and women, almost without exception, were bearing pronounced or disguised marks of venereal infection. Scrofula, sycophants, and other weaknesses and impurities of the blood, and that the young men were listless and rotten.

"It is true. How long shall these things be?"

"As long as denied to fettered, Lust will obtain entrance into the soul. The divine eternal morality and order of natural law, with its inevitable penalties and necessary consequences to transgressors, is not taught. As driven by man's passing custom, by his written dogmas with their attached unjust punishments to breakers of human rules and regulations. While this is so, Prostitution will go on and disease spread through all the race, being born and reborn in their children's bones. But you miss the play — see —"

An errant boy stood before the People. Another crime of burning. He had stolen from his employer's till some money which he had spent on food for his sick mother.

An offence against property to be avenged. An example, said the boy, to teach the rich to respect the laws. He looked below the little lad's red lips as he turned his face to the sky, and I saw that he was full of rebellion and despair.

He passed. Once more a woman stood in his place. A Russian nihilist. Sophia Petrovna of the aristocratic family of the Aminevsky's. She had been arrested, covered with bruises, full of high courage and faced her accusers with unwavering faithful eyes.

Terrorist she. What devils inspired her hate? Those of Justice, had made her renounce her path of cultured ease and pleasure for one of toll and danger, with a cruel and infamous death await her, that she might aid the oppressed. She was a belligerent woman, full of a tiranxial tyranny which made even the tyrant shudder. She had sought in the absence of settled and equitable laws to exterminate the murderer of many and the wretched people of Liberty. Would not she thus bring the crimes of a Czar before other nations and give privilege an object lesson?

A young man with a worn hunted expression, wearing a red cap, stood unscathed by the crowd listening to the denunciation of the tragedy. His white nervous hands were clenched, and he muttered between his teeth:

"Fly her not, O women in black caps. To death with the Revolution. You are neither in danger from pestilential goals, nor have your sons been marched along the corpse-strewn road to Siberia."

I saw the rosy face of the girl as she went down unalterably to her doom in the death-cart.

The youth in the red cap saw her also, and his great love did not shrink from the self-imposed task of being present with her in her death-hour.

"The hour of her execution, cried aloud: "'She is not dead. You have no power to kill her, nor the sentence towards democracy, O women in the black caps.'"

But standing near him clapped his hand over the youth's mouth and whispered in his ear: "O sir fool, what will you do by speaking here and openly. They will only twist your goose's neck for you and find no mercy for even. Men say you shall not save them. Your power for the secret cause, and if you are anxious to die you will have many opportunities."

And I paused from writing and looked away to the Sun.

"Are such things done in full daylight? Surely these are rather deeds of darkest night."

And I wept. "It is so frightful, there are so many, each one a type with thousands of species, all judged by these accused judges."

And he who held the fluid with which I was writing placed the vessel beneath my drooping eyes and caught the tears of compassion.

"Write," he said kindly, "write on, for only thus canst thou relieve thy grief's burden. Tell the world of its Acts. There is but a little time before thou art brought back to the world and into the arms of her who did not mean to lose thee."

I looked once more below.

A poor servant girl of eighteen years, pale and weak with downcast head and shamed aspect, seemed to be subdued into the hands of any other criminal what with the wrath of the crowd. She had in the springtime of her life a passion which leapt fiercely and unacknowledged in her veins. She thought that it was Love. How she should guard the slender precious body when she not only was ignorant of their existence, but was unappreciative of foes. The sweet thrilling kiss upon the lips, a firm hand upon the breast, — these have no meaning to a child. A groomsman in her master's employ had wooed her with cunning which had been received as truth by the innocence of a simple country lass. A pregnancy followed, concealed from natural fear of the harsh scoldings and the unsympathetic horror of those about her. Then an infant was born, called by no other name than its own name. And the young woman, woman and wrenched little thing, turned half-crazed mother. It was the old story. The men yawned and winked at each other lasciviously as they listened.

"What is that pale face?"

"The prisoner was speaking in a faint voice. "I can't remember exactly — I think I laid it on some withered leaves down a ditch in a soft place and left it, the noble thing. I wanted it. Poor little thing, I don't know what I did to. After a bit I crawled back to it, but it was cold and dead."

The women were very eager in this case, but they were divided into two factions, one of which would have incarcerated the girl for life, but the other, the majority, decided that she should be hanged. The criminal was taken out, dashed and silenced. But the mute misery of her being vibrated the air about me as she passed slowly, with no one to protect her and her thoughts, but a champion who took a salary for his pity and his prayers from those who slew her in the prison yard.

"More, more, more, I cannot write them all here. I see my pen oppose and try to squawk every effort at progress in turn: Communists shot upon the steps of the Pantheon, Socialists put to the sword, Royalis slaughtered upon the field. It was a war of generations.

A young lady of the middle class, with a jaunty, coquettish hat upon her head, was in the dock.

"The crime? "Smuggling cigarettes."

I laughed aloud, but the women judges gravely sentenced her to social ostracism (death in life). Then I cried angrily: "Do they condemn for such trivial offences? Is there no appeal?"

And my companion said: "There is no appeal, and there is nothing you can do which is not an offence to some section of the black caps."

The last of the types against social law and order had been brought to the Court. An old man, white-haired, was struggling in the arms of his captors and sobbing, "Life is over, I shall soon trouble you no more. Here, accept my Liberty. If you take it, I will kill me."

"His crime?"

"Omitting to save for old age."

Condemned to the workhouse, Death in Life.

"Has he worked?"

"All his days."

"Could he not provide for himself?"

The fruits of his labor were picked from him as produce by rich men who had employed him. He had only enough wages to obtain necessaries of life for himself and his family. He had dared "the Union all his life.

"Will he soon die?"

"In three days. of broken heart."

And this is the end.

A man in the crowd was going about speaking to one and another of the old man. "Could we not support him for a time in his room as he wished?"

"He ought to go to the Poorhouse. It is the place proper for such as he, out of the rate, with a humane and creditable shudder, glad that they had not the weighty task of condemning a man to death."

"It is not so," he replied. "Look again."

"It is a foregone conclusion that they are condemning each other."

And I saw that the black caps were accusing their own acquaintance and kind, and that few remained in the Hall of Justice. Then I said: "These are old civilization, composed of which we are the heirs of, with noble and truthful, the accumulations of centuries. The other side of the sphere is younger, better. The watchword of America is Liberty. Let me see what is passing there. One glance, I pray you, I ask no more."

And we saw a scene of ostracism that five men were condemned to death, three others to当成 death in life, for
holding and propagating beliefs which, if generally accepted, would prevent greed from usurping the people's rights.

Men of opposite opinions and tendencies from the prisoners watched the scene from Europe with close attention, and pronounced their conviction that the accused were innocent of the act, and that in their eyes they shed blood for all the voices of those who utter for the exploited mass. Can they exterminate an idea?

And he who was by my side answered:

"They seek to use the mouth at the sight a little longer."

And I saw that the blood of the dying men splashed those around them with crimson stains, and that both men and women conceived a new idea and grew big with Anarchism. The roots of the tree were born, and therefore there in the Temple of Man's Law, but walked erect, every one controlled alone by Love within himself, free and undefended by his fellows.

And he who was by my side reported these things said:

"Each martyr is as the pollen dust of a tree. Those who rudely cut it down when the golden flower is ripe do not destroy the tree, but further its life, for the energetic and vital reaction of the plant as it falls, and straightens a forest springs to birth."

And, behold, I saw a red stain upon my own breast, and was glad that I too had received from the Christ of Liberty. Once more the Earth rolled heavily around. From the Hall of Justice, on a sudden, they called me by my name.

And I answered boldly from where I stood:

"Here I am, David Tuttle, at your service, for I have done no act which I cannot defend as an abstract principle. I am not a judge, moreover, but judged I will not be. What is the nature of your charge against me?"

"You have been false to Society. You report some things which have been settled by bye-gone ages and other things which must not be discussed. You will be wont in the mouth of the ignorant."

Then I answered them gladly, and was unafraid, saying:

"Who are you who would stop freedom of speech and discussion? I have not been insulted, but accused the best pleading? Who are you who elect to be final judges of what is and what is not good, and who eat for other souls? By my tears they shall hear and read and tell."

"You are the despots of our liberties. You are the authors of authority and Liberty. O, monopolists of all wisdom and power, can you not see that good is invariably alloyed with evil, that evil is disproportion, and that no one is perfectly virtuous and no one is utterly vicious?"

I noticed that they were mostly blind who wore the caps. At any rate you shall listen to truth," I said, "even if you cannot see it."

"Because I said: "They are deaf to Truth also. The word of prejudice is in their ears. They are fearful that its call might break their drums. Besides, they are impure in heart. Only the pure in heart see God."

And I asked him:

"What is God?"

He spread his strong, swiney pinions exultingly, as he answered:

"Love and Intelligence, or Heat and Light, or Female and Male, a dual principle for ever working rhythmically in the Universe."

And the tall fellow by hand transformed it into a bronze trumpet, and I blew through it three strong blasts which shook the Hall, "Awake, Awake, Awake, O Dreamers! Take off your black caps. O People! The day is here. And Love and Light and Liberty."

It is one of those turgid dream stories, says the reader, the author will modestly tell how he arose.

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