On Picket Duty.

It may interest bidders for the files of Liberty now offered for sale to know that it is my intention to publish with the last number of the tenth volume a very complete and carefully-prepared index to the paper covering the entire first decade of its existence. This will very much enhance the value of the complete file to its fortunate owner.

On Monday, August 15, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the auction rooms of Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., corner of Broadway and Tenth Street, New York City, the remnants of my stock of novels and Anarchist books and pamphlets will be sold at public auction. It will be an admirable opportunity to buy good literature for a song. Liberty's friends are invited.

The following choice item appeared recently in the New York "World": "Conrad Benker, the Anarchist employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Company at Elizabeth, ridicules the report that he and the man Penkert are one and the same. He knows Penkert well, and says that he never lived in Elizabeth, although he frequently went there to address meetings in Turn Hall, on High Street. He knows neither Berkman nor Miss Goldman personally, but has heard of them often. He calls them 'Mugwump Anarchists,' or followers of that sort of Anarchy first preached by Benjamin Tucker, of Boston." Is this ignorance or malice? Or has Baker simply taken his cue from Most, his valet?

A friend of mine, who holds practically the same opinions on political and social questions that I hold, disproves my methods, and tells me constantly that the way to achieve results is to work with the tide, not against it. I am told the same thing by numerous other people, who, while they believe in Anarchism, are working for State Socialism with all their might. Anarchism can be reached, they say, only through State Socialism; State Socialism is bound to come first; the tide is that way; we intend to work with the tide, not against it. Now, strange to say, my friend, who abominates State Socialism, thinks that these people, who are really carrying out his own doctrine, are guilty of the least degree of folly. Every new and true idea first gains a foothold by buffeting the tide. This is a rule to which there is scarcely an exception in history.

"There is but one way to reach the alien Anarchist in this country," says the New York "Sunday Advertiser," "and that is through Federal legislation. His infamous newspapers must be denied access to the mails, as the lotteries of the city are denied." I pray the gods, if gods there be, that this miserable editor may have his miserable wish. Nothing better for Anarchism could possibly happen. Of course the editor does not contemplate, as his words strictly imply, the exclusion of only such Anarchist journals as are published by alien Anarchists. Such a law is out of the question. Suppose, then, that all Anarchist journals were to be labelled first and third class mail privileges, just as the lotteries are. What would be the result, in the case of Liberty, for instance?

Why, I should add one dollar to the subscription price, and send the paper to the subscriber in a sealed envelope prepaid at letter postage rates. A two-cent stamp will carry Liberty across the continent. In consequence of the advertisement that the exclusion would give, I should soon have ten subscribers paying three dollars a year where I now have one paying two dollars. By this act of tyranny, the influence of Liberty would be enlarged immensely.

Unhappily, there are a few members of the working classes or thieves who are such infernal fools as John A. Cockerill.

**You Must Not**

"Here you are at last; I'm glad I've cornered you. I have been wanting to see you alone for days to tell you that you must not wear that red necktie anymore—"

"Indeed! Why not, Maudie?"

"People are talking. They say all sorts of dreadful things about you; I cannot stop your ears. They go so far as to call you an Anarchist. You see how grave the occasion is now. Go right home, and put on one of another color around that handsome neck."

"But I wear this to please myself, and at present it suits me very well, perhaps because I am an Anarchist—my sister-in-law interrupted me hastily."

"Don't, Will, I won't hear you. I like to be truthful. I prefer not to be able to define you when I am asked what your views are. I know you are not a theodox. But to return to the point. It will injure you, prospects if you persist in this eccentricity—" for the Markleus declare they will cut you dead."

"In that case, for expediency I will follow your go-ahead advice and don another tie, my sister, Adan."

"Adan, good boy."

A week elapsed. I had again a conversation with my brother in the city. "Well met, Will," he cried with a frown; "you must not wear that blue tie any more. People are talking; they say you are reactionary, that you have become a Conservativist."

"Let them talk if it amuses them, and it seems to them. Did they do me the honor to dislike red, and it appears they also object to blue. I declare I will not change."

"But it will injure my future. They will not return me as a Liberal at the next general election if—"

"Say no more, my brother, I will accommodate you and change the tie."

A fortnight passed. I had been wearing a green kerchief, and had almost forgotten the event, but at the end of that time my Aunt called.

"Will," she cried, gruffly ignoring my proffered hand, "Will, what makes you go about in that horrid green tie? People are talking. You must not do it. They say you are Irish, that you are a Home Ruler. Have some respect for yourself and others; take it right off, and put this one on, which I have bought you on my way here."

"That tie! my aunt," said I, regarding it with extreme and unaffected aversion: "never! I fancy I see myself in black."

"Now be reasonable. You must really not go about, as you have hitherto done, like a mountebank. No wonder your paintings don't sell."

"You think that this small article of dress, this minute concession to Society, will make my waves go up in the market?"

"Think I tell you I know it."

"Then I' ll put it on right away as an expediency."

I was painting pretty fast to be ready for the rush, when a stranger entered my studio.

"Sit," he exclaimed, falling back in sorrow, "you wear the habiliments of grief. I see I am too late. My sister, your mother, has then passed away."

"No, Uncle," I said, for I perceived this was my mother's only brother engaged in. She is far from that, being just now engaged in. — But here she comes to speak for herself."

"You must not wear that fatal black tie, Will," she cried; "you have given your uncle quite a turn. I know people would say that you were in mourning."

I gladly removed it.

What shall I wear? I must not have red, blue, black, green. It appears that I am singularly unfortunate in pleasing others. I shall therefore please myself and revert to the red rag which I will give you on my way to the Red rag and let the Public charge at it like a bull at will. The Public will soon tire of thinking of me. It adores itself. It does not buy my pictures. It does not read, clothe, or warm me. This public is capricious. I do not hurt it by wearing red, green, blue, or black."

To me say no more you must not; I answer I will. Hurrah for Liberty!"

**Revolution.**

Modern Trade.

As horns that from their burrows bound with speed, Pursued by no fleet bound in all the pack, Pursuing with long hot tongues lolling slack, Where stretches the interminable mead, And dewy grass bends low with sweet scent of seed, Pursuers and pursued hold on their track, As such poor hunted hare can never heed Aught but escape, and how to double back, So breathless on the path of modern trade Men race, and see the dogs Necessary From widely started eyes of wild affright, And know that if they view the dawn or night, Or pause to gather beauty, they will be Overtaken and flung dead by Curly."

**Pastures.**

Life tethered me upon a globe to graze, Sweet herbs, green grass to nibble all around, But still I tugged my cord, and strained my gaze To see beyond horizon of my ground. Me, to Elysian fields, Death comes to lead. Ah! must I leave you, mine own flowery mead? Fool! to have hungered all these weary hours; There fancy paints no finer grass or flowers."

**Revolution.**
In publishing cost and interest, the last cruelty of old time, accompanying the “Twentieth Century” as used by the present editor, I am not entirely in sympathy. For instance, I am not so thoroughly in love with clothing as Mr. Pentecost seems to be. Clothing is a good thing, only so far as it is either useful or beautiful. It is not always the former and rarely the latter. When useless or ugly or unhealthy, and when worn (as it almost invariably is) in an expression of shame, it is an evil; and it is on these grounds, if I understand Mr. Carpenter, that he attacks it. To that extent I am with him, though not an enemy of clothing altogether. I am with him also in his glorification of passion and emotion. These undoubtedly are pain-breeders, as Mr. Pentecost charges, but they are also pleasure-breeders. Life without emotion is life without sensation, and life without sensation is not life at all. To advocate the annihilation of emotion is to advocate suicide. It is the task of the free civilization in which Mr. Pentecost rightly believes to make passion and emotion breed more pleasure and less pain. It can do this only by making them more intense and at the same time coupling them with the highest development of intellect and the utmost attainment of knowledge. The strongest passions governed by the strongest minds make the strongest and happiest men and women.

These qualifying remarks constitute too long a prejudice to the brief declaration which I now make of hearty sympathy with Mr. Pentecost’s review, on the whole. The essence of his admirable criticism is contained in the following paragraph, which is for the most part so good and true that I quote it with a renewed feeling of regret that the hand which wrote it is no longer the guiding hand of the “Twentieth Century”:

The laws which spring from monopolized property Mr. Carpenter ascribes to private property, and preaches communism as a cure. But communism is an unsustainable as it is impossible. Private property, with absolutely free competition in acquiring it, is the one thing to be desired, the one thing ultimately possible. “Bonds, mortgages, interest, etc.” would fall away with the cessation of property in unused land, and the cessation of restrictions in the manufacture and sale of money. With the breaking down of the land and money monopolies all other voluntary voluntary, religious, political, commercial, conjugal — would fall; the disease of civilization would be cured, and human beings would rear with laughter at the notion of undressing themselves and taking to the woods. Civilization, as it is, is bad enough, but worse is worse. What we want is a better civilization, a civilization in which men shall be free to think, speak, write, labor, trade, play, love, eat, drink, come, and go, unencumbered, unapprehended, unenforced, without the violation of any moral or religious idea. What we need is competition on equal terms, not communism; a chance to get clothing, not nakedness; a chance to get a better house, not a hut in the woods; more wealth, not poverty; freedom from superstitions, not moon dances on the hill tops; more reason, more intelligence, more clear thinking, not more passions, sacred or otherwise.

Compulsory Education Not Anarchistic.

A public-school teacher of my acquaintance, much interested in Anarchism and almost a convert to this faith, finds himself under the necessity of considering the question of compulsory education from a new standpoint and is puzzled by it. In his quondary he submits to me the following questions:

1. If a parent starves, tortures, or mutilates his child, thus activelyGhost upon it to its injury, is it just for other members of the group to interfere to prevent such aggression?

2. If a parent neglects to provide food, shelter, and clothing for his child, thus neglecting the self-sacrifice implied by the second corollary of the law of equal freedom, is it just for other members of the group to interfere to compel him to provide?

3. If a parent willfully prevents his child from reaching mental or moral, without regard to physical, maturity, is it just for other members of the group to interfere to prevent such aggression?

4. If a parent neglects to provide opportunity for the child to rear mental or moral, assuming that mental or moral maturity can be defined, is it just for other members of the group to interfere to compel him so to provide?

5. If it be granted that a knowledge of reading and writing, i.e., of making and interpreting permanent signs of thought — is a necessary function of society, and if a parent neglects and refuses to provide or accept opportunity for his child to learn to read and write, is it just for other members of the group to interfere to compel the parent so to provide or accept?

Before any of these questions can be answered with a straight yes or no, it must first be ascertained whether the hypothetical parental violates, by his hypothetical conduct, the equal freedom, not of his child, but of other members of society.

Not of his child, I say; why? Because, the parent being an independent, responsible individual and the child being a dependent, irresponsible individual, it is obviously inequitable and virtually impossible that equal freedom should harmonize the relations between them. In this child, however, who is one day to pass from the condition of dependence and irresponsibility to the condition of independence and responsibility, the other members of society have an interest, and on of this consideration the question at once arises whether the parent who impairs the condition of dependence of this child’s development thereby violates the equal freedom of those mature individuals whom this development unquestionably affects.

So it is, not that it has been frequently pointed out in Liberty, in discussing the nature of invasion, that there are certain acts which all see clearly as invasive, and certain other acts which all see clearly as non-invasive, and that these two classes comprise vastly larger part of human conduct, but that they are separated from each other, not by a hard and fast line, but by a strip of dark and doubtful territory, which shades off in either direction into the regions of light and clearness by an imperceptible gradation. In this strip of greater or less obscurity are included that minority of human actions which give rise to most of our political differences, and in the thick of it, of its Cimmerian centre we find the conflict of parents toward child.

We cannot, then, clearly identify the maltreatment of child by parent as either invasive or non-invasive of the liberty of third parties. In such a difficulty we must have recourse to the policy presented by Anarchists for all cases. As I cannot state this policy in fewer than I have stated it already, I quote my own words from Liberty, No. 154.

Then liberty always, say the Anarchists, No use of force, except against the invader; and where is the invader or the insurpassable power except where the necessity of immediate solution is so imperative that we must use it to save ourselves. And in these few cases where we must use it, let us do so squarely and squarely, acknowledging it as a matter of necessity, without seeking to harmonize our action with any political ideal or constructing any far-fetched theory of a State or collective having prerogatives and rights superior to those of individuals and aggregations of individuals and exempted from the operation of the ethical principles which individuals are expected to observe.

In other words, those of us who believe that liberty is the great educator, the “mother of order,” will, in case of doubt, give the benefit to liberty, or non-interference, unless it is plain that non-interference will result in certain and immediate disaster, if not irretrievable, at any rate too grievous to be borne.

Applying this rule to the subject under discussion, it is evident at once that mental and moral maltreatment of children, since its effects are more or less remote, should not be met with physical force, but that physical maltreatment, if sufficiently serious, may be so met.

In specific answer to my questioner, I would say that, if he insists on the form of his question, "Is it just, etc., I cannot answer him at all, because it is impossible for me to decide
to the Editor of Liberty:
In your comment on my article in Liberty of June 6 you say my "estimate of the Chicago 'Economic Conferences' does not coincide with other reports that I have heard. Several Chicago Anarchists have spoken to me most enthusiastically of the good that these conferences have done, and I have had the best of evidence that there was no disposition on the part of the managers to exclude the Anarchistic view of the money question. Is it not possible that the boycott was directed against Mr. Westrup rather than against his subject?"

It will be noticed, upon careful reading, that my article is not a wall because I did not get a chance to speak, as those who read only Mr. Tucker's comments would naturally infer, but because my subject, free money, was tabooed as anathema in the forum. The point is that free money—free money! is, essentially, the first step in the emancipation of the industrial classes from the thraldom of capital; that the very beginning of reform will date from the establishment of free money, and what I have written and said, including the advocacy of Col. Greene's Mutual Bank Idea, and even my insistence that the possibility of a standard of value is an abhorrence that mature reasoning will dispel, has had for its object the recognition of the necessity of this first step. Mr. Tucker affirms that a majority of believers in free money consider my position in regard to a standard of value "inconsistent and unreliable," and reminds me that I should not "blame the managers of the 'Economic Conferences' for seeking an expenent of free money who could give a really representative view." In view of the fact that the money question was suppressed, not discussed at all, except that it was incidentally touched upon by speakers upon other subjects, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Tucker should make the statement last quoted; and in view of the anathema idea, "morally and financially receive during the last three years to the series of questions I have been sending out for that period, about seventy-five per cent. of them deny the existence of any such thing as a standard of value," I am forced to the conclusion that as those who give such answers, invariably to the question, "are you in favor of free trade in banking, including the issue of paper money?" answer in the affirmative, I think Mr. Tucker is a little off when he says "he" says "that a large number of earnest thinkers have considered the question that I had saved several from accepting this childish heresy. The question is too plain for argument; at least so it seems to me and to those with whom I have conversed. I shall not reopen the discussion unless there is something really new and weighty to be advanced. If any one desires to air such folly, the world is wide and Liberty's columns are few. —Editor Liberty."

The Story of Auban.
I am not content with the reception given this book of Mackay's. Its story so unique should have attracted more attention.
But I am not surprised. A book so purely of the reason, in which the cold, severe intellect is insisted upon and propped upon with less of a seductive twist, is not likely to be popular in an age so impulsive, when all the winds of doctrine are blowing at once.
This is a listening age. Men are just waking up. They are hearing everything. They are not yet discarding the story of Auban is a surprise. They hear it, and ponder its new, strange secret, but have little to say about it. They will not buy the book that will draw them, and little by little, shly, secretly, half unconsciously they will follow it, growing ever bolder, gladder, clearer-minded as they find health, Nature, truth, deep-breathing and wide, disillusioned vision where they feared a seductive snare.
It is the first novel of Egoism, that strange, new philosophy, the deepest, most fundamental, most explanatory of all, which is the peculiar glory of our time, which by a series of great and logical negations — the denial of Marriage, Law, Government, God, and Altruism — brings man inevitably to the only great and really satisfying truth — Love, Liberty, Society, Natural Method, the same Self, and the inclusive Universe.

Mr. Tucker wakes you to the contemplation of reason, and says the clear height of truth as a balloon as it were, gives you a bird's-eye view of that picture of civilization which he wishes you to see.
He explains to you with the vivid force of the Frenchman, tempered by the scientific accuracy of the German, that above passion, holding himself, cool, impartial.

You feel yourself with an intelligent, not a dull, you know not whether to laugh, or cry.

You see on the ground above you all the misery of the world is focussed; and you see Whitechapel, the Hell of hell, all.

You see in Chicago the whole tragedy of the new Calvary, with the sickening, blood-stained, ruthless and overroll of the wheels of that Jevgeni's whose progress is superratent folly for the few and weak to defy.

You see in Trafalgar Square how impotent Ignominious Expository Rigidity is in the direct struggle with Selhan's Intelligent Might.

Everywhere the moral is driven home that the invisible mental forces are the emancipators, the final destruc- tor's force; that Self-interest, clear-eyed, sane, coming from within, makes free, not by Eruption, but by Growth.
The debate between Auban and Trupp is admirable. Mackay reveals the impartiality of his mind in the fine presentation of Arthurian Communism which he puts in the mouth of the latter, and the thrust which the former gives to its central folly is to the heart, fatal, but just, as Trupp feels.

Doubtless to speak in public is a characteristic touch. Egoists, Anarchists are not men of the platform, or who love persuasion; they prefer the coldly-printed word, and the self-statement which makes others feel their error or accept or reject; they are not men of emotion or of regret.

But why should Auban make his heroes so little attractive? Is it true? Does Egoism attract such men? or produce them? Is this the fruit? It seems to me that almost inevitably the Egoist must be a cheerful, tolerant, good-humored philosopher, understanding the springs of human conduct, troubled not over much by his own or others' faults and shortcomings, witty in his life and in his bitter reproach for the course of things generally.

He has the self-indulgence which makes man jolly, tempered by the over-view which makes him wise and serene.

Auban in all his mental life reminds me of no one so much as Tucker, but physically what resemblance is there between this slim, lame, melancholy, close-shaven spectre, with his taste for morbid spectacles, and the well-fed, well-kept Egoist, with the homely way in which we all know, who certainly moributes not his flesh, nor speaks with the loud, hard tones—or between the harsh, bitter Dr. Hunt and the humorous editor of Egoist? (Continued.)

Undoubtedly many such men become Egoists, but are they typical? Manifestly these men were miserable because the world was miserable, which I submit is not same egoism. The Egoist should have the goys' sympathy, while only and promptly, for recovery, but wastes no vitality in sympathetic suffering.

I mean to do my little deed for the satisfaction of the world's hunger because I enjoy doing it, but I am not going to let a morbid consciousness of hunger spoil my appetite for any bite of good flavor that may fall to my teeth.
That is a full of golden sentences, which I might have written myself (had I been enabale), so truly do they utter my thought, my experience, and my hope.

Once he had believed that mankind must radically change before he could be free; then he saw that he himself must first become free in order to be free.

He saw consequently — and this was the most important annex centre — that there was a future world of his opinions—that the one thing needful, was not to champion the creed of self-
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