Vol. IX.—No. 9.

NEW YORK, N. Y., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

Whole No. 243.

Not So Much Difference, After All.

Mrs. Deborah Smith, — "You're a cruel and selfish man, Richard Smith; I wish I had never seen your face. And to say you care for me while lording it over me and keeping me with your children, while you go off to enjoy yourself all over the country! A nice penny this New Orleans trip must save cost you! And such a low thing, too, to see those brutal prize-fighters, then to go and to badger your friends and bullies, — nothing but the scum of the country! You would be ashamed of yourself if you had any sense of justice left in you all. To have your children and me penned up here like this, and to go squandering the money we need so badly for better purposes! It's simply disgraceful.

"The same old story. I kind of expected this greeting to come to me in a white. The kind of husband you would like to hang around and minister to your whims would be a nice, doddy booby. A sentimental woman-worshipper. You would be a happy wife then, eh? You would have all you desire.

"Wife, did you say? Wifey, ha, ha, ha! Your wife! I'm only your housekeeper; you treat me no better than a hired domestic. I take care of your children; I see to their education; I am worried almost to death with them; but you don't care. It never troubles you or gives you a thought. I must bear it all and keep your house in order. I must even assist my help in all the work, for you are so stingy with me I can't have more than one girl. You are unable to afford it, you say. But you can afford to go to Louisiana to witness a man fight. Then you come home to boss me over and grumble at paying my milliner's bills. Then you want to dictate and murmur like the bully you are. I'll be your slave no longer. Richard Smith.

"All right, my dear. You wish to be your own master, you do; but, as I've told you before, you shan't be mine. That's what vexes you most. It's very fine, this reading and discussing of women's emancipation, and bewailing sex-slavery. It's not the women, I say, but the men who need emancipating. We are the slaves. You support, you pamper, you furnish you with luxuries and fine homes, and carry you off to the beaches to pass away the hot summer months, while we return to work and getting a living. Then, when we pack up and go to a few weeks' vacation ourselves, if we happen to choose a trip to New Orleans, we are selfish monsters, a disgrace to the family. But you need not refuse me at pleasure; yes, you want your liberty, poor dear.

"Don't degrade yourself, Richard, any lower than you are by insinuating me in this fashion. I have submitted long for your sake, but for your children's, but I'm fairly tired of it at last. Marriage at best means dependence and servility to a woman, but with a coarse-natured, unsympathetic husband, such as you have proved yourself, it is in

"I know I'm bad, you've reminded me often enough. I drink, I smoke, I gamble, I bet on horses and men. I go to prize-fights. I've no interest in your sentiments — Sociology, you call it. It's out of my line. When I go to the theatre, I want to see a good blood-curlicuing melodrama, a screaming farce, or a burlesque with handsome women well displayed in it; — some thing that suits my taste. That don't please you. I must take you up, I suppose. But your tastes are classical and refined. But it bores me to death. Still I've got to do it. Only occasionally, however, for I can't take you every time you want to. I don't want you to have to go alone. Then I'm harsh and selfish when I refuse. I tell you what it is, I mean to go on pleasing myself and hook up with the consequences. I've got none of your sentimental stuff, and I don't care a damn for your philosophy.

"Truly, sir, you show pretty plainly the sort of husband you are, the elevated mental and moral tastes you possess. You're a credit to any woman, I must concede.

"Oh, yes, you'd like, suppose, for me to be a model husband, like your friend Mr. Meanwell, a man of thought and intellect, a champion of that emancipation nonsense in your silly sociology and lectures on Nationalism, or Theosophy, or something of that sort."

"You needn't be making a coward of yourself as well as a bully, by attacking my friends in their absence. I only wish you knew how to treat Woman as Mr. Meanwell does. He is not a tycoon in his own home, as you are. His wife enjoys her liberty, for her husband knows what woman's independence and equality with men means. He respects her with deference and respect. He occupies his time with higher and better things than betting and prize-fights."

"That's the rot you believe in? Is this the result of twelve years of petition-begging? Poor little Englis Ansell Meanwell a pattern for me! A perfect husband! And that's all you know. I pity you, Becky, I do. Why, he's the most hen-pecked creature in the State. Don't you know he's a Socialist and a Nationalist and a lecturer? I guess I'll tell you. It's his wife has driven him to it. He was a good enough chap once, with none of that tomfoolery in his butt. But she worried him, she mired him, and bored him so he had to take refuge in something. As a relief against that exacting and dainty dandy, he had to occupy his brainy head and surplus energy with some consoling and im poise-fulfiling theory. That's how he's mixed up with those cackly fades of Socialism and women's emancipation. It's sheer irony of fate for him to uphold such notions. Emancipation of man he needs, like the rest of us. No, no, my dear, to you. But you won't go uncontrolled.

"Ooh, your just like some of those men I read of in the little papers in my reform papers. You boast and brag of your own importance, and would like to make of your wife a piece of household furniture."

"Your papers are all one-sided! Never the woman is the agitator. The stories indeed! I've read one or two. They must be got up, I guess, either by enthusiastic poets or inexperienced youths; you don't often get my side of the case in your reform literature, as you see it.

"Your side, your side! Haven't you your liberty? Do as you please, go where you wish, everything your own way. Am I like that? Can I exercise the same freedom? I'm bound down here under inexorable condition. You, you and there's no choice for me. A fine position indeed for a person of intellect and culture! I say women should be independent. So long as we accept for mutes our economic masters, we remain their slaves."

"Oh, don't bore me any more with your high falutin' Talk about slaves! I've been one since ever we came together. If you're a slave, it's not I who make you so; it's the circumstances that have made both of us slaves. You simply need to throw up your liberty to me. Have I not been doing the same all the time? Why, I can't even smoke my pipe in my own house. Then I must peg away at business to find the money to keep up this establishment. Don't matter how many slaves I make in that process, nor what mean tricks I resort to. And money-making's pretty near all meanness and meanness. But we must do it for our own families. I would slave less, you know, and enjoy myself more if I were what you want to be, — free and independent. You must 'hear the other side,' as one of your papers says.

"Right's outside her own door's own door. — Mir su, the man is here again about that bill. Must I say you're out this time?"

"Show him into the parlor, Bridge; I'll attend to him in a moment."

"This is more of the fruits of my inferior position. It's that dressmaker's bill you refused to settle before you went off. It's overdue, and they are provokingly pressing. A beautiful state of affairs, for a woman to have to come begging to her husband to pay for the clothes she wears!"

"How much is this bill, Becky?"

"Nineteen dollars. It's not a hundred and forty-five dollars. It's the half-yearly account, and you know that Blanche and Maudie are growing up fast, and are beginning to need a lot of dress, and girls' clothes come expensive, too."

"Well, I had better make you out a check at once. It will take nearly half my winnings on the Frisco boy, but it is part of my duties as a heartless tyrant. How you are, Becky; fill in the name of your creditor and the exact amount, and take a receipt for it."

(Exit Mrs. Becky.)

(Reflectively) "There's some truth in what she says, though I won't tell her so. — Marriage a full-time job; they say. It is for me. These emancipatrices are not far out on that, anyway. It's all wrong somehow, but we must bear the consequences of our mistakes. Still, I can't help kicking over the traces and bolting when there's a chance. One thing I'm getting of — I've never tied myself to any woman in the world, or ask her to be tied to me, were I again a free man. That's no sex-slavery philosophy; it's bare fact, the fruits of experience to be a man, the light weight of emancipation to be at the Cyclops Club to night. I guess I'll just slip off and meet him there.

BENNETT.

An Early Spectator.

(Le National.)

A married couple appear before a magistrate charged with fighting in the streets. A friend accompanies them.

"Did you see the beginning of the quarrel?" asks the magistrate of the friend.

"Yes, your honor, about two years ago."

"What? Two years?"

"Yes, I was a witness of their marriage."
Liberty.

Issued Weekly at Two Dollars a Year; Single Copies, Four Cents.

BENJ. F. TURLE, Editor and Publisher.

Office of Publication, 130 Liberty Street.
Post-office Address: Liberty, P. O. Box 155, New York, N. Y.

Established at New York on Second-class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK. N. Y., OCTOBER 20, 1892.

To subscribers and subscribers, the last copy of old-time Lib-

ey. The printer is getting tired and will cease to print.

time, the end of the naptunian, the club of the publishers, the

gape of the coterie, the oil of the department clerk, all the

tootles of politics, which young Liberty gratitude beneath her bed.

POLITICAL SALVATIONISTS.

It was well worth while to write an article on "The Temptations of Politics," even if the event should prove that it did no more than to draw from Mr. Yarros the paragraphs which he contributes to this number of Liberty. True, he may claim that he has not changed his position, but he has considerably changed his tone, and it was principally his tone that was objectionable and misleading. In his previous paragraphs, while, as he says, he did "not see the jungle and interpret significant incidents," he could not help giving the public the impression that he meant what his words did not say. Any reader who had chance to be wavering between the policy of abstaining as usual from voting and that of voting the Democratic ticket would have finished Mr. Yarros's previous comments on current politics under the impression that he had received advice substantially like this: "Yes, vote with the Democrats; they are good fellows; they mean well; they are looking in our direction; not honest, but really you can't expect much more in this age of politics. It is true, to be sure, as Tucker says, that they don't half understand this money question, and that there is grave danger of disaster to the free banking cause as a result of their ignorance and folly; still, we're not so much about it, since this is a great chance to agitate and educate; we had better not mention this grave danger except when pinned down to it, and then only under our breath; the fact is, I think, Tucker is making a mistake in saying the worse about it anywhere. I am not prejudiced on it in any way. I am going to hurrle for the Democrats in a way that will drown his voice; now, if you were thinking of voting the Democratic ticket, don't you be deterred by what Tucker says; don't try to gain the support of those you can't be without; don't look too far ahead; the present, man, the present! why, it's wonderful! hear George Fred Williams! hear the Atlanta "Constitution!" hear Edward Atkinson! Three cheers for Cleveland!" Such is the impression which a wavering reader would have received, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that he would have acted under its influence. But no such impression will be derived by any one from Mr. Yarros's present utterances. The air, the tone, and to a considerable extent the emphasis, have undergone marked modification. Now the impression given is something like this: "I certainly shall not harass any Anarchists who vote the Democratic ticket; if an Anarchist really desires a vote of anything, he does not, by casting his vote, become guilty of inconsistency; moreover, these Republicans are ciphers, and I should delight to see them forced to take a back seat; but, after all, we Anarchists have nothing to do with the matter; as far as at present appears, we have nothing to gain and everything to lose through politics; we have a more important work, peculiarly our own, and let us as be about it; we should recognize health symptoms, but we should not countenance crooked work; the dangers that Tucker points out are real, and his comments upon them are sound, timely, wholesome, salutary, urgent." A very different attitude from the other, it will be admitted, though perhaps it would be difficult to point out any logical contradiction between the two. Against the former it seemed to me necessary to make my protest; the latter, while not entirely to my liking, does not dispose me to special antagonism.

Nevertheless, there being in Mr. Yarros's latest expression of his political attitude some things which I do not understand and some with which I do not agree, I will make a few comments.

I do not understand, for instance, this sentence: "Admitting and endorsing all that Mr. Tucker has charged against the Democratic party, I am still of the opinion that it is essentially the Republican party which has committed the act of a moral blow." Essential to dislodge the Republi
cans, when by so doing we lodge the Demo

erican, whose, by Mr. Yarros's admission, are very likely to strike free banking the most damaging blow that it could possibly receive? This is incomprehensible to me when uttered by one who thinks the money question of the highest importance. In the matter of banking the worst that the Republicans are likely to do is to continue the present system, and such continuation is better for the cause of free banking than a change to another system of authoritative banking, less severe than the present one, in the name and to the discredit of free banking. Now, even if on minor questions the Republi
cans are as much worse than the Democrats as Mr. Yarros thinks them, the admitted fact that their policy on this supreme question is less damaging to Anarchism than the Democratic policy is likely to prove in the end ought to prevent Anarchists from deeming it essential to dislodge the Republicans entirely when they can be dislodged more advantageously.

As for Mr. Yarros's "intuitive perception that among the manifold agencies destined to play a greater or smaller part in working out social salvation politics will have a certain place," I might with equal truth say as much of religion. But just let a so-called Christian Anarchist show his head, and if Mr. Yarros doesn't break it, it will be because there is no club handy. Christian Anarchists, far from persistently urging Mr. Yarros to rise for jayter, arouses his fiercest antagonism. But now that some Democratic Anarchists have appeared, he manifests a wonderful tolerance for any "plumberliners" who are anxious to join the political salvation army. This only shows that his perception and hatred of authority, the State are not yet as vivid and deep-seated as his perception and hatred of authority in the Church. Moreover, when Mr. Yarros, who is nothing if not ratiocinative, falls back upon intuition to susta

im some way to a system that only fact and argument can settle, it is reasonable to infer that he has a weak case.

I can go with Mr. Yarros in defending the consistency of Anarchists who vote with the Demo

erican, thinking this the way to achieve An

archy. I myself would vote with the Democrats, or with the Republicans, or steal, or commit murder, or do anything conceivable, if I could
thcrely terminate or materially lessen the period of inconceivable suffering which must be the lot of the victims of authority prior to its downfall. But, unlike Mr. Jarrois, I cannot acquit such Anarchists of absurdity. Voting Anarchists appear to me to belong to the class of people who agree with Thoreau in thinking of life as a thing too important to be devoted to the mere mechanism of the state; except that these aim to go to the attic by way of the cellar. Their policy, to my mind, is not unlike that of Anarchists who espouse State Socialism as a first step. True, it is their intention to vote only for repeal; but so it is the intention of the "State-Socialistic Anarchists" to temper and modify State Socialism. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to vote only for repeal, and those who vote with that intention simply make themselves the tools of political parties who deceive them with false promises. Mr. Jarrois himself undoubtedly will not vote. I should judge from his present attitude that he would not if he could; and, not being a citizen, he could not if he would. But he apparently knows of Anarchists who intend to vote the Democratic ticket. If I knew such an Anarchist, I should strongly incline to go to the polls for the first time in my life, and pair him off by voting the Republican ticket. It would be in this way, if any, that I should succumb to the "temptations of politics." But under the present system of electing a president, it is impossible for two voters to pair unless they live in the same State. I fervently thank my guardian angel for preserving me from this temptation by removing me from Massachusetts.

Corollaries.

—No one can possibly appreciate the soundness and timeliness and wholesomeness of Mr. Tucker's political observations in the last issue more than I do. I cheerfully accept the amendment which his comments are intended to supply to the views elaborated in my remarks in the same issue. He is entirely right in averring that the question for Anarchists in the case under consideration is one of emphasis; but I congratulate myself on the fact that, while he has been emphasizing one important aspect of the matter, I have been doing useful work in setting due stress on other scarcely less important aspects. In this way we have contrived to exploit the campaign far more thoroughly in the interest of our radical movement than would have been possible had attention been confined to one side of the question. I have no interest in the outcome of the present political struggle other than that every lover of liberty anduster of force and humanizing must naturally feel; I have been saying favorable things for the Democrats, not because I love them more, but because I hate their Republican opponents more. I am emphatically not in favor of ignoring or putting out of sight of public view the dangers of disaster to which Mr. Tucker has been directing attention; he has said nothing on this point that I do not applaud or recognize as salutary and urgent. Can he, for his part, deny the statement that I have done nothing more than content myself with recording and interpreting significant facts which our business as observers and reform-writers simply renders it obligatory upon us to seize upon and make use of? No, he cannot, nor, if true, be admitted, has he attempted to do so. Regarding his remarks as supplementary, or rather complementary, I have nothing but praise for them. Whatever happens, our position must never be clouded or uncertain; we are bound to show that our readiness to recognize healthy symptoms, our anxiety to do justice and give credit for merits, achievement or even praiseworthy intent, can by no means be made a charge of complacency or responsibility for crooked work.

—One word about "eschewing politics." The undoubted temptations of politics have thus far utterly failed to excite or move me; I feel justified in saying that I have never entertained the notion that anything is to be gained directly for Anarchistic ideals by political action, and that I have never consciously encouraged any one to look to politics for the slightest positive results. Yet, despite these facts, I confess I have an abiding belief, an intuitive perception, that among the manifold agencies destined to play a greater or smaller part in working out social salvation, in realizing the condition of equal liberty, politics will have a certain place. In vain would it be to ask me to state definitely the what or the how of the matter. I know nothing beyond this,—that there is no royal road to freedom, in the sense of there being one certain, absolutely distinct, and determinate method of accomplishing the desired work of reform; that the complexity of life's relations precludes the very possibility of the actual presence of such a single force, such a unique and peculiar method; and that the logic of evolution clearly teaches that, in order that righteousness—that is, in our language, liberty—may come, nearly everything must work for such a change, such a consummation. Nearly everything, I say, not absolutely everything, for, of course, the tendencies present are not all those of life, development, evolution: there are also tendencies of death, dissolution, reaction, disintegration. Now I should "despair of the Republic"—to use a familiar phrase—if I really felt that there was nobody in the wide world to count on or trust to for the least support of the cause which we have at heart and intelligently uphold. Seeing that State Socialists, compulsory Communists, Prohibitionists of all kinds, Republicans, and so many other separate armies in the field, are diametrically opposed to us, must we not suspect and instinctively realize that those other armies which, though not in league with us are at least not against us,—those armies which resist the invading hosts to some extent,—are helping us, making ultimate victory for us easier, surer? To state the question in such a form is to answer it; and to answer it in the affirmative is to justify theoretically the belief to which I have just confessed,—that politics will have a share in the task of industrial and political liberation. If any one fancies that these impressions entitle him to the leisurely action for Anarchists as Anarchists, he has my pity. Anarchists, we have our peculiar and important function, into which politics do not enter. On the other hand, I want to be equally emphatic in affirming that I detect no trace of absurdity or inconsistency in the proposal of some Anarchists to give their votes or other form of aid to the Democrats with the view of helping them to defeat the Republicans. Admitting and endorsing all that Mr. Tucker has charged against the Democratic party, I am still of the opinion that it is essential to dislodge the Republicans and deal them a mortal blow. I can easily adduce a dozen cogent reasons in support of the contention that the defeat of the Republican party would be a great blessing to the country and a great victory for freedom and fair play. But the cogency of my reasons is entirely irrelevant in this connection. The question is why it is absurd or inconsistent for one who considers himself a citizen to vote for a candidate who makes an appeal to his own mind to help a certain party to achieve a certain result in which he is interested. This is not going into politics; it is not adopting politics as a method of Anarchistic warfare; it is simply doing a little extra work indirectly advantageous to that cause for which we work directly and regularly in certain definite ways of a non-political character. To the question of the wisdom of eschewing politics I thus give a slightly different answer than Mr. Tucker furnishes. As Anarchists we have nothing to do in politics at present: what the future may bring is hidden from our view, but the present conditions are such that the movement has nothing to gain and everything to lose from organized political action. But, as progressive beings, interested in what is going on among those with whom our connection is remote because the consequences of their activities vitally affect us, we may reasonably undertake brief excursions into politics, provided we carefully explain our motives and our objects. Assuming that it is desirable to retire the Republicans, I fail to see why Anarchists should refrain from lending a hand.

—Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Evolution of Christianity" is inevitably characterized by vagueness, ambiguity, obscurity, fallaciousness, and puerility. Those who undertake impossible tasks must be resigned to sad results. But it would seem that Dr. Abbott might be happier in dealing with modern movements and tendencies. He writes: "It has been said that Jesus Christ was the first Socialist. This is certainly an incorrect, if not an absolutely erroneous, statement. It would be more nearly correct to say that he was the first individualist. The Socialist assumes that the prolific cause of misery in the world is bad social organization. Christ assumed that the prolific cause of misery in the world is individual wrong-doing." According to Dr. Abbott, then, an individualist is one who seeks to elevate or reform individuals, and in classifying or criticizing reform writers it will be well to bear in mind Dr. Abbott's definitions,—that is to say, it will be well to pursue an indirect line of argument. It would be more nearly correct to say that he was the first individualist. The Socialist assumes that the prolific cause of misery in the world is bad social organization. Christ assumed that the prolific cause of misery in the world is individual wrong-doing." According to Dr. Abbott, then, an individualist is one who seeks to elevate or reform individuals, and in classifying or criticizing reform writers it will be well to bear in mind Dr. Abbott's definitions,—that is to say, it will be well to pursue an indirect line of argument. It would be more nearly correct to say that he was the first individualist. The Socialist assumes that the prolific cause of misery in the world is bad social organization. Christ assumed that the prolific cause of misery in the world is individual wrong-doing."
The First Taste of Authority.
A Russian periodical is publishing a new work by Toletsky called "Recollections of My Childhood." The opening paragraphs are interesting to Anarchists:

This is my first recollection. I am bound. I wish to free my hands, but I cannot, and I cry and weep. My cries are disagreeable to myself; nevertheless I cannot stop crying. They tear that poor woman, I know not who; but I feel that there are two persons. My cries affect them, agitate them, but they do not unite me. I cry still louder. It seems to them necessary that I remain bound, but I know that I ought not. I wish to prove it to them, and I cry still louder, at the top of my voice.

My cries are now more disagreeable to me than before, but I cannot stop. I conceive the in justice and cruelty, not of men, but for they pity me, but of fate. At the same time I have pity for myself.

At what moment of my existence did that occur? And why do I not know and shall never know. Was it when, a young infant, I was wrapped in swaddling clothes and wanted to put out my hands? Was it later, when, at the age of a year, I was tied that I might not scratch myself? Or have I gathered, as sometimes happens in a dream, a multitude of impressions into a single memory? I only know that this impression is the first and the strongest of my youth. Not only do my cries, my sufferings, still live in my memory, but also the aggregate of all that I felt. I ask liberty, it injures nobody, and those who are strong refuse it to me who am weak.

No Flag.
Nay, I am a patriot; not for me this prejudice, so proud, of one's own country. Always right, clearest cause of enmity. Atween the nations. Were it not for this, all peoples had a million years, we, the aged, exchanged of brotherhood the kiss!

And were it not for this, how great a flood Had never thawed of warmest, reddest blood, From hearts of murdered heroes, brave and good!

How many women hearts unbroke had been, Had "patriots" not forgotten they were men, And murdered that their hand might "glory" win!

O folly, this, to die to wear a rag! O crime, to kill because one's country's flag Is different from some other plebeian rag!

For noble hearts find one head scant of room, All men their brothers, and the world their home.

From highest mountain peak to ocean foam. Their love holds all, their breast is every clime, Their sympathy with every race in time, Every patriot songs with equal voice they chime.

They lift no flag, and so no party cry, And leave to fools to raise in herbs to crie, Insane at hearing: "Foreign foes are nigh!"

For them there are no foreigners at all, No prejudice of birth, No "Clio" at all: The Briton but the fellow of the Gaul.

They hold all roads are open, earth and sea, No rightful duty, tax, or passport fee. All travellers welcome, and all commerce free.

They would all bounds were blotted, bars were down, All nation-laws and States were overthrown, Naught left but honest neighbors alone; For honest men no laws, no government, No interference, howsoever well-meaning.

Each man is his own master, he is free, spent, O when shall men to tall enough to see That pride of country makes for slavery, That he alone who has no flag is free!

The man without a country ’ habitable all, Without a flag all banners drape his wall, His patriotic heart be the twin world's call.

"J. Wm. Lloyd."