A Hardened Criminal.

The Philadelphia "Press" of Sunday, November 27, printed the following article under a display head and elaborately illustrated. The article was written by Samuel Williams Cooper, a member of the Philadelphia bar and a subscriber to Liberty, and my attention was called to it by another member of the Philadelphia bar, also a subscriber to Liberty, who sent me the clipping with the comment: “It is somewhat interesting to find the readiness of a typical example of the ‘monopolistic press’ to publish without excision or alteration an article so clearly Anarchic in tendency.”

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Convention to his friend, Mr. Law, “you may talk about there being too many laws, and the science of individualism, until you are tired. You know as well as I do that, were it not for our laws, chaos would ensue. All this talk about pitying the poor criminal is both; the true remedy for the ills of society is seen in the enforcement of the laws we already have. If we were in control, I would soon show you a better state of things. I would chop everyone in jail who ventured to break the smallest law.”

“But, Con,” said his friend, “is in a very short time you would have the whole of society locked up. All men are criminals in some way, under the present laws. It is only by the disregard and non-enforcement of them that we are enabled to live in even somewhat comparative comfort. If the laws were executed in all cases of breach, many very nice people would go to jail for the terms of their natural lives.”

“Well, that’s over, broken any laws, and I am an average citizen. I do not pretend to be better, and I hope I am no worse, than my fellows. I try to live in peace with my neighbors, and to make people around me as happy as I can. It is true I am not over strict in my views of life, but I do not think I am the most. I do just what they do, but it is nonsense to talk about all people being criminals. You, as a lawyer, say that, I think, as an excuse for your labors in the Courts of Quarter Sessions.”

The two men were old friends, and, being a holiday, Mr. Law had been asked by Mr. Convention to spend the day with him. The discussion had arisen over the breakfast table.

Presently the lawyer leaned over and asked his friend to let him look at the decoration which the latter wore in the buttonhole of his coat. He examined it a moment, and then passed it back.

“Sorry, old fellow,” he said. “It is very early in the day for a man with your views to get into trouble, but you have already committed a crime. The law says that any man who wears a button or badge of the Grand Army without being a member of it commits a misdemeanor, and is liable to a fine of $100.”

“But this button was my father’s, and I wear it as a keepsake. The poor man was not a member of the Grand Army, and I wish he could have worn it, too.”

“Can’t help that. The law makes no exceptions.”

“Oh, well, you can’t call such an act as that a crime. It’s nonsense to say so.”

“I don’t say it is the law.”

“Well, come down the street with me, will you? I have several things I want to attend to this morning.”

The two started out together. When on the street, Con threw down upon the pavement an envelope which he had crumpled up in his hands.

“Don’t do that,” said his friend, “that is against the laws of the city of Philadelphia. We will have to fine you $5 for that offense.”

“I didn’t make them,” he swore, when I was adnitted to the bar, that I would enforce them, but then I was told that law was a rule of action prescribed by a superior power. Now, I think I am a power superior to the rules of the days of ignorance, or those statutes made by the old laws.”

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Law, “do you only think of the police, or the laws themselves? These laws are based upon the experiences of the ages, and are the result of the wisdom of the ages.”

But it is an outrage to put up such disgusting, morbid pictures. It is enough to corrupt the taste and habits of the whole community.”

“Sorry that the law does not distinguish. My dear fellow, you are getting on fast today. Three laws broken already, and not yet nine o’clock. Where, oh where, will we end? Oh, such laws! To thunder with the State that lays down such asinine rules.”

“Dear, dear! There you have done it. Two at once. You have broken the laws by swearing, and you have made an attempt to disturb the tranquillity of the State, which, I see, is petitioning. We will fine you a fine of $200 and two years in jail for that.”

At this moment Mr. Convention’s large bull dog jumped his face surrounding his cottage and attacked a better dog quietly walking beside a young girl who was passing by. She tried to prevent the fight which was imminent, but the dog bit at her neck, holding her dress in its teeth. Mr. Convention grasped his heavy cane, and, taking the brute by the collar, administered to him a terrible beating. The poor animal howled with pain, and finally being freed, limped away. After the affray was over, Mr. Law laughed.

“The sentence of the court,” he said, “is that on the first indictment—that of ‘keeping a feroce dog’—you pay a fine of $100 and be imprisoned in the county jail for one year; on the second—that of ‘crucely bastinado a domestic animal’—you pay a fine of $200 and go down for a further term of twelve months.”

“I am afraid,” said Con, “that when that lawsuit of mine comes up, the lawyer on the other side may introduce evidence to prove my bad character when I am called as a witness. By the way, there goes Jack Williams now; he is one of their principal witnesses, I understand. I am going to ask him about the case.”

He crossed over the street to speak to Jack, while his friend waited for him. Presently he returned.

“I guess I fixed him. He is an old friend of mine, and I think I shall be able to get him off. I told him I had better tell the other lawyer so. He said he would. We parted great friends, and I asked him to come over to dinner.”

“But don’t you know anything!” said Mr. Law, “the court to decline, not the opposite party in the suit.”

“Well, all I can say is, you and your laws make me tired.”

“They don’t make me. I swore, when I was admitted to the bar, that I would enforce them, but then I was told that law was a rule of action prescribed by a superior power. Now, I think I am a power superior to the rules of the days of ignorance, or those statutes made by the old laws.”

I wish I could show how the State has been turned into a prison. I have lived in a prison for thirty years, but I have never been imprisoned.”

“Mr. Convention,” said Mr. Law, “why do you call it a prison? As an individualist, my laws for myself are the ones I think my oath really referred to. You know there are two kinds of law. One is the common law, which consists of rules, established upon decisions given by judges centuries ago, in an age of superstition and ignorance, many of them utterly worthless and even criminal, as rules for the guidance of an enlightened people and the conditions of life by gigantic inventions and the enormous business operations of the present time.”

“The world generally progresses by a system of evolution, by adjustment to the changed conditions, our common law requires the judges, also by their solemn oaths, to decide, not what ought to be the law now, but what was the law years ago. It is true that one or a law while the old law becomes so vile and reprobate that mankind that even the judges feel that something must be done. They then solemnly overrule the old vicious ideas of years gone by. Thus witchcraft is no longer punished.”

“The second kind of law is called statute law, and this might not be inappropriately designated as common law. It consists of rules laid down by a body called the Legislature, composed in very large part of men familiar with the habits and customs of the people, and professes of individualism, and will make anything a crime so long as it seems likely to be a good thing for them. If you have ever had any experience with these laws, you know full well what a very small minority can give any careful attention to the question of the rights or wrongs of the subject.”

“Well, there does seem to be some sense in what you say. Now I come into the post office with me. I want to get my mail. I sent to Boston some day ago for two copies of a photograph of ‘The Fall of Babylon,’ the celebrated picture which has created such a stir abroad. You have heard of it, no doubt? I expect the photographs by today’s mail.”

Mr. Convention took his mail from his box, and went to the desk at the side of the office with his friend, and opened quite a large package which proved to contain the pictures he had spoken of. The friends together admired the beauty of the work, and then Con placed one of the photos in a new wrapper and mailed it to one of his friends. He also, at the same time, mailed a postal card to one of his tenants, asking him to come down and pay his rent.

“You have now,” said Mr. Law, “probably committed four of the most serious offenses you will be guilty of today. You have broken the laws of both the United States and this State. The United States authorities have lately decided that that picture is obscene, and have refused to pass it through the custom house. Now, taking an obscene picture from the mail is punishable by a fine of $500 to $10,000 and imprisonment for one to ten years, and the same penalty is annexed to mailing a copy of it. The State law says that to exhibit or show any obscene or lewd book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, story-paper, writing, paper, picture, card, drawing, or photograph may be punished by a fine of $500 and one year in jail. You are also liable for having mailed the postal card containing a demand. We will say for these united offenses you may be fined $13,000 and put in jail for twenty-two years.”

Continued on page 8.
The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than those of the editor indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect or disposes of them being governed largely by considerations of convenience.

Subscription List.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree, in case Benj. R. Tucker shall decide to publish in book form a compilation of articles written by him for his paper, Liberty, to purchase of him, at the rate of one dollar each, the number of copies herewith set opposite our respective names, and to pay to Benj. R. Tucker one-half the amount whenever he shall call for it, and the balance on the appearance of the book.

Punishment, in the society of my equals.

H. Walter Dunlap, Montreal, Can. 9
R. A. Parkett, Boston, Mass. 1
Hugo Blumen, Philadelphia, Pa. 1
Ferd. Ermshy, Boston, Mass. 1
John Morton, Portland, Maine. 1
Gro. A. Schilling, Chicago, III. 10
M. B. Hume, Boston, Mass. 1
G. F. Stephens, Philadelphia, Pa. 1
Single Tax Society, Philadelphia, Pa. 1
Herbert Strasburger, Boston, Mass. 1
Michael Lynch, 550, Boston, Mass. 1
A. A. Rice, Boston, Mass. 9
Alice Eastwood, Academy of Science, San Francisco. 1
Francis Leer, Dunks, N. Y. 1
Robert Scott, Dunks, N. Y. 1
Mrs. M. Spring, Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. 1
407 copies.

The book subscription list comes so near to touching the five-hundred mark at the hour of going to press that the publication of the book may now be considered a fact. I therefore take this method of calling on the subscribers for the payment of one-half of their subscription. If each subscriber without waiting for further notice, will send at once, addressed to Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1312, New York City, one-half the sum that he is to pay for the whole number of copies subscribed for by him, he will save me much time and trouble, and greatly facilitate the progress of the book. If any subscribers should see fit to send the whole amount at once, instead of dividing it into two installments, so much the better. Undoubtedly, too, there are a few subscribers who will not desire the full number of copies for which they have subscribed, their object being simply to aid the undertaking. All such will confer a favor by stating, when making their first remittance, how many copies they desire me to deliver.

I hope that intending subscriber will withhold his subscription because the five-hundred mark has been reached. The sale of five hundred copies by no means pays the cost of the first edition of the book. It simply makes it reasonably safe for me to assume the remaining risk.

I render most hearty thanks to all who have contributed to make this success possible. And especially do I convey my congratulations to John Beverley Robinson and Dr. de Lespinasse, the initiators. The letter of the one and the princely subscription of the other started the ball rolling. The confidence in voluntary cooperation which Dr. de Lespinasse expressed is fully justified by the result.

One of Liberty's subscribers desires to know why I printed the paragraph in No. 246 headed "An Easy Question," which he characterizes as "rot." He apparently thinks it a "chestnut," also, for he informs me that he read "Gil Blas" through in French when he was twelve years old. If my friend had maintained in his riper years that commendable acquaintance with French literature which he began in the days of his youth, he would know that I reprinted the objectionable paragraph, not from Le Sage's masterpiece, but from its namesake, one of the foremost daily newspapers of Paris. So much in vindication of its freshness. But what is its value? I am asked. The question is astonishing. Its value consists in its exposure of the hollowness and hypocrisy of our "monographic" marriage system, by biting satire on the lips of a member of the class most favorably situated to know that monogamy is perhaps a greater rarity in Paris and New York than in Constantinople. Such is the philosophy of the paragraph from "Gil Blas." Does my critic find it objectionable? I hope not. To what in the paragraph, then, does he object? To its wit? Is it possible that Liberty has a subscriber among those disagreeable persons who think that the sexual question should invariably be approached with a face as long as that which Mrs. Grundy habitually wears in the presence of company? If so, he has come to the wrong shop.

Henry George has written a book to convict Herbert Spencer of intellectual dishonesty. Now he should write another to clear himself of the same charge, of which he stands convicted by J. W. Sullivan and by his course in editing the "Standard," in the columns of which he printed all the silly objections to his theory and triumphantly disposed of them, at the same time systematically excluding all the weighty objections and neglecting to notice them. Even if Mr. George is right regarding Mr. Spencer, it is a case of rebuking sin. Still, I am not one of those who rebuke less sinful because Satan rebuked it, or the kettle as white because the pot calls it black. So, when Mr. George's book reaches this office, we will hear what he has to say. One thing is sure. Though Spencer proved a sinner, his name will be remembered, while that of George would be forgotten, even if he were a saint. Mr. George is not "in it". Mr. Spencer emphatically is.
A Hradened Criminal.
(Continued from page 1)

years. A good deal of expense and severity for ten minutes with art, eh?"

His friend did not reply at once, as he was busy reading a letter he had just taken out of its envelope. Presently he said, "Mr. Horsley.

"You know my brother Jim," he said. "He has his mail sent to my box. The poor devil is down on his luck, and very miserable, you know, and owes a good many people, and is getting the dunning letters that are so disagreeable, and he throws them away."

"I really don't see why you go on with this con-

founded bother about the laws. Can't a fellow do

anything without getting into jail?"

"Dr. Jekyll, if you please, I know of," said his legal friend; "and even then his body may be taken in the potbellied wench to the Morgue."

"I am almost afraid to ask you to go into this jew-

elery store. You and I will have to take a perambulation of the city, and then walk down the street. 'Looking into a showcase is a crime, no doubt."

In the store, the man beheld the counter laden with Mr. Conventon's more elegant scenes, one side of which was polished and a design engraved thereon, showing two hands clasped and the word "Faith" above a date below.

"That is a big job," he said, "and your wife on the aniversary of your wedding day, which comes off next week," said Con, as he handed it to his friend. "Don't you like it?"

"It is charming; but I should be cautious how you give it to your wife."

"Why?"

"Any one who defaces, mutilates, impairs, diminishes, scales, or taints any gold piece, many people pay, the United States is liable for $5000 and two years' imprison-

ement. Your good wife might get sent down for carrying such a thing as this. From what I have seen of you today, you are such a terrible criminal that it doesn't matter at all; but I would save your wife from disgrace. I knew you had some faults, but when you told me this morning so vehemently your views as to criminals and punishment, I had no idea you were a bad man. It is really awful. I shall have to ask you to free me from your acquaint-

ance if this keep up."

"Stop your fooling and shut up," his friend said, grilly.

The criminal was not guilty of any further offence, for in the meantime the two had reached the large house furnishing store of Mr. Conventon, who was just about to close for a little while and talk over some business scheme with his manager. We have invented a scheme," he said to his friend, "for collecting our old accounts. You know we have a large number of small debtors. Well, I am going to set apart a certain number of prices from $500 down to $10, and tickets, entitling the holder to a chance, are to be given to all who pay up their back debts before a certain date. Then we will have a great sale and make a lot of money, and get rid of some of the debtors."

Mr. Law said nothing at the time, save that he thought the plan a very good idea. But after the scheme had been decided on and the advertisement sent out in the mail to the newspapers, he said: "There is one point I should like to call your attention to. There is an act of Assembly in this State which says that any merchant who shall offer, give, or sell tickets, checks, or tokens to a customer, entitling him to receive money or other thing of value, shall be liable to a fine of $10 for every offense of one year. You will also be liable for the same term under the lottery act, and, since you have mailed the letters referring to the scheme, you are liable under the lottery act to a fine of $1000 and go to jail for two years more."

"Why," said Con, "then I suppose I am also liable for the circular I sent out this morning in regard to our Sunday school fair. We are going to have the usual grab bags, fishing ponds, and chances for a big Bible." "Certainly you are guilty," said Mr. Law. "In fact, I fear you will be convicted of murder in offering chances on the Bible; but I may be able to get you off on that count."

They were interrupted in their criminy by the entrance of Mr. Horsley, a clean-cut man of means and leisure whose name was an indication of his favorite sport. After the usual greeting, he said, "I stopped in, Con, to see if you would subscribe for a purse we are getting up at the Country Club for a little friendly race among the members. We have made the subscription $25 each."

"Certainly," said Con, and drew his check for the amount.

"You will come in, too, Law? Won't you?" Horsley said.

"Not I. I don't want to be indicted as a common nuisance."

"What do you mean by that?" Horsley said.

"There is a statute here which provides that any one who gets up a race to be run by horses, for purses, or thing of value, and the competitors, authors, or abettors of the same, shall be liable to indictment for maintaining a common nuisance. I don't want to be fined $100 and go to jail for a year." "Say, Horsley," said Con, "this is the way it has been all the morning. I have found out that I am a criminal of the deepest dye. And he related some of the morning's adventures.

"Oh, what a nice thing," said Mr. Law, "to hear a clergyman blaspheme, and he smiled.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Conven-

ton, smilling.

"I mean that you deny the miraculous birth and divinity of Jesus Christ," and you certainly may be said to 'speak loosely and profanely of the Holy Spirit and the Scriptures of Truth,' and this, under our laws, is blasphemy. Mr. Horsley, I think them nonsensical."

"Oh! we don't care for those nonsensical old laws of days gone by."

"But, my dear sir, who is to judge us how old a law is? It is possible we may not care for it! Some enactments of our Legislature within a few years past are, to my thinking, far worse than that old law about blasphemy of many years ago. Am I entitled to disobey these laws? Of course not, but I think them nonsensical."

"Does not the whole thing reduce itself to the question of the personal view of right and wrong after all? If so, don't you think it rather hard-hearted not to have pity on the poor criminal and let him go in peace?"

"You know the wisest of us to tell when a law is so nausetic that it should not be obeyed. You can see from Con's experience today that our lives must be spent in the most intimate relations with those who only differ from us in the one in jail by reason of their good fortune not in being caught."

"What would you do?"

"I cannot say now just what is the best method. Of one thing I am certain, that every one should understand the fact that to put people in the present form of jails, brand them with felen marks, electrocute them for crime, and then turn them loose on society again, only increases the evils. I believe with Emerson, who says: 'We want more kindness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust, the thief, burglaries, and all sorts of judicial and jail keep,' and put a premium on crimes than they who went in, or else insane or corporous."

During the evening several men came in, and, when Mr. Sermon left, the party adjourned to Con's study for a "Helpful" and a game of bridge and a few cards, which will cost you about $500 and one year in jail. Then you have vio-

lated a late statute which says: 'Any person who shall show to any minor any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, or other printed paper devoted to the pub-

liberty. 249
LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address, BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1313, New York, N. Y.


OPERATIVE HOMES. An essay showing how the knaves are paid and the victims of the tycoon are exploited. By Alphonse P. Narin. Price, 5 cents.

GOD AND THE STATE. "One of the most eloquent, yet least written of Age of Reason writers." By Emile Lévy. Price, 10 cents.

THE RADICAL REVIEW: Vol. I. handsomely bound in cloth, and containing over sixty Essays, Poems, Translations, Speeches, Notes, &c., by leading writers, on industrial, financial, social, literary, scientific, philanthropic, and political subjects. Price, $1.50. Single Number, 15 cents.

THE REORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS. An essay showing how the principles of cooperation may be realized in the Sphere of Industry. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price, 5 cents.


CORPORATIONS. An essay showing how the stock companies are spreading their influence and are legalizing the crime of the robber barons of the stock market. Price, 5 cents.

THE IRON LAW OF WAGES. An essay showing that wages cannot be kept down to the cost of the laborer's living, and that this influence will eventually be legalized as the right of the working man to live. By Hugo Bloch. Price, 5 cents.


THE RAILWAY KINGS ITC FOR ME. An essay showing how the railroad companies are the most powerful and the most unscrupulous in the land. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Wendell Phillips. Price, 5 cents.


MUTUAL BANKING. Showing the Radical Denial of the existing Circulating Medium, and how Interest in Money can be Abolished. By William B. Green. Price, 15 cents.


A FEMALE NIHILIST. A thrilling sketch of the changing conditions under which the working people are living. By Stephen A. Smith, author of "Underground Russia." Price, 15 cents.

A POLITICAL IN SIGHT OF HAVEN. By Albert J. Soper. Price, 15 cents.


LIBERTY---Vols. V and VI.

TENDENCY NOVELS.

For any of the following Romances, address, BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1313, New York, N. Y.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN. A humorous, satiric- Price in cloth, $1.25; in paper, $0.65. By Fred Robinson. A novel unexcelled in its combination of dramatic power, picturesque setting, and telling of social questions. Probably the most critical novel for a copy of the first edition. Price, 25 cents.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS. By Felix Colmer. Price in cloth, $1.50; in paper, $0.90. A novel unexcelled in its combination of dramatic power, picturesque setting, and telling of social questions. Probably the most critical novel for a copy of the first edition. Price, 25 cents.

THE KREUZER SONATA. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Price in cloth, $1.50; in paper, $0.90. A novel dealing with the questions of love and marriage, argues a morality that is not in the least to be disputed by the delicate subject with all the frankness of the realistic school. This book, so far as its contents are concerned, of a reactionary character, and should not be regarded as a part of Liberty's propaganda. Yet it is a work of interest, almost as interesting as the work of Balzac. Price, 25 cents.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. By Olive Schreiner. A romance, set out of the story of two persons, men and women, living among the Boers and Kaffirs, giving the mental struggle of the author to come to grips with her ideas from atheism to realism; and representing advanced ideas on religi-ous and social questions. A work of remarkable power, beauty, originality, and originality. 393 pages. Price, in cloth, $1.50; in paper, 90 cents.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? By N. G. Cherny, Translated from the German by George Schumm. A poet's plea to the literature of philosophical and religious speculation, and the author's view of the social problem. Price, 30 cents.


MONEY AND CURRENCY.

BY A. H. STEPHENSON AND G. F. STEPHENS.

The invention of money—The standard of value—Government issues of currency—The best currency—Solution of the money ques- tion. Price, 15 cents.


TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Money and Currency by A. H. STEPHENSON and G. F. STEPHENS.

The invention of money—The standard of value—Government issues of currency—The best currency—Solution of the money ques- tion. Price, 15 cents.


TWO DOLLARS EACH.

People who desire these volumes should apply for them early, as they are in limited quantity. Their price is two dollars. The sanitary condition of the book is good.