A Typographical Reform.

The first impression upon the minds of the readers of Liberty as they open this issue of their paper will be that the editor has either gone crazy or been seized with a mania for writing blank verse, but I hope and believe that further examination and a sober second thought will convince them that, far from being the freak of a lunatic or a poet, this paper is the inauguration of a most useful, prosaic, practical, and enormously significant reform— an invention indeed (if it can be called such) which, if generally adopted, will add fully one-third to the importance of the discovery of printing itself.

Let us consider its advantages.

But first I must explain to the unintiated precisely in what the reform consists. In printing it is a necessity that each line, whatever its extent may be, should have a body or foundation precisely equal in length to the width of the column. Otherwise it would be impossible to exert a uniform pressure upon the lines when in the form, in the absence of which the looser lines would fall out. Now, to achieve this precision of length it is the invariable custom, when the matter to be put in type is prose, to subject each line to a process technically known as "justification." The compositor, so he be true to his calling, places a three-em space (a piece of metal of given thickness) after each word. When he approaches the end of the line, he finds that there is not sufficient room for an additional word or syllable, he fills the line by increasing the size of the spaces between the words, thus forcing the last letter of the last word to the end of the line, in consequence of which the reading-matter presents as straight an edge at its right side as at its left.

But this gain, if it is a gain, is purchased by a greater loss,—greater from the aesthetic standpoint, and enormous from the productive or commercial standpoint. This loss consists, first, in an inequality between the spaces in any given line, and, second, in a still more objectionable inequality in the spacing of two lines in juxtaposition. A line may be spaced narrowly at one end and widely at the other; or narrow and wide spaces may alternate throughout the line; or a widely-spaced line may be preceded and followed by narrowly-spaced lines. The extent of this irregularity depends upon the compositor. If he is a slovenly workman, the result is very offensive to the eye and an obstacle to ease in reading; if he is a careful, faithful, and skilful workman, the result is not as bad, but always far from perfect, and such excellence as he achieves costs him in the aggregate an enormous amount of time and pains and requires no little ingenuity and patience. To counterbalance this aesthetic and commercial loss there is no advantage whatever save the questionable one of a straight edge at the right of the reading-matter. Does the absence of this straight edge ever disturb anybody? Let the reader answer the question for himself by taking down a volume of Shakespeare or any other poet, examining the pages, and asking himself whether the ragged edge at the right had ever in the least offended him. Not one reader in a hundred thousand will answer yes.

The reform which I propose and which I now begin consists simply in the abolition of this silly and costly process of "justification." By the new method, when the compositor finds that there is no room in the line for an additional word or syllable, he quickly fills the line with little blocks of metal known to the printer as "quads." The original and perfect spacing is not in the least disturbed. The spaces between the words remain precisely equal in all parts of the column. The result is pleasing to the eye and facilitates the task of reading. The uneven edge at the right, not as ragged as that which verse presents, will never displease nor bother any reader whom the appearance of a poem would not equally disturb.

This observation is correct; the new method is a distinct improvement. It should be adopted, even if there were nothing to be considered but appearances.

But it is cheaper, and so much cheaper that the saving, after all, must be looked upon as the chief consideration. Experiment shows that a compositor whose capacity at careful work is five thousand ems a day by the old method can set in the same time, by the new method, seven thousand ems. The immense significance of this fact is not to be comprehended in a moment. It really means a daily addition to the world's productive power of the labor of two hundred thousand people. Supposing that in the entire world there are six hundred thousand people engaged in type-setting (and I think it a conservative estimate), the amount of work which they now perform can be performed, by the new method, by a little more than four hundred thousand people. From this, one of two things would result: either the remaining two hundred thousand would engage in other pursuits and add to the world's wealth in that way, or else, the price of printing falling, the demand for it would so increase as to keep the entire six hundred thousand at work, thus increasing the world's literary product by nearly fifty per cent. The prices of books and periodicals would fall to a very low figure, and the opportunities for education would be vastly increased.

The adoption of this method of composition is scarcely second in importance to the invention of the type-setting machine. And the method is not only important in itself, but it is important because, if the people are willing to accept it, it will enable them to get the benefit of the type-setting machine without paying the inventor a monopoly price for it. If the machine effects a saving of fifty per cent. in comparison with ordinary hand-composition, the inventor, while his patent runs, will allow five per cent. to the people and keep forty-five per cent. for himself. But if the people are in a position to say to the inventor that, instead of accepting his five per cent., they can save thirty per cent. by adopting the new method, he will immediately offer them thirty-five per cent., keeping only fifteen per cent. for himself. Such is the benefit to the consumer.

But, unlike other labor-saving devices, the new method, under the circumstances, is a blessing, not only to the consumer, but to the producer as well. At the present time the introduction of machines into the newspaper offices is throwing hundreds of printers out of employment, and the discharged men are flocking to the book offices in search of work. The high prices charged for the machines by the manufacturers, coupled with the grip of the press associations upon the business of supplying news, make it almost impossible for newspapers to be established and re-employ the discharged compositors. But here steps in the new method. Being available for book-work, while the machines are not, and requiring no capital for its adoption, while the machines necessitate a large investment, it can be promptly introduced; and the consequent demand for books which will immediately spring up will provide employment for those whom the machines throw out.

Again, the new method is a saving in that it simplifies the work of composition, and thus enables unskilled labor to take the place of skilled, which in turn, devoting itself to other ends, will thus still further add to the world's wealth.

Objections: there are none, except the danger that the postmaster-general may adjudge the innovation rank heresy and decide that periodicals adopting it shall be excluded from the mails. The State has done stranger things.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.
Liberty.

Volume 23

Issued Fortnightly at Two Dollars a Year; Single Copies, Eight Cents.

J. H. HARRIS, Editor and Publisher.


Sold At All Second Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., MARCH 21, 1864.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles which are not tolerated, and the long silence of old time deacons, show that the editor approves, or at least endorses, the conduct of the statutes of the constitution, the end of the majority, the defeat of the polluters, the agitation of the public, the causes of the department, all those who are in opposition to us, while unifying the power which maintains Rent, Interest, and Profit, are, which are much more than disagreeable merely, are indeed deadly.

We shall all have to learn to let each other alone, to give to all free to do anything, except, note especially, not except what we do like, but except what interferes with our own liberty, and even that we must relinquish at times when it would interfere with somebody else's.

That is to say, anybody can do anything, where their doings interfere with each other they must come to some compromise.

Just what in each case it is impossible to say in advance, although the progress of knowledge may enable us some day to determine.

But just as in meeting on a narrow path either will step off to let the other pass, if indeed both can and will, that method of the end to be attained by walking about their business is more easily attained by stepping off and walking on than by stopping to fight about it, so, the principle of as much liberty as possible once recognized, minor difficulties will solve themselves.

In that day the drunkard will get drunk, though his unfortunate wife will be able to leave him if she wants to; the total abater will totally abstain; but neither will waste his efforts trying to drown the other in a wrestle, and both will gain from this absence of taxes and restriction of that economic stress which makes drunkards and perhaps total abstainers too.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

The Bill for Justice: Who Should Pay It?

My friend Mr. Durrow has an article in favor of free justice in the February number of the "American Journal of Politics." The truth is that there never can be any justice except that which is free. The moment that justice must be paid for by the victim of injustice it becomes itself injustice. But it also becomes injustice the moment that it is paid for by any one else, except the door of the injustice. The cost of justice can be justly paid only by the invader.

In cases where he cannot be made to pay, injustice is a necessity. How the consequent burden shall be borne is a matter for agreement solely. If B and C agree that, whenever either is wronged by A, they will bear equally the cost of attempting to force A right to the wrong in case the attempt fails, why, well and good! But, unless B and C do so agree, it is unjust for either of them, when wronged by A, to impose any part of the burden on the other. The question of the burden of justice can be settled only by the abolition of compulsory taxation. When associations for the administration of justice are voluntary and supported entirely by voluntary contributions (except so far as they are supported by the compulsory contributions of the criminals), free administration of justice will be adopted if it is found to be expedient; but so will free cats, free schools, and free grocers, if these, under liberty, are found to be expedient.

In a condition like Anarchy free schools may be as good as free administration of justice; in a condition of Archy free administration of justice is certainly as indefensible as free education. In the latter case it is compulsory cooperation for defense, to which all Anarchists must object.

Whether each shall pay for what he gets, or whether each shall help himself out of the heap, as the Kropotkinians say, is a question of expediency, provided all is voluntary. Generally speaking, the specific plan is better than the general scheme, but there are exceptions to the rule.

The administration of justice may or may not be one of them. One thing, however, is sure,—that in all cases the effort should be to impose all the cost of repairing the wrong upon the doer of the wrong. This alone is real justice, and of course such justice is necessarily free.

The Taxation Superstition.

There is, it seems, among ordinary governmentalists a large diversity of opinion as to the extent of taxation. There are some, I think I may safely say, who believe that all method of relieving the pressure of their wealth as an absolute principle,—that any extortion by the government, to whatever extent it may be carried, so long as it is labeled "tax" and collected by the people's rulers, is perfectly just and proper. On the other hand, there is a constantly growing contingent who believe that beyond certain prescribed and tacitly agreed limits all money collected by the government and called taxes is virtually stolen. This latter class form the basis of a hope for the coming of a time when a much larger number of people than at present will believe that it is robbery.

To this taxation-limited class most probably belongs the San Francisco "Wave," which has this to say of the proposition of the almost bankrupt condition of the treasury of the city of San Francisco: "The people who pay taxes do not like to be robbed by such devices [extra levies to meet deficits]. They prefer highway robbery to having their pockets adroitly picked."

These words, taken for what they seem to mean, would indicate that, in the mind of this writer at least, the light is beginning to break, and that authoritarianism is on the decline on the Pacific coast. But that this is a fallacy is shown distinctly when the "Wave" renders its proposition in other words" "They [the people] object to a lot of politicians promising to carry on the city government for a certain sum and then, when they get into office, carry it on for more than that sum." Now, the "Wave" is a newspaper that is edited with but little brains, though with some degree of vivacity and originality (of which, however, the foregoing quotations are not adduced as evidence), and not much is to be expected from it. It can readily discern that, on the part of
LIBERTY. 223

the politicians, there has been the non-fulfillment of contract, and this wonderful propinquity is to be commended. I suppose, because there are some people, utterly brainless who are unable to perceive even this delinquency of the politicians.

If these "public servants" had kept their expenditures within the limits of the amount raised by the supervisors, there would probably have been no complaint made by the dole victims who yield up a portion of their possessions each year to the brigand disguised with and dignified by the appellation of "government." It is the "extras" to which the victims object. If any amount not too far in excess of the last previous assessment is demanded as the original levy, the tariff-for-rent-only debt, cheerfully hand over their cash, but if there is any after-consideration, any "deficit," they protest against the "robbery." Their logic permits them to receivare in the theft of $5, but, if fifty cents more is demanded later, they protest against "having their pockets admiralty picked!" What sort of a covering must a man's mind have that can see no invasion in an act which takes him $5, but immediately sees that his pockets have been picked if $5.50 have been taken instead? Are not the services of the soul-killer sorely needed?

 awkward Questions for Purists.

Says my orthodox friend: "In this country people have liberty to do right, and that is all the liberty they need." Well, let us see.

Some Prohibitionist, is it right to refuse to pay men for acting as drummers for the beer trade in Spanish America? And have you that liberty?

Good Sabbath-keeper, is it right to abstain from helping to hire men to carry the mail on Sunday? And have you that liberty?

Honest resident of a great American city, is it right to withhold your contribution from a collection to pay a whisky-soaked jailer five or ten thousand dollars as a reward for stealing an election? And have you that liberty?

Mr. John T. Bigbottom.

An Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

Those who are at all familiar with the Single-Tax movement know that it has been much helped by the Single Tax Letter-Writing Corps. The organization of this body is very simple. A number of persons have pledged themselves to write at least one letter a week, in advocacy of the single tax, to such addresses as may be given by the secretary. The secretary (who, in fact, is the only officer) publishes every week in the leading Single Tax organ a list of targets,"—names of papers, or of men of national or local influence, who are to receive letters. With each name is usually a statement of the position taken by the man or paper, or a pertinent quotation from some recent public utterance made by him or it, which reference may be made in letters. At first the writers allowed their choice between several targets; now they are divided into sections, and each section is given a special target.

The effect of this is to bring the single tax emphatically before the minds of several important people every week. When a man sees that his words, or something that has been published about his reputation, have moved half a dozen people at a time to write to him applauding, condemning, or correcting his ideas, then he is likely to give the the Single Tax a some solid thought, with the idea that half a dozen independent presentations of the same theme can give him; and he will probably thereafter think of the movement with respect at least, having, so to speak, felt it power a little. Besides, a paper receiving several letters on one subject will usually publish one or more. I have spoken of half a dozen letters; of course, the effect is increased when there are two or three.

I believe that the Anarchist movement could be greatly helped by such a body. In correcting misapprehensions, which is one part of the field of the corps, no movement has more to do. I do not think that men generally are so unwilling to listen to Anarchistic argument, when addressed to them personally, as is commonly believed. Neither do I think papers are so uniformly unwilling to publish Anarchist letters. I have written two letters to the New York "Morning Advertiser" lately; the second was published. A few days later appeared an editorial, apparently suggested by my letter, saying that the Anarchist idea was not without force. I thought it absurd to forget that it was simply the logical carrying out of the Jeffersonian doctrine, and that, when men are exonerated for bomb-throwing, pains must be taken to have it understood that they are not exonerated as Anarchists. If this can be done with a daily paper, there is no telling what might be done in other fields.

I propose that we organize such a corps. I will act as temporary secretary for the first two or three months: then Mr. Tucker shall appoint a permanent one. I will enroll as members all who send me their names, understanding that in so doing they pledge themselves to write, if possible, at least one letter every fortnight, on Anarchistic or kindred subjects, to the targets assigned. The lists of targets will be published in Liberty. There are, of course, no dues, and no subscription to a creed will be required. We cannot stop to ask whether you are our kind of Anarchist, or even whether you are an Anarchist at all. Suppose that, I, a Christian, a Prohibitionist, and a Single Taxer, am as great a heretic as any one who is likely to join; yet I can write letters which Mr. Tucker says are good.

The points on which we dispute among ourselves, though they may be of fundamental importance, need not always come up in writing to the Philistines. Neither will membership bind you to support, in your letters, Liberty's position on all points or on any. We are glad to be opposed rather than to be disregarded.

I will divide the corps into sections, if there are names enough, as I hope there will be.

If members or friends of the corps protest against any part of the above scheme, it can probably be made forward here, because that seems to be the shortest way of getting the thing started. The corps will always be glad of the help of unpledged letter-writers; but I ask as many as possible to enroll themselves, that we may know on what we have to depend. Don't draw back on account of bashfulness; the cause cannot spare any workers on that ground. If you think you cannot write, steal ideas from back numbers of Liberty; it's not copyrighted.

Finally, and important. All, both members and friends, are urged to write to the secretary targets as often as possible. Send addresses of papers, or of men who can influence others, if the men are open-minded, if the papers are fair and generous in publishing letters, or if the papers or men — open-minded or not — have been talking about Anarchism or pertinent topics.

Send clippings or copies of papers when possible. Don't neglect sending any because the matter is so notorious that you think of course I will know it; I don't know half the things that people expect me to know. The secretary will always be glad to hear of any result resulting from the work of the corps.

My address is Eddytown, Yates Co., N. Y.

STEPHEN T. BIGBOTTOM.

A Calumny Extinguished.

If there are to be any honorary members of the Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps, I hasten to put my name in the list; for, although I must write and work so much for Liberty that I cannot engage to write regularly elsewhere, I recently sent a stray shot which resulted in a victory so signal that I think it worthy of recognition.

Mr. Jno. Gilmer Speed, a contributor to the "Outlook" (formerly the "Christian Union"), had asserted in that journal that there were no American Anarchists. A later issue contained a reply by Voltairine de Cleyre showing beyond dispute that America had produced its fair share of the Anarchistic crop. Mr. Speed rejoined, in a very apologetic manner, that it was true that there are in America some "theoretical Anarchists" of native origin, they are a pack of cowards who may be left out of the account, the only Anarchists of consequence being the bomb-throwers, all of whom are foreigners. It seemed to me that this charge of cowardice was one eminently worthy of proof, and so I called for it in the following letter, which appeared in the "Outlook" of February 17:

To the Editor of the Outlook:

I am a believer in the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with law. I am opposed to every form of coercion of the non-invasive individual. That is to say, I am an Anarchist — what your contributor, Mr. Jno. Gilmer Speed, would call a "theoretical Anarchist." This being my belief, if I were to throw a bomb at those who coerce the non-invasive individual, Mr. Speed would say that I was either a madman or a criminal. But, as I refrain from throwing bombs (my reason for refraining being that in my judgment liberty cannot be achieved by bomb-throwing, but can be achieved only by education in political science), Mr. Speed tells your readers that I am a coward. "Harmless from lack of courage" is the descriptive phrase he applies to those who think and act as I do. I desire to ask Mr. Speed upon what he founded his charge. Is there anything in the position that it is a political error to throw bombs that necessarily implies cowardice? If not, then Mr. Speed must have personal knowledge concerning the individual characters of myself and my comrades that enables him to call us cowards. I ask him, in all fairness, to tell me what knowledge he has upon which he bases his description.

BENJAMIN TUCKER.

I do not know why the editors of the "Outlook," who had not theretofore been among the disputants, took occasion to append an answer to this letter, instead of waiting for one from Mr. Speed; but that they did so has aroused in me a suspicion that Mr. Speed is not merely a contributor to the "Outlook," but one of the.
editors as well, and that, not caring to "acknowledge the corn" over his personal signature, he sought shelter for his shame, in the irresponsible democratic fashion, behind the collectivity of the editorial corps. However this may be, I had called him down, and down somebody came in the following precipitate manner:

It seems, then, that Anarchists may be divided into two classes: the theoretical Anarchists, like Vailiant, and the articles on which we may call Quarterly Anarchists,—the latter believing in removing all coercion from the non-invasive individual, but not believing in forcible revolution to bring about this. The latter kind of Anarchist may safely be admitted to the charge of cowardice at least. But how long would their "non-invasive individual" remain non-invasive after the restraint of law was removed?—The Enquirer.

It will be seen that, as a consequence of my letter, the "theoretical Anarchists" no longer stand branded in the columns of the "Outlook" as insignificant persons, but are recognized by the editors as rational beings to whom argument may with propriety be addressed. It is upon the accomplishment of this change of front that I base my claim for one of the earliest of the decorations which Secretary Byington may, in his wisdom, see fit to bestow as awards of merit. Whether I get it or not, I accept the "Outlook's" challenge to battle on a new field. Although the editors, in renewing their attack, substitute argument for abuse, they begin their warfare of reason by asking me a most unreasonable question. To ask me how long the non-invasive individual would remain non-invasive after the restraint of law was removed is equivalent to asking me how long the non-invasive individual would remain non-invasive after the coercion of invasive individuals was abandoned. To which I reply that the question can pertinently be put only to those who, not being "theoretical Anarchists," propose to abandon coercion of invasive individuals. Before the "Outlook" can address this question to me, it must lay a foundation for it by getting from me an admission that invasive individuals should not be coerced, a proposition which I not only refuse to admit, but deny, as my letter clearly implies. And all Anarchists deny it with me, for he who believes that the non-invasive, even when strong enough to successfully resist the invasive, should not do so believes in unnecessary submission to invasion,—that is, to government,—and is therefore not an Anarchist, but an Archist. The "Outlook" has jumped from an error of fact, which it has acknowledged, to an error of logic, of which I await its acknowledgment.

The next two issues of Liberty will consist of eight pages each, after which a twelve-page paper will again be issued.

I most heartily endorse the project for an Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps, in which Mr. Byington has taken the initiative. The idea is an excellent one, and, if carried out, will serve the cause admirably in two ways: first, directly, by its influence on the men and journals to whom the letters are to be sent; second, indirectly, by its influence on the letter-writers themselves. As a general thing, one's interest in a movement is greatly stimulated by an opportunity to take an active part in it, by the feeling that he is contributing something to the progress of the idea. This opportunity is given to nearly all the comrades by Mr. Byington's plan. I hope they will not be slow to take advantage of it. Let the pledges of cooperation flow in upon Mr. Byington. No movement has such splendid material as the Anarchist movement for such work as this. I could name, almost without stopping to take breath, fifty men and women in all parts of the country who are admirably fitted to join in it. And the operation of the plan itself will be an excellent Anarchist object-lesson, for it is a perfect exemplification of the Anarchistic method, a striking forecast of what associative effort will be when compulsion has disappeared from the world. Let no one pay the slightest heed to Mr. Byington's intention of resigning the secretarialship a few months hence. Despite his trinity of horten, he will make an ideal secretary and most suggestive leader, and he will stick to his post. I would not put another in his place, even had I the authority to do so; and I have no such authority, any more than he has authority to turn me out of Liberty's editorial chair. The plan is his. I like it, and will help. So will most of us, I am sure. But he must remain the leader. Liberty's columns are at the service of Mr. Byington and the Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

Mr. Byington's heresies do not greatly trouble me. I suppose not much harm will be done in a decade in which to recover from his Single Tax delusion, but I would risk a considerable sum on the prediction that in less than half that time he will be laughing at the recollection that he was once a Christian and a Prohibitionist. He would not be a Christian today, were he not comparatively unfamiliar with the literature of Rationalism; and as for Prohibition, he has virtually abandoned it already. The old Adam of authoritarianism and moralism that is in him fills him with a desire to interfere with the rum-seller, and he seeks an excuse for doing so in the argument—a most absurd one, as I shall soon show—of being compelled to pay taxes for the regulation of the liquor traffic, he is justified in trying to make such regulation take the form of prohibition. But Mr. Byington does not believe in compulsory taxation (barring the Single Tax). Now, when one finds a cause in which he professes to believe on another cause in which he does not believe, it is evident that he is engaged in a painful endeavor to make himself believe that he believes. Mr. Byington has brains, and they will save him.

"Le Révolute," with its issue of March 17, suspends publication for the present. It does this for the reason that to continue publication would be to play into the hands of the police. The new laws passed in France against the freedom of the press are amply adequate for the suppression of the paper whenever the government shall see fit to exercise its power in this particular direction. But at present it seems to be the government's policy to impress editor after editor, but to let the paper live. It does this because the existence of the paper causes a constant communication by mail between its conductors and the comrades all over the world. By interfering and examining this mail the police obtain an immense amount of information that is useful to them in their effort to destroy the revolutionary movement. "Le Révolute" has decided to afford them this opportunity no longer. Pending the time when, it can be published without detriment to the cause, its conductors will devote themselves to pamphletism. The paper will be greatly missed. It was edited with ability, earnestness, and dignity, and was indisputably the Communists' foremost organ.

Gladiolus is quoted as saying that out of eight hundred discourses to which he has listened in parliament but three ever changed his opinion and not one changed his vote. In this admission that three times at least he has voted contrary to his opinion we get a measure of the sincerity of the most successful politician of the age,—most successful in that for the present he has as surely won the world's applause as he deserves its reprobation.

A fresh illustration of the impetus so often given to radical ideas by attempts to violently suppress them was seen some weeks ago in Paris, when the French government, beginning its enforcement of the new laws against the liberty of the press, visited the office of "Le Père Peinard," the most violent of all the revolutionary journals, and confiscated nearly everything on the premises, including the entire issue of an almanac just issued by the journal. This almanac was a particularly frolicious publication, illustrated in a most lurid but yet artistic fashion by some of the best cartoonists in France. What was the result of its seizure? Why, within a very few days "Le Figaro," the best medium of publicity in France, published a special supplement of four large pages, reproducing the greater part of the text and the principal illustrations. The matter included a history of the Communist movement, sketches of the leading members of the party, a review of its literature, an exposition of its principles, and a statement of its methods, scarcely any of which was couched in the abusive language generally employed by the reactionary press, there being little else than the main heading, "The Anarchist Peril," to indicate the hostility of the paper in which it appeared. A few weeks later the New York "Herald" reproduced from "Le Figaro" a considerable portion of this supplement. Of course the act of "Le Figaro" was as clearly illegal as that of "Le Père Peinard," but its publisher well knew that the government's heavy hand would never fall upon him. And so at one stroke, in consequence of the tyranny and partiality of the law and its executors, the ideas of the Communists were placed in a favorable light before a million eyes which otherwise might never have seen them. France, in confiscating this pamphlet, made it its property in a deeper than the usual sense of ownership.

I observe that some one has written a "History of the Philosophy of History." Who now will write "The Philosophy of History of the Philosophy of History"?

"Nations which have committed a first error," writes Francis Magnard in "Le Figaro," "are obliged to aggravate it through re-
spect for the traditions which they have obeyed since the first human agglomerations." Of the truth of this we have a striking confirmation in the course of the United States toward Hawaii. Cleveland was willing to go counter to tradition and repair the wrong that had been done. A stupidly patriotic press and a revengefully jealous congress have answered him that the nation can do no wrong and therefore has none to undo.

Some one has defined marriage as "a social necessity tempered by duty." There need to be much discussion of the question whether it is lawful to strike. Mais on ne sait jamais tout cela, especially in France. Thou there is no just and most moral moment, whether it shall be made unlawful to refrain from striking. M. Guesde, the leader of the French State Socialists, has introduced into the Chamber of Deputies a bill which might be aptly termed an Anti Seabill. It provides that, when in any city a strike is voted in any trade by a majority of the members of the union of that trade, cessation of work shall be compulsory upon all persons working at that trade in that city. Crawl into your holes, all ye Master Workmen and Walking Delegates. In your laziest and most mischievous moments, in your wildest visions of absolutism, never did this master stroke occur to you. You are eclipsed; get off the earth!

It is usage that makes vocabularies, urges E. C. Walker, in a letter to Liberty, as a sufficient reason why the name Anarchism, which usage identifies with the ideas of the revolutionaries, should be abandoned by the believers in equality and private property. A singular argument, surely, to offer to people who, as Mr. Walker must know, deliberately adopted the name Anarchism for the expedient purpose of flying in the face of usage! All rules have their exceptions, and there are instances, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, when one is sure of being understood if he courts misunderstanding. It is eminently true of the case in point. The believers in liberty, in calling themselves Anarchists, virtually address mankind as follows: "You are unanimous in using the word Anarchy as a synonym of chaos and disorder; your usage grows directly out of the fact that your ancestors, in their ignorance of political science, supposed that absence of government was productive of disorder; the lesson of progress, on the contrary, is that disorder decreases as government decreases; therefore we who have learned this lesson inscribe upon our banner the word Anarchy, which etymologically signifies absence of government, as the most striking way of contradicting your horticulture unqualified belief that authority is essential to order. In doing this we respect to be misunderstood; most of you will continue to misunderstand us for a long time to come; but the best and bravest of you (who, for the present, are all that we aim to reach), knowing that no sober and earnest body of men would ever declare themselves the friends of disorder, will be led by this method more quickly than by any other to inquire into and discover the real meaning of our philosophy." I believe that the event has justified the expectation,—that the wisdom of the experience is demonstrated by the result. If Mr. Walker thinks differently, he may pertinently advance the reasons for his view. But surely he makes an utterly pointless criticism when he reminds us that usage governs the meaning of words. Why, this is the very fact that makes our expedient possible. It is the power of usage that gives power and point to its antagonism. Nevertheless it is to be said also that Mr. Walker over-estimates this power of usage. It cannot give the majority a monopoly of the dictionary. The present and imminent minorities are forcing their way into the dictionary every day. Proudhon was a minority of one when he began to use the word Anarchy as expressive of a condition of equal liberty. Today this use of the word receives frank recognition in the Century and Standard dictionaries. When these dictionaries were made (one of them is only just on the market), the Communists were as noisy and numerous as they are now. But they were unable to keep this definition out. Upon what does Mr. Walker base his expectations? Will the word be able later to drive it out? I am afraid that the spirit of panic too easily finds lodgment in Mr. Walker's breast. He is periodically nervous about the name Anarchist. Some years ago he substituted the name Autonomist, and now usage applies that name to that wing of the Communists which is precisely the most violent of all. Sometimes he calls himself an Individualist. But here comes the man who threw the bomb in the Barcelona Opera House and declares to a reporter: "I am an Individualist, and I belong to no Anarchist group but, nevertheless, I come to criticize the unanswerable arguments of that division which, to the almost total exclusion of the other, absorbs the attention of the world? I think not, Mr. Spencer criticized the Anarchism which is championed by ninety-nine of every one hundred who claim the name. Perhaps he deserves censure for this but I am not prepared to admit that he does. Names are very helpful when they are fairly well associated in the minds of the people with the principles they designate, but, when the names are utterly divergent to the ear and apprehension of the hearer from the principles to which they are related in the mind of the speaker, it is time the names were dropped.

E. C. Walker.

The Greater Crime Unjudged.

The prison de Roquette was outlined in the mist, as the dawn bathed church and fortress with equal fervor kissed. The gathered crowds, drawn hither in morbid instinct, checked. When the guillotine's dread form to stirring gun appeared. Masks and fancy costumes intermingling here and there. Of carnivore bare witness as swiftly they throng the square. And ghastly wit and laughter of drum and drumshop broke. While oats amidst their humor in savage response broke.

At length the troops gave token of Vaillant's march to death, and from the surging multitude exhaled not a breath. With perfect coolness and motion at military ascent. A thousand guns are shifted from "carry" to "present." And then a calm more dreadful took possession of such tongue. Only broken by a "madman" whose clothes in tatters hung. With glazed eyes and naked he shouted; "Plit me! For I swear I'm more unlucky today by far than be!" A scream of wild derision from the thoughtless rabble broke. Who to see the law expounded forgot their daily woes? Vaillant's death the law upheld. His crime was great, no doubt. But a greater crime by far provoked that starting oath's shout.

Edward O'Donnell.
The Beauties of Government.

The readers of Liberty are urgently invited to read the following dispatches: "The Smallpox Fever in St. Louis," "The New York Stock Exchange," "The Civil War," and "The World's Fair." They present a wealth of information about current events, and are particularly interesting for their rich detail and vivid description. The sources of this material are extremely reliable, with reports from newspapers and other reputable publications, and are, therefore, very trustworthy.

Hypothetical Purse on the Bench.

[New York Times]

Noah Davis, formerly presiding justice of the general term of the Supreme Court in this department, presided yesterday afternoon over a raffle in St. Mark's Hospital, without much danger, in view of the emptiness of the room, or the possibility of the cash being stolen. The occasion was the formal opening of the new building at 177 Second Avenue. About 400 nice people were present, and at 4 p.m. they thronged the parlor and reception room, which were beautifully decorated with American flags and potted palms. After speeches by Dr. Weber, president of the Board of Managers, and M. M. Rutenauer, chairman of the Building Committee, Judge Davis was called upon.

The guest of the evening rose from his seat at the right of President Weber, behind the flag-draped desk, and made a few happy extemporaneous remarks. To all the old staples, he pressed the new host, which owed so much to him and his noble wife, Hope, and thanked them, and we could not have too many of them.

"You spoke of a deficiency of $15,000," said the judge to Mr. Weber. "You need not worry about that money. An institution so complete and beautiful as this is bound to succeed."

There was great applause at this speech, which ended the ceremony.

After many speeches present the real business of the afternoon was the raffle. It had been gotten up by the St. Mark's Hospital Ladies' Auxiliary Society before last Christmas. There are five hundred members of the society, and each member took twenty-five tickets to sell at $2 each. Nearly all the tickets were sold, the exact amount turned in being $1,372.

The first prize was a sporting embroidered piano cover. The second prize was an oil painting on canvas, the face of a most beautiful young girl. The third prize was a set of photographs of paintings and engravings. An American flag was sewed into the shape of a bag, and the bag itself was in itself a bag, and had a shrunken up hand in it. Mrs. Berg held the bag higher up than Judge Davis's line of vision, and amid breathless silence Judge Davis thrust his hand in and drew out a curl.

Number 190, he announced. Number 190 proved to be Miss Nina Loeb, and she got the piano cover. In the same manner the Judge drew out for second prize number 414, and for third prize number 542. The oil painting, therefore, went to Mrs. Weber's mother, Mrs. Treusch, and the photograph album to M. Isidor.

Lotteries are prohibited by the constitution of the State, and the non-winning chances are reimbursable by a maximum of two years' imprisonment and $1,000 fine. Judicial decisions have been obtained that church-fair raffles are lotteries. Before Noah Davis's great-grandfather was drawn, and he signed an appeal to the public against the gambling evil. The appeal was gotten up not long ago and reads in part:

"It is evident that the time has come when the friends of law, order, and public morality throughout the Union should band themselves together for an organized resistance to the spread of the gambling evil. An increasing number of families are at hand to prove to the public that this evil has been rapidly increasing in the country in recent years, and that it has already reached a magnitude hardly conceivable to those who have not investigated the subject. . . . There are many forms of the gambling evil on which we might dwell, such as policy gambling, widely extended and a special care to the poor in many of our large cities; butcher-shop gambling, a specially dangerous and formidable phase of the evil, because carried on in apparent conformity with the laws, and the principle, according to which the money is transferred, that of 'the money that makes the money that makes the money.' . . .

"We had barely frozen out the black-marking policy man when we were served with a summons from the corporation attorney to appear before Justice Glancy in the Second District as a witness for a violation of the sidewalk ordinance. We were astounded, knowing that our merchandise had not been placed upon the sidewalk except while in transit from truck to store. However, I appeared in court as directed, but only to find that certain complications had occurred, and that the corporation attorney of Hanneman at that time deliberately offered to discontinue the proceedings if I would consent to pay $2.50 by way of costs. It is unnecessary for me to state that I was not agreed to begin a proceeding, and I decided it on the most approved Hanneman plan.

"The proceedings were singular in the extreme. A policeman was placed on the stand, who swore that on a particular case numerous packages on the sidewalk in front of our offices. Passing five hours later, he again saw a few packages near the curb. Upon cross-examination he admitted his inability to swear that the packages first seen were those last noticed. Neither could he say that the grocer belonged to us among the forty occupants of the premises. To my surprise Justice Clancy promptly fined me $10. I protested and insisted upon testifying. The privilege was granted with but little, and to my utter astonishment, the result was that Justice Clancy increased the fine to $10.

"The corporation attorney and the police witness made another attempt to get the cases, and I made the incident public so that the offenses of blackmail may also get a little satisfaction out of it."

Corporation Attorney Hanneman, when I asked yesterday for a record of his work, gave the following figures for the last year: 23,710 summonses issued, 7,000 cases called in court, 27 cases judgments, 7,000 money collected on judgments, $4,000. And many of the 7,000 cases called in court were actually tried I think.

"Well," replied the corporation attorney, hesitatingly, "only a small part, you know, but the proceeding was always ready for trial; remember that.

"Of the 7,000 judgments secured, how many were on default I fear?"

"All of them. No, no—I take that back!" hastily corrected the official. "I should say a half — no—a third!"

According to the corporation attorney's own figures, drawn from a friendly memory, his actual trials for a year will not exceed 450 in number, while a multitude of notations, recorded as "reported," have been set down out of court in various ways not explained.

[New York Times]

Superintendent Byrnes appeared yesterday morning in the Tombs Police Court against three policemen, who are charged with extorting money from Hebrew peddlers in Hester and Ludlow streets. Superintendent Byrnes will not say who came to him with the complaints. It is not likely that the peddlers who appeared in the complaints were the original movers in the matter. They were committed to the House of Detention on the advice of Superintendent Byrnes.

Kevin was the first man arraigned yesterday. Two affidavits were presented against him, one made by Moritz Schickman, of 18 Ludlow street, and one by Joseph Goldstein, of 85 Ludlow street. Schickman said that the peddler did old business from a push cart at Hester and Orchard streets. From October 6 to November 4, except on Jewish holidays, he said he paid $1 every Friday to Joseph Goldstein, to be paid over to him by Policeman Kenny. Goldstein had come to him with what he said was a collection for Kenny, and said that Schickman would have to pay a dollar a week for the privilege of doing business.

Goldstein, who is 71 years old, said he had no report a cart at Hester and Orchard streets. He was paid over to him, he said, and asked him to collect money from the other peddlers, the alternative being a payment of $2 a week for being allowed to run his own stand. It was arranged, Goldstein said, that he would collect from 50 cents to $1 from each curtomer. Hester actor according to the location of the different stands. He made the rounds each Friday, closely followed by the officer. In the past few payings, it was all right, if not, Goldstein told Kenny and the officer to the peddler to...
move law. If, however, the peddler came to call later on, he was allowed to stay at the old store. As usual.

After the weekly collections, Goldstein, he usually met Kenny in a doorway and paid over the lump sum. He would get $2 or $3 as commission. Kenny named him collector, he said, because Kenny thought Roginsky had used him for that purpose, as had other policemen on that beat.

Israel Roginsky, Wolf Levy, Mary Kallinsky, and Ike Most, Goldstein said, had also acted as collectors for most similar policemen.

Kenny, when arraigned, said he was 42 years old and had been ten years on the force.

"What is your occupation?" said Justice Taintor.


Justice Taintor looked at him quizzically.

"Police officer." Kenny then said.

Kenny's lawyer moved that the case be dismissed for lack of evidence. Justice Taintor held Kenny in $1,500 bail, which was given.

The affidavit in the cases of Policeman Larkia and Roundsman Downs were made by Hyman Goldberg, of 188 Clinton street, who said he paid $1 a week to each, and by Israel Roginsky, who said he was collector for both.

Goldberg had a push cart in Heather street, and from October 6 to November 4, he says, paid $1 a week to Roginsky for Larkia, and from December 18 to January 5 paid a like sum weekly to Roginsky for Downs. Roginsky declares that J. Irkin told him he would have to act as collector or pay $2 a week himself.

He was stationed on the northeast corner of Norfolk and Heather streets. He seemed to have done a little business in books, for, instead of collecting twenty-five or fifty cents a week, as he was instructed to do, he in at least one case collected $1 a week. His weekly collections, he says, amounted to $35 or $40, and his commissions to $3 or $5.

About the middle of December Larkia was transferred from Delancey street to the Union Market station, and then Roginsky, according to that worthy's affidavit, began collecting for Roundsman Downs, for whom he made collections on the same basis.

Counsel moved that this complaint also be dismissed as unsubstantiated, but the motion was denied, and both gave $1,000 each.

Subsequent Byrnes says that the complainants are Russian Jews of the most ignorant type, and that it was with great difficulty that he could sift matters.

When he had learned who the alleged collectors were, he had them brought before him, and after a while they told him the stories presented in their affidavits.

The backslayers themselves, when summoned before the superintendent, were scared. They had an idea that they were going to be let off for life. Th. finally said that they had paid over the money to their brethren, as they understood, for the police. "We couldn't do business unless we did," they said.

A little man with a sad face, a thin suit of clothes, a skull-cap, and a weak voice stood near the east end of the Madison Street bridge holding out a bundle of shoestrings toward the passers by. A policeman came along, one of the large, two-breasted kind.

"Got a license?" he asked.

The man with the shoestrings unbuckled his coat with the left hand and showed the badge which was attached to his hat. In the meantime he looked up at the policeman. His expression was one of awe.

"Give me a pair," said the policeman, pulling out two strings from the bundle.

"You don't owe me," said the man who represented the dignity and majesty of the law.

"All right, sir," said the shoestring man, his voice weakened more than ever.

The policeman rolled up the four strings, buried them in his pocket, and went on.

"Him pay you?" asked a man standing near.

"Him pay me!" said the man with the shoestrings.

"That's shoestrings," I guess not. What makes me sure is that he doesn't belong on this beat at all. I never saw him before.

"What didn't you make him pay you?"

"What! I would have tipped me off to some other cop, and I'd got the run. If they want anything, you've got to give it to them."

[On another page John Beverley Robinson asks the question: "What is it to protect?"

His question is well answered in the foregoing paragraphs. According to usage (which decides the matter, K. Walker tells us), to protect is to levy tribute, whether at the custom-house or at the station-house. And yet there are people who wonder what we should do without a government, and who believe that the disappearance of the policemen would mean chaos come again."

A BIOLOGICAL PROBLEM SETTLED.

Montpelier, Vt., March 1.—The Caswell divorce case has been dismissed. Caswell married his wife in jail, where he was under sentence of life imprisonment for murder. The case was tried to the Supreme Court on the ground that a marriage could not be valid when the defendant was legally dead. The Court says he was legally dead when the ceremony was performed. There has been a change in the conditions since his sentence was reduced, and the couple must take the consequences.

[The scientists need no longer hunt for the origin of life. It has been found in the pardoning power of the governor of Vermont.]

AN EXTRA-LEGAL PENALTY.

New York Sun, William Eamsby, a 43-year-old, of 306 South Fourth street, Williamsburg, was sentenced in the Ewing street police court yesterday by Justice Watson to three days in jail for disorderly conduct. An elder brother asked the Justice to remit the sentence. He said that he was the head of the house, and had the care of the prisoner, too.

"What he needs is a good thrashing," said the Justice.

"I know that, Judge," replied Eamsby. "Well, I'll let him go if you will see that he gets it.

"I will, your Honor."

"Don't send me any little-whipping, but just lick him so that he will remember it. You'll give it to him now, will you?"

"Will I? Just watch me," Eamsby said. Then he turned and without any ado, zapped his right hand and struck his brother a terrific blow on the right side of the face.

The boy staggered back and fell on his face in front of the bench. He was on his feet in a twinkling and ran out of the court room, mildly reproving the elder Eamsby for his act, and told him that he should have waited until he got his brother outside.

"But, added the Justice, 'that isn't a bad beginning. You'd better wait, though, till you get home before finishing it.'"

[What business has a judge to virtually reinstate the whipping-post by remitting the legal penalty in order to induce another to lay on the lash which he, the judge, is not allowed to wield?]

THE STATES ALWAYS STICKS TO THE GOOD OLD WAY.

New York Sun, Washington, March 17.—While the experimental trial of the pneumatic tube as the most modern method for the transmission of the mails has proved a success, there is no likelihood that it will be adopted by the Post Office Department and put into general use for a long time.

Such an innovation would not only be expensive to the government, but, in order to perfect the system, much time and labor must necessarily be consumed in the surveying of the routes and laying of the tubes in the few large cities where the postal service would be most useful, although the experiment in Philadelphia has proved a success.

[The government postal service is a monopoly, and monopolies are always slow to adopt improvements. Under Anarchy competition would force the prompt utilization of the pneumatic tube.]

NEXT THE STAR CHAMBER.

New York Sun, Paris, March 12.—The Chamber of Deputies voted on Tuesday a bill forbidding the publication in Paris of reports of Anarchist trials. The members of the bill argued that the notoriety given to men like Ravachol and Valliant by publication of the cases was the most powerful incentive to other Anarchists to commit horrible crimes. The proposal for urgency was most strenuously opposed by the Socialist Deputies. It was approved by a vote of 358 to 393.

The Municipal Council passed a protest today against the arbitrary power conferred on the police in the Anarchist hunt of the last month. The protest said that all principles of civil liberty were violated by the indiscriminate house searches and arrests now in progress. The protest was passed by a vote of 44 to 39.

THE PENALTY OF APPEAL.

New York Sun.

An old law of Paris forbids kissing in public places. A cabman who saw his wife only once a week gave her his weekly kiss in front of a restaurant the other day. Both were arrested. The cabman was fined $3. He gallantly paid the fine, remarking that the kiss was worth it.

[Has it come to this, then, that a man may not do what he likes with his own? Now, if this cabman had bitten his wife instead of kissing her, he probably would not have been punished. Under Anarchist kissing will be legitimate, provided there is no objection on the part of the kisser.]

HOW POLICEMEN ACT WHEN MOVED BY SYMPATHY.

From there the crowd of strikers at Paterson, N. J., went to Bankford Brothers' mill and, ranging themselves in double column along Rip Van Winkle avenue, moved to the mill gate, where a large group of weavers and warpers came to meet them from their work. The police, however, had decided this time to act vigorously. The twelve policemen who stood guard in front of this mill, and who had been placed there before it knew what was going to happen, would "serenade" the三千 union workmen employed there, were reinforced by a squad of thirty-five men under command of Capt. Bimson. The Captain divided his men into two columns, ordered them to draw their clubs, and then cried "Charge!" The bluecoats started for, with a bound. Nearly every one of them was in sympathy with the strikers and had no much relish for their task. But with a club in his hand and the crowd charging, nothing could be less enthusiastic and filed with a desire to club. The strikers fell back, thinking that the police were only trying to frighten them. When, however, they saw that double line getting dangerously near, they, too, turned into a run and fled up the street. A big crowd, however, cannot move very fast, and before those who were in the rear could get out of the way the police were upon them. Then followed some tall cussing. The policemen struck right and left with all their force, knocking down nearly thirty men. The wonder is that no skulls were broken.

One of the bluecoat squads took a portion of the mob and numbering about a thousand, against a long picket fence that barred a field west of the mill. The fence gave way under the pressure, and hundreds of people fell to the ground. The police now had the occasion of their lives to greatest zest and delight they clubbed in the struggle heap, wheeling an arm here, a leg here, now a head, and now a back. The crowd was thoroughly frightened. Those who had fallen scrambled to their feet as quickly as they could, and cut across the field for dear life. In a few minutes the policemen were alone upon the street, victorious. They did act the trouble, however, to arrest twenty-two of the strikers. It is undoubtedly proper to present strikers from intimidating "scabs." Nevertheless no lover of humanity can do else than praise the Pateron authorities for entrusting a duty to policemen who were in sympathy with the strikers. One wonders what would have happened if policemen without bowels had been selected for the task.]
French Opinion of Vaillant and His Act. 

Liberty continues its extracts from the Paris press relating to the act of Vaillant. In "Le Journal" of January 12 Maurice Barrès, one of the foremost of the younger literary men and recently a member of the Chamber of Deputies, wrote as follows: 

I do not share Vaillant's conviction that for an idea one has the right to strike. I have a theory, he says, and it is this: which gives importance to any act. 

It seems to me to fall into an error very frequent in our day, namely, that the bestargue is the true one. 

M. Barrès believes in the importance of theories. He talks of truth, and the magistrate, he too, condemns him in the name of truth. Singular personages, these! I refer to M. Vaillant and M. Barrès. 

Nevertheless, he who died for truth, compels our admiration. It is unreasonable, it is as unphilosophical as possible, but it is very beautiful. I can understand that Vaillant should have been tempted to give his life for his idea. Yes, with great difficulty I can arrive at a conception of martyrdom. To give one's life for one's idea is absurd, but at least it is not without character. 

But it comes to imposing martyrdom upon others, to blowing up living creatures, oh! that is always unreasonable, and, moreover, it is to dispose of that which does not belong to you. 

Is the patriotic idea of the Anarchists to blow up everything? Not at all. 

Two years ago I had a conversation with some of them, and they were very reasonable. 

"Yes," I said to them, "certain of your deceptions are simple. They are not true, but they are at least very clear, very evident. 

Why, you want to blow up Paris." 

"Because, you know, that's what a revolution is."

We might be, to be sure, destroy some of the working people's quarters, because they are so filthy; but the Champs-Élysées, the Place Monceau? Why, it would be sheer waste! Oh, of course, I say, in 1871,..."

I can't have them, you shall not have them either. 

But that is not a system; it is an illusion of ill humor, on the eve of being shot. Apart from a few monuments that symbolism ideas to be denied, such as Notre Dame and the Arc de Triomphe, that the Government, that the Chamber, the state of the Head, the State, our programme contradicts any acts of incitement."

It is a "right" that the Parliament inspires very little sympathy among the people. When it was learned that a bomb had been exploded within its walls, there was a disposition to chuckle, as soon as the first shock was over. It is due to the fact that, on the whole, the deputies are despised, and rightly. Two-thirds of them are despicable; I speak of what I know. 

We have spoken above, with severity, of Vaillant's philosophy. It is characteristic of a half cultivated man, I said, to lend enough importance to theories to wish to realize them by acts that are certain to bring misfortunes in their train. But then, at all periods it is the same thing. 

Docteur Vaillant is associated with the blood of Henri IV and Henri III which differed extremely from other doctrines in the name of which Charles I and Louis XVI were killed, and the doctrines of Vaillant and Barachel are of a quite varied kind. 

There have been terrorists at epochs and in the service of the most diverse theories. An Anarchist is not necessarily a terrorist. There are not as many anarchists and—shall I dare to say it?—there is something of the terrorist even in the mildest man. We see the terrorist in those somewhat irresponsible citizens who proclaim revolution as a means of justice. 

"We must entrust the military commissions the duty of judging those who profess Anarchistic doctrines." And myself, who regret terrorism in the service of whatever cause it may appear: I, who have no sympathy with General Garibaldi who assassinated Millière but with Vaillant. 

who dynamites, — should I be sure, opportunity offering, of resisting the temptation which all men feel to do justice themselves? If, by an impossibility, some one should just see fit to strike fifty deputies of your choice, and they shall be shot with in twenty-four hours, should I have the energy to put away the pen? (Observe that I say a list of fifty, not to speak too small a sum drawn up, I should perceive as usual that my memory had failed me.)

Perhaps they will guillotine Vaillant. It will be one of the most amusing of human inferences. 

And, as we all take part in these inferences, which seem necessary conditions of the existing social order, I do not elaborate them. 

But, though the human sense is still at a low stage of development in men, and, consequently, the time before the end of the nineteenth century, consequently it is to the historic sense that I address myself, and I beg the reader to fully realize the fact that Vaillant is neither better nor worse than a heap of people who have their statues in our public squares. 

But, I ask, what, then, is the course of wisdom? A great philosopher answers: "To wait." 

Confused as we are, the philosophers think and wait: among those who are not philosophers, some deny the problem and pretend that it is necessary to maintain the existing state of affairs, because that is the only means of finding out how to make it by competition, and that is too simple and too apparent. It is useless to say that each is ready and ready for the others: the innovators (listen to Vaillant) oppose to the conservatives evident minorities, a remedy for which is necessarily arbitrary, and the conservatives (listen to the ministers) have no difficulty in demonstrating to the innovators that with their system there would be no more society. 

But, where is the merit in those who inquire? I would avoid scandalous remarks, but from the philosophical standpoint Vaillant is more interesting than the policeman who arrested him (although, with a very accurate sense of history, we have given the latter a hundred francs). 

In "L'Écho de Paris" of February 3 Caliban (Émile Berger) writes under the heading, "Too Late, Perhaps." 

In the philosophical family of perplexities do you know an uncertainty more distressing than that in which I find myself this February morning? February 2, 1931, at ten o'clock, with pen in hand before my copy-paper, after examining my morning mail? For I must tell you that to me, as to all my fellow-journalists, this mail brings but one cry: "Use your pen to say the truth, head of all that I am not afraid of anybody." This appeal sums up all the letters received and lying open here upon my table. Upon this twice fortunate circumstance of the failure to kill only all the grain persons in the influence of press, alas! over the potestates of established powers. 

And really, with a good heart, for my humble part, would I harness my Caliban to the task, for it remains underestimating the power of censure by chance or otherwise, has not killed. The popular conscience, where oftentimes emanates more legality than from the law itself, with an infallible sense of equity, besides, is not wrong in arguing from circumstance and in producing therefrom "the excuse of good people." 

Since there are still noisy moralists to be found who maintain that a crime which has succeeded (in politics, understands) is not a crime, and who cite as proofs that the triumphant act or the Second of December, perhaps it would be worthy of a Republic, honestly human, to recognize that all the more then does the crime disappear when the attempt fails. At least it is of interest to the injuring society, for applying that law of vengeance which the guillotine sanctions. Good people have a very strong feeling, even though they cannot express it, that to kill a man who less kills for one reason or another, even by accident, is to be more loyal than the law. They have learned, in fact, from history and notably from the "fortunate" events whose Napoleonic dates I have been able to consult for more than skill the game of institutions. 

It would seem that at the presidential palace, in the presidential family, there might be an inclination to materia. One could think that L. Macao, holding in his hand a truc, his cellular attitude,
humanity found me wanting in the spirit that prompted me to say: "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." Now, without even attempting to show the purely political character of Valliant's crime, and without reminding the triumphant personages who condemn him to disappear, that every day they pass the charred ruins of the Court of Accounts, on their way to their curule chairs in the Chamber, I join absolutely in the impartial judgment which gives the answer to the term of the poor quality of his bomb, "a people send off to Nommia, and not to the Place de Grève. And the best proof that the people are right is the probability that, either through some five day of amnesty or through the effecting of a lucky escape, I am better off, and the man would come back from Nommia to be in his turn a deputy, like the others.

Evoa Françoise Coppée, Bonapartist, poet, and member of the Académie, could not avoid gloomy forebodings as to the result of Valliant's execution. In "Le Journal" of February 8 he wrote as follows: "I have just been, not dangerously, but very painfully sick for some days, and am still, to use the popular phrase, a little under the weather. However, my illness is now past counting, and I might say with Voltaire: "I was born to die." I do not thus take my readers into my confidence in order to gain their pity. Destiny has been so kind to me in so many respects that I think it only fair to pay my tributes to the grace of my life. Besides, one gets accustomed to it, and for my part I am resigned. In childhood and in youth I was sickly. Morality finds me still a valetudinarian. Without attachments, I am free to say that belongs to me, I accept in advance, if God will grant it, an ailing old age.

Is it my convalescent state that renders me today more impressive than usual? Be that as it may, sitting in my armchair in front of the fire, with my cup of tea in my breast, I am able to read the account of Valliant's execution without deep emotion, and the dull sound of the falling knife has terri-

 liberty.

renced the precious right to save a human life in Parliament to absolutely deny the trivial duty to punish. No one is qualified to be the Chief of State in this mat-

er. He answers only to his conscience.

But before this pale and lamentable head in its bloody basket one may reflect upon the consequences of the deed if it were done. I am afraid that they may be disastrous.

"An example was necessary," I hear some one cry in a loud voice.

Pretentious.

Yes, to the ordinary bondman, to the prowler in lonely

suburbs, to the assassin who strikes in the darkness,—
to these, possibly, the guillotine is a terror; and, in

spite of the fact that it fills me, I am willing to admit its frightful utility.

And yet is even this so sure? We see but dimly

what goes on in these souls of darkness. Of course, of one of these monsters to be piloted, these also, for

they were convicted in the coupling of vice and pov-

eriness,—over some terrible Wilde exerices, on the

contrary, an indescribably mysterious fascination.

Does she not promise them a hideous glory, an ignoble

triumph, on the day when she shall stretch out to

them her red arms, the day of expiation?

But, however this may be, I am firmly convinced that the fear of the death penalty has no effect upon

fanatics.

The reading of the details of Valliant's execution

left me in a thoughtful mood. I imagined him, ex-
panding his chest under the ropes, marching with firm

step, stifling the concentration of all his energy, and,

with eyes fixed upon the knife, and his face at last

society's cry of malediction; and, in spite of me, an-
other spectacle rose suddenly before my mind. I saw

a group of men and women pressing against each other

in their automobiles, under the gaze of thousands of eyes, while from all the steps of the immense amphitheatre went up that terrible cry: Ad lumen! and, below, the opening cages of the wild beasts.

Oh! forgive me, sublime Christians of the ages of

persecution, you who did affirm your faith in gentleness, sacrifice, and goodness, forgive me for think-
ing of you in presence of these somber men who pursue their impossible and sad crimes through murder and

massacre! But in the eyes of this man marching to the guillotine there was—O grief!—the same flame of

inextinguishable madness as in yours, holy virgins, as in yours, martyrs and confessors!

To be sure, the cry is nothing in common between you

and this man. On awaited the lions, singing a hymn of

peace, a prayer of love. Valliant threw himself under

the knife with a shout of hatred, a cry of ven-

geance.

Nevertheless, who is bold enough to affirm that the

courage of this fanatic will not inspire other fanatics and that his deed will not be avenged?

"What matters it?" responds mouths muttering in

fear and anger.

"An eye for an eye! To whomsoever dreams of a return to barbarism, let us apply the law of barbarism, not only to the rebel, but also to the rebelizer."

Alas! to this we have arrived. After each infernal

instrument cast into an innocent crowd, society hence-

forth will lift by the ear a head cut off by the guil-

lotine and hurl it as the Anarchists are a bloody delusion; and in the demoniacal act, blood and fury uttered on

every side it will be no longer possible to hear: the rare

voices which would still like to speak of reason, devotion

and pity. To this point have we been led by the poli-

ticians, the apostles of the people, the beg-

gars for votes, those who promise Paradise on earth,

after half a century of universal suffrage and more

than twenty years of the Republic!

Best come, Joseph de Malteau! The headman is still

the first man in the State, and the social edifice rests solely on the four flag-stones of the scaffold.

Writing in "L'Intransigeant" on December 31, Henri Rochefort said:

The Anarchist Valliant has treated the deputies like dogs, and now the chemist Girard [chief of the munici-

pal laboratory of Paris] treats dogs like deputies.

After having manufactured, upon the model of that

which has so upset the Chamber, a bomb which he

delivered with the same ashes and the same explosive, this operator took ten of these poor beasts (I refer to the
dogs, the deputies, although beasts, not being poor,

and, leading them into a grove, tied them to a tree; af-

after which he threw his bomb into the middle of the

people.

The object of this experiment was to ascertain what

ravages the engine would have caused had it fallen on

the Chamber floor instead of bursting in the air.

The effect upon the headman had at once been done. M.

Girard infers that at least twenty deputies would have

lost their lives.

This calculation seems to indicate that one dog is

worth twenty deputies. If this experiment does not seem to me at all decisive. There could not, in fact, be any similarity, physical or moral, between a
dog and an efflux of universal suffrage adulterated
drunk.

The experiment was to be believed, of course, the for-

mer is faithful, fond, and devoted to his employer, without thought or hope of what he may make thereby.

Further, our deputies, by their expeditions to far off

lands and their ever-increasing expenditures, are pushing France toward the abyss, whereas the St.

Bernard dogs daily rescue travelers who have fallen

to a creep.

Possibly M. Girard will point out that there is in

parliament a certain number of representatives of the people who practice no other profession than that of

"Newfoundlands" fishing out drowning modernists.

We know that this nickname has been bestowed upon

some deputies who are in absolute opposition to the government by

timely interpolations. But it is insulting only to the
dogs, to whom it seems to attribute the base and al-

laboratory.

They could be taken into the grove so dear to M.

Girard, the old policeman Clement could tie them all
to one tree, and then—let fly! By crowding the corpses

could be ascertainment exactly how many deputies

France would suddenly have lost if, by one of those

circumstances which all true patriots (not for the spectators in the galleries, of course), the murderous

implement had not burst in the air.

This lesson in experimental chemistry would also

save the police the trouble of escorting to the frontier

a multitude of adepts of Socialism, who, for once in

least in their lives, and especially in their death, would

be of some use, since they would serve to enlighten

M. Coubert on the plot.

Now, I ask myself by virtue of what law M. Girard

is permitted to bomb where he pleases, when to

all others this singular amusement is forbidden under

penalty of death.

And after the execution Rochefort wrote again:

The clearest result of the slaughter of day before

yesterday is that the Anarchist party, which in reality

had so existence, is today an established fact. The

experiment has demonstrated, not its apostle and

supreme chief. Whatever they may do, indeed, they
cannot alter the fact that Valiant's act was politicized by

the same title as those of Lavollé, Allibert, Charlotte

Carpentier, etc., Jacques Clément. Hard labor for Vail-

lant, coupled with the fact that in which the covenant

suffers, might have taken away from his desperate

dead the character of social vengeance. Death gives it this character definitively.

As in 1791, when for more than three years the coun-
cells of war sent the conqueror of the Commune to be

shot at Storcy, although capital punishment for politi-
In view of Valliant's extravagant expiation, no one will dare hereafter to assail his memory and many will be inclined to defend it. They will not fail to recall his sonorous voice which has long been heard in the public audiences of the political gatherings of the day, and the ridicule which has been heaped upon his ideas and his character by his political enemies. His memory will be kept alive by the stories of his wit, his charity, and his courage.

But the memory of his greatness will not be confined to those who knew him personally. His influence will continue to be felt in the minds of those who never met him. He will be remembered as a man of great achievements, a man of great courage, and a man of great principles. His memory will be a source of inspiration to all who seek to emulate his greatness.

So the hatred goes on fermenting, as well as the possibility of forgiving it. The man who has no room for it in his heart is the man who has the greatest respect for his own soul. He who is not willing to forgive is not willing to be free. And no one can be free who is not willing to forgive.

The Secret of Large Fortunes.

It is at these rich people, who consume the products of other men's labor, that they can obtain them only by exchange. Nevertheless, if they give their acquired and accumulated wealth in return for these new products which are the object of their desire, they are exposed to the danger of exhausting their store at an early day; they do not labor, we have said; in fact, they cannot labor; one would think, then, that each day would witness a diminution of their wealth, and that, when they should have all vanished, nothing would be offered in exchange to the workers who toil exclusively for them. But in the social order wealth has acquired the property of reproduction by another labor and without the cooperation of its owner. Wealth, like labor, yields an annual fruit which can be destroyed each year without rendering the rich man any poorer. This fruit is the income b. of capital.

An Economist Says It. [J. B. Say.]

The savings of the rich are made at the expense of the poor.

The Individuality of Taste.

When a thing pleases me, I do not pretend that it pleases you, still less that it pleases others. Heaven save us from the law-givers in matters of beauty, pleasure, and emotion! What each feels is peculiar to his own nature, which I experience depends upon what I am.

Vice Rooted in the Law. [Horsemen.]

The voices of a people are always hidden at the depths of legislation; there must we search, if we would uproot them.
Equity a Human Right.

To the Editor of Liberty.

In Liberty of June 21, 1893, under the heading "Cranky Notions," Joseph A. Labadie criticizes the statement of W. E. B. Du Bois that "no man has any right to exclude another from any portion of the earth unless he compensates that other for exclusion." He says:

Suppose two men were in a boat and that was all the boat would hold; would a third man be entitled to an equal share of the boat even if he had just found it and was the first man to enter the boat? Suppose there is an island in the middle of the ocean capable of supporting one hundred persons, and one hundred persons are cultivating soil and making their home there, and ten or fifteen others come from some other place and want to settle on the island, what right have these other persons to the land which the one hundred are bound in equity and justice to re-aspect? Suppose, again, one hundred, or more, less settle on no more land than they need to support their own life and comfort; where do any other persons get any right whatever to the land occupied or any of its products? If a person use no more of nature’s materials and forces than are sufficient to maintain the existence and comfort of himself and those dependent upon him, where do others get the right, in justice and equity, to demand a part of the portion of the proceeds which are the result of his own labor?

If the heading "Cranky Notions" were intended to apply to Mr. Labadie’s remarks, no exception could be taken to it, and I must make free its application to the quotation from Mr. Brozek.

Mr. Labadie’s first illustration is not to the point. A boat is not a piece of land; it is a labor product, and must have once belonged to someone. If that person had thrown it overboard, afterward it was there, but it was not the right of any one to take it out. If the original owner did not give up his title, and those men had hired or borrowed it, the third man would be quite right. But when two men had simply taken the boat without the consent of the owner, they would have no right to it except the right which all have in common, in extreme cases, of taking and using what is necessary to save their lives, and this right the others have no right in common with them and to the same extent.

As to the island, or any other land, Mr. Labadie apparently overlooks the fact that all human beings have an equal right to life and property and the means necessary to life and the necessity of land to life. As long as any piece of land has no value, anyone, of course, may use it, and he can get from it is justified; but, when the demand for its value goes up, he has no right whatever to that value except as a temporary one, and the value by which it would be the robbery of the rest. For "one hundred or more or less" to "settle" on any one of those islands, or to "support themselves" and "obtain "or "settle" on any of the others, is simply an unjustifiable seizure of the property of others.

If one man uses a piece of land where a given amount of labor will produce 10, and another man uses a piece on which, by reason of natural fertility, mineral deposits, water power, or nearness to population, the same labor will produce 100, is it not true that the extra product is the result of his labor? It would be absurd to claim it. In the two cases the labor is the same, but the product is greater in the second case. The second man is merely effective, not on account of anything that he has done, but because of greater natural advantages or the assistance he receives from society. In either case he has no right to claim that he did not produce it; and, as all have an equal right to life, he is entitled to claim that he should have an equal amount of land, and he is also entitled to claim that he is entitled to the one they guarantee in possession for the advantage the location gives him.

Again, Mr. Labadie seems to suppose a priority of occupation of land is an essential right, and in this he is manifestly wrong. It is almost the same with the islander. To whom do the islands belong? To the men who have, by the force of circumstances, and, I suppose, by the right of the first men to land, who have to do with them and to which he can go; would not those on land be very foolish to let the others come ashore if they could prevent them, when it would bring such great advantages to themselves to come to the point where it is questionable that we have any right to anything we do not possess. Now comes the test as to who has the right to the island. A conflict that would be as inevitable as two savages are victors and the others find a watery grave. What becomes of their right to life and to land?

The human being that lies in the lombs of the male has just as much right to life as he who is older and stronger; hence it is his right to life, or who is even older still. But suppose the male and the female prevent him from "landing" in the womb and consequently from being "born" and sharing in the material things of life. What becomes of his right to life and to land?

It is commonly said that a human being is brought into existence when it is taken from its mother. But is that not a natural consequence, the being commences to exist? May it not always have existed since life first came on this earth and only its form change with the change of environment? On those who hold the right to life theory, however, rests the task of demonstrating when that right begins. When they have done that, they will have established an important fact, and it seems to me, a necessary fact in their "right to life based on the right to land" theory. The right to life extends to the care of the mother and the opportunity for the offspring to grow, does it not? And does this not also imply the right to be "born"? If this be true, then the father and the mother have nothing to say about it. They have the right to be "beings" in the sense that they did not copulate and give it the opportunity to grow. Many other interesting questions necessarily arise from this point. For the "being" to be "born" it must be recognized by both the male and the female, and the other way. The right of contract begins, I should say, when the "being" is transferred from the lombs of the father to the womb of the mother. I do not think, however, the male and female would be violating any rights by preventing this "being" from getting into the womb.

The men who tried to get on the island had no right to any share in the island because they had not the power or the opportunity to establish their rights proved by the right of the others to the island. If they had the opportunity, they had no right to start it on the road here. But the fact that this child was born does not impose upon others besides its parent any obligations. And if the fathers and mothers would be violating any rights by preventing the child from being "born" on the island, the fact that they permitted it to reach the womb— an act wholly of their consent— was in the nature of a contract that the opportunity to live would not be taken away by the parents, but that if they allow it the opportunity, they had no right to start it on the road here. But the fact that this child was born does not impose upon others besides its parents any obligations.