On Picket Duty.

It is absurd to talk about bribery in the present Senate. The monopolists are not fools; they don’t pay for things which they can get for nothing. The Senate is so extremely protectionist that there is absolutely no need of bribing it to vote for protectionist duties.

Anything that will make decent people run faster than ever from those highly desirable indeed. Woman suffrage is likely to save that effect. It is appalling to think of the dirt that the women voters and candidates would bring into politics, but the more dirt the better. In considering the subject, let us not forget this argument, brethren.

Let no reader of Liberty be deluded into reading “The Anarchist: A Story of Today,” by R. H. Savage. It is a silly story stupidly told; the plot hardly reels above the same level, and the lack of anything like an idea is so painfully apparent that even the conservative must be ashamed to welcome this new champion of the status quo.

I have observed the prodigious display of patriotism with which the people have decorated the graves of “deed heroes” and availed their spare love and money in honor of the “immortals.” Were those “heroes” still mortally among us, most of them would be in the ranks of Coxe’s army, without glory and a very slender chance of getting a pittance’s worth of sympathy (or cash) lavished upon them, but with the certainty of a shower of ribald remarks from the pen of the Janus-faced editors who are now gushing over with the “glory” article.

The people of Ohio have discovered that it is possible to have too much even of such a fine and good thing as government. They are rejoicing that the legislature has adjourned and that it is not to meet again until 1896. It appears that, although the constitution of the State provides for biennial sessions, the lawmakers have for years evaded this restriction by taking a “recess” at the end of the first regular session after their election instead of adjourning sine die. This year the protests of the press and people forced them to exercise more self-restraint, and there is joy over the result.

The Boston “Transcript,” referring to the connection of the sugar trust with tariff legislation, observes that, “If the sugar people are allowed to make our laws, we have no government now.” Oh, yes, we have a government,—a government of the sugar trust. There is no difference whatever between the government of the Gormans, Hills, and Breches, and the government of the sugar gentlemen. They are all members of the brotherhood of thieves, and the platform of that brotherhood is sure of being carried out, no matter who is the master of ceremonies.

It has long been held that a man need not wear his heart upon his sleeve for days to seek at. But it now appears that he may as well do so if he lives in Germany, for there, even though he wear it beneath his sleeve, it will not escape the pecking of the law that chatters from the German tongue. Young William evidence looks upon the tattooing, to which an Erzul subject subjected himself (the sentiments being seditions) as a new form of “propaganda by deed,” adopted for the purpose of spreading Anarchism among women. It is said, however, by those who claim to know, that any “w” who enjoys the intimacy of William is as well off of something worse than Anarchism.

Golkin, of the New York “Evening Post,” says that the proclamation lately issued by Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, on the rights of tramps amounted to a glorification of the tramp. Golkin lies, and lies deliberately, no doubt. Governor Lewelling protested against the louche and_crypto of brutal editors, mouthpieces of the brotherhood of thieves, that the tramp, as a criminal and has no rights that “law and order” automatons are bound to respect. He insisted that the tramp should be allowed to be a tramp and protected against interference as long as he refrained from interference. Golkin pretends to be an Individualist. What objection is there against the Lewelling view, which is the view of common sense and common fairness? Is there any wonder that Godkinian Individualism is met by bombs? It is true that the bomb policy really gives the brutal editors more power and influence than they would otherwise exert; but not everybody is philosophical enough to reason this fact out and strong enough to restrain his natural impulses.

How is it that the “Open Court’s” mourners, in their sincere and appreciative estimates of the late General Trumbull’s contributions to the various fields of human activity, refrained from mentioning his great, brave, and admirable work in defence of the “Chicago Anarchists”? Was the omission purely accidental? It is impossible to believe it. Perhaps it was deemed well to avoid offending those who did not sympathize with his attitude on that important question, but such a course is in direct opposition to the teachings and practices of the dead worker. Surely even those of his friends who do not endorse his position must have admired the purity and nobility of his purpose and the moral courage displayed by him during the crisis. How, then, further, that the “Open Court” mourners sought to convey the impression that General Trumbull was not a materialist and Atheist? It is the simple truth to say that he never pretended to furnish the “monistic” doctrines of the “Open Court” or to discover anything substantial in them. He took no interest in the religious tendencies of the paper, and considered himself a Neutralist. Liberty makes this avowment not because it happens to agree with the views of General Trumbull on religious questions, but solely in the interest of truth. In politics, there was no fundamental agreement between Liberty and General Trumbull. He was not a logical, consistent, or scientific thinker, but he loved liberty and fair play, and the oppressed always found in him a valiant champion. His death is a great loss to independent and honest journalism and to the cause of human progress.

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in his name for enrollment. Those who do thereby pledge themselves to write, when possible, a letter every fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects, to the “target” assigned in Liberty for that fortnight. All, whether members or not, are asked to join in this opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets. Address: Stephen T. Bryson, Eddystone, Yate Co., N. Y.

Suggestion No. 4—Jerry McAuley’s advice to speakers in prayer-meeting: “If you have come down here with a speech prepared with a beginning and a middle and an end, cut off the beginning and the end and give us the middle.” Words used for the sake of gracefulness, and especially, introductory words, are commonly wasted. Two sentences make introduction enough. A letter to a paper is by nature fragmentary, and should not pretend to be otherwise.

Since your space is necessarily brief, it is better to spend it in saying what you have to say than in getting ready to say it.

Target, Section A.—The “Home Advocate,” Dunkirk, N. Y., a Prohibition paper, is liberal in publishing letters from all standpoints. Be tolerably brief. Section B.—The “Kansan,” Pittsburg, Kan., had an editorial a month ago on “Effective Anarchists,” meaning judges who declare laws for the people’s benefit unconstitutional. Instance, such a decision on a recent Kansas law reducing the salaries of the officers of Cherokee and Crawford counties. It says: “No inferior court should ever be permitted to declare any law null and void; that should be a question of the highest privilege, reserved to the highest court.” Show the editor what effective Anarchism would be and do, or what should be the highest court. It is a Populist paper. Address: Stephen T. Bryson.

And Why Not? Dialogue overhead on the Parisian boulevards.

“Who is that pretty woman to whom you just bowed?”

“She is the wife of two of my friends.”
Liberty.

By J. P. F. Sponsored at Two Dollars a Year; Single Copy, Eight Cents.

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New York, N.Y., June 2, 1894.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles that are not always to the taste of all, the Revolution abolishes at once the proverb of the revolution, the end of the movement, the shadow of the effigies, the cutting off of the department, theses, of the nation of Politic, which young Liberty grinds under her heel.

Compulsory Vaccination.

The Board of Health of Brooklyn has been perpetually of late with an unusually virulent outbreak of smallpox. While for a century or so smallpox has been on the wane, it has not become quite extinct, like the plague and other epidemics of times past. On the contrary, it has always occurred in all large cities of the world; and in the case of smallpox they have been found in every 15 miles of a country. But when the Brooklyn doctors found the number of cases almost doubling each month, running up to a thousand or more, they were naturally alarmed.

This investigation conducted by the board of health, the detachment of doctors and policemen were sent through all the houses of the poor and everybody was "urged" to be vaccinated. The climax was reached at that time, some stunts having been made, some suffering reviving the meaning of personal liberty, to be adopted in organizing the health department for the purpose of vaccinating the poor in the doorways, in the face of their threats and warnings. The board, having realized the necessity of compulsory vaccination, but not all the same upon compulsion, declared the rooms infected and quarantined the occupants, refusing to allow food to be brought to them until they should consent to be vaccinated.

The matter was brought before the courts, and much to the surprise of those who, like myself, had been confined to in the tannic instincts of the American people, a decision has recently been given — "handed down" by the proper boot-licking phrase, I believe — by Judge Gage, as to the fact that the health of the board had no legal right to use such measures to compel people to be vaccinated.

In this decision all who understand what liberty means must acquiesce. Admitting, for the sake of argument, — for I am not prepared to admit it finally, — that certain cases of contagious diseases were to be vaccinated, it is plain that such methods of self-defense must be exercised only in cases of the gravest nature.

Certainly, where a fellow being has contagious disease, we are hardly justified in giving him one in order to protect ourselves and himself, incidentally, from another. Such a course is even more tyrannical than it would be to impose a compulsory course of treatment after he has had the disease, for it contemplates nothing less than a compulsory course of treatment for a well man.

Even if the prophylactic power of vaccination were complete, it would be unreasonable for everybody to keep up the practice after smallpox had become extinct, as unreasonable as it would be for a man to inoculate every child against the black death. But when its prophylactic power is not held to be complete, even by its defenders, the amount of real protection afforded by it must always remain open to question.

Without taking any position upon the merits of the question, there are at least plausible reasons to be adduced in defense of its alleged virtue. Why, for instance, are we not favored with some report as to the number of cases found among those who had already been vaccinated? Why, when the whole tendency of medical knowledge is to discredit the methods of the past, should it seem reasonable to demand for the future a process as vaccination? Why, when the evidence in other virulent epidemics tends to show that the medical treatment has been the cause of their destruction in the past, and that when medical treatment ceases, they become tractable and relatively innocuous, as in the case of yellow fever, in which it seems the percentage of mortality has diminished to such an extent that it used to be, now that the ancient treatment is abolished, why should not the experiment at least be tried of dispensing with treatment in other kinds of epidemics?

Why, finally, should the press be prepossessed with a method which has gained its present vogue, to be adduced in defense of its merits, but by legal compulsion and professional stress? For a doctor would no more wish being called in question for letting a patient go unvaccinated than an architect would risk letting a steeple go up without a lighting-rod.

But whatever be the answers to such questions, it is clear that is it is the duty of the State to see that all persons are vaccinated.

The Importance of Jury Trial.

A consideration of what trial by jury involves, leads me to think that it is a question of vital importance, and one which has hardly received its fair share of attention from radical papers. The system outlined by Spooner demeans itself in 1) that it did not extend to all classes of people, in that it may be thoroughly representative, in the same sense that a sample of grain is representative of the whole sack; 2) that the jury be given power to judge the law as well as the prisoner, not in the restricted sense in which judges in Illinois are given power to interpret the law after it has been explained by the court, but in the fullest possible sense.

It is not necessary here to meet the objections to such a system. Spooner has done that most admirably in his "Free Political Institutions" (in his "Trial of John Webster") he deals with the method of selecting a jury by rejecting all who are opposed to the law. It is, however, important to emphasize the fact that such a system gives the jury, which represents the people more fully than any body of men elected by a majority vote, the power to modify the law to meet the exigencies of any particular case, or even to overthrow it altogether. With such a system it would be impossible to enforce any law to which a considerable portion of the community object. This would make passive resistance far more effective. In very few prohition States could a jury of twelve men be found which would render a unanimous verdict to an anti-tobacco law, or even to overturn it altogether. With such a system it would be relatively easy to frame any law to which a considerable portion of the community object. This would make passive resistance far more effective.
And I think it would not take much more propaganda to make it reasonably safe to refuse to pay taxes, and if it came to that, as most State Socialists and a goodly number of Single Taxers could be relied upon to give a verdict for the defendant.

Frequently the question of jury reform is agitated in the capitalist press. It seems as if some change will be made in the near future. Nor is this a reform that are advocated as reactionary, giving greater power to judges and other officers of the State. Surely it is not now time to make a stand for progressive reform. Perhaps this might even be made the next step towards freedom, for the demands do not seem so radical to the ordinary mind, and yet the effects are far-reaching.

F. D. Taxo.

**General M. M. Trumbull.**

A little over three years ago General M. M. Trumbull wrote me, in his characteristic way, that he was suffering with that incurable malady invented by a friend named Bright, that his kidneys were suffering from his known disease, and that he was ready to march at any moment. But as he was a valiant soldier and fighting more under the skilled directions of his faithful companion, his wife, he kept his enemy at bay and continued to pursue his "perilous trial" as an independent journalist, until only in April of the present year he wrote again (now in his sixty-ninth year), and surely without intending any pious implications: "I am standing on the very edge of eternity and calmly looking out upon a prospect that is boundless, unfathomable, and incalculable." He was still afflicted with Bright's disease, but he knew that it was an uncomparably good and that it could "foreclose the mortgage" on him at any moment.

And through his body was racked with pain, he closed his letter in the cheerful vein that, "allowing for that small drawback," he was enjoying himself, and that he was "very thankful that Dr. Bright, when he inquired his ailments, placed it in the kidneys instead of in the brain."

Only a month later the enemy roused his knell, and General Trumbull laid down his pen forever. Justice mourns one of her ablest champions, truth an enthusiastic lover, all good causes a chivalrous defender, and Free spirits everywhere a most delightful friend and companion.

It would be a grateful task to trace in detail the career of this remarkable man: his boyhood in London, where he was born; his connection with the Chartist movement in England in the days of his enthusiastic youth, when he imbued those principles which did so much during his whole future course; his strange adventures on coming to the United States, and his early struggles here with wheedlebarrow, pick, and shovel; his self-education in the university of the world; his experiences in the Mexican war, and the important part he played in the War of the Rebellion; and, to which the literary life in Chicago, in which it all flowered. Characterized as this career was in all its phases by intelligence, courage, and valor, it would read like some beautiful story of old when knights rode out in search of the prizes of life.

I first met General Trumbull at the Chicago Liberal League about twelve years ago and at once formed a warm and lasting attachment for him, as for the author of his general position, his broad and enlightened views, and his rare freedom of manner. Almost more than with any one else at that time did I find myself in touch with him in regard to a number of important questions of a religious, political, and sociological nature, and he naturally became associated with me and others of his order in our work on the "Railroad Review." I was in connection with this paper that he wrote his incomparable pulpit criticisms and his splendid series of articles on the labor question under the pen-name of "Wheelerbarrow." In the pulpit criticisms he fought Christianity, of which he was an unaccommodating foe, with the effective principle of most decisive and delightful humor and a keen analytical mind. These articles were not of an ephemeral nature, but have qualities of enduring worth, and I know that their author himself set so high a value on them as to contemplate getting them out in book form.

In the "Wheelerbarrow" articles, which have since been gathered and published in a small book, the first edition by myself, the second by the Open Court Publishing Company, he eloquently championed the cause of labor in his own independent way. But, as he hated the tyranny of capital, as he hated also the tyranny of man, he was and is the fearless advocate of the trade unions and other labor organizations. He would, but just criticism whenever they entered on a policy of restriction and coercion in the accomplishment of their ends. He confidently offered Liberty as a most valuable means for the solution of the grievances of workmen, and though he deplored this course 'it is the length and breadth of Anarchism that is too narrow,' enough to come within the orbit of the brain.

Altogether, in his treatment of public questions, General Trumbull occupied a high ground that he was often misunderstood by high and low alike. Talking about a certain line of conduct approved by him one day, with my opponent the latter said to me: "Oh, General Trumbull is a very eccentric man, and will say this or that merely because he likes to be in opposition." Now nothing could have been farther from the truth, and nothing could be more true than the assertion that General Trumbull would not have said, thoroughly detected their ideal of society. As indicating his feelings, I will offer a quotation from one of his letters, which ought to be incorporated in his published writings. When Mr. Kenan delivered his lectures in Chicago on the "Free Union of the Atha" and the "Nihilists, the Associated Press dispatched his American working people one morning by the report that Mr. Grinnell, the prosecuting attorney in the Anarchist case, had introduced the lecture to his audience. It appears that I passed some re-
marks on this incident in a letter to General Trumbull, for he wrote under date of Feb. 2, 1801: "Accept my thanks for your ingrand compliment of Mr. Kennan's anti-climax, his acceptance of Grinnell's public patronage. The moment he did that, his 'moral hero' collapsed out like one of his own disillusioned views. His protest against Russian tyranny became an absurd solemnity, a mere matter of gate-money, when he permitted Grinnell, the Cosseck hangman, to introduce him to the audience. I have been told that Mr. Kennan protested against the indignity, but that he was forced to swallow it. A gentleman who was found dead on the Howard House, Grover's Inn, with the incongruity, and stammered and choked as if he felt the rope that strangled Parsons tightening around his own throat. That Mr. Kennan should have accepted the services of this mean soul is a degradation from which he never can recover. No matter how tragic his denunciations will one day become laughable under the patronage of Grinnell."

No man rejoiced more over Governor Alt-gold's brave act in pardoning Fielden, Schwab, and Nehebi than General Trumbull, and when by some of the comparatively few who did not join in the general condemnation of the Governor, there was even a petty odious in the form of his pardon, General Trumbull wrote an able and unanswerable defense of it in the "Open Court."

All in all, General Trumbull was a singularly brave and honest man, and... moreover, who instinctively viewed things in an ideal light. He was the rarest of the whips, of whom the poet speaks, who offset their moralists from the habitable past and venture, heartless, on the sea of storm-engendering liberty. Never bur- dening himself "with drudgery, Lord of white silver and red gold to be," he chose rather to lead the forlorn hope of truth and justice in a world steeped in ignorance and crime.

The latest proposition to a number of magazines, he was also a regular writer for the "Open Court." Discriminating with a quick insight between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, he delivered weekly judgments on men and measures in his bright and elegant way, to the delight and profit of many friends, and to the disgust of church strick his best, and called him from his post. But to us he will remain a pleasant and inspiring memory.  

The Beauties of Government.

The trouble between the B. Worthington Company, of 747 Broadway, and the receiver of the concern, J. J. Little, of the Little Publishing Company, of 8 Astor place, which has been going on for several years in the supreme court, has culminated in the appearance of Anthony Comstock as the advisory counsel of the court as to the character of certain books which came to Mr. Little in his capacity as receiver.

In 1885 Mr. Comstock discovered that the Worthing- ton Company were publishing and selling the uned- gipated edition of "The Bible," published under the title of "A Thousand Nights and One Night." He ordered Mr. Worthington to destroy the plates. Mr. Worthington refused, and the plates belonged to George Barrie, a Philadelphia publisher. Mr. Com- stock, through the District Attorney of Philadelphia, compelled Mr. Barrie to stop the publication of the book. The same day the books were prohibited and the plates and books were dumped into Worthington & Co.'s cellar, where they were recently discovered by receiver Little.

Mr. Little also found in the cellar as companion pieces of the Arabian Nights, copies of Boccaccio's "De camerone," Margaret of Valois's "Heptameron," Balzac's "Dreams," and many other books of similar character. These properties raised the assets about $15,000, the value of the stocks of the Arabian Nights alone being fixed at $5,500.

Mr. Comstock heard of this racy collection in some way, and sent Mr. Little a notice that he would make a seizure if these books were offered for sale as a part of the Worthington assets. Mr. Little applied to the supreme court for instructions. The judges replied that they did not have the power to make such an order.

He then sent copies of all the books to Mr. Comstock for criticism, and Mr. Comstock made out a very elaborate brief for the instruction of the supreme court, directly from the objectionable books to show that they were not fit for publication. The brief was sent to the judges yesterday with copies of the books, and they will have an opportunity to see books that were seized.

Anthony Comstock never heard of "Tom Jones." He confesses it. He has been in the business of bid- ding what he calls vice, of suppressing everything under the sun that doesn't strike him as right, for a longer term of years than most persons dare to remember; yet he never permitted Mr. New York Sun.

Comstock's ignorance, and consequent inad- vertent negligence, was exposed recently. He was out of town, and nobody at the office of the Society.

A Comstock's ignorance, and consequent inadvertent negligence, was exposed recently. He was out of town, and nobody at the office of the Society; the Suppression of Vice would say whether or not his absence followed upon some "hagrin at thinking of all the Tom Joneses" he might have suppressed and didn't. He was gone, and nobody could say when he would be back. A Comstock's enlightenment in the matter took place when ex-Congressman J. J. Little, receiver of the Worthington Company, booksellers and publishers, submitted to Mr. Comstock some books from the stock of the company which he thought he might like to look at. It appears that Mr. Little discovered that Mr. Worthington had been prohibited by A. Comstock, nearly ten years ago, from publishing and selling the unexpurgated edition of the "Arabian Nights." He did not wish to break the law, even A. Comstock's law, so, as receiver of the company, he submitted to the supreme court the question whether or not he had the right to sell all of the stock, and that each of these books such as A. Comstock had spoken badly of. The court declined to invade A. Comstock's territory by holding up as a cousin of "Tom Jones" the ball by the horns and submitted the books to A. Com- stock himself. The books were the "Arabian Nights," "Ovid's Love," "Fahri," "Droll Stories," the "scandalous" books, and, as it turned out, far less than "Tom Jones." A Comstock's report was a long brief. He said the books submitted were abominable. He said that great number of newspapers and other periodicals had been for handling them. He also said that when he, A. Com- stock, first ordered Worthington to destroy the books ten years ago, he was acting for George Barrie, a Philadelphia publisher.

The district attorney of Philadelphia told Barrie to stop. The district attorney of New York told Worthing- ton to stop. Accordingly they stopped, and the books and plates were stored in Worthington's cellar, awaiting the time when New York should have no A. Comstock. All this A. Comstock recounted in his brief. Then he went through the law and cited all the decisions that had been made in his favor. Finally he wound up:

"Having these decisions to the fitly matter in the books published by the Worthington Company, there can be no question in the mind of any decent mind that such publications are clearly within the ban of the law and that possession of such property for sale is clearly an offense." Mr. Little thought the brief a little too comprehen- sive. He wrote to A. Comstock, asking a specific re- port on "Tom Jones," on "Rabelais," and on Rou- seau's "Confessions." A. Comstock wrote in reply another report. It was in this report that A. Comstock told about the "Tom Jones" shock. He had never heard of the book; it was very bad; it was indeed an eye-opener. Those were not his exact words, but that is what he meant. He sent the book out of town. His decision was not final, but Mr. Little said last night that he would probably respect it.

Mr. Comstock and myself are not at odds," said Mr. Little, "I sent him the books and asked his opinion, simply because I wanted the law on the subject. I don't think any of the creditors of the Worthington Company would want the books sold if they thought they were improper and that the sale would be con- trary to law. As receiver and therefore an officer of the court, I can now only lay the matter before the supreme court. The books are now in the possession of Mr. Comstock, but they will be returned to me within a few days. Mr. Comstock is subject to the pictures in any of them, but to the text."

When asked if A. Comstock had acknowledged his unfamiliarity with any of the other books submitted besides "Tom Jones," Mr. Little smiled and said that A. Comstock didn't say.

Anthony Comstock, the irrepressible, the hyper-sen- tive, the one who seizes every opportunity to burn his windows as he passes by and suppresses everything inde- cent but himself, has returned to town, presumably ready to peel off his coat and pitch into the next Tatroon. He was at his office yesterday, on the fifth floor of the New York "Times" building, and the bulk, he wrote, that his mission into new fields might have been a colossal one. He sat at his desk, under the long light of the window behind him, and, to a person coming in suddenly from the darker outer room, it was not at all strange to see an outburst of emotion by an actor. He looked as if he might be a second Mr. An- thony; only A. Comstock has close-cropped gamboge mutton chops, and St. Anthony, so far as is known, has not.

I have nothing to say," said A. Comstock promptly to the "Sun's" young man, "I do not submit to inter- views." A. Comstock is always mis-quoted. If I talk to a reporter for two minutes, it takes me two days to deny it all afterward. I never get a fair show. This society and I are invariably misrepresented. Why, I don't know. A. Comstock sat and twiddled his thumbs for a mo- ment in silence. Then, shuffling a bundle of papers on his desk, he went on:
"I won't talk, I tell you. What do you want to know about, anyway? 'Tom Jones'? Didn't I tell you I had nothing to say? I and this society aren't treated fairly. What do you want to know about 'Tom Jones'?"

"I wanted to know," said the reporter meekly. "But you forgot you had talked with Tom Jones when you read it?"

"I didn't read it. You couldn't catch me reading anything like that. It's scurrilous, it's libelous. It's a libel on society and I-"

"How do I know it's not a fit book to read if I didn't read it?"

"Say, didn't I tell you I wouldn't talk?"

"Of course I know, Mr. Comstock," said the reporter, "what Gibbon and Thackeray thought of 'Tom Jones' and of Fielding. Of course you know that Byron called Fielding the 'prose Homer of human nature.'"

A. Comstock smiled complacently, puffed the bundle of papers, and said nothing.

"Aren't the 'Decameron' and the 'Heptameron' and 'Tom Jones' considered classics? asked the reporter. "Do you yourself consider them standard works?"

"These books are not of the privileged class," replied A. Comstock, guardedly.

"What is the privileged class, Mr. Comstock?"

"A Comstock said nothing.

"Don't you want it yourself to be a member of the Comstock - your own and the society's?"

"Good morning!" exclaimed A. Comstock, crossing and unbuttoning his coat. "Offer a woman that, and you wouldn't talk to me! This society and I have been misrepresented ever since we - it has been in existence. I told you when you came here that I wouldn't talk. I - what do you want to know, anyway?"

"Are you aware, Mr. Comstock, that the books to which you have taken exception - are upon it, so to speak - are often sold by nearly every first-class book-seller in town?"

"I am not. I don't believe it. They wouldn't be if I knew of it. I've heard decisions of law upholding me in all. I've convinced people not only in this State, but in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. I'd like to hear of any place where those books are on sale."

"Don't you know that you can buy a copy of the 'Decameron' by sending a messenger to the next corner? Don't you know that a book-seller in Sixth ave. regularly advertises 'Tom Jones' and the 'Decameron' and the 'Heptameron' and 'Rousseau's Confession' and the 'Art of Love,' and anything else you want to buy?"

"I don't know anything of the kind. Just tell me who he is, and he won't advertise much longer, sell, either."

"Do you mean to say that you will suppress the sale of all those books?"

"A Comstock leaned back in his chair, and broke his aura with getting out of the direct rays of light from the sun. He then leaned over his desk and said slowly, "to prohibit the exposure or sale of all that is pernicious, mercenaristic, and debasing. I am here to see that his purpose is carried out."

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"If you don't know that you will suppress the sale of all those books?"

"A Comstock leaned back in his chair, and broke his aura with getting out of the direct rays of light from the sun. He then leaned over his desk and said slowly, "to prohibit the exposure or sale of all that is pernicious, mercenaristic, and debasing. I am here to see that his purpose is carried out."

A Comstock uttered not a word more. He leaned forward at his desk again. Then, instantly, the aura reappeared. It shone about his head, resplendent and sublime. From the outer room, where two clerks were at work, a servant named Clara, A. Comstock looked like a reincarnation of the good St. Anthony, baring, as before, the gasolene whiskers.
Ibsen's "Master-Builders." - Liberty. 1895

starts from the very mad adventure of a physician conducting a thermal establishment, which [the physician] discourses in a really wonderful manner, that the water-sources of the neighborhood are polluted for the purpose of showing that the entire society is rotten to the core. Nothing speaks of profanity, like the way in which these domestic affairs are treated. I am sure that this is a very instructive experience, for the Sunday is the "Law." Ibsen has given such a disharmonious and unpretentious example of the "Master-Builders" that he has won, after often advanced thought, that Liberty could not wait with the fulfillment of its purpose to make itself forthwith a mouthpiece, to some extent, for the examples of Anarchism in art.

The representation of "Solvæs, the Master-Builders," will fit any crime for those sayers of nothings who, failing the pretentions of the short-witted, fancy that they can make a laughing stock of a daily drama and they are not interested. He who will enroll himself among this genus, builder of towers, this Solvæs, who wishes to construct towers on clothes that will rise on his own dwelling, on everything! I should have a question of the profession of towers did not cause our fawners to criticize in such a put-up of a certain old refrain: "Solvæs, the Master-Builders," and that I do not quote them, they will full in all their multitude.

Nevertheless it is great, nevertheless it is beautiful, the thought that has guided Ibsen in this work, a work of the most refined of old men, beautiful in such a lofty work of dramatic genius that the story has seen. But thisgranule and this bird, so far from having been seen. The master's thought has certainly suffered in the communication of this drama with which we have been favored only added to its beauty.

We are confronted with the most disconcerting contradictions; the piece is simple and yet confused; it is clear and yet, in certain places, obscurely; it is poetic, and it shows us the road of hope. The cause of these apparent discrepancies may be determined easily enough.

Ibsen's latest work. It is the summary, as it were, of his entire work and life, of his strug- gles, of the fluctuations of his mind between belief and doubt, of the same, the same, the highest point of the supreme ideal. Now, and now, I am aware how difficult and dangerous it is for an author to place himself upon the scene? In the first place, he generally endeavors, in such a case, to prove too many things; he delays over insignificant matters, of importance to him only and whose meaning he alone can know; he knows himself too well and not well enough. That is to say, he confounds his inner life, in which he is engrossed, with his outer life in humanity; he does not succeed in externalizing himself, and cannot take a step backward in order to observe himself, he is amid other men. He feels too much within himself, does not see himself well enough as a stranger, a spectator, and naturally his pieces pass beyond the vision of the stranger or spectator. In those of Ibsen's plays which we have seen lately, his symbolism is rather in the latent state, to be discovered indirectly, and it is thus not as directly suggested by the mystery upon the scene of a certain personal and apparent will and conscience. Between the real and the unreal the master usually aims at some admirable episode of life. In "Solvæs" the equilibrium is broken. There is no longer a harmony between the various elements of the allegory, especially the symbol, which take the prominent place and are confused and mingled with the real; hence disturbance and disharmony.

To make this plain an example will do more than these words, which are perhaps a little dry. You remember "The Enemy of the People:""
nothing, nothing! Yet he had vowed, like God, to perform a deed that would make his name great, and that is why he built a tower higher than that of any church. "And what will you build now?" asks Hilde. A dwelling for happiness, a castle for Princess Fiden, on a very elevated spot, surrounded by walls in all directions, and in Spain as solid foundations; but he cannot do this unless she has faith in him. His friend Voltaire, who had seen the builder again perform the impossible and rise erect at the top of his tower, he seizes the ladder and mounts; at the top he will address the multitude. What holds him back? He is afraid that his troops will stir in silent superstition. Hilde’s radiant eyes follow the ascent of Solmes. He places the crown. She becomes more beautiful, more holy in the air.

There is a holy cry; the master has fallen to the foot of the tower. "What of it? He reached the height? Long live Master Solmes!"

This drama, in which real towers are mingled with castles in Spain, and conscience with demons, is not a little bayly. The dialogue gets entangled in the ideas and passions from one to another without notice. The secondary characters—Ragnor, the Perseverist, for example—are scarcely outlined. The figure of Hilde, splendid or chthonian, is utterly confused by the complication of symbols that veil it. Solmes alone stands out clearly.

Let us now seek the meaning to be given to these allegories, and let us try to let the light into this fog.

But first we must outline the entire genius of his work and show the progress of his mind, the general progress of the human mind, from belief to doubt, from doubts to desires and the all weaknesses of modern genius.

This builder at first sought the ideal in the religion in which he was born; then, little by little, through considering the miseries and lies of humanity, through moral and physical suffering, he lost faith and parted from God.

He had lost his only happiness for the happiness of men; he was seized with a true real for social questions, the liberation of the individual, the relief of human sufferings. At first they appalled, but soon the builder was forced to recognize that nothing could be done with degenerate men, that all that he had built for them lacked solvency and durability, and that of so much toil and effort nothing will remain, nothing, nothing.

Then, in despair, his heart filled with bitterness, feeling that he was misunderstood by those closest to him, he withdrew in isolation. His passionate creatures, Ena or Ena, his one like Ena Hilde, he tried to escape from the dullness and harshness that surrounded him, though he should bring tears to the eyes of his own. He had only to construct an ideal of his own. Above all the old beliefs, the scruples of his conscience, and a thousand words prevented him from reaching a conclusion, and by his own deceit he led him to the height of the work conceived by his genius, reveled seized him and he tumbled to the ground.

M. Maurice Rigaon has just published, under the title of "Scandinavian Rebels," a most remarkable work,—remarkable because it is neither pacific nor dogmatic, and deals sincerely with things seen and heard. He devotes to "Solmes" some very nice pages, which are a sort of summary of his study of Ibsen, but I cannot fall in with his very gloomy conclusion: "Nowhere night, nowhere darkness: and the infinite, no nothing can save there, there is no salvation, and Christ suffered in vain. . . . Aah, you, youth! believe those who have seen all, fatigued all, destroyed all, that the way to deceive, beware of love which tortures and kills, beware of base designs and of the challenges of the infinite! Sleep!"

Well, no, a thousand times no! If Solmes was seduced, perverted, and fell, it was him. This says, "he reached the height." The fall is the man’s only; the idea is immortal; the abandon of effort is an unjustified conclusion. Solmes is a true builder of the future, but who can say that it will not be built by some among the young who are knocking at the door? A castle in Spain on solid foundations, from the top one may look down, far down, upon those who construct churches in building houses,—an ideal grander than that of religion that seduces and deceives in mystical superstition or on the ignorance of majorities, but on the solid foundations of eternal truths.

Is this not, as we were, the testament of this builder of centuries, of all of his crimes? Does it not reveal to us that0 for which he sought, which he fought, which others will perhaps attempt, in brief, the shadow of a century, the image of the artistic fait of tomorrow?

One easily understands the dilemma required for the interpretation of such a piece. The authors of Le Dramaturge are generally acknowledged to be real and unique, striving to emphasize symbols with which they had already the care to concern themselves. The character of Hilde, played with a subtle faceless grace, must have been ambiguous and utterly chang’d in meaning. One can congratulate the performer only on the good will shown in making known a work which, however, debatable from a point of view, is substantially immense and splendid.

The remainder of M. Fillon’s, evulentation, devoted to the revival of Sardou’s Fiden, brings the old theatre into such sharp contrast with the now as seen in Solmes that it may well be given here also.

Now I must talk to you of Fiden. I should prefer to continue to deal with dramatic art, but the doings of the day subject one to these crude exigencies.

Here we have a piece which gives an impression of nothing, of nothing done up in a parcel. A first act in which there is nothing which has nothing to do with the subject, and two acts of preparation. Really one stands petrified when he reflects that the author of such a commerce, such an establishment, put such a work for. Ah! the work gives a proud idea of those who have given this repudiation and indicates in him who possesses it a pretty lack of shame.

Let us proceed to admire the carpentry.

The piece begins, does it not, with a domestic scene. Princes Fiden’s is to marry the son of the head of the Russian police, Captain Vladimir. On her way home from the casino, Fiden goes to call on her fiancé: he is not at home; but presently he is brought in, dying. Immediately the princess begins an invariable kind of conversation, during the day Vladimir receives a letter appointing a rendezvous. It must be this letter that drew the captain into a trap: it is this letter.

What has become of this letter? The servant declares that his master threw it carelessly into a drawer which he did not even take the trouble to lock. Fiden opens the drawer: the letter is not there. Then it has been taken. By whom? Count Loris Ipanoff has been in the room; it must be he; it is he. He had divided that Vladimir would carelessly throw the letter out of the drawer, and he has taken it. He has taken it. Loris Ipanoff lives across the street. Mr. police commissioner, go and arrest him: he must be a nihilist; he is a nihilist, he is a nihilist. Ipanoff, who has taken revenge upon wretched Vladimir, killed his son; hurry, Mr. police commissioner.

But Loris is already on his way to Paris, and, since, it would seem, the telegraph cannot be depended upon in Russia, and cannot therefore be arrested at the frontier, Fiden sends in pursuit of Loris, accompanied by a half-dozen galley-sergeants. At Paris, in the salads of a friend, the princess meets Loris. She is no longer furious at the loss of the young man; on the contrary, a sudden change has taken place within her. Why? I do not ask; she loves him! Nevertheless, as he confesses that it was really he who killed Vladimir, — without immediately explaining under what circumstances,— she no longer hates him, and the terrible idea of vengeance again becomes uppermost. Fiden invites Loris to visit her an hour later at her residence. There Russian policemen, in line, await him and place him on a yacht, which will take him at all possible speed to Havre, where he will be transferred to a Russian frigate already under steam. Meanwhile, on the spot,—if you comprehend the plan,— she sends a letter to the head of the St. Petersburg police, informing against two individuals whom she suspects of complicity with her werden brother, whom she desires to be united with against nature, family, and society. The impresario is so profound that no one had time to recover and pursue the unnatural creature what the plan of government has been. Never was an ensemble of men and women so united in their hereditary prejudices and so deeply
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