On Picket Duty.

Don't bother about your practice. Preach. It is much more useful. If you are really in love with what you preach, you will practise spontaneously all that it is advisable to practise under the circumstances, and probably a little more. The best men are those who have to try hard not to be good, and sometimes succeed.

There is more Anarchism to be found in the pages of "Life" than in those of any other paper that looks to the general public for support,—more, indeed, than in some papers avowedly Anarchistic. With "Life" in the full tide of prosperity and Liberty re-established under promising auspices, it needs only that some one start a third journal equal to these in excellence, and call it "The Pursuit of Happiness," in order that Americans may enjoy to the full the trinity of blessings which their forefathers of 1776 fought for as "inalienable rights."

In discussing the attitude of organized labor towards the "free" laborer, in a political speech before the Republican Senator Hoar said: "The workman has no right to interfere by violence with the freedom of any workman who does not choose to belong to his union. No, undoubtedly, refuse to work with him. He may, if he please, refuses to associate with him." Even certain quasi-individualists cannot or will not see this plain deduction from the principle of equal liberty! They talk unmitigated rubbish about the right of a man to his job and the tyranny of compelling an employer to discharge a non-union man by threatening to strike or actually declaring a strike. I fear that even Mr. Spencer falls into this absurd error. Senator Hoar, a protectionist and governmentalist, sees this matter more clearly than professed individualists. Industrial boycotting, like any other form of boycotting, is in no wise an invasion of individual liberty.

Meeting the other day a friend whom I had not seen for considerably more than a year, I was asked: "You've been in Europe since I saw you, haven't you?" "Yes," said I. "You went some time last fall, I understand." "About that. Time. To give the exact date, I sailed from New York on the fifteenth of August, 1901." My friend laughed. "Well, that's funny," said he; "do you know, I met a man last fall (he claims to be an Anarchist, but is an enemy of yours because of your peaceful proclivities) who said that you had been scared blue by the McKinley assassination, and had fled to Europe. I told him that I hadn't seen a bit like that in Tucker, but he answered that he knew what he was talking about, and that he was stating a fact beyond all question." When my "Anarchistic" enemy has learned that I was already in Europe at the time of the assassination, he probably will start a story that I was informed: advance of the tragedy, and ran away as a matter of precaution. But what can you expect? The Communist's refusal to recognize the line that separates mine from thine seems to foster the habit of ignoring the line that separates fact from fiction.

Contrary to the impression which some people have formed, Mr. Baer is a man of sense whose utterances deserve respectful attention. This appears, for instance, in his judgment of himself. He thinks he is a great public benefactor, especially at the present time. Well, he is. Look at what he has done. Under circumstances which drew universal attention upon his words, he stated in clear-cut terms what would seem, prima facie, to be the only plausible explanation for certain conspicuous phenomena in our social life. This statement of his was rejected with loud and contemptuous silence by a rare unanimity of public opinion. Now the rejectors find themselves facing an inescapable, but useful, necessity; since they do not like Baer's explanation, they must justify their rejection of it by finding an explanation to satisfy themselves. To make them do this is a benefaction that beats all Carnegie's libraries. And Mr. Baer has done this service in a very self-sacrificing way; he has sacrificed one of a man's most cherished possessions,—his reputation for good sense.

Here, again, he is the victim of gross injustice; for, of those people who laugh at Baer, not half could give so logical an explanation of the present state of things. Yes, friends, Mr. Baer is just what he thinks he is—a wise, unselfish philanthropist maligned by a short-sighted world.

The ruin of congratulation that has swelled over the entire country, from its eastern to its western shore, in praise of Roosevelt's novel method of settling the coal strike, has been marred only here and there by a note even mildly discordant. None the less is it a most delusive harmony. Whatever the success of the experiment in effecting a satisfactory adjustment of the matters immediately in question, an abundance of serious trouble is sure to follow in its wake, and it was, in any case, a most unjustifyable proceeding. To use, as Roosevelt did, the prestige of his office to enable him to exercise a power utterly beyond the reach of Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen, and not conferred by the constitution or the laws on Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, was as clearly, in spirit and substance, an act of usurpation as was, both in spirit and in form, the coup d'etat of Napoleon III. Much has been said of late regarding the tendency toward judge-made law, but here we have a new and startling manifestation of president-made law, and press and public accept it almost without question. True, a little doubt found mild expression before the fact. But now the papers say: "Of course, it was a risky thing to do; nevertheless it succeeded, and now all is well. Glory be to Roosevelt!" The truth is, however, that all is very ill, and it is the seeming success that most aggravates the illness. If, through dissent of one party or the other, the plan had fallen through, Roosevelt's reputation, to be sure, would have suffered a decline, but the people's liberties would have remained much safer. As it is, the glamour of success shed upon the usurper has become a long-lasting source of danger, and an encouragement to worse hereafter.

The Ruined Maid.

"O 'Melia, my dear, does everything crown! Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town? And whence such fair garments, such prosperity!"—"You didn't know I'd been ruined," said she.

"—You left us in tatters, without shoe or socks, Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks; And now you've got bracelets and bright feathers three!"—"Yes, that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

"—At home in the bason you said 'thee' and 'thou,' And 'thick oon,' and 'thees oon,' and 't' other'; but now Your talking quite fits 'ee for high company!"—"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

"—Your hands were like paws then, your face blue And bleak, But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek, And your little gay in fit as on any la dy!"—"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

"—You used to call home-life a hog-ridden dream, And 'd sights, and 'd needn't; but at present you're To know not of megrims or meloanxoy!"—"True. There's an advantage in ruins," said she.

"—I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown, And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!"—"My dear—a raw country girl, such as you be, Isn't equal to that. You ain't ruined," said she.

Thomas Hardy.
Liberty.

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1) In abolishing real and interest, the last vestiges of old time servitude, the Revolution abolishes, at one stroke, the ward of the commoner, the soul of the magnate, the chain of the policeman, the yoke of the caste-man, the cudgel of the department clerk, all those insignia of privilege, which pngy Liberty private beneath her feet. — Description.

2) The appearance in the editorial columns of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the writer is not held responsible for the phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Important Caution.

Enemies of this paper having taken advantage of its temporary suspension to establish another in the same city under the same name and colorations of whatever nature, if intended for the genuine Liberty, should be referred to the address of E. B. O. Box 1312, New York, City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of R. Tucker.

The Attitude of Anarchism Toward Industrial Combinations.

Having to deal very briefly with the problem with which the so-called trusts confront us, I go at once to the heart of the subject, taking my stand on these propositions: That the right to co-operate is as unquestionable as the right to compete; that the right to compete involves the right to refrain from competition; that co-operation is a method of competition, and that competition is always, in the larger view, a method of co-operation; that each is a legitimate, orderly, non-invasive exercise of the individual will under the social law of equal liberty; and that any man or institution attempting to prohibit or restrict either, by legislative enactment or by any form of invisible force, is, in so far as such man or institution may fairly be judged by such attempt, an enemy of liberty, an enemy of progress, an enemy of society, and an enemy of the human race.

Viewed in the light of these irrefutable propositions, the trust, then, like every other industrial combination endeavoring to do collectively nothing but what each member of the combination rightfully may endeavor to do individually, is, per se, an unimpeachable institution. To assail or control or deny this form of co-operation on the ground that it is itself a denial of competition is an absurdity. It is an absurdity, because it proves too much. The trust is a denial of competition in no other sense than that in which competition itself is a denial of competition. The trust denies competition only by producing and selling more cheaply than those outside of the trust can produce and sell; but in that sense every successful individual competitor also denies competition.

And if the trust is to be suppressed for such denial of competition, then the very competition in the name of which the trust is to be suppressed must itself be suppressed also. I repeat: the argument proves too much. The fact is that there is one denial of competition which is the right of all, and that there is another denial of competition which is the right of none. All of us, whether out of a trust or in it, have a right to deny competition by competing, but none of us, whether in a trust or out of it, have a right to deny competition by arbitrary decree, by interference with voluntary effort, by forcible suppression of initiative.

Again: To claim that the trust should be abolished or controlled because the great resources and consequent power of endurance which it acquires by combination give it an undue advantage, and thereby enable it to crush competition, is equally an argument that proves too much. If John D. Rockefeller were to start a grocery store in his individual capacity, we should not think of suppressing or restricting or hampering his enterprise simply because, with his five hundred millions, he could afford to sell groceries at less than that cost until the day when the accumulated ruins of all other grocery stores should afford him a sure foundation for a profitable business. But, if Rockefeller's possession of five hundred millions is not a good ground for the suppression of his grocery store, no better ground is the control of still greater wealth for the suppression of his oil trust. It is true that these vast accumulations under one control are abnormal and dangerous, but the reasons for them lie outside of and behind and beneath all trusts and industrial combinations,—reasons which I shall come to presently,—reasons which are all, in some form or other, an arbitrary denial of liberty; and, for these reasons, but for these denials of liberty, John D. Rockefeller never could have acquired five hundred millions, nor would any combination of men be able to control an aggregation of wealth that could not be easily and successfully met by some combination of men.

Again: There is no warrant in reason for deriving a right to control trusts from the State grant of corporate privileges under which they are organized. In the first place, it being pure usurpation to presume to enjoin any body of men with rights and exemptions that are not theirs already under the social law of equal liberty, corporate privileges are in themselves a wrong; and one wrong is not to be undone by attempting to offset it with another. But, even admitting the justice of corporation charters, the averted purpose in granting them is to encourage co-operation, and thus stimulate industrial and commercial development for the benefit of the community. Now, to make this encouragement an excuse for its own nullification by a proportionate restriction of co-operation would be to add one more to those interminable limitations of the task of Sisyphus for which that stupid institution which we call the State has ever been notorious.

Of somewhat the same nature, but rather more plausible at first blush, is the proposition to cripple the trusts by stripping them of those law-created privileges and monopolies which are conferred, not upon trusts as corporate bodies, but upon sundry individuals and interests, ostensibly for protection of the producer and inventor, but really for purposes of plunder, and which most trusts acquire in the process of merging the original capitals of their constituent members. I refer, of course, to tariffs, patents, and copyrights. Now, tariffs, patents, and copyrights either have their foundations in justice, or they have not their foundations in justice. If they have their foundations in justice, why should men guilty of nothing but a legitimate act of co-operation and partnership be punished therefor by having their just rights taken from them? If they have not their foundations in justice, why should men who refrain from co-operation be left in possession of unjust privileges that are denied to men who co-operate? If tariffs are unjust, they should not be levied at all. If patents and copyrights are unjust, they should be revoked or granted in the interest of all who are entitled to their benefits from the viewpoint of the motives in which these privileges have their origin, and to make such levy or grant dependent upon any foreign motive, such, for instance, as willingness to refrain from co-operation, would be sheer impertinence. Nevertheless, at this point in the hunt for the solution of the trust problem, the discerner of the student may begin to realize that he is hot on the trail. The thought arises that the trusts, instead of growing out of competition, is so generally supposed, have been made possible only by the absence of competition, only by the difficulty of competition, only by the obstacles placed in the way of competition,—only, in short, by those arbitrary limitations of competition which we find in those law-created privileges and monopolies of which I have just spoken, and in one or two others, less direct, but still more far-reaching and deadly in their destructive influence upon enterprise. And it is with this thought that Anarchism, the doctrine that in all matters there should be the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with equality of liberty, approaches the case in hand, and offers its diagnosis and its remedy.

The first and great fact to be noted in the case, I have already hinted at. It is the fact that the trusts owe their power to vast accumulation and concentration of wealth, unmatched, and, under present conditions, unmatchable, by any equal accumulation of wealth, and that this accumulation of wealth has been effected by the combination of several accumulations only less vast and in themselves already gigantic, each of which owed its existence to one or more of the only means by which large fortunes can be rolled up,—interest, rent, and monopolistic profit.

But for interest, rent, and monopolistic profit, therefore, trusts would be impossible. Now, what causes interest, rent, and monopolistic profit? For all there is but one cause,—the denial of liberty, the suppression of restriction of competition, the legal creation of monopolies.

This single cause, however, takes various shapes.

Monopolistic profit is due to that denial of liberty which takes the shape of patent, copyright, and tariff legislation, patent and copy-
right laws directly forbidding competition, and tariff laws placing competition at a fatal disadvantage.

Rent is due to that denial of liberty which takes the shape of land monopoly, vesting titles to land in individuals and associations which do not use it, and thereby compelling the non-owning users to pay tribute to the non-owning owners as a condition of admission to the competitive market.

Interest is due to that denial of liberty which takes the shape of money monopoly, depriving all individuals and associations, save such as hold a certain kind of property, of the right to issue promissory notes as currency, and thereby compelling all holders of property other than the kind thus privileged, as well as all non-pro prietors, to pay tribute to the holders of the privileged property for the use of a circulating medium and instrument of credit which, in the complex stage that industry and commerce have now reached, has become the chief essential of a competitive market.

Now, Anarchism, which, as I have said, is the doctrine that in all matters there should be the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with equality of liberty, finds that none of these denials of liberty are necessary to the maintenance of equality of liberty, but that each and every one of them, on the contrary, is destructive of equality of liberty. Therefore it declares them unnecessary, arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust, and demands their immediate cessation.

Of these four monopolies—the banking monopoly, the land monopoly, the tariff monopoly, and the patent and copyright monopoly—the injustice of all but the last-named is manifest even to a child. The right of the individual to buy and sell without being held up by a highwayman whenever he crosses an imaginary line called a frontier; the right of the individual to take possession of unoccupied land as freely as he takes possession of unoccupied water or unoccupied air; the right of the individual to give his IOU, in any shape whatsoever, under any guarantee whatever, in exchange for anything else—all these rights are too clear for argument, and any one presuming to dispute them simply declares thereby his despotic and imperialistic instincts.

For the fourth of these monopolies, however, —the patent and copyright monopoly,—a more plausible case can be presented, for the question of property in ideas is a very subtle one. The defenders of such property set up an analogy between the production of material things and the production of abstractions, and on the strength of it declare that the manufacturer of mental products, no less than the manufacturer of material products, is a laborer worthy of his hire. So far, so good. But, to make out their case, they are obliged to go further, and to claim, in violation of their own analogy, that the laborer who creates mental products, unlike the laborer who creates material products, is entitled to exemption from competition. Because the Lord, in his wisdom, or the Devil, in his malice, has so arranged matters that the inventor and the author produce naturally at a disadvantage, man, in his might, proposes to supply the divine or diabolic deficiency by an artificial arrangement that shall not only destroy this disadvantage, but actually give the inventor and author an advantage that no other laborer enjoys,—an advantage, moreover, which, in practice, goes, not to the inventor and the author, but to the promoter and the publisher and the trust.

Convincing as the argument for property in ideas may seem at first hearing, if you think about it long enough, you will begin to feel suspicious. The first thing, perhaps, to arouse your suspicion will be the fact that none of the champions of such property propose the punishment of those who violate it, confining themselves with subjecting the offenders to the risk of damage suits, and that nearly all of them are willing that even the risk of suit shall disappear when the proprietor has enjoyed his right for a certain number of years. Now, if, as the French writer, Alphonse Karr, remarked, property in ideas is a property like any other property, then its violation, like the violation of any other property, deserves criminal punishment, and its life, like that of any other property, should be secure in right against the lapse of time. And, this not being claimed by the upholders of property in ideas, the suspicion arises that such a lack of the courage of their convictions may be due to an instinctive feeling that they are wrong.

The necessity of being brief prevents me from examining this phase of my subject in detail. Therefore I must content myself with developing a single consideration, which, I hope, will prove suggestive.

I take it that, if it were possible, and if it had always been possible, for an unlimited number of individuals to use to an unlimited extent and in an unlimited number of places the same concrete things at the same time, there never would have been any such thing as the institution of property. Under those circumstances the idea of property would never have entered the human mind, or, at any rate, if it had, would have been summarily dismissed as too good to be believed, or seriously entertained for a moment. Had it been possible for a concrete creation or adaptation resulting from the efforts of a single individual to be used contemporaneously by all individuals, including the creator or adapter, the realization, or impending realization, of this possibility, far from being seized upon as an excuse for a law to prevent the use of this concrete thing without the consent of its creator or adapter, and far from being guarded against as an injury to one, would have been welcomed as a blessing to all, —in short, would have been viewed as a most fortunate element in the nature of things. The raison d'être of property is found in the very fact that there is no such possibility,—in the fact that it is impossible in the nature of things for concrete objects to be used in different places at the same time. This fact existing, no person can remove from another's possession and take to his own use another's concrete creation without thereby depriving that other of all opportunity to use that which he created, and for this reason it became socially necessary, since successful society rests on individual initiative, to protect the individual creator in the use of his concrete creations by forbidding others to use them without his consent. In other words, it became necessary to institute property in concrete things.

But all this happened so long ago that we of to-day have entirely forgotten why it happened. In fact, it is very doubtful whether, at the time of the institution of property, those who effected it thoroughly realized and understood the motive of their course. Men sometimes do by instinct and without analysis that which conforms to right reason. The institutions of property may have been governed by circumstances inhering in the nature of things, without realizing that, had the nature of things been the opposite, they would not have instituted property. But so that it may, even supposing that they thoroughly understood their course, we, at any rate, have pretty nearly forgotten their understanding. And so it has come about that we have made of property a fetish; that we consider it a sacred thing; that we have set up the god of property on an altar as an object of idol-worship; and that most of us are not only doing what we can to strengthen and perpetuate his reign within the proper and original limits of his sovereignty, but also are mistakenly endeavoring to extend his dominion over things and under circumstances which, in their primal characteristic, are precisely the opposite of those out of which his power developed.

All of which is to say, in briefer compass, that from the justice and social necessity of property in concrete things we have erroneously assumed the justice and social necessity of property in abstract things,—that is, of property in ideas,—with the result of nullifying to a large and lamentable extent that fortunate element in the nature of things, in this case not hypothetical, but real,—namely, the immeasurably fruitful possibility of the use of abstract things by any number of individuals in any number of places at precisely the same time, without in the slightest degree impairing the use thereof by any single individual. Thus we have hastily and stupidly jumped to the conclusion that property in concrete things theoretically implies property in abstract things, whereas, if we had had the care and the keenness to accurately analyze, we should have found that the very reason which dictates the advisability of property in concrete things denies the advisability of property in abstract things. We see here a curious instance of that frequent mental phenomenon,—the precise inversion of the truth by a superficial view.

Furthermore, were the conditions the same in both cases, and concrete things capable of use by different persons in different places at the same time, even then, I say, the institution of property in concrete things, though under those conditions manifestly absurd, would be infinitely less destructive of individual opportunities, and therefore infinitely less dangerous and detrimental to human welfare, than is the institution of property in abstract things. For it is easy to see that, even should we accept the rather startling hypothesis that a single ear of corn is continually and permanently consumable, or rather inconsumable, by an indefinite number of persons scattered over the surface of the earth, still the legal institution of property in concrete things would secure to the sower of a grain
of corn the exclusive use of the resultant ear would not, in so doing, deprive other persons of the right to sow other grains of corn and become exclusive users of their respective harvests; whereas the legal institution of property in abstract things not only secures to the inventor, say, of the steam engine the exclusive use of the engines which he actually makes, but at the same time deprives all other persons of the right to make for themselves other engines involving any of the same ideas. Perpetual property in ideas, then, which is the logical outcome of any theory of property in abstract things, would, had it been in force in the lifetime of James Watt, have made his direct heirs the owners of at least nine-tenths of the now existing wealth of the world; and, had it been in force in the lifetime of the inventor of the Roman alphabet, nearly all the highly civilized peoples of the earth would be to-day the virtual slaves of that inventor's heirs, which is but another way of saying that, instead of becoming highly civilized, they would have remained in the state of semi-barbarism. It seems to me that these two statements, which in my view are incontrovertible, are in themselves sufficient to condemn property in ideas forever.

If, then, the four monopolies to which I have referred are unnecessary denials of liberty, and therefore unjust denials of liberty, and if they are the sustaining causes of interest, rent, and monopolistic profit, and if, in turn, this usufructuous trinity is the cause of all vast accumulations of wealth,—for further proof of which propositions I must, because of the limitations of my time, refer you to the economic writings of the Anarchist school,—it clearly follows that the adequate solution of the problem with which the trusts confront us is to be found only in abolition of these monopolies and the consequent guarantee of perfectly free competition.

The most serious of these four monopolies is unquestionably the money monopoly, and I believe that perfect freedom in finance alone would wipe out nearly all the trusts, or at least render them harmless, and perhaps helpful. Mr. Bryan told a very important truth when he declared that the destruction of the money trust would at the same time kill all the other trusts. Unhappily, Mr. Bryan does not propose to destroy the money trust. He wishes simply to transform it from a gold trust into a gold and silver trust. The money trust cannot be destroyed by the remonetization of silver. That would be only a mitigation of the monopoly, not the abolition of it. It can be abolished only by monetizing all wealth that has a market value,—that is, by giving to all wealth the right of representation by currency, and to all currency the right to circulate wherever it can on its own merits. And this is not only a solution of the trust question, but the first step that should be taken, and the greatest single step that can be taken, in economic and social reform.

I have tried, in the few minutes allotted to me, to state conclusively the attitude of Anarchism toward industrial combinations. It does not encumber all direct attacks on them, all interference with them, all anti-trust legislation whatsoever.

In fact, it regards industrial combinations as very useful whenever they spring into existence in response to demand created in a healthy social body. If at present they are baneful, it is because they are symptoms of a social disease originally caused and persistently aggravated by a regimen of tyranny and quackery. Anarchism wants to call off the quacks, and give liberty, which is the great cure-all, a chance to do its perfect work.

Free access to the world of matter, abolishing land monopoly; free access to the world of mind, abolishing idea monopoly; free access to an untaxed and unprivileged market, abolishing tariff monopoly and money monopoly,—secure these, and all the rest shall be added unto you. For liberty is the remedy of every social evil, and to Anarchy the world must look at last for any enduring guarantee of social order.

The Reaction and Spencer.

"Facts and Comments," Mr. Spencer's "last" book, is a depressing, pessimistic human document. In it the man,—the disappointed, disheartened, much "perplexed" man,—not the philosopher of evolution, unbonos himself. His final message is one of blank despair apparently. He indicts the present generation, regarding it as a generation of backsliders and degenerates. Everywhere he sees reaction and retrogression. It is hardly necessary to say that there is much truth in his indictment. The reaction Mr. Spencer so bitterly and savagely assails is a fact, but it is a fact which he does not understand. His philosophy,—using the term in the loose sense of the word,—offers no explanation of it, and Mr. Spencer is aware of this. Hence his weariness, mortification, and disgust.

Let us glance at a few of the counts in the indictment.

In the essay on "Party Government" Mr. Spencer shows that freedom in its true sense is understood by very few, and that what is now boasted of as political freedom "consists in the ability to choose a despot, or a group of oligarchs, and, after long misbehavior has produced dissatisfaction, to choose another despot or group of oligarchs, having meanwhile been made subject to laws sundry of which are repugnant." Several illustrations of the current inability to grasp the meaning of freedom are given, and the argument concludes as follows:

Similarly those who, joining a trade-union, surrender their freedom to make engagements on their own terms, and allow themselves to be told by their leaders when to work and when not to work, have no adequate sense of that fundamental right which every man possesses to make the best of himself, and to dispose of his abilities in any way he pleases. Naturally, then, it results that those who represent electors who are thus vague in their conceptions of freedom, and deficient in the accompanying sentiment, must be expected to submit to any device or suggestion that they may be made to believe they can improve things which they do not approve. For the present there is no probability of anything better, but a probability of something worse; for the retrograde movement now going on toward the prevalent social type is inevitably accompanied, not by relaxation of authority, but by enforcement of it.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that in the reference to trade-unionism Mr. Spencer misuses the term "right." No man has a "right to make the best of himself"; his right is not to be hampered aggressively or interfered with in his effort to make the best of himself. In voluntarily surrendering his freedom to make engagements he is exercising his freedom to delegate his power to another. Collective bargaining, when resorted to by men free to choose, is clearly not a violation of the right to dispose of one's services or abilities. Mr. Spencer's curious notion would do away with all cooperation, all agency. But this is merely en passant.

In the essay on "Regulation" Mr. Spencer refers to municipal trading and the spread of collectivism, and predicts the municipalization of all our businesses. He is appalled at the suggestion of dissatisfied workmen that "in conflict with masters the usages of war are justifiable." The chapter ends with these words:

Already these men [the unionists] have made themselves semi-slaves to their trade combinations, and, with the further progress of imperialism, reparation, and regimentation, their semi-slavery will end in complete slavery,—a state which they fully deserve.

So, then, there's to be an end to the semi-libertarian régime that the advanced nations have for a time enjoyed! And after? Assuredly rebarbarization is not the prelude to social dissolution. What becomes of Mr. Spencer's political and industrial forecasts,—of the predicted (and where there is science there is necessarily prevision) "elimination of evil" and triumphant establishment of equal freedom and complete industrialism?

The truth is that Mr. Spencer and the individuals of his school have never understood the vices and evils of the present system, and its collapse has amazed and stupefied them. They imagine that it is liberty which has failed, and they scathingly denounce the average "practical man" as fit only for despotism and dependence. But it is shame liberty which has failed, and the revolt: of the practical man is perfectly natural. It is even creditable in a measure, though, of course, not to his intelligence.

It is not love for subjection and regimentation which drives the workman into tyrannical unions. It is not reasoned preference for paternalism and compulsion which makes municipalizationists and nationalizationists of so many conservatives. It is hatred of plutocracy and privilege, and these live, move, and have their being in the negation of liberty. The attitude of the anarcho-miner operators, so truly Starboum, so severely logical, led thousands to advocate the seizure of the properties under eminent domain and their retention by the State. We do not know what Mr. Spencer thinks about this controversy and its settlement, but, if he shares the plutocratic notion that the principles of private property, free contract, and free industry have been compromised, he is altogether wrong. The consequences of monopoly and aggression have been repudiated, not the corollaries of liberty.

It is the same with "municipal trading." The gross abuses and scandals of private operation of public utilities, the corrupt alliances between thieves and boodlers, the cynical disregard of public interest and convenience by the monopolies, are responsible for the present apparently irresistible tendency towards the sub-
the present arrangements. There is nothing astonishing in those phenomena to students of democratic politics and human nature. Whether the tide can be stemmed or not is a question of comparatively small importance. The true, consistent libertarian either has foreseen these effects of plutocratic recklessness or else has sufficient insight to account for them. He does not despair, and he witnesses them in sorrow rather than in anger.

Certainly his faith in liberty remains unshaken. He merely has less respect than ever before for the one-sided liberty of the shallow defenders of things as they are, who declaim against further restrictions and interferences on the part of the State, but have no intention of surrendering any of the iniquitous privileges which past aggression has conferred upon them. Plutocratic violations of equal opportunity and equal liberty beget socialist violations, but the facts of contemporary politics do not invalidate the conclusions of scientific sociology. The necessity of presenting and demonstrating anew these conclusions is just as imperative during a period of reaction as it is under conditions favorable to progress. What is, is; not nothing that is right or "for the best" in this intensely interesting, but by no means perfect, world.

Those who regard the present monopoly-ridden order as an embodiment of liberty and justice should overhaul their political economy and ethics. This would be more profitable than wailing and gnashing of teeth.

It seems that Americans are "not a law-abiding people." This discovery has been made by the New York "Tribune." Commenting upon certain remarks attributed to Mr. Jane Addams, of the Hull House, at Chicago, the drift of which was that the backwardness of the great western city was due to evasion and violation of law by rich and poor alike, the "Tribune" said, in concluding a solemn argument: "If, as a nation, we are ever going to care what is the matter with us, we certainly must, along with Chicago, acquire more respect for the law. Lawlessness is an almost universal disease in city and county, and there is a disposition to resent the conduct of officials who are really active for enforcement. The schools fail to teach sufficient reverence for law, and the homes fail to inculcate it. We are, in the main, a peaceful, well-meaning, well-conducted people, but we certainly are not a law-abiding people."

Marvellous logic! Either the laws we fail to obey are good, or they are bad, unreasonable, and unnecessary. If they are good, how can those who violate them be "peaceful, well-meaning, well-conducted"? Laws are supposed to be enacted in the interest of peace, order, and justice, and, on any same theory, they can have no other object. If we are peaceful and well-conducted, what more can any one demand of us? Does the "Tribune" mean that we decline to obey vicious and superfluous laws? Hardly. At any rate, if that were the case, there would be nothing to "cure." The matter would then be not with "us," but with the foolish or pernicious laws, and they, not we, would have to be reformed. We are, in truth, not so law-abiding as the Germans, for example; but that is not what the matter with us is, and requires no curing.

One of the comrades who have faithfully kept up the fight during the suspension of Liberty is Joe Laballe, whose "Cranky Notions," appearing once or twice a week in pithy paragraphs in the last two weeks, has been a prominent feature on which the author attributes to them in his title, by seeking the centre of the target with well-nigh unfailing accuracy.

According to the capitalistic and authoritarians:press, the State should straightforwardly take upon itself a new duty,—that of forcing all people to associate with militiamen, whether they wish to or not.

Zola's Last Book

The untimely taking-off of Emile Zola has prevented the completion of the latest literary task that he had set himself,—namely, the writing of "The Four Gospels," four novels under the respective titles, "Fecondity," "Labor," "Truth," and "Justice." It is only the fourth, however, that we have lost. The first two were published some years ago, and the third, finished shortly before the author's death, is now appearing serially in several languages, though not in English. Liberty, in giving below a striking passage from one of the earlier chapters, favors its readers with the first English version of any part of this notable book. "Truth" has two motives: first, the conviction of an innocent Jew, with the result of struggle of truth's adherents to undo the wrong thus done; second, the conflict of a free-thinking husband with a religious wife over the question of their child's education. The one serves as an excuse for a dramatic recital of the Dreuxus case; the other pictures the war now raging in France between religious education and secular education. A Jewish teacher in a French public school, whose name, is charged with the murder of a schoolboy. Though the real criminal is one of a society of Brothers conducting a Catholic school. The community divides into two camps,—the Simonists and the anti-Simonists. A huge Catholic conspiracy is formed to shield the guilty by manufacturing evidence against the innocent, who is thereby convicted and sent to prison. In consequence of this verdict, the public school in the community begins to decline, and, to save it from ruin, Marc Froment, one of the most ardent Simonists and teacher of a public school in a smaller community not far away, where he has been successful in advancing the cause of secular education, is requested by his superiors to give up his post and assume charge of the school that is in danger. The request places him in a serious dilemma: if he declines, he loses an opportunity to do needed service to the cause nearest his heart; if he accepts, he must take up his residence in the community where the Catholic grandmother and mother of his wife live, thus endangering his domestic happiness and his child's future. The remarkable passage here translated into English depicts an incident typical of the situation and influential in determining his course at this critical juncture. Liberty, in printing it, intends to betoken its sympathy, not with public schools as against private, but with rational education as against superstitious. In France, unhappily, these two quite different problems are so inextricably intertwined as necessarily to divide the sympathies of every Anarchist.
The story was a simple one; Marx easily guessed it: a gust of madness, an irresistible rush of the faith-inspired, valorous, and religious, lastly and finally, a priest and bishop. For some time Abbé Quinon had resisted, refusing to put a money-box in his parish church for St. Anthony of Padua, unwilling to lend him to what he looked upon as the corruption of religious works. Then, in view of the scandal which he raised, in view of the solitude into which he plunged deeper every day, he had been seized with a fit of anguish; he had asked himself if, in the end, and, in a spirit of resignation, he had had to cover the new wound with the sacred cowl of his avaricious office. He went at last, one day, to the bishop’s palace to confide his doubts, his struggles, his defeat; and Monsieur Berger, no longer a priest, no longer a man accused, no longer a man assailed, no longer a man assailed, no longer a man assailed, seemed to himself a diminution of the church’s power if it should confess its follies and its faults, embittered him, embittered and promised to be present at the solemnity in which he always appeared, with a smile as bitter as the secret sorrow in the two priests, the prelate and the simple vicar of the little city, united in the same faith! They suffered from their impotence, from their necessity, from this rout to which they had submitted, which was the sole caprice of a God of irony and impatience.

From the feverish enthusiasm of the groups that surrounded him Marx understood that the affair was going to have a definite end. He decided to declare it on the whole country, with this requiem of gilded and chiseled silver, in which was enshrined a fragment of the skull of St. Anthony of Padua. It was the latest discovery of Father Théodore, in answer to the petition of the commission at Besançon, a swarm of statues and money-boxes inviting the faithful to try to chance the miracle. Henceforth error was impossible; he alone had the sacred bone; he alone was in this position to flatter and distribute opportunities to all the possibilities of good working order, that there might be no re-creations later between the customers and the saint. And what struck Marx painfully in the first place was the extraordinary and universal and faithful little girls coming into the store, who eagerly bought the little public-school girls to the climax, as if it were a feature of the regular school exercises. He was astounded to see the tallest of these little girls marching at the head and carrying their silk handkerchiefs. He had understood these words: “Glory to Jesus and to Mary!” Moreover, Mademoiselle Rouzaire, when one of her pupils competed for her study certificate, made no bones of bidding her to receive the sacrament and to put two francs in St. Anthony’s money-box; and, when the pupil was utterly stupid, she commanded him to put in five francs, because the saint would surely have unusual trouble in her case. She also made her pupils keep all their diary entries, in order that they might attend for prayer and attendance at mass. A singular secular school this public school kept by Mademoiselle Rouzaire! The little girls arranged themselves at the left of the nave, opposite the big little boys of the school of the Brothers, who occupied the right, under the charge of Brother Bulgarine, bustle and bustling as usual. Father Crabot and Father Philibrun, having consented to honor the ceremony with their benediction, were ready in the left hand, and they wished also to enjoy their victory over Monseigneur Berger. For no one was ignorant of the part that the recteur of Valmarie had taken in the exultation of the cult of St. Anthony of Padua.

The story of Marx’s efforts was evidently to oblige his brother to come to apologize; after having been so severe upon the Saint’s person. But when Monseigneur Berger entered, followed by the parish priest, Abbé Quinon, Marx was thrown into confusion, unable to think of a sort of shame so plainly he dreaded their painful sublimation, their forced devotion, beneath their pale and serious faces.

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But in the Place de Capraine the saint pursued arms. Groups of devotes were holding animated conversations, as was formerly the case when the thriving of gambling women lingered at the doors of lottery offices.

"You are for no port," said a big woman, very fat and doleful, "I have no luck; I never win at any game. Perhaps that is why St. Anthony scarcely hears me. Three times I have given forty sous; once for my sick goat, which is dead never since then; once for a lost ring which I had not found; the third time for apples that were rotting, of which I never got rid. In short, a regular Jizak!"

"Ah, my dear! you have too much patience," answered a little old woman, suddenly.

"When St. Anthony turns a dead car to me, I will compel him to listen."

"How, my dear?"

"I punish him! See! my little house would not rent, because people complained of its dampness and that said children die in it. Then I gave three francs, and waited; nothing; no tenants came. I gave three francs again; still nothing. I became angry; I over- turned the statuette of the saint, which stood on the commode in my chamber. And, as he still refused to stir, I turned his nose to the wall, that he might re- ceive. He remained a week in this position; still nothing. He was not sufficiently frightened. I had an idea for something, and a certifying to cure him of his indifference, and I put him in my night- table, where he spent another week in the same useless fashion. I was furious; at last, by means of a cord, I lowered him nearly to the bottom of the drawer. And down he went, down he went down. Ah, my dear! then he began to understand that with me he could not have the last word, and within two hours tenants appeared, who rented my little house."

"Did you look out of the well?"

"Oh! at once. I put him back on the commode, first wiping him very clean and making my apologies. We are not on bad terms; on the contrary. Only, when one has paid, one must enjoy it.

"Go on, my dear! I will try .... I am having trouble with the justice of the peace; I am going in to deposit forty sous in the money-box, and, if the saint does not see it to do it, I win my case; I will show him my dissatisfaction."

"That’s it, my dear. Tie a stone to his neck, or else stuff him into your dirty linen. He isn’t over-fed of that, either. That will bring him to terms."

Marx, despite his bitterness, was still laughing for a long moment. And he continued to listen, near him he heard a group of serious men, among whom he recognized the municipal councillor, Philius, candidate of the clerical party for the municipality against Dejean. Exploring that, a sound of things that had cast no discernment itself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This worship of the Sacred Heart was another invention of genius, more dangerous than the base exploitation of St. Anthony of Padua, and intended to win France back to God. The common people still remained indifferent to it, not finding in it the attraction of the miracle, the passion of the game. But no less serious was the danger threatened by the cult of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the real heart, red and bleeding, represented as in a butcher’s stall, torn from the open breast, at the moment of its final palpitation. They purposed making of this bleeding image the very emblem of modern France: in the body of Christ, in His hand; and, still, to invoke, to embitter it in silk and gold on the national flag, that the entire nation might be nothing but a dependency of the church, capable, in its death-agony, of a fetichism so repugnant that, beyond the holy passion, determination to reign the crowd by the grossest superstitions and legends, the hope of plunging it again into ignorance and servitude by setting on its nerves, on its passions, on the passions of our generation, to be its old attachment of manhood. And here again, for the Sacred Heart as for St. Anthony of Padua, the Jesuits were at work, unceasingly disorganizing the old Catholicism with their bitter-lights, an excrement which was gradually absorbing the cult of former times, ending in a second incarnation of Jesus, swallowing up religion in the carnal practices of savage people.

Marx went away. Again he felt a stifling sensation,
And suddenly his mind was made up; he would accept Salmon's offer; he would come to Mailheads as teacher of the primary school, to struggle against the church, against this poisoning of the people, of which the biddish ceremony of the afternoon was a frenzied crisis.

The Wild Bornes.

"Yea!"

This is the greatest living curiosity, ladies and gentlemen and my little friend... is so ferocious that it will go thousands of miles to kill people, and will slaughter its fellows at the command of its masters. Don't be afraid; this one is thoroughly trained. This specimen was procured at enormous expense; the color makes all the difference. The black variety is worth over a thousand dollars a head. Little brown specimens have been sold in the native land at two dollars apiece, but the Bureau of Labor at Washington calculates that the animal value of such a one as this is over one thousand five hundred dollars.

This is the only animal that builds elaborate dwelling places, but does not live in them, and works all the time.

You observe how intelligent it looks, but its intelligence is all in its hands, for it produces its own food in vast abundance, but does not know enough to take sufficient for itself. It has enormous strength and is incredibly cruel, for it will destroy its young to please those whom it is accustomed to obey.

It spends much of its time in captivity and stuffing little bits of paper, which its master gives it, into a straw, and thinking of the greatest importance of both bit it will stuff in. If it knew power, we could never restrain it.

No matter how keen it is, it never kicks as long as the bulls and bears are fat, because it thinks the country is prosperous. It grows, but it doesn't do anything. (Twist its tail, Mr. Corner.) That's your Populist.

Its name? It is called America's Working Manus, or the Party-voter.

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October, 1900

JAMES GROSS, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

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