On Picket Duty.

To forbid the naturalization of Anarchists, as the last congress proposed, is much like forbidding vegetarians to eat meat and anti-vaccinationists to be vaccinated. I know some good people who believe in going naked—in warm weather. Suppose the state were to forbid them to wear clothes!!!

Rev. Herbert F. Bigelow and the "Public," having united in the assertion that gambling is wrong because success on one side involves failure on the other, Liberty pointed out that competition, ia which Mr. Bigelow and the "Public," as devote Single Taxers, must believe, is open to the same objection. The "Public," for sole answer, assumes that by competition Liberty meant the competition of buyer with seller in the same transaction, and easily shows—what everybody knows—that in every transaction freely consented to both buyer and seller benefit. And, after this innocent misconception of my words, the "Public," favoring me with its very best boy start, finds me "astonishing." Of course I referred, not to competition between buyer and seller, but to competition in the usual economic sense of the word—that of buyer with buyer, or of seller with seller. In such competition, I repeat, both Mr. Bigelow and the "Public," as Single Taxers, must believe, and in it one's gain is unquestionably another's loss. So they must impale themselves on one of the horns of my dilemma, either admitting gambling or denying competition. In justice to the "Public," it must be added that, as a rule, it is less naive.

Roosevelt has discovered a problem which is "fundamentally more important than any other,"—namely, the dislike of the American-born woman (and man) to beget children. His platitudes about the strong qualities—courage, resolution, love of effort, eager desire to work or fight or suffer—require no attention. His denunciation of reared pleasure, triviality, and luxury would be impressive on other lips, with some real intellectual force behind the sermon. On Roosevelt's "is meaningless, for he knows nothing about the great subject he is so glibly discuss. It is mockery to preach "fruitfulness" to the victims of the monopolists Roosevelt has not the courage to tackle. In them prudence and self-restraint, foresight and the application of "Malthusian" checks, are "fundamental virtues." As for the idle rich, they are entitled to gratitude for bearing to reproduce themselves. Society has all the political humbugs, moral quacks, ignorant preachers, and cowardly pretenders it can support. Those who avoid marriage or large families will cheerfully pay the penalty attached to their "crime against the race,"—the "contemptuous abhorrence" of fools and windbags. Small families are a result of intellectual and moral development, and with advancing civilization quality, not quantity, becomes the desideratum in population. The American woman refuses to be a beast of burden and a mere reproductive machine, and therein, with her French sister, she gives evidence of superiority. There is nothing discreditable in love of independence and of opportunity for culture, rational enjoyment, and contemplation. "Work" for the sake of work, fighting for the sake of fighting, strenuousness for the sake of strenuousness—this is Roosevelt's absurd gospel. And he practices what he preaches, except with respect to moral courage, of which nature has deprived him. He is a wonderful quitter.

Another labor leader, E. E. Clark (Roosevelt's "practical sociologist" on the coal strike commission), has been giving us his views on boycotting and blacklisting. The fool press, naturally enough, is delighted with them, and hopes that unionists generally will profit by these solid chunks of statesmanship and wisdom. Says Mr. Clark: "If the employer rides himself of the service of an employee, either by dismissal or by filling the place when he has struck or quit, the employer has no right to harp or defeat that man's efforts to earn a living in the service of another employer by secretly blacklisting him." This is neither obvious or true. What is secret blacklisting? It is merely the communication by private correspondence of the employer's personal estimate of the character of the dismissed employee. Why has not A, the employer, a right to tell B, another employer, that C is a poor or troublesome workman? Must he say it in print, proclaim it from the housetops? His right to say it in print is not disputed; only when he says it in a private letter is it condemned as "blacklisting," and by many of those who asst the right of public and private boycotting? Mr. Clark is not so inconsistent, for he continues: "The employer who uses the blacklist cannot be heard to complain that the employee uses the boycott. The employee who uses the boycott, beyond the exercise of his own free will to trade where he chooses, cannot be heard to complain that the employer uses the blacklist." This is true, but it is equally true that there is nothing invasive or wrong about either practice. What is the boycott but "the exercise of [one's] own free will to trade where he chooses"? And what is the blacklist but the exercise of one's free will to employ whom he chooses? Mr. Clark, with the other wonderful moralists and logicians, holds that a man may boycott his butcher, or grocer, or tailor, but not the butcher's grocer, or the grocer's butcher, or the tailor of these two. The notion is grotesque, and that is why it is so widespread.

The death of Sidney H. Morse last February at San Mateo, Florida,—resulting from a paralytic stroke,—brought sorrow to the hearts not only of all who knew him personally, but of all who are familiar with the valuable work that he did for liberty during his long life. Though I saw little of him of late years, he was one of my earliest and most intimate friends. I made his acquaintance shortly after I made that of Josiah Warren, and was the means of bringing the two together, as a result of which Morse became a thorough believer in Wm. evan's political and economic philosophy and at Warren's death in 1874 came into possession of his personal and literary effects. Since then he has steadfastly upheld the sovereignty of the individual in sundry pamphlets. Notable among the latter was that remarkable production, "So the Railway Kings Ithch for an Empire, Do They?" "A Red-Hot Striker," written at the time of the Pittsburg riots of 1877; and the article signed H. in the early numbers of Liberty were also from his pen. He was beloved by all who knew him, and had a special charm for the young. He was a poet, an artist, and a thinker. And by nature one of the finest spirits ever engendered on this planet. I have never known a gentler, saner, truer man than Sidney Morse.

Mad Judy.

When the hawket hailed a birth
Judy used to cry:

When she heard our christening mirth
She would kneel and sigh.
She was crazed, we knew, and we
Honored her aberrancy.

When the daughters and the sons
Gathered them to wed,
And we like-intending ones
Danced till dawn was red.
She would rock and mutter, "More
Concerns to this shady shore!"

W. a. old sandman Death laid hands
On - bade or twain.
Sb. a. old feast, and by her brands
Sing her songs again.
What she liked we let her do.
Judy was insane, we knew.

Thomas Hardy.
Liberty.

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HENRY R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolished at a stroke the sword of the landlord over the whip of the mass murderer, the club of the policeman, the yoke of the castrator, the ever-present knife of the depraved clerk, all the instruments of Bigotry, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel. -Powhatan.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles by other signatories than the Editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their general purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by his name, or his character, by no means indicates that he approves them in any respect, such appearance of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Important Caution.

Enemies of this paper having taken advantage of its temporary suspension to publish under the same name, all postal communications of whatever nature. If included for the genuine Liberty, should be addressed to N. W. Box 1312, New York City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 42, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of HENRY R. TUCKER.

Publicity for Anarchism.

I confess to being impatient that Anarchism takes so long to become dominant. I think the subject is one on which impatience is healthy, provided it does not interfere with patient work. Slow progress is better by its whole quantity, than no progress; but slow progress is not all right. The philosophical homilies that would make us lose the battles by the hollow. It is not true that the people always need a very long time to take in a new idea; or that the truth will be better learned for being slowly learned, and that there will be less risk of practical blunders in its application; or that the truth will be more correctly understood, if it is kept within the circle of the more intelligent brains; or that agitation cannot make public opinion. On the contrary, agitation can make public opinion rapidly; and to spread a true idea as widely as possible among all classes is the way to get it most correctly clarified in the minds of the intelligent; and the stumblings of slow progress, though more frequent than those of rapid progress, outbake them. We ought to push the cause faster. I am not blaming anybody because this has not been done; it is my fault as much as anybody’s. But, adopting the King’s Daughters’ motto, “Look forward and not backward—Lend a hand,” I want to examine the ways of pushing, to see what can be done now. And my special desire is to set others thinking about the same thing, and to see an exchange of opinions. Only, as to those who start with the idea that we should make no effect to move fast, or that, when we cannot use first-rate method, we should not use a second-rate one could explain the matter only as I should value those of an enemy of Anarchism. We need the temper that slowness never discourages, true; but also, that slowness never satisfies.

At present our movement may be said to consist of agitation. This is one of the evils—that it has only the one arm; and the evil should be cured; nevertheless, our first business may well be to study the business we are already in.

Agitation may be divided into personal and public. For most people, personal agitation—conversation—is the most effective. We have too little of it, partly because some of us are afraid to speak for Anarchism where we are, known—-the fear is sometimes justified, but often delusive,—and partly because one is afraid of being a bore with his hobby. I do not pay to be a bore; but, if you once take the plunge of letting an acquaintance know that you expect to look at affairs from the Anarchist standpoint, it will be perfectly natural to present the Anarchist view from time to time when he and you are talking over the topics of the day. Try advertising yourself among your acquaintances as an Anarchist, if you dare; and see whether in your circumstances it is not a man’s part to dare. The consequences are not terrible in most cases.

Public agitation may be divided into the spoken and the written. Some brochures are built to be reached through the ear, some through the eye; to reach all, we must use both means. I suppose that the spoken reaches the larger number,—for most of those who read a newspaper article cannot be said to be "reached" by it,—but that the written makes a better quality of converts. The written has one advantage,—that it admits of more co-operation. I wish some one who understands meetings, and the talking business in general, would write something luminous about that kind of agitation as applied to the present situation of Anarchism; I am not skilled in it.

If you want to write on Anarchism or any other known or unknown subject, you can; the American Press Writers’ Association says so. Send your name to A. C. Armstrong, secretary, 17 Leroy Street, Dorchester, Mass. It would be fit and proper that you should also send twenty-five cents for a year’s subscription to "The Boston Press Writer," and it is a pity if you don’t get twenty-five cents worth out of watching this panorama of the Association. However, you don’t have to pay; your enrolment commits you to nothing whatever, except that you are willing to have your name appear in a directory of cranks. The A. P. W. A. roll is the best directory of cranks published. However, if you also inform the secretary that you are disposed to write on certain given subjects, such as "Anarchism, Philosophical," "Anti-Compulsory Education Laws," "Peace, Anti-War," or others, your name will go under those heads in the next issue of the roll, and you will begin to receive papers and things, indicating opportunities for writing to the press (or to others) on your topics, with a string of figures in the margin in the form of 41 18 45, etc. This means that the selector of these papers sent them to member no. 4, and he to you, no. 13, and you, after writing them such letters as you see fit (you are not pledged to write any), are to send them on to no. 44. It is also your high privilege to start such documents yourself, and send them to whatever fellow-members you wish to set to work. It is also desired that you inform fellow-members when you see their letters in print, or see any result from them.

It is a funny thing, that A. P. W. A., and suffers from a surfeit of such members as make vociferousness do instead of sense. The secretary hasclassed me as "active," but he must have done it by guess. Still, I have always meant to be more active, and, on the whole, I recommend it. It is a lively, growing, evolving body, likely to improve itself in its evolution, and has already, as I understand, done work of so?; value on some occasions. I do not like its extreme loose-jointness; I do not know quite how to take hold of so indefinite a thing to be "more active" in it; but this quality has one advantage at least,—you need not be afraid that your membership can do you any harm against your will.

Even unassociated, you can help us much by writing. Opportunities present themselves once in a while to everybody, and the public always needs enlightenment. Write on behalf of Anarchism when you can. Remember that the deadliest poison to the progress of an agitation is silence. It is worse than any blunders that you could make if you broke the silence.

But the special opportunity for co-operation in written agitation lies in the possibility of using money, the great economic instrument of cooperation. When an able writer has printed something good for agitation, every friend of his who has not ability, but has a nickel, can make that nickel agitate not merely with his own little power, but with the power of his elder friend. And, while I urge that those who lack ability should not refrain from talking or writing, I would also urge the value of this method of multiplying 'be personality of the more potent workers.

You cannot expect more than a nickel’s worth for a nickel, however. In agitating in print, it is worth while to figure out first what you are willing to spend. Jesus Christ said that the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light. This is commonly taken as an instance of his unimpeachable correctness. I think something might be said on the other side. When the sons of this world go into the proper business of the sons of the light,—saving the world and things of that sort,—one finds out that they lack the experience which the sons of the light have for some generations been acquiring. For instance, in this matter of raising money for a cause in which you are interested. Experience among Christians has proved that there is nothing like setting apart a certain percentage of your income as fast as you get it. The most usual allowance among those who practice this is ten per cent. of your total income over and above the expenses of the business from which your income is derived; this sum to be your normal and minimum fund to be divided among all religious and benevolent causes to which you may wish to contribute. But if one balks at ten per cent. and sets a lower figure, he is nevertheless in the right track, for it is practically certain that he will give more, and give it to one. The secretions of a man who neglects prearrangement and gives what he can spare when called upon. Furthermore, it is commonly found (whether by the blessing of God, or by the advantage of methodical habits, or both) that the
Another thing is leaflets. While on the average the cheapest and most effective leaflet is the paper, there is a field for the little select leaflet. You can print one, of your own writing or another's; or you can buy what some one else has printed, if he lets you know that he has them. Printing leaflets is one of the most expensive ways of agitating. But, when you have printed one, do let the rest of us know its nature and price. At any given time there are in different parts of the country half a dozen Anarchist leaflets extant, and nobody a hundred cities away knowing the existence of any one of them as a possible help to his work. In the heat of the Czoskog excitement, one of the few comrades who use money as they ought reprinted Tucker's "Are Anarchists Thugs?" It was exceedingly timely, of course; he figured that he could distribute a thousand or two, asked his personal friends how many they wanted, and printed what he could use in these ways. At the same time the comrades in one of our largest cities had raised a little fund, and were looking for a good leaflet: they would have bought a thousand, probably, but they did not find out about the reprint till the edition was scattered and the press used up. A needless expense of money, a loss to our large minority. If not a majority, of the inhabitants of such a district—oh—the command for fear of being boycotted themselves, although they owe no allegiance whatever to the organization that declares it. and often are personally opposed to it.

It is invariably imposed as a punishment for an imaginary wrong. The principal sufferers are those non-union workers who dare to disobey a strike order, or those men and women of non-Germanity to disobey an order to boycott. Individual liberty is as completely suppressed as it is in time of war.

As a remedy for the social evil, they, like strikes, are absolutely futile. They are based upon the fallacious notion that the unjust distribution of wealth is due to the greed and rapacity of the capitalists. The instigators of boycotts have not advanced sufficiently in civilization to know that egoism, in the absence of inequitable authority, is the very cornerstone of ethics, justice, and equity, and that it should be cultivated, not suppressed. Every encouragement of efforts to right a wrong, if those efforts are misdirected and therefore futile, will save the effect of misreading the whole problem, of delaying the inauguration of a radical remedy.

Taking into view all these characteristics of the modern boycott, it is simply incomprehensible to me how any advocate of equal rights and of a single word in their defence. Surely, the absence of physical violence cannot be claimed as a redeeming feature, for, if this were a criterion, 1. 1 and defamation of character would be non-invasive. In every other respect, boycotts have evinced the mark of offensive despotism, and the authorities that impose and raise them constitute typically invasive governments.

I presume liberty will concede that, if we had free elections, the general elections would not be the same as the present one, which is conducted by a small group of people who have no conception of freedom. But I never have heard anyone as much as intimate that this sort is boycotted. This term, as commonly understood, obviously embraces other specific characteristics, which were strikingly exhibited in the boycott accompanying the late coal strike. Not only, but by consulting the past issues of "Liberty," you will find that I had reason to believe that you had reference to this particular class of boycotts when you re-organized them with liberty. I will enumerate some of these, as they appear to me. If my impression is erroneous, I shall gladly accept correction; but, if they are consistent with facts, I cannot see what fault you can find with my conclusions.

Boycotts proper are not, and never have been, either imposed by some authority or are the tacit accompaniment of strikes, which in their turn are instituted by some authority. They are imposed and raised by command, and are obeyed by persons who have no immediately grievance of their own.

When the said authority raises a boycott, the former relations are again assumed as if nothing had happened. The names of those placed under the ban are published or otherwise made generally known, and individual judgment is not accepted as an excuse for disobeying a boycott-order.

Boycotts are invariably intended as a punishment, inflicted by some authority, and they are a more effective form of punishment than the ban. When the former is imposed, the latter has no such existence outside the ban.

This punishment is meted out not only to members of that organization from which the authority to declare boycotts emanates, but is extended to all those inhabitants of the district in which the boycott exists. It is not a matter affecting the large minority. If not a majority, of the inhabitants of such a district—oh—the command for fear of being boycotted themselves, although they owe no allegiance whatever to the organization that declares it, and often are personally opposed to it.

Is the Boycott Invasive?

To the Editor of "Liberty."

I am acquainted with many people, and have reason to believe that there are thousands, in Philadelphia, who would not for the world buy even as much as a pin in a certain store of this city. Judging from the declarations quoted in your criticisms of my position, this is what you would call a boycott. If so, I will put you in your place. I have never heard anyone as much as intimate that this store is boycotted. This term, as commonly understood, obviously embraces other specific characteristics, which were strikingly exhibited in the boycott accompanying the late coal strike. Not only, but by consulting the past issues of "Liberty," you will find that I had reason to believe that you had reference to this particular class of boycotts when you re-organized them with liberty. I will enumerate some of these, as they appear to me. If my impression is erroneous, I shall gladly accept correction; but, if they are consistent with facts, I cannot see what fault you can find with my conclusions.

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As a remedy for the social evil, they, like strikes, are absolutely futile. They are based upon the fallacious notion that the unjust distribution of wealth is due to the greed and rapacity of the capitalists. The instigators of boycotts have not advanced sufficiently in civilization to know that egoism, in the absence of inequitable authority, is the very cornerstone of ethics, justice, and equity, and that it should be cultivated, not suppressed. Every encouragement of efforts to right a wrong, if those efforts are misdirected and therefore futile, will save the effect of misreading the whole problem, of delaying the inauguration of a radical remedy.

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Before taking up the points made by Mr. Bilgram in his present letter, it is well to note that he pays no attention whatever to any of the things that I said in my answer to his previous letter. He does not attempt to dispute my opinion, and that of the New York court of appeals, that a man has a right to threaten what he has a right to execute. He does not attempt to explain his two contradictory statements: one, that the boycott is a scheme to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition; the other that the boycott is possible only by making the people believe that free competition is the cause of the present power of capital,—in other words, the cause of the present rate of wage; the former statement implying that the existing rate of wages is the result of free competition, and the latter implying directly the opposite. He does not attempt to show why, if the boycott is invasive because it tends to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition, the Catholic church would not be equally invasive were it to change the rate of wages by adding to its list of holidays. He does not attempt to refute my contention that, if the boycott is a non-invasive act, its influence on the rate of wages must be counted as one of the forces of free competition, since the rate of wages resulting from free competition is the rate of wages resulting from the sum total of non-invasive forces affecting wages.

These were my answers, and all my answers, to the positions originally taken by Mr. Bilgram, and, although they are conclusive in their disastrous effect upon those positions, not one of them is noticed. What a man does not say is sometimes as significant as what he says. But let us now see what he says.

He says that boycotts are not spontaneous. I answer that, the spontaneity of an act not being a test of its invasive or non-invasive quality, it makes no difference to the matter we are discussing whether boycotts are spontaneous or not. Anarchism is spontaneous. One man, perhaps, discovers the truth of it by himself; so far, it is spontaneous. But this man goes out as a propagandist, making numerous converts, some of them very much, against their prejudices and inclinations; now it is no longer spontaneous, but deliberately concerted. Has it therefore become invasive?

He says that boycotts are imposed by authority, either expressly or tacitly. This is more serious. If this is true, then boycotts are invasive. But is it true? A comes to B, a grocer, and says: "If you don't sell groceries at prices fixed by me, I will burn your store down." Here A is exercising authority; he is threatening what he has no right to execute. But suppose A simply says to B: "If you don't sell groceries at prices fixed by me, I will not buy of you, and I will advise my friends not to buy of you." In that case A is not exercising authority; he is threatening only that which he has a perfect right to execute. When any trade union or other body conducting a boycott threatens what it has no right to execute, it becomes invasive, and may with propriety be restrained. But, so long as it threatens only that which it has a right to execute, any one attempting to restrain it becomes an invader himself. He says that boycotts are invariably intended as a punishment. I answer that no more than spontaneity is intent the test of the invasive or non-invasive quality of an act. In the case above supposed, A's withdrawal of his trade from B may be permitted by malice, but that fact does not make his withdrawal an invasive act. A doctor who spontaneously declines to treat a man dangerously ill does not, in so declining, violate the principle of equal liberty; neither does the trade union which threatens to boycott him if he does not so decline. Call both doctor and trade union cruel and malicious, if you will; perhaps I will agree with you; but neither is invasive.

He says that boycotts are directed not only against members of the organization conducting the boycott, but against outsiders. I answer that any organization has a right to threaten either outsider or insider with the adoption of any course concerning him which it has a right to adopt.

He says that boycotts are imposed as a punishment for an imaginary wrong. I answer that an act does not have to be reasonable in order to be non-invasive. Take again the case of A's attitude toward B, the grocer. B's prices may be perfectly equitable, but that does not affect A's right to object to them and to withdraw his trade as a means of inducing B to change them. He says that the boycott is not a remedy for the social evil. I answer that I have never said to the contrary. Nevertheless the boycott may, and often does, raise the wages of an individual or of a body of individuals, and I know of no reason why these should not, by all legitimate means, indulge that egoism which Mr. Bilgram and I agree in commending.

He says that "the absence of physical violence cannot be claimed as a redeeming feature, for, if this were a criterion, libel and defamation of character would be non-invasive." I answer that, if to libel be invasive, then to threaten to libel is equally invasive. It is obvious, therefore, that libel and defamation of character make the absence of physical violence a criterion.

Having now been more attention to Mr. Bilgram's arguments than he has been to mine, I conclude with the remark that boycotters are subject to all the failings that afflict human beings in general. They are sometimes cruel, sometimes malicious, sometimes short-sighted, sometimes silly. But it is one of the beauties of the boycott that, if employed unwisely, it tends to become a boomerang. The less need, therefore, is there to restrain it, even were such restraint justifiable. But I have not been discussing those features of the matter. Liberty's recent articles on the subject is not even nothing, but a defence of the right to boycott, against the assaults of the courts and the press. Because of this defence, and because he thinks the boycott invasive, Mr. Bilgram for a moment seemed disposed to exercise his perfect right to withdraw from Liberty such sanction as his welcome and efficient support had previously given it,—in other words, to boycott Liberty in a measure. In declaring his intention he charged Liberty with being false to its own principle. My discussion with him centres on that charge, and it has been my purpose to confine it to the point at issue.

Helena Born and Her Book.

The readers of Liberty in the period between 1891 and 1893 are well acquainted with the name of Miriam Daniell. There was hardly an issue during that time but contained one or more contributions, either in prose or verse, from the pen of this remarkable and gifted woman, whose untiring hand was stayed by death in 1894. It was a much smaller circle of friends who knew anything at all of her close companion and friend, Helena Born. It was not until she too had passed away, in 1901, that she became more widely known through the little memorial volume entitled "Whitman's Ideal Democracy and Other Writings." This volume, edited by Helen M. Tufts, of Boston, contains, besides an excellent frontispiece portrait and a biographical sketch of Helena Born by Miss Tufts, a collection of her essays on various matters of interest to progressive people, and bears eloquent testimony to the spirit that animated her.

In setting forth Whitman's conceptions of democracy she gives us an insight into her own hopes and aspirations libertywards. Throughout all that she says of Thoreau's joy in nature, we catch glimpse of her own intense love for nature and simplicity. In the admirable study on Shelley, Whitman, and Carpenter she still further testifies to the faith that was in her, and what was left unsaid of Helena Born in her writings, and by her biographer is revealed in her portrait. It tells us of a beautiful life steadfastly lived, whose influence ought to reach out to all aspiring to live their best.

A passing notice of this life may not be out of place in Liberty; for, says Whitman, "Underneath all, Individuals," and it is on the strong individualities of which Helena Born is an example that the social structure towards which Liberty aspires is reared.

Born in England in 1860, into the ranks of the middle class and its privileges, she early turned her back upon comfort, gave up her associates, and separated herself even from her family, to follow the enthusiastic lead of Miriam Daniell and give herself entirely to the work of social reform among the poor of Bristol. In 1890 she accompanied Miriam Daniell to America, where her life, up to the time of her death, was one of fearless independence, full of toil, helpfulness, and love.

Starting with English Socialism, she was gradually ripening into a perfect comprehension of the ideals of Anarchism. She possessed in an unusually high degree the courage of her convictions, one of which was the desirability of self-realisation and spontaneity of action. She was artistic, practical, and intellectual, and, above all, she was loving and sympathetic. So, when, with all these qualities, she gave nature its fling, she made of her life indeed a thing apart, an inspiration to all who knew her best. She was "die Lebenskünstlerin" in the true sense of the word,—an artist of life. There was no standing still for her; she was ever ready for a new experience, for a new point of view, and to leave behind what she had outgrown.
With Whitman she had taken to the open road:
Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading where'er I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune.
Henceforth I whisper no more, postpone no more, need no money.
Done with the formalities, libraries, querulous criticisms, Strong and content I travel the open road.

Such was Helena Born.

J. Wm. Lloyd sent me lately a poem in memory of Gordak. If it had been a tribute to Gordak, the Anarchist, I should have welcomed it. But, as it was simply a personal tribute of poet to poet, in which Lloyd himself loomed not insusceptibly, I declined it with thanks, knowing that its author could easily find a channel for his personal expression which his own deliberate departure therefrom had not rendered inappropriate. Therefore I was not surprised to find the poem in "Free Society" of something later date, where it would have passed unnoticed by me, had not Lloyd accompanied it with an introduction in which he resorted to virtual misrepresentation as a means of venting his resentment. Addressing the editor, he says: "I send you for the columns of 'Free Society,' a poem on the death of our comrade, W. W. Gordak, of North Seatake, Mass. I suppose, of course, that you knew of him? He was with Tucker's 'plumb-liners' most of the time, and used to contribute a good deal to Liberty, but of late years he has been so much in the rear as to make his appearing in any of our columns a matter of surprise and tenderness toward Free Communism. There is evidence in these words an attempt to convey the idea that, in the years immediately preceding Gordak's death, his political views and his attitude toward Liberty and its editor underwent a change. Such an attempt is unwarranted by the facts. It is true that Gordak's nature inclined him to the Communist ideal, as all his "plumb-line" friends have long known, but this inclination is not of recent date. He was always a great admirer of William Morris,—the Morris of "News from Nowhere," not the Morris who died State Socialist,—but from first to last he always saw clearly the necessity of placing the emphasis on liberty rather than on communism, and, unlike Morris, he saw in Liberty's economics an adequate solution of the social problem. That his attitude toward this journal remained unchanged to the end is shown by the following quotation from a letter which he wrote to me on January 9, 1903: "I think Liberty (and always said so) the greatest paper ever published in America. Your argument in regard to trusts is superb." And I want no better evidence of his unaltered confidence in myself than his forwarding to me, just before his death, of his fugitive poems, arranged for publication in book form, that I might get as his literary executor,—a trust which I appreciate and shall do my utmost to fulfill. In his letter regarding this trust he said: "It has been the dream of my life to print my poems in book form. I think I am a great deal of them. And, in case of my demise, they ought to sell. When I get a little better, I will do the appealing, as Lloyd did. If I don't get better, watch your chance. But, if you don't care to bother, in that contingency balm them over to Lloyd, who very kindly volunteered his services as literary executor a week or two ago." After such testimony from the possible source, further comment on Lloyd's other natty inclinations would be superfluous.

To my recent criticism of the Communists' vindication of individual coercion and condonation of co-operative coercion I have seen no answer save from one of the least intelligent of their number,—a man whose lifelong accumulation of unassimilated learning has incapacitated him for thinking his way through it. He declares that co-operative coercion is objectionable because it is strong enough to enslave. Whence it follows, of course, that, if you happen to be strong enough to enslave, you have no right to resist. That is what Communists call thought. The prophet Putnam, in characterizing Communism as "the exploitation of the strong by the weak," evidently anticipated the contention that only the weak may resist.

New York is placarded with huge and flaring posters in which the name of my friend Ernest Crosby figures in a list of five as planning for the New York "Journal" a symposium on success. On seeing them I felt like protesting to my friend against his evil associations, but, suddenly perceiving at the left of the poster something that purported to be Crosby's portrait, I mercifully determined to forbear. In view of the precision with which the punishment fitted the crime. When I saw this man's godlike grace of feature take on from its ill-favored environment an expression of deep-lyed villainy, I said to myself: "Corruption opiniit pessima."

The Three Candidates.
A STUDY OF MODERN POLITICS.

1. Coaltown in 1896 had been a Bryan precinct. It had given three votes to the Demo-Pops for each one given to the Republicans. The township of which Coaltown is a part had been in succession the banner township of the greenbeakers, of the Union Laborists, and of the Populists; and, as the Republican papers asserted that it even squinted towards Anarchism, it was no wonder that at almost every man, woman, and child in the little town, except the postmaster and the pit bosses, were for the Bryan ticket. How to break up this solid precinct was the problem that confronted the Republican leaders of the county.

Neil McGord, smart lawyer, eleventh politician, and shrewd chairman of the Republican county committee during the campaign of 1900, made up his mind that Coaltown should no longer be a disgrace to the county, nor he allowed any longer to cast the big majority that invariably landed the fusion candidates in all the offices at the county seat, and also contributed very materially to the election of the candidates of the fusionists to Congress. Neil had succeeded in having his law partner, Doug Turner, named as the candidate of the Republican party for congressional honors.

One day, after the opening of the campaign, Neil and Doug met in Groton's joint at the county seat to drink a couple of bottles of beer, and incidentally to talk over the situation.

"I'll tell you what," began Neil, "we must break up that solid vote at Coaltown, or you will be defeated."

"I am well aware of that," was Doug's reply, "but, as we have tried everything—money, whiskey, and inside-cumulative hand-shaking—without any effect during the last ten years, I am at a loss to know how to bust the damned Pop vote up there."

"I have been thinking over the matter for several days," said Neil, and I think I have hit on the scheme that will win."

"All right, Neil," said Doug; "let's hear your plan, and let's drink to its success." They picked up their bottles, and for a few moments nothing was heard but the noise of the beer as it gurgled down their throats.

"Have a cigar, Neil," said Doug; "'d rather hang away."

Neil took the proffered cigar, lit it, and, leaning back in his chair, began:

"My scheme is to get out a Socialist ticket, both in the district and county. I believe that will divide the miners' votes. Bill Connins, who held office under the last Pop administration, is not fighting fusion, and advancing that a straight Socialist ticket can carry the field. In fact, he is now being paid by our State committee for that very purpose. We can utilize him in our district to get out a Socialist can didate for congress. If you approve of the plan, I will write, asking him to call a Socialist convention to be held at Plattsburg some time next month. We will drive to Coaltown to-morrow, and 'look over the ground.'"

"Who have you in view as a candidate that would be likely to pull the most votes from the other fellows?" asked Doug.

"I think Johnny Gallagher, a Coaltown labor leader,—a philosopher: Anarchist he calls himself, who supposes he is a sort of a Socialist,—is the man for our money, if we can get him. Walter Matthews and Gallagher are good friends. Walt has promised to help us in this campaign, and I think we may be able to work Johnny through him."

"How much money is it going to take?" queried Doug, as he took another drink from his bottle.

"I will make out the complete plans to-day, and we can discuss them on our way to Coaltown to-morrow."

He also drank. Both puffed their cigars in silence for a short time. Both again reached for their bottles. Both finished their beer simultaneously.

"Let's go," said Neil.

II. On the sidewalk of the main street in Coaltown, in front of his book and news store, sat Johnny Gallagher, contemplatively puffing his cob pipe. Along the sidewalk came Walter Matthews.

"How do you do, Johnny?" said Walt; "don't you feel dry this hot day? Come and have a beer."

"I don't mind if I do," replied Johnny; "where'll we get?"

"Reynolds, Walt. Where'll we get?"

"Let's go to Mike Fisherty's. There's a quiet room in Mike's. I want to have a talk with you."

They walked along the street together. They went into Mike's saloon.

"How do you do, boys?" said Mike.

"Fill up two beers," ordered Walt.

Mike filled the glasses, and placed them on the bar. "Here you are, Walt. Where'll we go?"

"Drink hearty," was Walt's response. They drank. Walt wiped the foam from his heavy black mustache with his handkerchief. Johnny wiped the foam from his stubby brown mustache with his handkerchief.

"Give us a couple of cigars, Mike. We'll go to your back room to discuss politics for awhile. Have a cigar, Johnny."

"I will rather smoke my cob, but I don't want to take a shingle off Mike's house; so I will just smoke a cigar with you."

"What do you think about Socialism, Johnny?" asked Walt, after they were seated.

Gallagher replied: "I thought I had already discussed that subject sufficiently for you to know just where I stand. You know that I don't believe in the State running everything. In fact, the State runs too much nothing more than this, in practice. I am for voluntary co-operation, or voluntary Socialism if you will; but, as for compulsory, State, or military Socialism, you can put me down in the opposition."

"Well," said Walt, "I get the idea you are against the State running everything. But don't you think that during a war the State should collect and distribute our supplies?"

"I think that war is nothing but an extension of business. But if the State should control the production of the necessities of life during war, it would only lead to an extension of the war business."

"I don't think so, Johnny. If the State should control the production of the necessities of life during war, it would only lead to an extension of the war business."

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"I am not very clear on the subject myself," said Walt; "I am rather inclined to agree with you that voluntary socialism would be best. But, axle from that, I believe we have been working to elect reformers of all kinds to office for the last eighteen years, and what have we gained by it?"

"Oh! you were elected to the legislature one day," said Walt.

"There was no money in that. No coal-digger ever got an office in this county that there was any money in it. We ought to be practical, and get something out of politics for ourselves.

"I don't see how anyone can do that without sacrificing whatever little honor and principle one possesses," remarked Gallagher.

"Principle and honor be hanged!" ejaculated Matthews. "There's no such thing in politics. All that's in it is to get there, no matter how. You are inconsistent to talk about principle. An avowed Anarchist, after each campaign is over you swear you will vote no more; and, when the next campaign comes along, you are right in the thick of it, considering yourself with the vain idea that you are helping along the cause of greater liberty, simply because you helped beat the Republicans."

"You are just as bad yourself," hastily answered Gallagher; "you profess to be a Democrat, yet nearly every campaign you work for the election of some Republican friend,—for a consideration."

"And you work for the election of all the Pops and Democrats every year, without any consideration. But let's talk business. I can get you the nomination on the Socialist ticket for congressman. Of course you have no chance to be elected; but you will make eight hundred or a thousand dollars clear if you consent to make the race? That's more than you can clear in the next five years either digging coal or in your book-store.

"And who puts up the money?" queried Gallagher.

"The French," replied Neil McComb wants Dag Turner elected. You can divide the labor vote better than any other man in the district," Matthews replied.

"So they think I am for sale?" said Johnny. "I am expected to take a nomination from a fake Socialist at a fake convention, and run on a fake ticket, in order to beat Andy Simpkins and elect Dag Turner. There might be some fun got out of it, anyhow."

"Now mind, I am not urging or advising you to do this; suit yourself. But, if you want to make a few hundred dollars easy this fall, come to my house to night. Neil and Dag will be there and explain the whole matter to you."

"All right," said Johnny; "I will think it over. Mike, fill this glass. Let's drink them at the bar. Here's fortune, Walt."

"Drink hearty," responded Walt.

III.

"Let's sit here on the porch," said Walt; "no one can hear what we have to say, if we don't talk loud."

"How do you do, Johnny?" said Neil McComb.

"Is that you, Neil? It is so dark! I didn't know you until you spoke," said Gallagher.

"Johnny, shake hands with Mr. Turner. Dag, this is Mr. Gallagher."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Gallagher."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Turner."

"Walt, will you fetch those eight bottles from the buggy? We ought to be able to drink two apiece."

Walt brought the beer, pulled the cork, handed a bottle to each, and turned to talk to his friend. For a few moments nothing was heard but the noise of the beer as it gurgled down their throats.

"Now that we have irrigated," began Neil, "let's get to business. Johnny, will you take the Socialist nomination?"

"I have concluded to accept it, if offered," replied Gallagher.

"Good. There's no doubt that it will be offered you. Bill Cummins will attend to that. The day after the nomination you will get a hundred dollars; after your second speech in the campaign, two hundred dollars; two weeks before election day, three hundred; and, if you pull one hundred votes on election day, two hundred dollars, and for two hundred votes four hundred, making in all one thousand dollars. Expenditures and other incidental expenses will also be furnished.

"Another thing I want you to do for Mr. Gallagher," interposed Walt, "is that, in case of Mr. Turner's election, you will do all you can to secure him a good seat."

"That we agree to most heartily," said Turner; "I will use all my influence with the president to have him appointed to a good place."

The canvass then drifted into a discussion of politics in general, the bottles receiving their due share of attention until they were emptied.

"It's getting late, boys," said Neil. "Let's go, Dag."

IV.

The Socialists' convention was called to order at the time and on the day appointed, in Plattsburg, by Bill Cummins, lawyer, Socialist orator and writer. There were present six Republican Socialists and five Democrat Socialists; the former brought together by Cummins, the latter by Gallagher. Cummins opened the meeting by denouncing the Fusion Democrats and Populists, and repudiating the charges brought against him that he was in the pay of the Republican party, and challenging any man or men to come forward and show where he had been a hypocrite. He then read a series of resolutions denouncing the corporations and the trusts, and calling upon the government to take everything from everybody, and run everything in the interest of everybody. The resolutions were carried unanimously. Gallagher was placed in nomination for congressman, and, being no opposition, he was declared the unanimous choice of the convention. In a ten-minute speech he accepted the nomination, declaring, in a送到, he did not believe in the government taking anything from anybody, and was opposed to asking the government to do anything for anybody except to let everybody alone, yet, being a believer in voluntary Socialism, he was willing to lead the people in a trial. His speech was vigorously applauded by the Democratic Socialists, whom it suited; and the Republican Socialists, who wouldn't have approved the different tones to voluntary Socialism and the blank-slate store-system, thought it was all right anyway. The meeting then adjourned, the Republican Socialists going with Cummins to drink in Pete Barber's saloon, while the Democratic Socialists went with Matthews and Gallagher to drink in Frank Kitty's place. As they lined up at the bar and picked up their glasses, Gallagher cried: "Boys, here's confusion to Republican Socialism, and success to our next president, Billy."

"Billy who?" asked Turner.

"Any old Billy," put in Walt; "drink hearty, boys."

V.

Judge Andy Simpkins. Fusion candidate for congress, was the orator of the evening at Plattsburg. He was supposed to expound the simon-pure principles of simon-pure democracy. He denounced the Repulican tariff, and advocated revision; he lamented the fact that the glorious stars and stripes were being dragged in the mire by Republican imperialists; heptonized the council of the Republicans that were fast undermining our free institutions, destroying the foundations of our republic, and paving the way to an Empire, with McKinley veiled in the imperial robe, Mark McCaw as Prince of Ohio, Morgan Dick as Duke of New York, and Matt Quin as Imperial Grand Baro of Pennsylvania. In seething terms he scored the trusts, and advocated, as a remedy for the evils engendered by them, that the government should own the railroads and telephones, run the railroads, and establish postal savings banks. After the speech was over, Frank Kitty, Walter Matthews, and Johny Gallagher walked down the street together to Frank Kitty's saloon.

"What do you think of Judge Simpkins's speech, Johnny?" asked Frank.

"All humming and hallelujahs," Gallagher emphatically replied; "he is just as much a belletrist and Edu Socialister as Bill Cummins. No Democrat who understood real democratic principles would advocate such utopias as Simpkins advocated last night."

"Well, you know that he had to ring in some populist theories to catch the Pop vote," said Frank.

"We must elect Andy for congress, or it won't do any good to elect Billy as president. You are going to pull off the Socialist ticket and help us to elect both, are you not?"

"Yes, I am sick of the whole confounded business. I will write my withdrawal letter to-night, and go to Texas to-morrow to stamp that State for the election of Liberty to the presidency. One can talk Democracy in Texas, perhaps."

"Here comes the judge," said Walt. "Judge, allow me to introduce to you your opponent, Mr. Gallagher."

"How do you do, Mr. Simpkins?" said Johnny.

"Glad to know you, judge; come in, boys, of all you, and take a drink on me."

They went into Frank's saloon, and lined up at the bar.

"Here's fortune, judge!" said Gallagher.

"Drink hearty, boys," responded Walt.

VI.

The day after the election Neil McComb and Dag Turner met in Oregan's joint at the county seat.

"What'll you have, Dag?" inquired Neil.

"Whiskey," replied Turner.

"Give us two whiskies, Oregan," commanded Neil.

"Well, what's the latest news from New York?" asked Dag.

"The latest is that Coaltown has given its usual majority of three to one against us, and you're licked," responded Neil.

"Well, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have saved the nation by electing Bill to the presidency," Turner remarked.

"Um-uh!" said Neil, dubiously; "let's go, Dag."

VII.

The evening after the election Johnny Gallagher was sitting in his book-store, meditatively puffing his cob pipe. Walter Matthews came along, and looked in.

"How are you, Walt?"

"What'll you have, Johnny?" inquired Walt.

"I'll take a Tom and Jerry," replied Gallagher.

"Mae rime a gin toddy, Mike," ordered Walt.

"What's the latest, Walt?" queried Gallagher.

"The latest news from New York. The new Republican, and Billy has had the stuffing pounded tee-totally and everlastingly out of him. You played the devil with your Jeffersonian speeches down in Texas last month."

"Well, we have the satisfaction of having saved our telegraph and telephone Democrat, Andy Simpkins, from the general wreck," Johnny remarked.

"Um-uh!" said Walt, dubiously.

"The cause of labor and liberty would have gained just as much or little, had I stayed on the fake ticket of the Socialists," continued Johnny.

"I told you all the time that Billy would be defeated, and that Bill would be elected," asserted Walt.

"Here's fortune, Walt," said Johnny, as he turned his attention to Tom and Jerry.

"Drink hearty," responded Walt.

John G. McClure.
Tempting the Terror.

[From "The Times"]=

"We, therefore, do strictly command you, until further order of the court, absolutely to desist and refrain from in any way or manner ordering, procuring, persuading, inducing, or otherwise causing, directly or indirectly, the employees of the said Walsall Railway Co. to strike or quit the service of said company."—Sergt. E. Adams, of the United States circuit court, St. Louis, Mo., restraining efforts of the union from issuing order to strike on Walsall railroad.

Brays Adams the Asm. Pigmy cracker of the corporate lash, Despoiler of justice, mask of iniquity, Rogey man of State superstition, Draughtsman of order for baffled bullies, Audacity aside authority riding hell bent: "Toll on, ye slave! Dare not cease your task on pain of the law!"

Purse-preserved perspiration in judicial robes, With mystifying insolence, stuns and aces A pulling people ruled by judge-made laws.

And terror-striken Labor stands paralyzed, His giant limbs with iridescent quaking, His buyling eyes burning with astonishment, Wonderrment written upon his brow And "Well, I'm damned!" is his smenched mouth.

Privilege, the whale intensely grazing also, Thanksgiving a friend hare which way to go.

Will the bluff be called? Will Labor sink like a scolded cur? Or will courage come and whisper: "Fear not. This dastard is an usurper!" Will confidence applaud his longvind spine And bruce him to his holy cause, And prove the power of his passive plan? Dare he fold his arms and nothing do? May he not walk the stirring streets? Or with his "useful" means secretly mingle? Has he not the power to strike his work, And in this humble cottage stay, And with his wife and babies play? Is he less than the oxen of old Which do mizzle twas denied While treading out the ripened corn? May he not his fellows warn of the abyss Where manliness becomes a sport Where workers are exalted and wrecked; Of the hell of great and trivial slavery.

Impatience pushes the pulse to quickened rhythm, And prompts the angry arm to strike the challenged blow.

But the arm raised in anger weakens its own heart.

Grip your prudence as in a vise, O men! And with kindly eyes and voice pitched low Treat, Adams and his law as jest. If he fret and fume and threaten, Heed him not; he makes believe. If he call upon the henchmen of the State And drug you prisonward, lough in his face And call him your byward brother, If, in his haled and wretched power, He exam the comic or moral jail With those who do as he— Let him not breathe; save life and spirit, But tell him truly he imprisons but the free, And the fettered leaves beyond the prison walls, Nor law or cell nor tyrant's base decrees Can bind a soul who partitions the free.

Who persist, ne'ertheless, in grinding the faces of men But what knives for their own throats! To a people's patience there is an end— The beginning of baggad horrors.

Know you, Adams, what I'd do with your injunction? I'd laughingly paste it on your footman face, And write across it, laid as sick as your heart: "One of the fools who tempts the terrible!"—Joseph A. Labadie.
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Edited by
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**For WHAT**

- **For the Study of Modern Languages in Boston, N.E.S.**
  (From L. Maitre Phonétique for March, 1901)

- **For the System of Phonetic Reading:**
  - The Universal Alphabet of Le Maitre Phonétique, a journal circulated in 32 different countries, has been in use for several years and finds a growing number of new and kindred to come into wide-world-wide use. The phonetic text has been learned by all other languages and much easier to learn.

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**The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, N.E.S.**

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**For WHOM**

- **For All Students of German,** who want to learn the language, but have not had the opportunity, or who are studying the language only as a part of their education.

- **For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad,** who need to learn to pronounce English-speaking students are to see very few.

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**For All Teachers who are Understood in Pronunciation or teaching, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, who do not one and a half times as fast and accurately, and who wish to learn to pronounce English-speaking students are to see very few.

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**For All Students who Read**

- **For ALL Teachers of German Phonology,** who understand that reading in the general theory of languages, or for who wish to learn to pronounce English-speaking students are to see very few.

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