On Picket Duty.

"America," a writer for "Free Society," remembering my opinion that it is inadvisable for Anarchists to vote, finds inconsistency in my rejoicing over the election of a libertarian to an Illinois judgeship. I suppose, then, that, if "America" and John D. Rockefelder were after each other with shotguns, and I should hear that the former had been the first to "get the drop" on his antagonist, I would not be justified in rejoicing over the result as favorable to the greater friend of liberty, unless I were willing also to advise every Anarchist to go gunning for a capitalist.

Henry A. Brann, a Roman Catholic priest, says of the late pope: "He knew that Socialism and infidelity made most progress among the half-educated or the ignorant. He knew that a really educated man, educated thoroughly, would never accept the theory ofVoltairine or Rousseau or Proudhon." Of course, this is equivalent to declaring that Voltairine, Rousseau, and Proudhon were not educated men. How ridiculous on the lips of a man too ignorant to know that the theory of Rousseau is diametrically opposite to the theory of Proudhon, and that the theory of Voltairine differs considerably from both!

The "Evening Post," very properly disturbed over the increasing frequency of lynching, asks: "Have we already forgotten the thrill of pride we felt in the orderly and dignified trial of Cogges? Every privilege and immunity which the law affords to any man accused of crime were secured to that moral monster." As a matter of fact, the boasted trial of Cogges was one of the most impudent sham trials ever held as the genuine article. Cogges had committed a murder; he admitted it; he gloried in it; there was no doubt about it; he made no defense; and, as far as the question of guilt or innocence was concerned, there was no defense to be made. The counsel assigned to defend him had but one duty to perform in justice to their client,—the duty of comparing the motive of this man who believed he had done a righteous act with the motives that ordinarily prompt malicious murder, for the purpose of securing a mitigation of the penalty. Instead of that, they simply saw to it that the forms of law were observed, for the rest abusing their client in the most outrageous manner, apologizing for appearing as his counsel, and holding him up to execution as a much worse man than the malicious murderer. And, because of this observance of the mere forms of law, the vainglorious American people, through newspapers in every way worthy of them, plume themselves on their orderly behavior, though the truth is that a crazier pack than they were at that moment never applied the torch to burn a negro at the stake. Than this shameless travesty of justice lynching itself would have been less repugnant to every man whose eye can pierce a fraud.

Hereafter people crossing the Atlantic in a westerly direction should be careful not to talk politics until after they are well ashore. It is dangerous business. Eight who incautiously did so recently, in the steersman of an Italian liner bound for this port, will know better another time. After their arrival they were examined for an entire day by the immigration board on special inquiry on a charge of having "discussed European political conditions at great length on board ship." The board finally concluded, however, that they had not gone into politics deeply enough to disqualify them for American citizenship, and so admitted them to the country. The New York "Times," in reporting the case, said: "So earnest did their conferences become at times that the suspicion arose that they might be Anarchists." Liberty notes with satisfaction the virtual admission of the "Times" that every earnest man is an Anarchist, and every Archist a trumper.

"Zeitschrift für den individualistischen Anarchismus"—"A Periodical of Individualist Anarchism—is the name of a new publication in Germany, to which Liberty extends a cordial welcome and for which it bespeaks the interest of its readers. The "Zeitschrift" bears the name of Johann Otten as editor and publisher, and comes from Hamburg-Barmbek, Pleinsm, No. 57. The first number, dated July 1, 1903, is a small four-page paper, and contains, besides a short introductory note by the editor, John Henry Mack's "Anarchie," an article, "Anarchismus," by Johann Otten; a second article, "Etwas vom heiligen Sozialismus," signed A. Bussler; and a number of announcements and advertisements of Anarchistic literature. The authors of the two principal articles evince a good understanding of the subjects about which they write, and Liberty expects to see more from their pens. Mr. Otten furnishes a fair outline of what individualist Anarchism is and what it is not, which ought to go far towards dissipating the prevailing popular confusion and misunderstanding concerning this subject, and attract and win for it the favorable attention of serious people in Socialist-ridden Germany. Mr. Bussler, in his article, argues against the quality of sacredness in Socialism which exalts it above the individual and degrades the latter from the position of a sovereign into that of a subject and a servant. Herein lies the danger of Socialism. Bussler would replace the Socialist attempts at improving the human lot by endeavors of the "Union of Egoists," which, in solving the practical affairs of human beings in society, will have a jealous care for the utmost development and enjoyment of the personality of the individual. He consequently denounces not only the State, but also democratic and social Socialism in all forms. In his introductory note the editor says that the "Zeitschrift" is not designed to please its readers, but its publisher: if it pleases also the readers, so much the better. The sentiment is sound, and the sentence has a familiar ring; but, in view of the editor's request for full credit from those who may republish his articles, Liberty would suggest, in no unfriendly spirit, that at the outset he himself should have offered a good example in this regard. Mr. Otten also says the "Zeitschrift" is the only individualist Anarchist publication that has hitherto appeared in Germany, evidently forgetting B. Zareck's excellent "Flugschriften für den individuellen Anarchismus," which appeared a few years ago, and files of which are advertised in his own "Zeitschrift." But these are minor considerations and lapses, readily to be overlooked in view of the promise of this periodical to spread the true Anarchist idea among the German people. Liberty wishes the new enterprise all possible success.

Chamberlain's Way.

1 "The Individualist.

Some dollar bills cannot see the good
Of taxing bread, the poor man's food.
In order that we may contrive
To pension him at sixty-five.

They have been told this tax will aid
To make his labor better paid,
If half be starved at tender ages.
The rest, no doubt, will get more wages.

Yes: if we only don't, their bread.
The mass of them will soon be dead:
Then think what gain, with few alive
To claim their due at sixty-five.

Poor folk who see your sons grow pale,
Who see your daughters droop and fail
For want of bread, however you strive;
We'll give them food—at sixty-five.

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF CHERUBS.
Bad Company and Worse.

Because Dr. Walter Channing made a study of Codgroz's history and declared him to have been insane, the Boston "Courier" took occasion to suggest that all Anarchists were more or less insane. The editor thought he saw in the actions of Codgroz, Breve, Luennchen, etc., such a family likeness as pointed to a common cause; and he thought insanity a very appropriate cause for such deeds.

Well, the theory that there exists such a disease as regimental insanity, and that this disease may be caused by suggestion when there are reports of regicides and kindred acts, is a theory for which there was respectable evidence before Anarchism was ever heard of. But "all Anarchists" is quite a different matter. Therefore a considerable number of letter-writers, all the way across the continent, wrote to the "Courier" in defence of their sanity. The editor saw that their letters were able, sober, "open and manly" (the notes especially that "not one hides behind a pseudonym"), and that they showed good historic ground for the assertion that Anarchism was a doctrine which had characterized wise and honorable men. Therefore he saw that he had been wrong, and he sets himself right by an editorial which conspicuously aims to be fair-minded.

An article which explicitly excises the apostle Paul an Anarchist cannot be classed as an outburst of blind conservative rage. I think it is the first time I have seen this title given to Paul.

Yet I cannot be at peace with the last sentence. The editor is trying, as is fair enough, to show that he was not much to blame for what he wrote before. And this is the way he does it:

And until the philosophical Anarchists purge them selves of association with or approval of the crimes of the men who do murder for their cause, they must share in the distrust and condemnation.

The first question which this raises is a question of fact. One would have thought the men who wrote the letters, and whom the "Courier" accused as representatives of genuine philo-

sophical Anarchism, had purged themselves of approval at least; for in the beginning of this editorial it is stated that they "believe in the theory of Anarchy, but not in the practice of the methods employed by the Philadelphia anarchists, the theory being something about the abolition of government. They would like to see no more kings or emperors or presidents or congresses or laws in the world, but they revolt at the thought of killing off all rulers in order to reach that millennial condition." Comparing these two views, one is led to suspect that the "Courier's" well-disposed editor has had ideas of Anarchism upset so suddenly, by this flood of new light, that his new conception of the philosophical Anarchist is barely means settled and fixed as yet. However, this unburdened formative stage of opinion is a very hopeful condition. But I hope, when he gets his mind made up, he will have learned that there are many Anarchists who are thoroughly and consistently purged from association with crime or approval thereof, and not a few of them are also purged from association with men whom they know, believe, or suspect to be murderers in fact, intent, or desire.—No, I take back all that last, from "and not a few" to the end of the sentence. "Then must ye needs go out of the world," as the aforesaid apostle puts it. Our neighborhood is so full of those who desire the murder of Filipinos and other rebels, at home and abroad, that one cannot be expected to escape their company. But as to murderers as "for the cause," which was the matter in hand, what I said was true. To continue my apostolic quotation, "if any man therein called a brother he be a murderer, and that in the name of the cause, or an upholder of such murder, "with such a one, no, not to eat" is a policy which some of us could quite honestly profess.

But our friend evidently does not think of the murdering of Filipinos as having anything to do with the case. And this is what worries me most. For I do not so much care whether I am judged sane or insane, a keeper of good company or bad, "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged by you, or by man's judgment; yes, judge not mine own self"—I seem unable to get away from Paul's words today. What I do care about is whether the editor and readers of the "Courier" are going to be friends or enemies of the government. I see how this is likely to go! The cause of Anarchism is made so respectable by the crimes done in its name that its disreputability taints all others who bear the name. This might be a quite defensible harshness of judgment, if the same test were applied to the other side. But the others go scat free. There is no hint that the crimes which governments commit, condone, associate with, and approve shall stain the cause of government or any who support that cause. Here, on the one hand, are a few men who are chargeable with several murders, one or two a year—and these murders are mostly in the nature of capital punishment for crimes whose guilt is publically known and matter of office. Then, so that from the standpoint of capital punishment they are unexceptionable except on the ground of their uselessness. On the other hand, we have a system of corporations extending over the world, organized for murder and other purposes.
Anarchism, or at least some sort of so-called Anarchism, is seriously discredited by the fact that its supposed representatives have killed some of its enemies to forward its cause, and he will think this to be one of the good reasons why one should not identify himself with this movement.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

The Penalty of Playing with Politics.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your foot-note to Labadie's article in the last issue of Liberty on the canonically insinuated for which you should be ashamed. While you do not say that I did change my convictions for the purpose of more conveniently making the Eighth Biennial Report on Taxation, nevertheless, that is the impression you seem to convey.

Not one of your followers in Chicago who have known me longest and best ever intimated such a thing. They met me regularly, and knew the changes I was undergoing at the time. They are still my very closest friends. It is therefore left for the High Priest of the Cult, who has only seen me several times and knows me best at short range, to make such a charge by implication. Like all priests of all churches, you are ready, ever ready to applaud those who leave other churches for your own, but not to those whose changed convictions compel them to leave yours for some other. Males or must be imprisoned, and cowardly insinuations circulated.

You are, perhaps, likewise influenced at times by the same temptation that, in the beginning, intoxicated the Juvenile Editor-Publisher who, with pen in hand and eyes fixed on plain paper, realizes that he can write what he pleases and have it published, and straightway turns loose and makes an unbridled d--- of himself.

It is indeed a sad sight to see a man of your intellectuality use such language as this. Your way of thinking is tiresome. However, I shall not pass you up as entirely hopeless. Believing as I do in the efficacy of prayer, I shall fervently ask God to bless you with more of the milk of human kindness, so that your influence among your fellows may be commensurate with your intellectual powers.

Chicago, July 14, 1907.

Very truly yours,

GEO. A. SCHILLING.

KEIDANSKY.

The "Discourses of Keidanisky," by Bernard G. Richards (of B. G. Bernard Studio), Scott, Thos. C. publishers, are a collection of papers originally written for the Boston "Transcript," and in some ways betray their origin as newspaper articles. They are, for instance, written in an easy, conversational style which, for continuous reading in book form, is apt to become tiresome. But this, and the sometimes too apparent effort to say striking things and make paradoxical statements, are faults which do not seriously detract from the merits of the book.

After following Mr. R. Harland's musings through twenty-four papers, on all manner of subjects appertaining to life, literature, and art, the most vivid impression one has received is that of the writer's sympathetic personality. His broad-minded reasonableness draws one towards him, although he may have nothing to offer that anyone thinking along radical lines has not himself thought and felt. One feels that he has been an earnest and sympathetic reader of advanced thought and literature rather than a pioneer and discoverer. But one also feels that he is no mere mouthpiece of any school of philosophy, but a calm, discriminating reasoner, who has outgrown the storm and stress period of his life; one who can say of social reformers and theorizing visionaries, "They make me weary, the more so because they constantly remind me how foolish I once was myself." He may be called a queer mixture of pessimistic fatalism and optimistic hopefulness, perhaps both a rational inheritance; but the hopeful note predominates. He is by no means a cynic. He seems to have taken Goethe's advice to "reach out into the fulness of life with the assurance of finding it interesting wherever he lays hold of it."

Gefällt mir hinein in's volle Menschenleben,

... und wo ihr's packt, da ist's interessant.

For this reason the book may prove suggestive and helpful to many.

Its glimpses into the life of the Ghetto, the deeply religious character of the Jew, and his intense yearnings and aspirations form the most interesting part of the book. Very impressive is his description of the solemnity of the "Days of Atonement," the Jewish New Year.

In the chapter on "Zionism" he presents us with an impartial view of both sides of the question. After dwelling on the poetic side and sur-
rendering himself to the fascinating thought of the home-sick Jew returning to Palestine to rebuild his national life as the most cherished tradition of the race, he gives us his calm second-thought reason for opposing Zionism: "because I have greater hopes for my people, and because I have marked out a greater role for Israel to play in the history of the future than being a mere little bee building a little hive in a tiny corner of the world."

Typeographically, the book is very attractive; more's the pity, therefore, that it is disfigured by careless proofreading.

A Pointer for Trade Unions.
John McKeen, a lawyer of Springfield, Mass., wrote as follows in "Medical Talk for June, 1892:"

Until about a year ago I was perfectly indifferent to the state of medical legislation in our State. But at about that time I was called upon to defend a "Magnetic and Biochemical Physician," who had been arrested for practising his profession without a certificate from the medical board. I thereupon studied into the question, not only in our Commonwealth, but in many others of the States. I am of opinion that the statute in our State is unconstitutional as class legislation, and so advised my client.

It was decided to take the case to the supreme court of the State and test the question. But, seeing our attitude, the matter was dropped by the representative of the medical board who [had] caused the arrest of my client, and "no bill" was found by the grand jury.

At a recent hearing before the public health committee of the Massachusetts legislature on a bill to repeal the medical board statute, I stated before the committee that the law was unconstitutional; that I had a client (whom I produced before them) who had been arrested under this law, and who desired to take the matter to court but could not, because the medical board dared not carry it up; I dared the medical board to take a case to the supreme court and test the question. I told them to their face they were afraid to do so; told them we would furnish the decree of "dane. My client told the committee that he was practising contrary to the statute; that he intended to continue to do so; that he would furnish the names of one hundred more who would make the same statement; and yet, in the face of this, no action of any kind had been taken by the medical board.

What kind of a law is this that can be and is with impunity defied in the very cradle and home of legislation, the State House at Boston, and before the very lawmakers themselves?

What a travesty of justice it is that such a law is allowed to remain as a hangman for weaklings, who dare not defy it! A law that was conceived in trickery, was born in iniquity, and bears patent on its face the marks of its conception and birth. And yet there it stands and must stand apparently. The legislature won't change it, and the judiciary can't get a chance at it.

The "Eclectic Medical Gleaner" for July gives a summary of the above statement, and append its own editorial opinion in the following words:

"In our opinion the medical law of Massachusetts is no exception. An untrammled court will, in many States, completely upset medical legislation, if given the opportunity. We believe them all to be "class legislation" and contrary to the constitution of the United States."

I have not seen or heard the arguments of lawyers on the subject of this class legislation; but certainly it looks very much as if the trade unions might aspire to have laws passed authorizing the governor to appoint for a trade a board composed exclusively of members of the union, which board shall have power to certify who is and who is not qualified to work at each trade, with a penalty upon any one working without a certificate from the trade board. There are none but doctors on the medical boards,—none but unionist doctors,—and only three schools of doctors are recognized in the medical registration laws,—mostly enacted within the past few years and now covering all the States.

Of course the power which was sought under pretext of protecting the public health was soon abused for professional interest. The president of the Indiana regular board announced that physicians arriving from other States and desiring to practise in Indiana may be admitted to registration without re-examination, provided they have diplomas and come with evidence of legal registration and good professional conduct in the State of their former residence, and provided that all such physicians so excused from re-examination shall make oath that they have not been and will not be travelling practitioners.

The Texas eclectic medical examining board refused license to a prominent advertising doctor, a graduate of the reputable Cincinnati college of its own school, solely because he advertised. The last I read of the matter, he had applied to the State supreme court for the writ of mandamus to compel the examining board to issue to him a certificate of license.

These protective professional laws are of recent adoption in the Western and Southern States, but they had existed in some Eastern States for years. It is now ten or eleven years since the medical boards of Pennsylvania deliberately excluded a New England physician of first-class collegiate standing, a graduate A. B. of Dartmouth, M. D. of the National College (regular) of Washington, D. C., 1864, and Dean of the Vermont Medical College, a gentleman in health and skilled in medicine and surgery as the best of the Pennsylvania University professors. The regulars would not have him because he did not give colonel. The eclectic board balked, and declined to examine him. His offence consisted in his efforts to spread education among the people, as to health and medicine. The board examiners virtually admitted that the applicant knew all they said. They suggested that a promise of "conformity" in practice was expected. He had no such trade-union promise to give.

Let it not be supposed that I have any spite against trade unions. They are respectable till they take the law or any other invasive weapon to beat down competitors.

Tak Kar.

During the recent race riots at Evansville, Ind., an inoffensive negro was lynched by a mob. The militia were present at the lynching, and endeavored to disuade the mob by argument and threats. "When the officers of the militia," says the New York "Times," "saw how determined the crowd was, and that it would be impossible to save the negro, they reluctantly ordered their men to prepare to shoot to kill. The victim had been swung off when the firing actually began." Suppose, now, that, instead of a mob of infuriated whites bent on hanging a negro who had done them no wrong, this had been a mob of infuriated workmen bent on hanging a capitalist who had done them a very real and grievous wrong. Is any one naive enough to believe that in that case the militia would have waited till the capitalist was hanged before opening fire on the mob? And yet the New York "Times" and the other daily papers have the assurance to tell workmen that the militia exists, not to protect capital against the power to preserve law and order, and that, in refusing to join it, they show themselves lacking in patriotism.

"A Columbus (Ind.) justice of the peace imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars upon a local tonsorial artist as punishment for practising medicine without bearing the necessary credentials. The Columbus barbers' union had protested against the culprit keeping his shop open after hours, and he claimed that treating the scalp, which he practised after union hours, was outside the barber business. Hence the prosecution for practising medicine." It is not stated that the prosecution was instigated by members of the union, but it is hard to avoid that inference. If so, the Columbus barbers are geniuses indeed. To punish one man for breaking the spirit of the union's laws in such a way as to keep within the letter, they go into court and get a decision which prohibits themselves from doing a business that is germane to the barber-shop and customarily associated with it. It is lucky they did not have to get "credentials" before they began barbing; a discreet licensing board would have held that a man who cuts off his nose to spite his face is not fit to be trusted with a razor.

The other day a negro who had been found guilty by the anti-policy cranks of this city and was about to be tried on a charge of gambling shot and killed his principal prosecutor in the court-house just before the hour set for his trial. Of course he was promptly arrested for murder, has been tried and convicted with unusual celerity, and unblushingly will go to the electric chair. Just after the shooting he said to one of the police officials: "I'm no chicken-hearted nigger. I thought I might as well go for something as for nothing." Here is a beautiful illustration of the tendency of meddlesome and oppressive law to drive its victims to defensive violence. The hypocritical press, whose course is dictated by the greatest gamblers the world has ever known, has started a subscription for the family of the murdered official. If I owned a daily paper in New York, I would start a subscription for the family of the negro.

The Youngful Altruist.

As the end of the dinner is approaching, Rose, aged five, and her elder brother, Bobby, aged seven, perceive that in the dish of fruit provided for dessert there is but one orange, and Rose suddenly bursts into a fit of sobbing.

"What is the matter, my darling? Why do you cry?" asks mamma, anxiously.

"Because there will be no orange left for Bobby."
Irrelevancies.

George Bernard Shaw alleges that his enemies are always charging him with the telling of lies when it is expeditious to do so. They fail to realize that he also tells the truth when it is expeditious to do so. It is curious to meet with theoretical non-normals who fail to convince anyone, and who, by avoiding the lie, are easily to be reconciled and maintain their self-approval. What part a knowledge of the truth—of all or of separate, detached bits of the truth—plays in human welfare is very finely understood. The general conception, even among many who are the best in the abstract, is that a lie would be just as good as the truth if it were not, somehow, "wrong." That is, even equals in the abstract—do not tell a lie without excusing themselves for it, which they tell a harmless, bringing truth without fear, if it would save all knowledge, it would carry us a long way toward securing all possible good for ourselves. All knowledge not being possible, the fragments are not always directly useful, at any given time, to any one human being. But, if you are in possession of a truth, however partial, that might help me, you are as far from my enemy rather than my friend, you wittingly and willingly keep this truth from me. This, always, though you may be in truth and are all strong by true. Physicians tell half-truths when they, knowing the ultimate effects of a treatment, are silent concerning them. In such cases they help their patients only so far as they know how to help. The whole question of good or bad, of truth-telling or lying, is the question whether a want to be friends or enemies—or, perhaps, whether we may be—through those whom we are dealing. If our neighbor is already one whom we cannot be a weapon as good as any against him. We have no need to excuse ourselves. It be not in our power to fight him with swords, and a lie is at least. Let us have the courage which ought to be, and let us. But let us also—again in our own self-interest—not delude ourselves with the belief that it is either or less a word. In the interests of friendship truth is our only ally. Other things being equal, our best friend is the one whom we can open all the secrets of our hearts. But "other things being equal" is a wide proviso. Our best friend is the one with whom we most long to share our self-knowledge. Yet the very excess of our longing may give birth to our inability to unmask ourselves. We must believe, and perhaps, in a sense, must believe, that we cannot know ourselves. "You would love me, if you could know me." But reticence has value and worth, human relationships sharing inevitably the general, quidnunc, transitional human which has passed into freedom uses the lie or uses the truth, as seems to him best, in quietness and self-sale-up, but, in proportion as he has grown into enlightenment, he perceives that a knowledge of truth in its entirety is the only avenue of mankind. He never congratulates himself on having used the word of truth to accomplish the work of deceit. He never misleads the public in his own self-interest. If, that is not that we owe to our friends the truth—for we owe no man anything—but we love to give them of our truth, as we love to give them of all good store that we may share.

It sounds a bit heartbroken to characterize the man with the clubs as a man of "too very宝贵的," and to declare that he will have to get up, and also to grow, before he will become a friend who can be loved. The fellow who gets knocked down is very nearly the same fellow after he is down as before. Either prosperity or adversity may happen to change a man for the worse, and may make him less lovable to us. Which men gets knocked down is very largely a matter of chance, just as it is which horse hobblies or which horse runs away, to the best of his knowledge, but may make grievous mistakes. And his choice is not based entirely on his discretion in regard to which house is occupied by the most people who will valiantly defend both his person and property. When he can even get himself without being discovered; whether he can easily get out; how much he is going to secure,—all these points are weighed in the balance, I suppose. And our friends who get knocked down by the men with the clubs are not a more "offensive societies" than those who get knocked down by any out of which fate has thrown us, whether we all loved, and loved to the end, was "stood over" many times by Bonaparte Blenkins. That his tormentor found his best pleasure in tormenting has very much to do to it, but it is most likely that he showed himself in no better light in any other relation of his life. We would never have loved a Bonaparte Blenkins, even if there had been no Waldo for him to torture. I have often wondered if the truth about all it were not that we like our kind. The oppressed may be a sorry sight, and the likelihood of our feeling any but an overwhelming pity may be largely dependent on our having personal experience of oppression but it is quite certain that the downtrodden are not all alike to us, and that very much, if not most, of what we feel about them hinges upon what they are, whether risen or fallen. There must be positive strength, of some kind, in anyone, before we can have positive feelings about him, either of hatred or love. But this strength may consist with an utter inability to avert the being knocked down with a club. And this greatness of personality is quite consistent with temperamental, constitutional weakness in the line of escaping or of successfully turning aside outrages other than physical. The man who has the greatest gift for friendship may be most helpless under slander. Don't trust that to those who we belong, and that this belonging is independent of accident, or circumstance, or any situation which effects advantage or disadvantage in the struggle for existence among human beings? People who are trapped on long enough may sink into a state in which their native strength is powerless for assertion, notwithstanding the fact that the crushed qualities have little or nothing to do with self-defense. The artist cannot create unless he can fit it live. But the strongest man might, by chance, be thrown into a position in which he would be helpless, and, while his attitude is inglorious, both his strength and beauty are there, all the same, if he be ever has had any. Supposing you, who are living in the same block with you, who, though lacking any aptitude for physical violence, are yet restrained from crowding you out of existence, pinching you out of existence, or tormenting you out of existence, only by the accidental fact that they do not know you, and so have missed discovering that they benefit themselves by such conduct. Your safety comes not from any lack of good will and pleasure on their part to "make way with you.

I wonder if one of the elements in self-conceit is not the tendency to approve in one's self what one disapproves in others. I wonder why concealed people are so especially unlovable. Few things so quickly avert the heart. It really seems impossible for us all, as it was for Maugham Tulliver, to be sorry for them. "I think they always carry their comfort around with them." I wrote my friend: "You are a wonderful woman." Will it hurt her? Will she understand for her form, her strength, and for ever, world without end? Not if she has any perception of the relative value of her own greatness. A woman is not wonderful because she knows a great deal about herself as a fact," and yet get filled with learning. A woman is wonderful when she can rise and hold herself above the prevailing pettiness of mankind. I wonder if one of the elements in self-conceit is not the tendency to approve in one's self what one disapproves in others. I wonder why concealed people are so especially unlovable. Few things so quickly avert the heart. It really seems impossible for us all, as it was for Maugham Tulliver, to be sorry for them. "I think they always carry their comfort around with them." I wrote my friend: "You are a wonderful woman." Will it hurt her? Will she understand for her form, her strength, and for ever, world without end? Not if she has any perception of the relative value of her own greatness. A woman is not wonderful because she knows a great deal about herself as a fact," and yet get filled with learning. A woman is wonderful when she can rise and hold herself above the prevailing pettiness of mankind. I wonder if one of the elements in self-conceit is not the tendency to approve in one's self what one disapproves in others. I wonder why concealed people are so especially unlovable. Few things so quickly avert the heart. It really seems impossible for us all, as it was for Maugham Tulliver, to be sorry for them. "I think they always carry their comfort around with them." I wrote my friend: "You are a wonderful woman." Will it hurt her? Will she understand for her form, her strength, and for ever, world without end? Not if she has any perception of the relative value of her own greatness. A woman is not wonderful because she knows a great deal about herself as a fact," and yet get filled with learning. A woman is wonderful when she can rise and hold herself above the prevailing pettiness of mankind
happened that everyone attempting to patronize the cars was treated to a volley of stones would make the impression on me that the boycotter were making strenuous efforts to induce the trains to run less frequently. Perhaps you would not call this a boycott, but that reigning in the coal region was of this character. And, whenever I see a man trying to induce a stranger to march in a line, it is with the idea that his efforts are in the direction of getting everybody to join. I cannot see any contradiction in the language in my definitions. Your horse-thief illustration is not a parallel to what that lawyer friend of yours said. If I. P. Brown has stolen a horse and I should warn a friend to beware of him, I should consider my act as having acted within the line of equal freedom. But, if I should make special efforts to learn the names of such customers as were horse thieves (or that I were a horse thief, but having refused to comply with an impromptu request), and attempt to dissuade these customers from dealing with him, especially if by the use of sophistry I would play upon their ignorance and prejudices, making them believe their duty to follow my advice, I should consider myself an invader. Likewise, if I withdraw my custom from Jones, I do not prevent him from getting other customers, nor would I exclude him from the sale of new customers, "making efforts to injure his trade." But, if I were to withdraw my custom to obtain a list of his prospective customers with a view of dissuading them from dealing with him, my conscience would tell me I am an invader. You had that any specific conduct that would be wrong in a state of freedom can be right when this freedom is restricted. Well, I cannot share your opinion. It is incredible to me that your conception of the law of supply and demand is so superficial as to make you believe that "extra holidays, by decreasing the supply of labor without decreasing the demand for it in the coal region, would injure the people." This corresponds with the mistake of the money-fightists who hold that an increase in the volume of currency-notes, other things equal, diminishes the purchasing power of the dollar, or the mistake of Karl Marx who treats labor as a commodity. The burden of proof is yours, but I will at least offer a refutation of absurdity. In a state of industrial freedom the sum total of all wages—measured by wages all forms of remuneration—are equal to the sum total of production. If, then, an increase of holidays would have the effect of increasing the rate of wages, the adding of holidays would make wages exceed the sum total of production. The "dreaded tyrants" take good care to keep outside of the arms of the law. They politely invite their neighbors to help them in their boycotts. One of those who refuse to comply with this request is none other than a "stranger," a person who has been discovered in the postal department. These rascalsities are bad, of course, and they ought to be exposed and punished. But it is somewhat miscalculating to try to hold any administration responsible for the actions of some kind of maladministration. It is of a kind that may occur under the best administration. There is a species of maladministration of the postal department, however, which is much more dangerous than vulgar fraud, and for which this administration is directly responsible. We refer to the growing tendency of the administration to make the postal department a center of newspaper and individuals. Its crusade against the political papers or opinions with which the administration objects, by preventing as much as possible their acquisition of second-class mailing rights, is not the only method of postal censorship. It is becoming a common thing to deny the use of the mails to individuals. This is an extension of the number of persons who have been convicted of no offense, are unable to get any mail matter addressed to them by their proper names.

The latest notable instance of this kind is reported by the Tampa Times, in Florida, in its issue of July 8. This paper has, for some inestimable reason, been persecuted by the postal department for months, and Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, the proprietor, has been denied the use of first-class mailings. Her name under the name of Helen Wilmans, her maiden name, and the name by which she is known widely as a writer. A prosecution in court on the charges on which she was denied her mail collapsed completely; but now everybody connected with her paper, including herself under her married name, has been put upon the postmaster general's index of postal outrity. Her statement that she is "determined to fight Freedom."

Without any cause that I know of, except wilful and undisguised malice, there has been another fraud order pronounced on me that concerns not only one man, but that of C. B. Young, C. E. Post, Helen W. Post, and "Freedom." This virtually cuts me off completely from the services of one of my private correspondents. C. E. Post is now in the course of laws, and can get his letters to me but I cannot get a letter from him, no matter how urgent it might be, no more now than if the case were pending. Nor can I take his letters out of the Sesquicentennial office, though his greatest interests depended on it.

Nothing can justify or excuse that kind of persecution. These cases were the veriest criminals, tried, proved, and convicted as such, it would be an unwarrantable act of high-handed oppression for the postal authorities to outvit the law. To "mail"... The mail is for the use of the people, not for the press in any question. If their personal mail can be stopped in that autocratic fashion, without trial or accusation, upon the mere ipse dixit of a postal clerk at Washington, anybody's can be. If their paper can be emptied in this way by refusal to deliver remittances from subscribers, anybody's can be. This is not a question of particular persons; it is a question of legal rights. The congressman who will make it his business this winter to strike against postal censorship will earn a right to public approval. Meanwhile, victims of this species of persecution once it not only to their own rights, but to public rights generally, to bring the matter into court by actions for damages against local postmasters for every letter or paper withheld.

The Misfortune of Being Black.

[Gotam Damet in "A. Amour."]

To come into the world black is looked upon as the greatest misfortune that nature can send you. If I had a black skin and a large fortune, I would spend my fortune in trying to get it white; but if I did not succeed, I would save my last loins for the purchase of a revolver with which to blow my brains out. For the situation is no longer tenable. Here in Europe, to be sure, the negro still holds a place midway between the horse and the ass, under the watchful eye of the Society for the Protection of Animals. If the white man calls him "Chocolat" and besmears his back with plaster, these are simply insipid tricks. But in America, that land of indigualism, the negro has not even the liberty of the horse and the ass. The white man does not amuse himself by besmirching his back with plaster; he makes use of a whip that kills for a fee. In those Southern States that gave birth to Washington there is no day when one or more lynchings do not figure in the programme of the evening's amusements. Last night there were six in Wilmingtort, and the population, having got their hand in, doubtless would have made the number an even dozen, had not police reinforcements been sent to the four corners of the city.

In Montgomery a very curious case has just been going on in the courts. Landlord proprietors, police, and magistrates are charged with maintaining slavery in Alabama for the past fifteen years, by the following ingenious method. They pick up a handful of black men and women, and then charge $100 a head on court fees, a charge of carrying concealed weapons or some other imaginary offence. A judge passes sentence upon them. Not having a dollar in their pockets, the black wretches are sold. A number of new crops appears, and offers to pay their fines—in return for which philanthropic act he is allowed to take away the prisoners and keep them until they have repaid the same. The negroes are forced to do duty in the cotton fields. When they are not well behaved, they are whipped; and when tired of being whipped, they run away, they are hunted by enormous bloodhounds with howling yells and casts deep into the negro with his kneecaps. Poor devil! Under what lamentable star are they born? It is impossible to understand the fervor and implacable hatred and contempt that pursue them with kicks and lashes.

One must have travelled in Louisiana and Texas to
from an idea of the assaults upon human dignity which even people that have some experience in liberty are capable of committing. For, after all, a negro is a man. He is ugly, an impostor, he is lazy; I know it. But, after all, he is a man and not a kangaroo. They do not seem to suspect it in America.

In Charleston, in New Orleans, the street-cars are divided into two compartments—black-side, white-side. A grocery store has a two color. There is a similar separation on the railways. In the Atlantic railway-station a mulatto has not the privilege of approaching the buffet; he must remain ten feet away. The white side of the platform and the poor yellow opens his jaws to take it on the fly.

Rossetter has tried to recall his fellow citizens to respect for individual rights, but he has wasted his time; and, if he had persisted, he would have lost a part of his political influence. Last year he invited Booker Washington to dinner. He will not repeat the performance, for it has brought upon his head more cenizens and race threats than if he had handed over to England half the territory of the United States. And the unfortunate Booker Washington, who thought himself a little whitened because he had been received by the president, had it soon forced upon him that he was blacker than before, for the following week, when he was lecturing, he found no hotel to shelter him. All the waiters, all the servants, refused to serve him.

It is time that these continual persecutions were ended. The United States saw it to itself; they owe it to their place in the world, which is great. We expected of them lessons in tolerance and moderation; they have had to reprimand Nicholas II who reigns over a people still half savage, and on their own territory they allow things which the Kalmskous among the Kalmskous of Nicholas II would never dream of doing.

To be sure, we do not advise them to push the application of the principle of equality to the point of giving their daughters in marriage to the brothers of Booker Washington.

But we advise them at least to re-read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a little oftener, and not to treat their negroes worse than their dogs. They allow their dogs in the street cars; why not their negroes as well, if the negroes are as carefully brushed and kept as clean as flies?

Is that too much to ask?

It seems to me that the interest of the whites is concerned as well as that of the negroes.

The latter are getting weary of the incessant struggle. Brawls are occurring daily. Already, in many cities, both friends and foes of slavery go armed with bluejackets and daggers. A race war may break out at any moment.

There must be an end of this.

Either leave the negroes at peace, free to block their shoes with all the "respectability" that attaches to a tax-paying tenant, or else impose them and assyriate them in a body. Or, if they are too numerous; if the evil soon is the prospect of a little more room—send them to the Philippines.

There they will form a neutral state under America's protection, and the Americans, having no more negroes, will choose other targets for their Winchester exercises.

And then, if, becoming again the sons of John Brown, they shall preach loyalty to the sear, we shall have no desire to laugh in their face, as we are so strongly tempted to do at the present moment.

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