On Picket Duty.

The latest accession to the ranks of the Whitman imitators is George D. Herron. At this stage, as a rule, the good writer becomes indifferent, and the indifferent intolerable.

When a regular writer for the so-called Anarchist-Communist paper, "Le Libertaire," defines Anarchy as "a society in which there will be the minimum of Communism and the maximum of individualism," I begin to believe that some good will come out of Nazarch, after all.

Another hen has been sitting on a duck's egg, President Hall, of Clark University, who used to believe in education, no longer believes in it, experience having convinced him that it hinders marriage. The fact that coeducation has a tendency to discourage marriage tells against it in quite the same way that the ability to swim tells against a duckling.

Austrian courts have decided that marriages between Catholics and persons of no particular creed are invalid. From an Anarchistic point of view, not a bad idea. Anything that makes it more difficult for freethinkers to secure wives will have a tendency to make freethinkers free lovers also. At present too many of them are bigoted authoritarian in their view of sexual relationships.

When Judge George Gray was asked a few weeks ago to serve on the board of arbitration to settle the local differences between the Alabama coal operators and the miners, it was announced with a great flourish, first, that he could not accept, and, a little later, that he had decided to accept, though he would sacrifice his vacation to do so. He made the sacrifice, and got four thousand dollars for his job. Such opportunities for sacrifice are coveted by not a few. Arbitration is certainly a good thing for some.

One of Liberty's subscribers, Dr. M. W. Wilcox, of Guthrie, Okla., is justly cognizant of the declaration of C. L. James in "Free Society" that Prudhon was a Catholic and that Bakounine was not a materialist. But why pay the slightest attention to the statements of a man who discovered some time ago that Karl Marx was an Anarchist? When, in addition to these three items of biographical misinformation, Mr. James shall have confined to the world that Stirner was an altruist, that Schopenhauer was an optimist, that Ibsen favors the subjection of women, that Henry George was not a traitor, that William Jennings Bryan is a goldbug, that Theodore Roosevelt is no actor, and that he himself is an honest man, he will have placed to his discredit at least ten whacking lies, and perhaps then we will make a cross.

Theodore Roosevelt, whom Tom Reed admired chiefly because of his rediscovery of the Ten Commandments, has also discovered that "Anarchy is now, as it always has been, the forerunner of tyranny." Of course, as long as progress is effected, as for a long time it must be, by a series of reactions between liberty and authority, it will be true that Anarchy is the forerunner of tyranny, and that tyranny is equally the forerunner of Anarchy. Anarchy is the forerunner of tyranny in precisely the same sense that the liberty acquired by the negro in 1863 has proved the forerunner of pogrom and lynching. But Roosevelt has rather damaged his reputation as a Columbus by discovering further that "mob violence is simply one form of Anarchy." This is just the reverse of the truth. Mob violence is simply another form of Archy. The two are very close relations, whereas Anarchy belongs to quite another family. The only Archy form of co-operative violence is that of voluntary co-operation for defence. Mob violence is compulsory co-operation for offence, and army violence is compulsory co-operation for offence and defence.

In the labor injunction case of certain telegraph operators against the Western Union Telegraph Company, Judge Rogers, of the United States Circuit Court, sitting in St. Louis, decided that the company has the absolute right to discharge employees because they belong to the union, or for any other reason; that a like right exists on the part of the employee to sever his relations with the company for any cause, or without cause; that there could be no conspiracy to commit a lawful act; and that the company had the right to maintain a list on which might be placed the name of a discharged employee and the cause of discharge, which list might be given to others, provided its contents were truthful and its circulation honest. This is perfectly sound doctrine, and, though nominally rendered against laborers, is really a great victory for labor, for it shall know how to take advantage of it. But I am curious to see what Mr. Hugo Bilgram will think about it. Unless he shall pronounce this judicial upholding of the blacklist with the same vehemence that he exhibited in his denunciation of Liberty's upholding of the boycott, it will be a fair inference that his opposition to the boycott is nothing more than the expression of an employer's bias. But, if he does denounce the court's decision, it will be plain that at least one court in the United States understands liberty better than Mr. Bilgram understands it.

Duplicates Barred.

"My mamma belongs to eighteen societies."
"Well, my mamma belongs to nineteen."
"Yes, but three of the societies your mamma belongs to are for the suppression of the same thing."

The Angelic State.

"The Individualist."

"At the present time, the University of Edinburgh was seriously considering the question of the granting of a degree in veterinary science. In London there is a similar movement, and ... the Universities of Glasgow and Dublin would sooner or later confer similar degrees. Such degrees would stamp the veterinary surgeon of the future as a man of education, and it is expected that the universities would receive government grants for the purpose."—London Times.

"Men are talking," said the rabbit, as he slowly wagged his ears, "Soon of making it the habit that the Commons and the Peers should grant money for the teaching how to cure us when we ail, how to stop a dog from barking, how to make a donkey talk."

"Has this really been suggested?"

asked a calf, whose gentle eyes were open, with incredulous surprise;

"Then mankind must be angelic,"

'though accused of many crimes."

Said the rabbit: "Tis authentic, for I read it in the Times."

Long they talked, these poor relations, of their richer brother's plan, of the State and its creations, of the nobleness of man; till a night-owl said with sorrow:

"Do you call these humans kind? Foolish beasts, you'll have to-morrow ample cause to change your mind."

Times are changed; our calf confiding, once as sprightly as a nymph, now in martyrdom is whispering:

"For the State must have its "lymph."

And the rabbit, weeping, cries: "Alas! It is too late

That I see I'm not protected,

but abandoned, by the State."—

Lawrence Euban.
Questions of Tactics.

Before my article on "Publicity for Anarchism" was in type, I received a long letter on tactics from a Boston comrade. He wishes I would discuss certain points in Liberty, "without referring to this scrap," he says; and I have no doubt that he is in earnest. I am inclined to agree with him. We are dealing with a subject which is of great importance to the anarchist movement.

The basic tenet of all the major schools of anarchism is the need for direct action. This is because the traditional political process is seen as inherently corrupt and incapable of bringing about true freedom and equality. Anarchists believe that individuals and small groups must take matters into their own hands, using nonviolent means to achieve their goals.

In Liberty, the editor is discussing the importance of direct action and how it can be used effectively. He is critical of some of the more theoretical approaches to anarchism, which he believes are too removed from reality.

The editor is also concerned about the tendency of anarchists to focus too much on abstract ideas and not enough on practical actions. He believes that anarchists must be able to show that their ideas can be put into action and that they are not just empty words.

The editor is also discussing the importance of clarity in writing and communication. He believes that if anarchists are to be effective, they must be able to clearly express their ideas to others. This is especially important in a time when the government is trying to suppress anarchist ideas.

The editor is also concerned about the tendency of anarchists to become too inward-focused and not enough on the importance of building a broader movement. He believes that anarchists must work together to build a stronger movement that can take on the powerful forces of capitalism and the state.

In conclusion, the editor is urging anarchists to focus on direct action and practical actions. He believes that this is the best way to bring about the world of freedom and equality that anarchists aspire to.

*The above content is a summary of the original text.*
The Senile State.

Institutions that no longer possess utility become positive hindrances to social progress. Observation shows that the most overwhelming evidence of decay and ineffectiveness dramatically presented to a whole nation will fail to destroy a system which forms an organic part of the structure of government.

The late Boer war, to say nothing of events nearer our own doors, has thrown some interesting sidelights upon official methods of conducting affairs of prime importance. Sporadic commissions of inquiry—the State's feeble method of correcting its own follies—have sat upon the heavy crop of departmental bungling which the conduct of the war brought to light.

In no branch of government are life and property so much at the mercy of official incapacity as in the war department; consequently in no branch were evils so glaring, or incompetence so egregious.

Reports of the commissions abundantly indicate the complete failure of government as a business organization. No matter how bad the bungling or how great the consequent suffering, no one who reads the war, which the conduct of the war brought to light; in no branch of government are life and property so much at the mercy of official incapacity as in the war department; consequently one of the most unfortunate was not even divulgled. This secrecy accords with the etiquette of the system.

The genius of the official lies in inventing rules that inconvenience the public and harass those who must do the work. Sir W. F. Butler, before the commission of decentralization, testified in regard to the fire in Dover Castle: "The reports and certificates demanded by the authorities in London with regard to the prevention of the fire were of the most satisfactory character. Everybody had done his duty. The place was burned strictly according to regulations." In another place he said: "The principle is that..."
It is unnecessary here to advert to the strenuous Asugean cleansing now in process in our post office, with poor Payne in the role of Hercules. Nor need we pause to examine the latest disclosures in regard to defrauding the Indians of their lands. To recall the emalbed beef and other villainies of officialdom during the Spanish-American war, or the persecution of Miles for exposing departmental rascality, would now be tiresome. The evidence from all sources demonstrates that no change in personnel, however drastic, no modification of rules and regulations, will give us that dream of the reformers, a pure and efficient administration of public affairs. Whether the form of government be despotic or democratic, or a popular blend of the two, the same bungling, inefficiency, and fraud inevitably appear.

In every case powerful cliques and class interests dictate the laws that are made. They are administered, interpreted, and enforced by an organized band of irresponsible officials, whose chief aim is to maintain and perpetuate their position. Stupid, sordid, and arrogant, they are in office to get what they can out of it. Creatures of a system they cannot change, and would not if they could, they are, after all, no better nor worse than the majority of their fellows outside, who willingly support the system.

The weakness is in the thing itself, in the very nature of government. Its essence is the power of man over man, artificial, coercive, irresponsible power. The abuses, corruption, and fraud that go hand in hand with such power are inseparable from it. Every day the symptoms of servility in our political institutions become more manifest. They have survived their usefulness, even though centuries may elapse before this discovery is acted upon.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

"Representative" Government.

Italian newspapers sometimes intimate that the Maltese speak in the name of the Italian, but much oftener they say that Malta belongs to the Italian—power. That is to say, "of right,"—of the right which is not at present mighty. Whether there will be any Italian power when reason shall be right and might is a question which does not occur to them. It would be a stretch for theburgher imagination, of any nationality, to entertain even the limited ideal that a small island belongs "of right" to its inhabitants collectively, sorry substitute as this is for the ideal of individual liberty and possession.

The British newspapers state that the Maltese dialect is compounded chiefly of Arabic, "but has always been considered too imperfect for legal or professional use;" that "the native Maltese are not a European race, and have never been a part of any continental people. They constitute in every sense a separate and minuscule nationality of their own."

It was thought by both the British authorities and the elected members of the Maltese council that either English or else Italian must be used in the courts and taught in the schools. The elected members had a majority, and they stood lately for making the study of Italian compulsory in the public schools. So now the British government, after having governed with-out the consent of the elected members, through a peculiar clause in the constitution, has amended the constitution, and thereby reduced the number of elected members from thirteen to eight, and increased the appointed members from six to nine. On the face of such a statement it seems that representative government has been simply suppressed, and that merely a talking representation is continued in the council. However, when we reflect that representative government in Europe is not even professionedly universal suffrage, but is done by the property-qualification vote of a minority of the inhabitants, we need not flatter ourselves that we have reached any true status where the greater miracle lies when civic authorities clash, and such a seemingly gruff overriding of the "popular will" occurs.

It is not improbable that Italian property-owners have counted for much more than their numerical relation to the rest of the inhabitants, the less thrifty Maltese. It is declared by the "Yorkshire Herald" that a preference for the English language over Italian "has been expressed by ninety per cent. of the parents." That English newspaper adds: "It is gratifying to think that the government will now be able to give effect to the popular choice."

Oh! where are we when we talk of "representative government"? Surely governments always represent those who govern. Flanks off when it comes to the exercise of force.

TAK KAK.

The "Times" and the Militia.

Taking as text the fact that the militia did not fire on the Evanston rioters until after they had lynched the negro the rioters were after, (1) a periodical with Liberty for title and published in this city—its very existence, we fear, will be for the first time revealed to many by these lines (2)—manages to work itself up into quite a little passion against those who believe in and defend the National Guard from its anarchical foes. "Suppose, now," says Liberty, "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 insurgent workmen, then might the person who had done them a very real and grievous wrong be any one knew enough to believe in that case the militia would have waited till the capitalist was armed and before opening fire. 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 labor, but to preserve law and order, and that, in refusing to join it, they show themselves lacking in patriotism." This is one of the curious arguments that begin with an assumption of the conclusion, so of course it is unanswerable, but, also of course, the conclusion remains to be proved. (3) When the militia was down, it was simply to preserve law and order, it will have become something very different from a citizen soldier. As there seems to be no chance of its becoming that different something, there is little reason for elaborate preparation for its change.  

(1) One would judge from this extraordinary sentence that the militia lynched the negro the rioters were after, though the fact is that the rioters lynched, not a negro whom they were after, but a negro who happened to come along. At that moment any old negro would have suited their purpose. This, apropos of the "Times's" English, and simply by the way.

(2) Undoubtedly true. But it is also true that the name of Liberty will figure in history when that of the "Times" shall have been for-
Logic and Common Sense.

To my paragraph of some months ago criticizing my friend Ernest Crosby for opposing violence and at the same time shutting the State, he answers, in his interesting and illogical journal, the "Whim" (if you wish a sample copy, address P. O. Box 288, Newark, N. J.), that he plunda guilty and alleges extenuating circumstances. These circumstances are the remorse that he felt after declining to vote in 1896, and the happiness that he felt after voting for Bryan in 1900. But all the doers of violence whom Mr. Crosby so persistently denounces can offer the same plea. Mr. McKinley undoubtedly felt supremely happy in pursuing the policy which Mr. Crosby is fond of characterizing as "land-stealing and manslaughter." If to do the things that one feels happy in doing is a good excuse, why has Mr. Crosby never given Mr. McKinley the benefit of it?

"We preach logic and practise common sense," further answers Mr. Crosby, "for the secret of sane living is to go on compromising while shouting 'No compromise.'" Yes, I REMEMBER very well and very painfully that a couple of years ago, when a young man by the name of Czolgosz, who "preached logic,"—that is to say, who dreamed, as Mr. Crosby dreams, of a time when violence shall be no more,—also "practised common sense,"—that is to say, resolved, as Mr. Crosby resolves, to violence when it made him happy to do so.—Mr. Crosby, who preaches not only logic, but also universal love, ignored this other gospel too, and adhered to his practice of common sense by promptly joining the snarling human pack and denouncing Czolgosz as "a perverted wretch." Yet the offspring of this young man, who compromised his logical ideal by shooting McKinley as Mr. Crosby continually compromises his logical ideal by voting for invasive laws, consisted simply in a discovery of Mr. Crosby's "secret of sane living." Why should Mr. Crosby exhaust the vocabulary of hatred in describing the conduct of those who share his secret? And, on the other hand, why should I put questions such as these to Mr. Crosby? Nothing can embarrass a man who "preaches logic and practises common sense."

But, declares Mr. Crosby, "all of us, Tucker included," do the same. If, by that, he means simply to say with the apostle that "all men are liars" and that no man of high ideals lives up to their level, I admit it at once, and confess myself a liar with the rest. But, if he means any other, I am driven to believe that he is not in my private interest but in furtherance of my public teaching, conflicts with that teaching. I call upon him for proof.

I think that Mr. Crosby fails to recognize the real distinction between preaching and practice. Every act that a man performs in furtherance of his public ideals is, properly, a part of his preaching. Tom L. Johnson, ardent free trader, has grown rich partly through protective tariffs, but has always voted against such tariffs. In deriving his income from privilege his practice is at variance with his preaching, and he is a liar in the sense in which "all men are liars." But, if he were to vote for privileges, professing to be really combating privilege by so doing, that act would be a part of his preaching, and would create an inconsistency, not between his practice and his preaching, but between one part of his preaching and another; and this latter form of inconsistency is much the graver and more dangerous of the two, because it tends to the confusion of the public mind.

I have never criticised Mr. Crosby's practice, first, because it is a matter of comparatively little moment, and, second, because it is none of my business. But I do criticise his preaching, and pronounce it an extraordinary network of inconsistencies; and this I do, first, because it is part of my business as a public teacher to analyse the teachings of others, and, second, because it is a matter of very great moment whether a man of Mr. Crosby's influence pronounces truth at one moment and error at the next, to the bewilderment of those whom he attempts to guide, or pronounces the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, thereby adequately fulfilling the function for which nature in many respects has so admirably fitted him,—the function of a useful leader of men.

A Triumph of Cheap Postage.

Uncle Sam is doing great things for us. It is now announced that letters may be sent for two cents an ounce from the United States to any of the cities of the United States Postage Agency at Shanghai. The list of these cities includes not only such front-row towns as Peking and Foochow, but also several cities along the Yang-tze river, up to and including Chung-king. If maps lie not, Chung-king is in the province of Sze-chuan, nearly nine hundred miles from the mouth of the Yang-tze, and much more than a thousand miles up the course of that crooked and rapid river.

Meanwhile postage to Europe continues to be five cents a half-ounce. There are many reasons for this difference. It is because the post-office is managed in the interest of the people, and because the people of the United States have so much more occasion to send letters to the interiormost province of China than to the British Isles or France or Germany; because it is so much cheaper to carry mail across the Pacific than across the Atlantic, owing to the comparative width of the two oceans; because the typhoons of the China seas are so much gentler than the gales between New York and Queenstown; because the Yang-tze is so much easier to navigate than the Thames, the Seine, or the Elbe; because of America's friendship to the Chinese as a race; because so much more of the American population lives on the coast facing China than on the coast facing Europe. Last but not least, it is because Uncle Sam is willing to give lower rates on such mail as goes all the way under his own management, and because the management of the United States post-office cannot be extended across the boundary between the United States and England or Germany without some hard scraping, while the Chinese boundary is made of such material as easily yields to such an extension.

The fact is that this nuisance of international boundaries is not the least among the minor nuisances of government. And it seems to be an inevitable one; for, ridiculous as it is, it has its good reasons. The masses prefer to be under a government of limited size, so that each man's vote may control one ten-millionth of the oppression which is exercised over him instead of one hundred-millionth, and so that the other 9,999,999 ten-millionths may be controlled by men whose interests and preferences agree with his as far as geographical neighborhood will secure this. They hope, it seems, that thereby the oppression will be milder. This hope is not altogether without foundation; for it is clear that most nations make a worse hand at governing other countries than at governing their own, bad as the latter work may be. Besides, an ambitious politician usually objects to any consolidation which would cut him off from being "first in a village rather than second at Rome."

And those who seek to reform the most glaring abuses of government are largely of the opinion that the larger the thing grows, the harder it is to change it; wherefore the world nowadays looks to little countries—Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, New Zealand—as its leaders in such reforms as involve a change in the structure or fundamental habits of government. So we can hardly desire that boundaries should be abolished, or even grow fewer, while government stands; but we must deplore them. They are the excuse of tariffs, and of all that custom-house searching which is such an annoyance even when goods are duty-free. Do you know about the glass flowers at Harvard? Harvard has a set of botanical models, most delicately made in glass, that are unique; the only man who knows how to make this kind has taken such a miff at the human race that he won't make any more except to complete this set. And he lives somewhere in Europe. So he sent over the first flower of the series, which I suppose was duty-free to the museum; but the custom-house had to examine it and make sure that there were no cigs for the professors smuggled in under cover of museum goods, so they opened the box and pulled out the stuffing, whereby they turned the glass specimen into bits of glass. Then Harvard rose up, and went to the caliph of the treasury department, and got an order that the rest of those flowers should come in uninspected; but this was locking the door after the horse was stolen, for I believe the self-willed maker did not reproduce that first one. Did the government pay for the damage it had done? Go and ask. A single
everything has turned dark. And I don’t know why.
What can I do? What can I do? It isn’t that now I want to go back to Richard. But the rest—Oh! Phil, how it must seem to you for me to speak of these things. And it isn’t exactly that I can’t go away,
I have to fight it. I have to go on.” And she thought it to, after all! I am only poor little me, and yet I am all he has had. And Phil, how could I make you happy always? The thought terrifies me. If ever I get out of this town, I shall never know what to do.
Our happiness has been perfect. I cannot, oh! I cannot bear that ever it should be any less. And then—yes, the scorn of the world! Could we possibly get away beyond it? Would it not creep, creep behind, continual shrews, at home and at work? Myself unfi ed, into what retreat we burrowed? Ah yes, I have been very brave these past months. Living under their very noses. I have not cared what any
thing said. I have been brave. What has it been? For now it is gone—gone—

Philip sat silent. Then he raised his head and looked at her. There were trues of strife on his pale, set face. He reached across and took her hand.
His own was hot and trembling.
“Listen,” he said, very slowly. The lamp-light gleamed on the reddish brown beard that had made Mina call him “her Man of Cooper.”

After all you have come through, can you go back, as you think you can, and say that the woman of ice, frozen and dead. Little by little your heart has opened, you have seen the life that is still ahead; hope has renewed the dreams of childhood, the faith in your strength, in your youth. You know your love is as you have done because you have come into yourself once more. Now, if you shrink from the future, how much less can you return to the world you broke from?

It is for you I am pleading, love. I could not hold you from your happiness. But you are driving on toward misery, Mina, and I must stand and see you perish! This is a rough world. I know it well. In one way or another, always it bruises us. You have suffered, but you have never been nothing very clearly. Now that you are just beginning to realize the hardiness of life, will you wrap indifference again about you, save yourself, maybe, from many a wound, but fling away your identity? No, you cannot do that! Your self is too definite; you, a rebel, have felt your power. You would break your chains again, you know you would. You know you can do nothing to remedy the past; you know you do not believe in any miracle for your future.

“You have loved me, Mina. And—I—is it, then, all past? No, dear, I will not wound you. You are struggling. Fight it out, love by yourself. You have been strong and brave, and you will be still.”

He was back in her room. He spent, gazing past him into vacancy. Philip kissed the hand he held in his,—a long, passionate kiss.

Then he dropped it, rose abruptly, and picked up the hat that he had tossed aside when he came in.

“I must go over to Thompson’s to see about that expression—er, well, I’ll see later. I’ve got to go now, anyway.”

He stood a moment before her. His heart was singing. But he made no sign of it. Her remoteness, made his brain reel, as though the framework of his world were shivering beneath his feet. A moment later the door had closed behind him.

She knew she would have seemed sunk in lethargy but for her wide-open eyes. Through her brain were darting fragments of thought. Crowding and jostling, they flicked through her tired head, and nothing could she make of them. Underneath and deep, she felt, she felt it.

Phil, she thought. I am strong; I know what decision he expects—and that is why I cannot.”

How long Mina’s woe held her in thrall she never knew.

A knocking which she had connected with her own despair thought toceiving her at length to the sense that someone stood at the outer door. She sprang into the outer hall, and, fumbling in the darkness at the latch, pulled open the door. A tall, slight man was moving from the sill, as though, in despair of being heard, he was making off again. Something in the figure seemed familiar.

**NATIONS UNDIVIDED.**

**SINGLES PEOPLE AND FREE.**

_We dreamers, we derided._

_We mad blind men that see._

_We bearing witness ere ye come that ye shall be._

**NEW YORK TIMES**

**LIBERTY 375**

**2540**

**S T E V E N T. B Y I N G T O N.**
"Good evening," she said, "I did not hear"—and then she saw it was her husband. "You!" she exclaimed. She had been near in her thoughts recently, but at sight of him she whole frame stiffened, and involuntarily she shrank back into the shadows. They stood presently facing each other in the sitting-room. The fever, ebbing from her brain, had bellowed into her heart that with her eyes shadowed her till she must needs press her hand upon her breast. Intensely, keenly conscious, she waited. Her husband had come to take her home. She was ready to forgive everything. He spoke quietly, beseechingly. She knew what it cost him. He was not wont to say to himself. Cudly indifferent, freely jailing, or with violent lurched away.—she had known him better than in this guise of patient courtesy. And she, though cold and passive-seeming as of yore, was straining her every faculty. He was subtly aware of her searching gaze, but went on quietly. They could move to another town, if she wished it. He would do everything to hush up the scandal—A spark flashed from her eyes. Yet she did not speak. The motive—yes, that is it—what is the motive?—At length her silence wrung it from his lips. Clipping down his calmness as a mask, with knitted brow and clenched hands. "I love you!" he cried. His arm drew itself to her side; her head sank slowly upon her breast. Again the fragments of thought trooped through her brain, but now she was narrayahling them. An acuten man, and embittered—once she had believed, and now, too, perhaps, that her young, vigorous optimism would enervate into fruitlessness the latent forces of his mind. But that had never come to pass; the soil had remained unproductive, forbidding. Moreover, from the first, a sinister repulsion had driven them apart, the hope to accept the fact; nevertheless, it had embittered him the more. She became the butt of his merciless satire. And love! But there had been none! What had kept her to him through those years? She hardly knew. The prac of consoling duty—yes; but was it not as true that apathy had grown upon her because no paths led out? More to herself than to him spoke the words that summed her thought. "Ah! yes, you are, you are tantalised. Hereof the long-desired target, you call your need—love!" She moved a moment longer, the cloud of reflection yet upon her features. But she was speaking again before he could reply. "We are all blind gropers after happiness. And yours, Richard, would seem to lie in the tormented you could derive from pricking my indifference. Happi- ness! Is it not always, always a stab when we clutch at it? More than the need of happiness, aye, the happiness of self-sacrifice, I feel the need of rushing on to my fate. Do you see these preparations for a journey? I am going away, with him. I was flattering before you came; I admit it. Something confused me. But I am quite clear-headed now. Your look is threatening, but I do not fear you, Richard, nor what I see you may do. I fear nothing when I see my path. Yes, I make my dash into the brookers!"

Her whole face lighted with a radiance unknown to him. Nor had it faded when he was gone.

HELEN TUPP.

The Folly of "Saving the State."

[II. G. Welz.]

However convenient an institution may be, however much it may, in the twaddles of the time, be a "natural growth," and however much the product of a long "evolution," yet, if it does not mould men into line and vigour, it is a false "saving the State." We "save the State" for the sake of our children; . . . and, in our interest to save the State, we injure or sacrifice our children— we destroy our ultimate for our proximate aim.
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The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass. (From Le Maître Phonétique for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages ... shows a real want of part and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. The book is a foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and on the frontispiece of the book. The words of any language are taught by means of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the author has not (4) - word the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES G. GABUS, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

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The Universal Alphabet

In this table, the letter symbols indicate the sound-sources that in the sounds produced without education of the real words, are marked in italics.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letter</th>
<th>Sound</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>[æ]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>[b]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>[k]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>[d]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>[ɛ]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>[f]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>[g]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For Its True English Text giving the general idea and spirit of the German, and after a life of reading and practicing the lines.

Greek Texts for English Readers

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book I. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonetic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: GEORGE HEMPLE. Cloth. $1.00. (Partly prepared.)

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