On Picket Duty.

In considering the question of transportation of President Roosevelt, the Boston "Herald" suggests that the railroad "should be obliged to transport the chief executive of the nation free of charge, possibly as a part of its postal contract," thus sending Teddy by mail, as it were. But the "Herald" doubtless overlooked the fact that the Comstock postal laws have not yet been repealed.

The chief of police of a town in Germany recently killed the town clerk, robbed the latter's safe, took to the woods, and is now leading the life of a bandit. It is a short and natural step from the service of the conventional bands of robbers called governments to membership in the unconventional bands called banditism; and we do not sever their connection with the former in order to associate themselves with the latter.

There have been some new issues of the "Simple Life Series," two of them uniform with Thorpeau's "Duty of Civil Disobedience" in size and price. These are Emerson's essay on "Culture" and selections from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Three others are of the larger size and are Thoreau's "Walden," Crosby's "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," and Tolstoy's "Master and Man." The publisher is Arthur Fifeield, 44 Fleet Street, London, E. C. The books may be ordered of the publisher of Liberty, the first two for ten cents each and the last three for twenty cents each.

"The Boston Investigator," as a separate entity, has passed into history, and its astral body is now a part of the corporeal existence of "The Trueheeker." For seventy-three years the former had fought its battles alone, but twentieth-century competition has led to its ingestion by the freethought trust, just as "Freeheathen" was absorbed more than a decade ago; and Washburn of the "Investigator," like Putnam and Macaulay of "Freeheathen," has been transferred to the staff of "The Truthseeker." Thus does the system fostered and supported by Roosevelt, Rees, and God find imitators even among freethinkers.

Not long ago a man was arrested in this city while making a speech in one of the parks. "I think he must be an Anarchist," said the policeman who arrested him; "he's an educated man and speaks three languages," which inference would indicate that the intelligence of the police force is improving. The serious part of the man's offense was that he was heard to make the statement that "the government here is as bad as a monopoly and is the enemy of the poor workingmen." The prisoner's defence was that he was only discussing social problems in a land that boasts of free speech. "Three months in the workhouse," was the judge's terse but convincing reply.

Mr. J. H. Stewart Lockhart, British commissioner at Weihaiwei, is as near to being an Anarchist as a government official is likely to come. Here is a recent observation of his: "There is in China a saying that the art of government is to do nothing. While not attempting to follow such a short cut to successful government as that recommended in this saying, this government has taken as its maxim, Post hoc. propter hoc, avoiding meddling interference with Chinese affairs, which invariably breeds trouble, creates friction, and ultimately leads to the creation of a large and expensive staff." Evidently the influence of Thomas Jefferson's famous utterance has not been confined to the western hemisphere.

Mr. Thomas Common, who is well known as the translator of one of Nietzsche's works into English, is publishing a small quarterly magazine devoted to Nietzsche and some other people and things. The title of the publication is "Notes for Good Europeans," of which the following translation is given in parenthesis: "The Good European Point of View." The contents of the magazine are both good and bad—depending on the "point of view." The subject ranges from a sober discussion of Shakespeare and quotations from Bernard Shaw and others to an unmeasured laudation of the writings of Wagner Redhead. Any one who wishes to taste of its mélanges may secure it for $1.50 a copy or one shilling a year by addressing Mr. Common at 8 v., sponge Terrace, Crampton, Edinburgh, Scotland.

The approach of cool weather promises satisfactorily to settle a serious problem which came near upsetting the equilibrium of the St. Louis exposition, that serious disorder being asserted only by the prompt intervention of the president of the United States. Many indignant protests were lodged against the managers of the exposition for permitting certain Filipinos to exhibit their native costumes, which exhibited a profound phenomenon the usual public health, physical culture shows, prize fights, and in artists' studios. At one time the expositions were to be included in the measures. And yet no one ever thought of having them visit him at the White House, and after inspecting them dressed in outing suits and without them, decided the question of decency in favoring the latter, with which decision one finds it a pleasure to agree. And so the Igorrote's spear will continue to be his chief article of apparel, at least until the chill winds of an American autumn prompt him to don something more close fitting.

The editor of the "Fleeced Him" packed his grip, long ago, and made a perfunctory pilgrimage to Nietzscheand. He had no sooner arrived than he took a fall—The Fall of Wagner,—for so it is written, and printed in the "F. H." To criticise Nietzsche one doesn't have to know German. It is very simple. Nietzsche wrote a book called "Der Fall Wagner."—there you are, not even a dictionary being necessary—"The Fall of Wagner!! For so was it written, and printed in the "F. H." And thus did Wagner "fall." But what can be said,—what is there left to say,—to one who likes so well to read what he writes that mere facts do not count and to whom accuracy is a thing to be eschewed rather than sought? That it was possible for Wagner to be a revolutionist and a great genius; that it was also possible for him still to be a great genius and to exchange revolution for religion; that it was possible for Nietzsche to be both right and wrong—right about Wagner's philosophy and wrong about his music; and that, finally, it was possible for them both to be right, are problems of too great depth for him who understands not the music and philosophy of Wagner or the basis of the reasoning of Nietzsche. And, when he persists in writing without that understanding, the fund of wisdom in the world is not visibly augmented, even though he writes and has it printed in the "Fleeced Him."

The Riddle of the Sphinx.

[William J. Lampen in New York "Sun"]

Above the silent desert
The mystic Sphinx's head,
Upraised, has pronounced
Three thousand years of dead.

"Art woman?" asked I, knowing
Not what the deep sands hide;
And to my eager question
The carve lips replied:

"Tell now I have not answered
The queries I have heard;
Three thousand years I've been here
And never said a word."

The carve lips were silent;
I grieved long, and went
Away with no more answer—
What said the Sphinx have meant?
An Economist on the Future Society.

M. G. de Molinari, the editor of "Le Journal des Economistes" and one of the leading political economists of Europe, would doubtless be astonished to learn that his new book, "The Society of To-Morrow: A Forecast of Its Political and Economic Organization," has made it impossible for him to emigrate to, settle in, or even visit the great republic of the west, the United States of America—that is, if Roosevelt, who does not propose to run amuck among the corporations, whatever the law may say, does propose to run amuck among those whom the anti-anarchist movement of the immigration and is applicable. Yet such is the fact. Were M. de Molinari to arrive in one of our ports, he would run the risk of arrest, detention in a cage, and subsequent deportation. He may be a respected, "sane and safe" author and teacher in France. He may be perfectly free to travel in Russia and Turkey, in Persia and Morocco, but in the United States he would be treated as a dangerous person, an enemy of law and order.

For, whether he knew it or not, he is an Anarchist. He believes in organized government, even in a government of and by Roosevelt. According to him, in the society of to-morrow there will be no government in the present sense of the term.

With Spencer and others, de Molinari holds that war, once a cause of social consolidation and progress, is now a source of evil, waste, and reaction. It has become harmful, he says, and no longer fulfills any useful purpose. Why, then, does the state of war continue? Why do not the civilized nations abolish it as the duel has been abolished (or practically abolished as a means of enforcing justice between man and man), and settle their differences by arbitration? The answer given in the book is as follows:

"The governments are—enterprises in commercial language—concerns—which perform certain services, the chief of which are internal and external security. The directors of these enterprises, the civil and military chiefs and their agents interested in their agrandissement on account of the material and moral benefits which such agrandissement secures to themselves. Their home policy is therefore to expand their own functions within the State by appropriating ground properly belonging to other enterprises; abroad, they enlarge their domination by a policy of territorial expansion. It is nothing to them if these undertakings do not prove remunerative, since a mere profit on cost—whether of their services or of their conquests—is borne by the nations which they direct."

De Molinari proceeds to point out that the relation of State and people as producer and consumer, respectively, of services connected with security and order, is not one of free contract. Government not only brokers no competition, but imposes its alleged services on willing and unwilling alike. The people have no choice. They must pay taxes and obey the laws which infringe upon their equal freedom, whether they need or not the governmental services, or simply obey to get on with them. The reforms and revolutions of the past have not touched this fundamental evil—an evil which political progress has not even indirectly tried to correct. Indeed, de Molinari easily shows that the governments of to-day are less interested than were their forerunners to refrain from abusing their powers and wasting national life and treasure.

The purpose of this article does not require an elaborate survey of the anti-war and prohibition argument of the book under notice. Suffice it to say that, in the author's "quiescent, a radical change is inevitable, since government does not pay. The "economic man" is bound to revolt sooner or later against a condition which is as ruinous as it is unreasonable. He is bound to demand the abolition of war and the reduction of the expenses of government. International arbitration under a collective guarantee will be forced on the jingo politicians, and then disarmament will jointly be expedited with them.

But this is not all the reform which the society of to-morrow will realize. A permanent state of peace involves further and—in principle—more revolutionary changes. It is in forecasting those that de Molinari discloses his unconscious Anarchism.

Experience, he says, having demonstrated the inferiority and inefficiency of the State even in rendering what has been considered its primary function, is probable that nations will prefer to contract with firms or companies offering the most certain guarantees of the supply of the commodity most needful, security. Competition will probably enter this field, with the usual result—better service at lower cost. For instance, the insuring society will undertake to indemnify the insured if attacked in life or property. Justice will also be a competitive article. "The assurer and the body of the assured will be jointly interested in maintaining an impartial and enlightened judiciary for adjudicating on crimes and delicts. Adam Smith has long since shown [in reference to court fees, originally the chief support of the English courts] how competition solves this problem, and there can be little doubt that competition between fully independent judicial..."
in Anarchism that would be worth while. I submit that the question was out of place. If he was so confident of his ability to score in the game of politics, then he thought no small lever of his; for the man who makes good in politics must do it against plenty of competition. Now, if we ask what can be done in Anarchism that is worthy of such powers, the answer must be that this is for the man who has the powers to answer. It is the business of statesmanship to find out its own work, not to be told by others. But I can see certain directions in which a man with better statesmanship than mine might find great Anarchist opportunities. I have not been saying on liberty that a man who could organize some strong line of Anarchist action, as a variation from so much talk, would transform the practical aspect of the Anarchist movement. Let our statesman try this; if he does not know how to do this, how can he expect us to believe that he knows how to solve the trust problem or the negro problem or the liquor problem or the tenement problem?

A man of notable powers ought to be able to find his comfort in a work in Anarchism; and a man of moderate powers should be able to see that the result of his life as a politician will be anything that the world could not do without. For all men, of powers great or little, there is more opportunity in an almost virgin field than in one which has been farmed recklessly by everybody. I do not mean merely that it is easier to become prominent among ten thousand Anarchists than among five hundred thousand politicians; I mean that there is more chance of finding a great man in the work waiting to be done if you look where so few workers have tried. Whatever is now to be done in politics must in most cases be very hard to see or very hard to do, or else it would have been done already. Anarchism offers a field at least not less extensive than politics, and a field in which, because of its freshness, you are much likelier to find important work lying obviously at hand ready to be done by the first anybody who sets himself resolutely at it. And I do not think I shall be understood to say that Anarchism does not offer hard work for those who prefer hard work.

But what will come of it? That is the point. Why, that depends on what it is that is done. But I think, without overestimating either the number of Anarchists or their zeal, or the amount of practical statesmanship among them, that we may hope within the lifetime of our younger element to see somewhere on earth a thoroughly, fully, and deliberately, aimed at Anarchy. I do not think it impossible that we may see Anarchy in actual working order. In making this prediction I am assuming such a degree of persistent energy as we have thus far seen. The accession of men of notable ability, or a quickening of activity, may make a vast difference in what we come to; so, on the other hand, might a period of apathy. But, taking things as they are, I expect to live to see some sort of victory of Anarchism made. And I believe that this will mean more to the world than any prize that is left in the bag of politics; Bacon, in a well-known essay, speaks of different grades of greatness, and rates the highest to be that of those who have been the first founders of empire; those who come after them and improve or extend the State, though their work may undeniably be greater than that of the founders, must acknowledge an inferiority of rank. There is more chance of getting into Lord Bacon's front rank to-day by service to Anarchism than by occupying any other possible relation to government.

Steven T. Byington.

A Fabian Apostate.

To review a book written by a professional critic is one of the most difficult of literary undertakings. The reason for this lies in the fact that the aforesaid professional critic knows how to disarm those who would attempt to criticize him. He knows all the vulnerable points of the people who write books—he knows at once when he has laid himself open to the shafts from the bow of him who is seeking to controvert and to confound. Thus he is able to write a preface or an introduction which serves to unhorse his foe at the very beginning. But there are books the excuse for whose being cannot be adequately presented in a preface or a Dedicator’s Address, and so the expedient of providing an appendix of sixty odd pages has to be resorted to in order that the confusion of the temerarious reviewer may be complete.

In this manner is it necessary to approach Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman—a Comedy and a Philosophy" (Brentano’s). The comedy is so extraordinary (did Shaw ever write anything that wasn't?) that somebody had to take the blame for it, and this pensive duty has fallen to the lot of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, whose task, as a living bone of the Revolutionsist's Handbook and Pocket Companion, would be to unwind the comedy, except during the somewhat lengthy interval when the devil is on the board.

The motif of the play is the Life Force—that impelling power in nature that moves men and women on to the perpetuation of the race. The thesis of the play—and it has a thesis—is the determination of every man to be rich at all costs and of every woman to be married at all costs—which is, translated from terms of sociology into terms of biology, the impulse of man to produce and woman to reproduce. Our author has apparently sought to establish, then, that there is, under present social and industrial conditions, a continual conflict between the business of production and that of reproduction, since they are not conducted conjointly, but rather—to use the exact word—of the author—"the serious business of sex is left by men to women, as the serious business of nutrition is left by women to men.

There are some of us, perhaps, who would
like to disagree with Shaw, but the pitiful facts remain, and it may do others of some good to read Shaw's blank statement of them:

That the men, to protect themselves against a too aggressivelossessing and compelling interest in their little businesses, have set up a feeble romantic convention that the initiative in sex business must always come from the man, is true; but the pretense is so shallow that, even in the theatre, that last scrap of sincerity, it imposes only on the inexperienced.

The plain truth of the matter is that, in our social life, we live a time-sated and unnatural life. And not the least among the ghosts which haunt us is the venerable one which stands sponsor to the betrothel of every pair of Homo sapiens,—that is, of every pair with culture enough to have led them to read Tom Moore and Hall Caine. I refer to the delusion that the nervous impulse which engenders the primary amative oscillation is of iscaipital rather than occult origin. This spook has been laid by Shaw and the naked fact established that, in so far as the average female is concerned, the real quest of the grail is the quest of the male, and that it is for purposes which appertain solely to the continuation of the race. This is harsh, but nevertheless logical, inevitable, and wholly natural, and none of us need to go beyond his own personal observation to verify it. If a strong and healthy lover is likely to fail to assist her in accomplishing their high racial purpose, the said lover had better follow the familiar example of the Arab, for his doom is sealed. Naturally the thoughts of many of us revert to numerous cases which belie these words; but it does not require unparallelled sagacity to observe that they are, universally speaking, the exceptions, and are due to the influence of the teachings—now generally discredited by scientific proof of all species of Malthus, and also to the social obstacles which surround the realization of nature's supreme purpose among those who are at war with certain details of the current social system.

The time has certainly arrived for us to lay aside the mask of hypocrisy which most of us habitually wear and to face the problems of sociology with that candor which alone can lead to their solution. And Shaw has set us a noble and unselsh example. Upon his head will rain the anathemas of womankind, for all women feel more strongly than men that they must wear the mask, and they will naturally be angry at seeing it so brutally torn from the face of Ann Whitefield. One instinctively feels, however, that Ann consents to the ravishment of this sole means of the concealment of her natural and perhaps unconscious purpose only because she is dealing with what we must take to be a superman. John Tanner, the reincarnation of Don Juan Tornato, is a superman only because he is the putative author of "The Revolutionist's Handbook." He possesses few other characteristics of the "übermensch." It is true that he makes Rochev Rasmoln ashamed of himself; but Eugene Marchbanks had long before done that to the Rev. James M. Morell. He likewise admits that, as a rich man with an income which he doesn't earn, he is a robber of the poor; but this, too, is an old story among Shaw's heroes. On the other hand, eight times times ro originality, as witness this admirable diatribe against one of the most vicious superstitions of the age:

"I protest against this vile aversion of youth to age! Look at fashionable society as you know it. What do they pretend to be but a strange tribe of nymphs? What is it? A horrible procession of wreathed girls, each in the claws of a cynical, cunning, avaricious, disinterested, ignorantly experienced, fool-mined old woman who seeks merely to desert duty it is to corrupt her mind and sell her to the highest bidder. Why do these unhappy slaves marry anybody, however old and vile, sooner than not marry at all? Because marriage is their only means of escape from these deplorable friends who hide their selfish ambitions, their jealous hatred of the young rivals who have supplanted them, the mask of maternal duty and family affection. Sooner than lose a friend and be alone."

The law for father and son and mother and daughter is not the law of love: it is the law of revolution, of emancipation, of the final supersession of the old and out by the young and capable. I tell you, the first duty of manhood and womanhood is a Declaration of Independence: the man who pleads his father's authority is no man; the woman who pleads her mother's authority is unfit to bear citizenship to a free people.

The dialogue is bristling with many such outbursts of "sociological rage" (as Shaw calls it) on the part of Tanner,—possibly, after all, enough to justify his assumption of the title. One cannot help observing, however, that many of these passages would find their proper place in the "Handbook," and that the play would be improved for stage performance if some of them were so relegated. These are really "Maxims for Revolutionists" and retard the action of the play. It takes an actor of the caliber of a Cooperin to sit on a stump and discourse politics for half an hour, with scarcely a gesture or movement, and not tire an audience; and Shaw is not always fortunate enough to have that quality of talent interjacent in his works. In the reading, however, there is not much weariness with the stump speeches, except occasionally in the ghost scene, where the real Don Juan,—that is, the unreal Don Juan, the ghost of him,—gets a little tiresome before he hies himself off to heaven, where one feels that he ought to have gone to the other place,—where he ought to have gone, in fact, before he becomes unceiling of the friend to the devil, who finally remonstrates with him. "Pooh!" says Don Juan, "why should I be civil to them or to you? In this Palace of Lies a truth or two will not hurt you. Your friends are all the dullest dogs I know. They are not beautiful; they are only decorated." And then follow twenty-seven sentences like the last one. Any one alone (like "they are not moral; they are simply conventional") would have been a charming don mot; but twenty-eight of them ratted off without stopping for breath suggest redundancy, prolixity,—in short, a studied effort that is overdone. It may be fertility, but it is not art; and one doesn't blame the devil for exasperating with the caustic remark that "it is mere talk."

Much more entertaining, as a rule, are the reincarnated Don Juan's twentieth century aphorisms, and the temptation to reproduce a few more of them is too strong to be resisted. For instance, here is a specimen of truth tersely expressed:

"It is the self-sacrificing women that sacrifice others most recklessly. Because they are unselsh, they are kind in little things. Because they have a purpose which is not their own purpose, but that of the whole universe, a man is nothing to them but an instrument of that purpose."

And here again is Tanner's vehement denunciation of his friend's hypocritical condemnation of a woman whom they believe he has neglected to get married when her condition, according to the usages of polite society, was such that he had a man's name added to her own:

Here is a woman whom we all supposed to be making bad water-color sketches, practicing caging and brushing, gadding about to concerts and parties, wasting her life and money. We suddenly learn that she turned from these silly uselessnesses to the fulfillment of her highest purpose and greatest function—to increase, multiply, and replenish the earth. And, instead of admiring her courage and rejoicing in her instinct, instead of crowning her with the wreath of honor and raising the triumphant strain of "Unto a child is born: unto a son is given," here you are—

you who have been as merry as grigs in your mourning for the dead—all pelting long faces and I looking as ashamed and disgraced as if the girl had committed the vilest of crimes.

Mr. Tanner's "Pocket Companion" must be regarded as containing what the acting time of a four-act play would not permit him to say on the stage. It is the overflow of his exuberant enthusiasm. It is composed of the odds and ends of his philosophy that could not be worked into the lines of the play. There are short essays on such pertinent subjects as "Property and Marriage," "The Family Explained," etc., and finally we have the "Maxims," which are fairly bristling with good advice and epigrammatic definitions. But through it all there is an undertone, a something that seems to express a diminishing faith in Fabianism. True, Mr. Tanner-Shaw does not openly repudiate it, and he even formally holds it up as about the best thing ever found; but he is not enthusiastic over it and has no hopes of its substitution for the existing order until the English people "understand and approve of it," which he virtually admits they will not do without wholesale regeneration. Furthermore, he predicts a dire catastrophe "unless we can have a democracy of supermen; and the production of such a democracy is the only change that is now hopeful enough to nerve us to that effort that revolution demands."

But how is all this to be brought about? Here is the answer: "The only fundamental and possible reform is the socialization of the selective breeding of man: in other terms, of human evolution." Man must effectually will the realization of "Socialism. "And he never will until he becomes Superman." Ergo, hail to the Superman! Every reformer but the philosophical Anarchist reaches this point and then sits down to wait. And they are still waiting. And they will continue to wait for some time to come. Occasionally, one of the more impatient ones rises from his waiting seat and tosses a coin to the superman who cơs the formation of superman. But fright makes only tyrants or slaves; and the superman is to be no more a Caligula than a Colbanian.

The pessimistic on the subject. "K."

and he tells us that "property and marriage, by destroying equality and thus hampering sexual selection with irrelevant conditions, are hostile to the evolution of the superman." But the question of whether property shall be abolished until people understand and approve of the plan for its abolition. Here, then, is the
endless chain. How are we going to break it? Superman must be bred, marriage and property must be removed from the way of his breeding, people must effectively will the abolition of property and marriage, and they will not do it unless they become supermen. It is hopeless to lose it at the beginning. The position is as once impregnable and untenable. And so, in desperation, the solution must be left to the Anarchists, who believe that salvation need not wait upon the regeneration of humanity, but that it may be effected through the intelligent cooptation of the supermen who already exist.

C. L. S.

Two ridiculous things crop out of a war waged between two nations. One is the tenacity of "neutral" nations to permit either of both the belligerents to decide what kinds of merchandise are "contraband of war" and to seize and confiscate such merchandise whenever it is found on route to the enemy, regardless of the nationality of the carrier. The other is a semblance conception of the ethics of "neutrality." It is simply that the belligerent nations may not be "neutral" port and remain in it for twenty-four hours, safe from the attacks of the enemy. After that time they must depart or disarm; but, being disarmed, they are still safe. How much more sensible and logical it would be to regard the confiscation of a cargo even of ammunition intended for a belligerent to be downright robbery unless it was sailing under the flag and was already the property of one of them. And a code that permits a ship to seek the protection of a neutral port of a neutral nation for safety from the enemy, even if the ship be disarmed, is similarly ridiculous, since, if it is to be enforced, the business of such enforcement devolves upon the neutral nation, which is supposed to have no interest in the conflict. The sensible way would be to offer no protection whatever to a vessel belonging to either of the belligerents, and, if they went to fighting in the harbor of a neutral nation, let the latter drive them out as one would a couple of fighting dogs from one's doorway.

Two peculiar idiots should not be allowed, either by "international law" or common sense, to invade the property or tranquility of a peaceable party. To permit such invasion is obviously to waive the right of self-defense.

Cranky Notions.

"Every man truly lives, so long as he sets his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself."—Sir Thomas Browne.

I don't know who Sir Thomas Browne was nor do I care very much who he was, but I do care about what he said. I find that quotation in Holmes' "The Grip of Eire," and I think it valuable. I have not permitted others to rule us, but we have attempted to rule others. We permit it now; do we not allow the politicians to rule us. We permit one another to rob the next generation. We permit the children the free use of their own car and let the atomic bomb and the atomic bomb be robbed by the children of the world. We permit them to use the free use of our soil and clump the yard by our own desire. We lose our love to war and our desire to be free and we lose our desire to be free by our desire. We permit our wives wishes to keep us in bondage and we lose too little faith in our own force of attraction to hold their love in freedom to us. We are too cowardly to exercise our freedom, and we are too ignorant and hypocritical to recognize and applaud the exercise of freedom by others. We lack the understanding of what freedom means, we lack the normal uprightness to let those who do live their own lives in their own way. We enrage before the State. We are servile to the law. We are awed by the church. We fear the common people, and we want to possess power. We fear the anarchists and the man."—Sir Thomas Browne.

I have just read the "Outlook" of June 18th on the "Issue in Colorado," and I take the liberty to express regret that you are prone to lay the Independence outrage at the door of the miners' union. It is not more likely to have been the work of a sinister influence that has been so persistently thwarted in the will of the people of Colorado, expressed in legislation in 1903, and again manifested in the vote of 1902 by a vote of 13,000 to 10,000 in favor of a legal-day's work of eight hours. After such a humiliating defeat of the careful work of bribery and the lobby, even gilded snakes might be expected to resort to treachery and dynamite.

I have some forgotten the methods of the General Manager of the Chicago & North Western. If you have any regard for the reputation of the Chicago & North Western, I beg of you to beware of playing into the hands of those whose habit ever has been playing human fate against against you. Strengthen an already growing oligarchy whose majority may develop another French Revolution.

The fact to date seems to be that your jumped-at

SATURDAY AND THE SINGLE TAX.

To the Editor of Liberty:

No wonder that Andrew Roonev holds single taxers in low esteem, if his estimate of them is based upon the strange conduct of his man Saturday, as detailed in "The Position of Saturday," published in the current number of Liberty.

If Cruncone "would probably have persisted" without Friday, the latter could probably have taken care of it. In the absence of Cruncone, he would seem that Saturday, who is a very important man, could do all sorts of useful things well, and can produce in great abundance—"in fact, vastly in excess of—" and his money or consumption, "in... manage to get along without the presence of Roonev.

But at Isola, where national opportunities for self-support are equally accessible to both, and any values thereof are to be enjoyed by them in common, the presence of Roonev would be a store of possessions, might be advantageous to Saturday by reason of the mutually beneficial exchange of goods and services they could make. Nor would the possession by Roonev of tools, books, etc., even if he had no money, render his presence any less advantageous to Saturday. Even if he kept them all to himself, Saturday would be as well off as without him, but without Cruncone's assistance Roonev would seem to be without provender or clothing, his unused tools wasted with rust, and his money of no service however small. "Having no training in such matters," he would at once have need of the miners' union. To be had only on Saturday's terms, the better for Saturday the more desirable things Roonev had to offer, Saturday's "comparatively modest dwelling" could not be preferable to Roonev's "manor," unless he could induce Saturday to keep it in repair for him.

As to any values to be realized from the "economic reality" of natural opportunities in Isola, if it has been agreed that they belong to Roonev and Saturday in common, what is to hinder their investing them in enterprises of common interest, for instance in the maintenance of a highway, a dwelling and the mansion, or of any other common convenience? And why, the premises considered, should Saturday permit Roonev to have any more potential money than himself in the management of such enterprises?—J. B. R.}

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE "OUTLOOK."

Dear Sirs:

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No Important Reforms for Russia.

[New York Sun.]

The hope that this Bill will be given the cry of universal approval would be signaled by the proclamation of a constitution of such substance as to have had foundation. There is no other way of reaching the perditions resolves to the abolition of the press and the limit of the public or any other change in the laws of the state, which is to put the Jews to death. The Jewish community desire to remain in the country, but are not permitted to do so. Hence, on the one hand, and the economic stagnation of the country, on the other, the hope in the future for a constitutional government.

The primary purpose of the proclamation is to strengthen the ties of communication and the fostering of a free press. In this way, the public opinion which repudiates the rights of the Jews and the rank and file of the army, who, of course, are peace in uniform. The belief has been current that the knowledge of the Jew become extinct in Russia's civil life when serf turned to secrecy, and in any events of free institutions to revolutionary movements.

But this transaction suggests a very pertinent question. If the service the New York banks render to the city in this transaction consists merely of a limited amount of clerical work, for what are we going to pay the interest that will amount, within the thirty years of the term of the loan, to $16,000,000? No actual money, no actual wealth of any kind is being transferred to New York. You cannot view the service rendered as an act of abstinence or a rendering of present goods in exchange for future goods. Nor can the funds loaned be viewed as producing anything more than saving of interest. They have been transferred. All they give are bankers' credit in exchange for this city's credit. There is but one conclusion possible, namely, we are paying these millions for some advantage of the bankers over this city's credit. The question then arises, in what particular is this city's credit inferior to the bankers'?

I should venture to assert, without fear of successful contradiction that, if there is any difference, it is in favor of this city.

In former times, when actual coin had to be turned over, when actual wealth had to be given up by the lender, there may have been, in a case of numbering the lender for his abatement, but since we have progressed to such a point that a transfer of actual wealth is no longer necessary, the economic reason for paying interest for such transactions has disappeared.

Are we so accustomed to ancient usages that we cannot divest ourselves of them after the necessity for them has disappeared? This is, indeed, a costly adherence to antiquated customs. How can it be defended?

The actual service rendered by the banks consists in holding, on their books, the transfers of credit embodied in the handling of this loan by the city. The net result during the next three years this work would be amply paid for by $400,000. What, then, I ask again, are the remaining $16,000,000 of interest paid for?

The only possible explanation is this: Our laws permit the bankers' credit to circulate as "current funds," and place an embargo against similar use upon all other forms of credit. By virtue of these laws and the treaties entered into with foreign powers, the money referred to, but also the hundreds of millions yearly which they obtain from the business world, and for which they render services, by the clearing of checks, by acceptance of bills, and by other expenses, only a small fraction thereof.

It is no wonder that under this load the industrial world occasionally breaks down, and periodically recurring bank depressions are now considered an inevitable characteristic of our industrial era.

Politics—A Confession.

[From Mason in "Life."

We have tried for some time to take an interest in political matters. When one has had to stand by while the rest of the world has been tearing up the ruins of the inns we have been building for our guests, one may be called to their aid, and as we have not been able to do it, we may be called to the aid of the people. And if we have not been able to do it, we may be called to the aid of the people.

What is it about politics, we wonder, that is so hard to understand? It seems sufficiently engaging and absorbing to those who are in it. In today's political atmosphere, it is not the people who will decide who shall have the power, but the people who will decide who shall have the power. And if Charlie was caught napping, and of a bill that was being rapidly pushed through, of what the governor felt and thought, and how the convention acted under pressure.

Surely there is a drama concealed there. Surely something has happened that we are not worth knowing. On the face of it, it is exciting reading. It is a story with action to it and all the elements—shape, paean, courage, perseverance—seem to be in evidence.

Yet we cannot miss head or tail to it. At first we thought we had discovered the secret. We said, with the same comfort of the heart, that the reason we did not take to politics was because politics had no sentiment, and we rested in this delusion for some time.

Then it turned to us that we loved football, baseball; that we loved a horse race and other contests in which sentiment did not seem to enter.

Politics is a game, if we see it, not so much in the way of play, but in the way of action to it. And then, we found that, as politics was a game, some of its rules might be learned from the wise-guy matters; and we shut ourselves up with two platforms and a candidate's leaflet. After we had some declarations from our headquarters, from those who were themselves playing the game. But we had not advanced upon the platforms any distance at all before we became hopelessly involved. One of said one thing and the other just the opposite. In despair we snatched up the letter of acceptance. Here was at last a human document, the work of a living, breathing man. And yet, as we turned the leaflet over—half way down—we found that we had been fooled again. We found ourselves unconsciously pitting the chap who wrote it—it seemed to us that he had over-estimated the importance of his subject. And then, for once, we turned to an absorbing drama—a story that happened to be at our elbow.

Between campaigns—when there are other matters that seem to be important—we manage to conceal our opinions with some success. This is the horror of this page:—when we are confronted with posters and affixed with trollopish proceedings—our embarrassment is intense.

What shall we say to the man who asks us which side we are on? The thought of having to vote, when the mere thought of having to vote at all is annoying in itself? And, as for those vague specters who tell us "issues," must we explain that they have no interest for us, or shall we gently disprove upon what we have heard said is their paramount importance?"
We like at times to be honest with ourselves. We even believe that, in the face of appalling defects, it is good to speak the truth.

And so we find ourselves whispering softly—that we may not be heard above the blare of the trumpets—that we know already more about the candidates than the candidates know about each other. That, compared with other men, they are too far out of focus to exert our interest; and that, if the country is really going to the dogs—which seems to be the firm conviction of other side if the other side wins—we sincerely hope that, when it goes there, it will do it once and forever—which will, in itself, be a measure of relief.

**Are Nude Statues Sinful?**

[New York Times.]

The late Mr. Wiens, of Baltimore, at a period when the nude art in a less commonplace than it is now, received one day a visit from the mayor of the city and another gentleman, who came to request that certain statues on his lawn, visible from the street, should be removed. On learning their errand Mr. Wiens dismissed them with scant ceremony, and next day he began to build a high fence round his grounds, while his interlopers’ ugly surfaces between the public and the statues. More than a generation ago the exhibition in New York of a nude Venus painted by William Page in rivalry with Titian received no end of enthusiasm among the pure; and today Judge Selkirk of the quiet and unassuming town of Stratford cannot “retire” as they say in New England when they mean to go to bed, without feeling for the nude maidens of his lawn he will not wear petticoats, and shirtwaists are no longer worn under the bust. Thus prolific of wrath, writing fluid, and rancorous, the human form is advertised as the nearest of the hideous of civi- lization and immortalized in stone and bronze. We have seen the scheme by MacMonnies hunted from her leafy boughs in the backyard of Boston’s library, yet known even to the limit of barbaryanism in the halls of the Metropolitan. We have seen Boody’s somewhat déclassée lady of the Satyrnalia hailed by Paris and Rome, yet startling the stenches of one museum by her too glibly conduct; and promptly hoisted down cellar. And now we have persons otherwise normal in their wild alarums against the unchaste giants in Ward’s pediment on the stock exchange. True descendants of the insouciable, they boggle at the nude pictures and groan uneasily about, fearing that others are thinking as naughty thoughts as they.

The allegory Mr. Viard has meant to express in the somewhat overrated woman who stands like Pallas Atene in the centre of the group is integrity—the carrying out of vast sales which are clinched by a nod, the transaction being then as good as if signed and sealed. She is the draped lady of the barnyard, perhaps the man represent the public that has been stripped to the buff. On the artistic side these un- draped men add much to the beauty of the groups. But how will they seem in winter, when the snow flies, the election is over, and the public apathy is shaken off? The prudes of Broad Street and of Wall may then do their best to drape them in burlaps and n. coats, for just to cool, at them will give the most eloquent specification cold feet.

**Roosevelitian Perfidy Penetrated.**

[The Nation.]

"How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is to have an ungrateful and unmerciful" bit must be the reflection of the administration over the unpleasing reaction against the United States again manifested in Panama. On Friday President Amador invited a number of "considerate" equals to the White House, and a resolution was then launched that "the Panama government should firmly demand a full compliance with the text and spirit of the treaty, and should by all means search for an accommodation in any shape or manner which would be derogatory to the nation’s dignity before the world." The Panamanians persisted in thinking that the president is unwilling to relinquish control over Panama, and to comply with the treaty which recognizes Panama as a neutral, and now sovereign State. If Panama can think that this administration, after violating its treaty obligations with Colombia, and after having overthrown Colombian sovereignty under the pretext of our guarantee of the neutrality of the isthmus, is going to be sedulously regardful of the rights of such a somnolent republic as Panama, we fear they are doomed to disappointment. It will only be necessary to trot out the stilted horse of an "international arrangement" in Panaman ports to grab just as many of them as may be convenient.

**The Tabbycats Are Squeeled.**

[New York Times.]

Profiting by a gleam of almost human intelligence, the authorities at the St. Louis exposition have observed after mature deliberation that they will ignore the grimy-minded virtu-ists who have been shocked by the sartorial heterodoxy of the Iglorators on exhibi- tion there, and that those children of nat'v e' will continue to dress themselves as little as the • tastes and fashions demand. That is common ens. Any other decision would have been equally absurd and nasty.... If Iglorators are to be exhibited cer- tainly they ought to go on as such, not as dressed up folk of sartorial complexion no more interesting than any other folk of the same appearance. Our own e'n' tition is that these temporarily gentle islanders- complete as is their accustomed undress, are a peep- -inuous to any decent man or woman who has an intelligence moderately well developed. Certain many such men and women have looked upon the queer creatures without a terrors. But how it may be that there has been a lot of foolish talk on the subject is a slightly difficult question to answer, but the chances of real harm are small, and the tabbycats have been squeeled, anyhow, and that’s something.

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