On Picket Duty.

The pope was dreadfully disturbed by the audacity of the freethinkers in holding their international convention across the street from his. Poor Joe! He imagines that all Rome still belongs to the Vatican.

And so it seems that we have lèse-majesté even in this country. The report comes from Pomona, California, that a Canadian boy, who has been attending school there, refused, the other morning, to salute the American flag, when it was raised on the school building, and was expelled, the board of education subsequently approving the expulsion. The authorities consider it fortunate that he escaped lynching. Patriotism must be at flood on the Pacific coast.

Most of the readers of Liberty will remember Tak Kuk as a contributor to these pages during a great many years of the existence of the paper, and many of them will regret to learn of his death, which occurred recently. He was a particularly clear and logical mind, and his articles on Esotericism, to the philosophy of which he devoted a great deal of thought and attention, were cogently reasoned and exceptionally readable. He was a thinker of rare qualities, and much that he has written is worthy of being printed in a permanent form.

In October, says a newspaper report, "two hundred men at Bird Springs, Lincoln county, Nevada, notified the county clerk that they did not wish to cast their ballots at the coming election. They say that they are too busy, and desire that the precinct lately created in that district be discontinued." This is the most promising information that was published during the campaign. When the polling booths are deserted, the knell of plutocracy will be sounded. One third of the legal voters in the United States now do not exercise their prerogative, and, after a while, it will be one half, then two thirds, and then—the politicians will begin to get excited.

It appears that James H. Tillman, the South Carolina politician, who shot and killed another of his ilk and was acquitted of the crime, wants to enter the church. "How could he," pithily asks the New York "S. D.," "get up before a congregation and read the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill?'" In the first place, he would not be required to do so, since southern churches (unlike some southern election boards) do not insist upon an educational qualification. In the second place, even if Tillman can read, he need have no qualms of conscience about reading that little injunction, since the alleged author of it, if certain extensively-credited reports be true, did not hesitate to violate that as well as other sections of the decalogue.

In the October number of the "Review of Reviews" Victor Yarros has an interesting article on "This Year's Strikes and the Industrial Situation." His summing up is as follows: "The industrial developments of the last few months have resulted in a distinct improvement. The period of active contention and strife is closed, the falling market and the number of unsuccessful strikes having doubtless hastened the change. At no time, however, did the labor movement bristle with more questions of moment and interest than now. This side of the subject requires separate treatment." This last statement is very true; but the chances are that Dr. Albert Shaw will not permit Mr. Yarros to treat it in the "Review of Reviews" as the latter gentleman can treat it.

One of the most amusing features of the recent campaign was the performance of a certain Republican enthusiast of New York. He wrote a red-hot campaign pamphlet containing a lot of flamboyant charges against the Democratic candidate for president, the chief portion of which was that the latter had favored the large gambling interests in the State. After the pamphlet was printed and ready for distribution, the author found that there was a slight error in his statement. It was discovered that the Republicans were responsible for the delinquencies charged against the Democratic candidate. This was decided to be a sufficiently important mistake to render the document of doubtful value to the author's sponsors, so the entire edition was destroyed, a grim and curious relic of blundering enthusiasm and an expensive reminder of the old adage to the effect that it is better to be sure before rushing into print.

Dr. W. A. Chapple, of New Zealand, whose book on "The Fertility of the Unfit" was recently noticed by Liberty, has secured at least one disciple in this country. His name is Dr. Henry Hatcher, of Quinney, Illinois, and he delivered an address before a meeting of the National Prison Association, in October, which, it is said, created a sensation and drew forth sharp criticism. He advocated homicide, or the right to let a person take his own life when he is found to be incurable, and the surgical treatment of criminals who can be proved to be at the mercy of their passions. He also urged that the State dispose of the incurable insane by putting them to an easy death. He advocated that the State prevent marriages of undesirable persons. Some of these propositions doubtless go beyond those of Dr. Chapple, and they did not fail to arouse the opposition of many other delegates to the meeting. The objections were mostly sentimental, but the discussion goes to show that, in this country as well as at its antipode, there is a tendency toward a more rational consideration of the problem involved.

In the "Truth Seeker," Mr. Steven T. Byington has recently been calling upon freethinkers to show that the children of irrereligious parentage amount to anything—or some such proposition. His success has so far been rather indifferent, which, seeing that Mr. Byington takes the negative, is for him rather a matter for self-satisfaction. Charles Darwin and Clarence Darrow, with a few others, are people, are the only famous men who can be pointed to as having had parents of the same ilk; while the rest of us, both famous and infamous, cannot plead heredity. A great many columns of the "Truth Seeker's" space has been devoted to this fruitless discussion without the gift of the matter having been reached. The fact is that most of us—in fact, all of us, except possibly a few . . .—have had no choice in the matter of parentage. If we had had, the chances are that we should have chosen others than the politicians, preachers, and horse thieves who are responsible for the existence of some of us. Seriously, the whole question hinges on the matter of opportunity. When it is considered that the proportion of rationality—irreligious parents to those of the opposite class is about as one to one hundred thousand, it will be seen that the chances for the great men to be the offspring of the former are very slim indeed. So the freethinkers can well afford to accord to Mr. Byington the victory in this matter, and that, too, without any serious apprehension that the supply of either famous men or unbelieving parents will be visibly curtailed.

Rome and Another.

She asked for all things, and dominion such
As never man had known.
The gods first gave; then lightly, touch by touch,
Overthrew her seven-hilled throne.

Imperial Power, that hungered for the globe,
Restrain thy conquering feet.
Let the same Fate that spun thy purple robe
Should weave thy winding shroud.

William Watson.
Liberty

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Benj. J. Tucker, Editor and Publisher

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To the appearance in the editorial column of articles on the same subject---the divinity and sovereignty of the individual---I object, because I believe these articles are of no use in the cause of liberty, and because I do not think that the author is versed in the principles of politics which are the foundation of liberty.

Important Caution.

Since there is a vast business done in this city under the name of Liberty Publishing Company, and many postal communications of whatever nature, if intended for Liberty, should be addressed carefully and plainly to P. O. Box 1912, New York City, all non-postal letters should be mailed to the editor at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 3, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of Benj. J. Tucker.

The Man on Top of The Pole.

Questions of ethics, which have always fascinated philosophers, have frequently moved the New York "Evening Post" to philosophize, and sundry dispositions on problems arising out of real events have been the result. The latest emanation from this source of wisdom is a gentle reminder to the lighting company in a Long Island town, because the said company placed a lineman on the top of every one of its poles and then dared the citizens to chop the poles down, the citizens being hostile to the occupation of the streets in that manner by the company. The "Evening Post" says that the company's action is analogous "with the warfare of these savage tribes which fight behind a shield made of captured women and children, or those nations of antiquity which went into battle with the elephants produced by a line of so-called lies and cats, which Pharaoh's soldiers would not shoot. Under modern conditions, such tactics can be long successful, for two reasons: First, the wages of a special lineman for every pole would make the cost of the operation prohibitive. Second, a really determined populace, though it might shrink from chopping down a pole and killing the man atop, would have no scruples at all over driving away the substitute sent to relieve him, and thus win their point by slow starvation."

These two reasons for the speedy failure of the company's tactics are: (a) very good as far as they go, and doubtless the linemen have already been cuffed off their heavey roots by their employers; but the "Evening Post" has overlooked (and apparently the citizens of the town in question have followed suit) the man on top of the pole. Has he, or has he not, the usual quota of common sense? If he has, what would he do if the citizens actually began to cut down the pole? Would he, for a paltry two dollars per day, sit there until the pole fell and fall with it to his death? Let us not imagine that the company succeeded in finding such a large number of "cows" to induce them instead make a reasonable estimate of human nature and predict that, when the poles wore so nearly cut off that they began to yield to the wind, and perhaps even before, there would be a unanimous exodus from the untenable poletops. The "Evening Post"'s reasoning would not be considered. There would be a spontaneous impulse to obey the first law of life, and a simple manifestation of that quality which is said to be the better part of valor.

But what an evidence it is of the single-mindedness and determination with which we may expect that they could let the presence of men on top of the poles interfere with their determination to chop the poles down! It is not surprising that privileged corporations can trample on the rights of the public when that public can so abjectly worship a sentimental fiction. C. L. S.

The Distinction as to Boycotts.

In the Truth Seeker for October 3, E. C. Walker lays in this law about boycotts very definitely, very earnestly, and very wrongly, or else I am very far wrong myself.

His contention is that "any boycott which is not in reprisal for invasive actions is itself invasive," and his line of argument is as follows:

I may not alone rightfully injure you wantonly. Hence, I may not in association with others rightfully injure you wantonly. I injure you wantonly if I am not resisting any force. I am injuring you wantonly if my act further my intention to injure you because of an action of yours which is not invasive. . . . The key to the situation is the intention, as every student of criminal jurisprudence should know. The intention that does not exist in action is null, but the intention that does exist in action is active, and it is invasive, that is, criminal, if the action with which it is associated purposely injures one who is not guilty of invasion in the issue involved. . . . The defenders of the invasive boycott plunge at once into the morass of collective tyranny through failure to take into account the element of intention and to reckon with the very practical question of evidence. A may quit trading with B for any one of a score of reasons, without any intention to injure B, or he may quit trading with B because he wishes to injure him. In either case, it is almost impossible to prove his intention by his action alone. . . . But if he goes about and induces other men to join in a boycott, especially if they aver an intention to destroy B's business unless . . . then the intent to injure a non-invasively person, which is a criminal intent, is apparent . . . and can be established, if it can be established in the injurious action threatened. . . . He probably would escape if he went quietly on a dark night and cut down B's vines, while he would be pretty sure of detection and conviction if he went in the daytime with a brass band and wielded his knife to the same end. . . . So it happens that the invasive boycotter acting alone usually will escape, if he keeps it still going in hand, while he will get himself into trouble if he combines with others for the same malicious purpose. . . . That combination and threatening has revealed his . . . intention to injure.

Here are two cardinal points: first, the new and revolutionary definition of "invasive"; second, the claim that main stress should be laid upon the intention. I think Walker is wrong on both.

I admit that violence and boycotting have so much in common that they may rightly be comprised together under any convenient name, such as "agitation," and that the name "invasion" might as well be equally applied to both, if that name had not already settled meaning which limits it to the one—which meaning it is not desirable to bring into confusion by adding other similar senses. I admit as a thing probable, if not yet conclusively clear, that this same spirit and activity of interference is unlike harmful in both cases, and that both alike should be proscribed in the most perfect possible society. But I insist that the two methods have so much of difference between them that it is possible to give them to two distinct grades; to allow in resistance to the one such methods as would not be allowed in resistance to the other; and probably—as a matter of tactics, to direct against the one such a propaganda as we do not at the same time direct against the other.

Violence puts a man under absolute restraint. It can say to a man not merely "If you do this I will hurt you," but "If you start to do this I will put you where it will be physically impossible for you to do it." There is no choice whatever for the victim, provided the force is strong enough; all possible heroic defiance and martyrdom will not enable him to do the thing which the power has said he shall not, so he might as well lie still. But the most that the boycott can do is to set the man face to face with an alternative of submission or discomfort. The discomfort may certainly be intense, and may—though not so often in practice as some folks would have us think—involve ultimate death by privation after a losing struggle; but it is better to have the option of doing what you wishiable, or not doing it and living as usual, than to be simply unable to do the thing you had wanted to. Besides, I must insist that starvation is farther than one could commonly think of its going. The worst hard-luck story I ever heard in this line was of a man who told me he used to be the president of a union of a highly skilled trade; to be trouble was that his union was organized as rival to an older one, and in the end the older union won, and was without a tree to the ex-president of the younger; he had no chance to build the trade in which he was skilled, and when I knew him he was janitor to a small and impecunious slum church. Certainly his story sounded hard; yet it was not the story of a man who had been robbed of his liberty in the sense in which violence robs us. I would rather have been in his place than have served a long term in jail. To replace violence by the boycott is obviously a natural transition.

Against this lesser evil of the boycott, Mr. Walker would apparently have us take up the weapon of violence. For it is clear that he is not talking merely of moral guilt, in which case the question of the comparative degree of guilt in boycotting and in violence would have little but an academic interest. He speaks of offences which are to be detected and proved before an earthly court; he makes his whole practical conclusion depend on the possibility of making the offender smart for his guilt. He can hardly mean that boycotts are to be pun-
ished only by counter-bribe, for then he would be acknowledging the principle of a distinction in crime, and would have no motive for wanting to bring such a sort under the same name "invasion"; he must mean that bribery, like other invasion, is a proper object for forcible repression. Now, against whom is that repression to be exercised? Against the man who fails to deal with the boycotted person? But you cannot prove their motive; certainly one cannot apply violent constraint to them without being exceedingly tyrannical. Against the ringleaders, then? But the case you can prove against them is going to consist of having publicly advised a certain course of action, and at this rate free speech will be badly in a hole. I thought we had been insisting that assassination was all wrong, and the advocacy of assassination was all wrong, but nevertheless that every man must be free publicly to stir the public up to assassinate anybody he chose to name. Shall one be liable to arrest, then, for having advised the public to bo exciting a certain man? Or are we to punish neither those who withhold their trade or those who recommend the withholding, but those who organize for a boycott, who vote it as a law of their union? But such a law could be evaded without even resorting to secrecy. The ancient Roman senate voted by holding a meeting for debate, in which each member made a speech in turn giving his views on the action desirable; somebody counted the number of those who gave their adhesion to one or another of the proposed plans. No law could be made against a vote in this form without threatening debating societies in general; and the understanding among a dozen millioners, or ten thousand trade-unionists, to act on the result of such a vote and agitate for others to do so, could be maintained without any organization that even its own members could put their fingers on.

Now as to the matter of motives. I hold just the contrary view, that there is nothing but mischief to be had from taking motives into consideration if you can avoid it. The only use of counting motives is in cases where the motive makes the action more likely to do harm, or makes the punishment more likely to be effective in repression. A man trying to kill another is more likely to cause death than a man leaving a loaded gun where there is a risk of a fatal discharge by accident, and punishment is doubtless more likely to diminish the former practice than the latter; these are reasons for punishing the malicious murderer more than the careless man. But assuredly, if I do not buy the "Evening Megaphone," because I dislike its policy, I do not hurt them any more than by notbuying it because I do not like its style of writing. Possibly coercion may have more power against the former, though one might make a very pretty argument for not buying - but, at this point, what if Mr. Walker were to rest his argument on that ground, he would practically admit that it would be desirable, if we were possible, to repress by force the falling away of customers so as to ruin a business because they are dissatisfied with the service. I do not think it likely that he has this in mind; but then I do not see what he can have in mind except that a man's punishment should be in accordance with the wickedness involved in his offense. Now I hold it to be pernicious and un-Anarchistic to make a man's punishment depend all on the wickedness of his crime; the wickedness of his character would be much more relevant, for it would affect his curability. I wish, then, that Mr. Walker would tell us what reason there is for making intention the key to the situation; this would be more satisfaction than basing the point on a consensus of merely un-Anarchistic opinion.

The first positive reason is not regarding motive when you can help it, that motive is so hard to ascertain. If I refrain from patronizing a tradesman because it disgusts me to have anything to do with a man whom I so detest and despise because of his attitude on, say, religion - my motive is certainly non-invasive, if hardly admirable. If I refrain because I want to put him out of business on account of his attitude on the same topic, my motive is invasive according to Walker. How many thoughtful men would feel confident of being always able to discriminate those motives in their own hearts, if they were thus tempted? Much more, then, what Solomonic court shall undertake to discriminate them in the case of other persons, with such certainty that this shall become the basis of a legal sentence? Surely Mr. Walker must contemplate a riding rough-shod over psychological difficulties, just as the courts do to-day; but this means a miscarriage of the very justice: it is desired, just as we see to-day. Better aim at such justice as does not depend on these unknowable things.

Besides, when motive is considered, it is neither customary nor desirable to look only at malicious motives. Gross disregard of mother's interests serves well. If I want to burn the grass in my field for some legitimate purpose, and I simply do not care (either from my unneighborly character or because he has forfeited my interest) that the fire will infallibly spread to my neighbor's valuable patch of timber, and I burn mine without making any effort to protect his, the court will treat me just the same as if I had desired the damage to him; I am an invader. Now take the parallel case in the boycott: I know that Smith's restar- is on the verge of bankruptcy, that these financial straits are the very reason why its food is no longer such as I like to eat, and that if I withdraw my steady trade it is likely to make the difference between survival or failure to Smith's business. Yet I quit going there, because I don't like the butter. I am cold-hearted if you like, but am I also invasive? If not, why not, according to Walker? I should certainly be invasive if I did violence under the same circumstances of motive; and Walker seems to want to put violence and boycotting on a level, then an automobile run on a man without making reasonable effort to avoid the collision, nobody suspects the riders of any motive except a non-invasive one; but we rank them as invaders, I think.

Treating motive on the same basis as in the case of violence, we find that a man goes into the saloon business to make money, knowing the probability that the result of his business will be the degradation of sundry lives; yet, he even exerts himself to encourage the larger consumption of liquor. This is acting with the contemplation of injuring non-invading persons, which in the jurisprudence of violence is the same as an intent to injure from. Yet I believe Mr. Walker has put us a dilemma, that is, writing the ancient statutes for an invader.

Vicissitude is non-invasive. A lot of people get together for the purpose of stirring up such a public abhorrence of vice as shall (as they hope and desire) drive the vices to stop their work, or at least restrain it, by mere pressure of obscurity. By Walker's new definitions they are invaders, and the vices are justified in fleeing those enemies of theirs to stop the clamor; are not these men banded together with intention to injure non-invading persons? Or does boosting a man out of his non-invasive business cease to be an injury when the business is a wicked one? That would be carrying the doctrine of intention very far.

I have said that Walker's argument, though unsound, is a model of clearness. Yet one thing it lacks. He should give us a summary of the just trial and sentence of John Doe for an especially heinous case of boycotting, under circumstances which call for a severe sentence. What should be the evidence that convicts him of such crime, and what might well be the sentence?

I have a bit of personal feeling in this matter. I have been maintaining against C. L. James, in a rather savage controversy, that the question "what constitutes invasion?" is one on which it is not hard to find such a measure of agreement as would be a satisfactory basis for action. It is discouraging, right on the heels of this, to find a standard-bearer like Walker uttering such heresies. These new definitions of his indicate some fundamental disagreement than did the copyright dispute or the baby dispute. Still, there is no better way toward agreement than frankly to utter our disagreements.

STEVEn T. BIVINcTon.

Sugar-Coated Statistics.

"Free America" is the title of a book that comes from the press of L. S. Dickey & Co., Chicago, having been written by Bolton Hall. This book is, first of all, a collection and arrangement of statistics showing the condition in which free America is found as a result of the laws which have made capital so powerful and labor so weak. Statistics are usually the least readable of all literature, but these are so insidiously inserted in the text that the sensation of reading pure columns of facts and figures is never fully experienced. The information and its sources are given, and one doesn't have to read very far to become convinced of the fact that these are related. But they are so charmingly interwoven with Mr. Hall's lucid prose that they are read with pleasure.

First, the fallacy of over-production is graphically explained, then it is made clear to the simplest mind how labor always gets much less than it produces, and why. Then trusts and monopolies are dissected in the same unsparring manner; charity, temperance, trades unions, and other alleged remedies and palliatives are analyzed without pity; political corruption,
taxes, tariffs, and all the methods by which monopoly robs the producer are treated in their turn; and various other features, as well as plans for relief, are discussed.

Note: this is all very good, and you feel that the author has gone about to the root of the matter. It is no mere superficial examination that he has given us. It is the product of deep, broad, sincere, conscientious thought. The analysis is caustic, and cogent and logical is the reasoning, and the results are relentlessly given. All this is true, because Bolton Hall would be an Anarchist were he not a single-taxer. But, unfortunately, all the conclusions presented are based upon the assumption of the proposal remedy being nothing but a corroboration of Mr. Hall's belief that the only way for America to be free is through taxation, albeit through that said-to-be-inauspicious form of tax called single. Naturally, therefore, in the solution of the problem, the land question is the primary one and the money question secondary, and a long way after. It is true that the author has not overlooked the fact that there are other problems besides even those two that must be solved before men will be set free; but in his view the land must be made free first, and this can most readily be done by taxing it. His patron saint has told us how.

C. L. S.

A man has lately written a book—a whole volume—in an attempt to rejuvenate the superannuated theory that a reconciliation between science and religion is possible. A reading of the sub-title of the book—which is as far as one is tempted to go—is enough to convince anyone who has no wish to father the thought that the author's task is capable of being accomplished—that one more honest but misguided man has been added to those who have wasted their energies in a futile attempt to do what would be useless were it not impossible. "Balance" may be a readable book; it may be even instructive—to those who are wont to wax staphylopathy over the theological tales. But the problem which the author fancies he has solved is as absurd as it would be to set out to prove that all books of fiction are authentically inspired. Religion as well as fiction undoubtedly has its place in literature and human life; but, to the rational mind, truth does not need to be homoeopathically administered, and it can be taken without being diluted with falsehood.

Just previous to the election some generous and well-intentional being wrote to Liberty some documents relating to the achievements of one Theodore Roosevelt and to his qualifications for the office of president of the United States, especial attention being paid to his influence toward the "elevation of labor." One of the pamphlets in this precious package was entitled "Roosevelt's Military Record," by Brigadier-General Henry V. Boynton. In the very first paragraph we read that Roosevelt "is the youngest American to have attained his present position." Doubtless the case of the pen is not a much-practised invocation with General Boynton, but this device indicates a dense ignorance, not only of the constitution (which in a general

who has seen service in the Philippines might be pardoned), but of the facts of history. Can he point to any person, other than an American, who, by the age of 41, has been president of the United States? Teddy hall better select a more literate critic hereafter, or else carefully revise the output.

Mr. Brinley's criticism of Mr. Walker is so just, the position upon which he sees it so sound, and the arguments deduced therefrom so logical and conclusive, that there was no need for his making even the slight concession "that the name 'invasion' might as well be applied ubiquitously to both "violence and illegal cutting;" for it is scarcely conceivable that it is possible to invade by refraining from acting—without committing an overt act. But Mr. Brinley has admirably demonstrated this very point further along in his article. The greatest fallacy in Mr. Walker's argument lies in his asumption that a cessation of trading with another party is an action, whereas it is just the opposite. The very foundation stone of equal liberty must be the freedom not to do—the right to do nothing. The boycott, either individual or collective, is nothing but the exercise of this freedom.

Irrelevancies.

"The admirer of George Elliot is perplexed by the prosaic character as they appear in her 'Life,' edited by her husband. One can hardly understand how such a genius could have written letters so commonplace. The most natural explanation is that she needed the stimulus of an audience to put her into her niche. We think the same is true in a sense artificial rather than spontaneous."

George Eliot's letters did not seem to me prouie or commonplace. I think her life was tiresome and heavy. Except sympathetically, in the possession of her characters, perhaps no opportunities of life came to her. And yet to its 'impersonal delights as a perpetual discovery' she was more than usually responsive; and she knew the satisfactions that came from being strong in endurance: but of life at its full, in its thrill, perhaps she knew nothing. I cannot be sure of this, certainly; for creative work must bring an exception to a personal reclamation like nothing else. What was it that she missed? Was that she never quite got that—she could never have lifted his glass, like Beate, to say: "Es lebe das Leben!"

I have forgotten to whom she wrote the letters afterwards published, but the lack of color in them does in no wise prove her style before an audience to have been artificial. One abandons one's self only when expecting a response. No human being is quite himself except in freedom. And I can easily see that George Elliot might have far more fame in an unknown audience than in the people with whom she lived on terms of personal correspondence. I remember that I found her letters very interesting, but what people are, even in slavery, is interesting. And some definiteness of the personal touch cannot quite escape expression in letters. No man or woman is ever just the same to any one as to any other. And it is also true that any one, who comes near to us in the sympathy that is understanding, not as free as we become ourselves, for expression in that direction. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think, who always wrote with an unknown, but sympathetic, reader in his mind. I thought it a good way—the only way in which one approaches the world.

Some extracts given from the "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" are stimulating. The voice of his self-distrust appealed to me:

"I sit down to write and I am not able to discern in the head of me; one dull cloud of pain and

stupidity; it is only with an effort like swimming for life that I get begun to think at all. . . . My habitual conviction is that the work is too hard, that it will never be worth a furthing to any man, and I do not know if I could ever be made to think that the heavy hand of this Emancipation shall be got blazoned from me (for it is really like a spell) and I be free, were it only with no possession, beyond that of freedom, remaining now for me."

I've been trying to find out why a self-distrust that is normal and not morbid brings us to faith in the one who has it. I should have thought that it would be that we looked upon it as a kind of infringement on our patent, as regards faith in ourselves. But I think the real reason is that, in the over-confident, we suspect a lack of trust in the self-inside. At last, perhaps, we do resent a man's having more self-trust than just enough to help him to do his best work. I suppose that a certain amount of confidence is essential as a working theory. Perhaps confidence would be as fatal to action as indifference. It is hard to see how egotism can ever withstand the enlightenment of an experience of years. We must all, and many times, discover that we have been mistaken, and that we may again be mistaken a tomorrow—if not to-day. This cannot hinder us from going on in our own to-day's light. For p. on we must, and no other light can help us materially as it becomes ours. In regard to this, Carlyle's words are strong:

"A man can do nothing but prosecute faithfully the thing that his soul points to: let no counsel or exhortation from friends and countrymen be heard in that; these mean well, but they know not what they say!"

In another letter to Sterling, he says:

"I also entirely repudiate your position in your own firm purpose: in spite of all cavils of mine: what else can you persist in? The inward voice, if it be an inward one, and not some false echo of mere outer ones, is the prophetic voice of our whole soul and will. I am writing to you this night, and I say that is the thing that thou dost not do! All voices from without, and counter-mentions of other men, how prudent and well-meaning soever, are in the end but impertinent, inasmuch as a man has to go, often enough, right in the teeth of all that."

Then there is, in this review of the "Letters," more talk—and very good talk, I thought—about what man is for:

"In a sense it may be true that a man who has great confidence in his convictions has great confidence in himself. Nevertheless, it may be that his confidence is primarily the result of a confident opinion rests (thereupon, in which case he is self-satisfied); or it may be that his confidence is primarily in the truth which he thinks he sees, and which is to him an objective reality which is there in his vision of it, in which case he is ego-satisfied."

To me one of the most interesting extracts was in a letter to Robert Browning, of the most perfectly sincere, friendly, full criticism. His attitude touches the heart at once:

"Alas, it is so seldom that any word one can speak is not worse than a word still unsaid; seldom that one, by his speaking or his silence, can, in great vital interests, help and harm."

I know very little of Browning, so I'm not going to believe that he may, very probably, be true that most of . . . said I could neither agree with or respond to. They are, in writing, observing and thinking. They can be so different that you are and there are those that do not. And Browning's is of those that do not. The oldness of his word-forms draws me. I am tired of rules; I am tired of the grammarians; I am tired of the nothing that worry me; and there are those that do not. And Browning's is of those that do not. The oldness of his word-forms draws me. I am tired of rules; I am tired of the grammarians; I am tired of the nothing that worry me; and there are those that do not.
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pursue for di-literate tracity. And I like the apple tree that bears its beautiful blossoms, appraising and bearing fruit. What we re to-day is not just what was to say when the rules were made and the parts of speech invented. There is a reason for saying that things have a pleasant sound to the ear. And even slang becomes needful as a refuge, because the forms which are permitted will not do the work that must be done if either thought or emotion is to find expression. Sometimes it is the living language and forever lagging behind. Even when a word or form once expressed a thought rightly, it has to do foreign duty so constantly since that now it means a vague thing; but no longer, a foundation stone. It has become "polarized," as one of our poets discovered.

Before the first of men could articulate, he must have had a great deal to say. He has been to try "catching up" ever since. But his thinking is farther than ever from "catching up." For it is easy to find a word for meat; but impossible for the life that is more than meat. That word, "life," is as overweighted as "flesh." So, when Browning offers a phrase, if it seem so much as to touch that which no man has drawn near by any words, it is welcome. When he appeals to me, he is as sure he touches upon, with recognition, where I am looking for it; a ready, no less. Carlyle did not believe that Browning had poetical power, although he admitted "a rare spiritual gift, poetical, pictorial in the brain, by whatever name, we may call it," in Browning. Then, the same thing had not clear intellectual apprehension of what he put into his poems; and I think that Carlyle never came to wonder whether it was not that quality of truth — the search after truth — which is forever unvoiced because it is forever in process of development. It cannot be "unfolded into articulate clearness." I think Carlyle hardly felt the response of recognition.

Georgia Replique.

It was on a day in this golden October, just past, that word came to me from Denver: "Georgia did this morning, at 4.  End comparatively painless." Dated October 22. And my thoughts were carried back a year (just a year and two days) to another golden October day, when I first met Georgia Replique. I had corresponded with this woman, off and on, for the last year, and had thought well of her, but still I was not prepared for her as she really was. I found her on a bed of suffering, biting her lips with pain, emaciated and marred by an incurable disease. Nevertheless, I felt of her made an impression on me not excelled in vividness by any personality in the west. But, I will not say she was beautiful, as men count beauty; for I really am not a critic of approved judgment on those matters. I find that men rave over women indifferent to me, and those I think beautiful they pass by. Therefore, I will only say that I found Georgia Replique beautiful, not in flesh, but in spirit, with that inner beauty that irradiates and shines through the physical as it if were a tranparency. I have seldom met a woman who seemed to me more disembodied, more a sort of flame and air. I had always known that she had an intellect like a man's, keen logical, reason-controlled, as expressive in words as in clear, graceful, firm, and uniform handwriting, but, perhaps because of this, was not prepared to find her so thoroughly and essentially womanly, sanitively sensitive, sympathetic, and refined. I know her so long as brave and strong, and in the world. I had never conceived of her as a woman, who could be concerned, like any other daughter of Eve, with little feminine touches of taste and adornment. During the long lonely day, on which she was to die a year later, I visited her again, a de, strenuous as she was, she insisted on going with me to see various friends in Denver. And all that gold of afternoon, as we went there and there in the balmy atmosphere, through the streets of the beautiful city, my constant thought was: "If she is like this now, what must she have been before!" Perfectly lovely, even according to the most exacting conventional standards, there was still about her every gesture and motion an untamed, wild grace, reminiscent of the leopard, were it not for the kind, as kind as a bird. This pride Courage and grace seemed the very express, nice of her personality. Only one thing could dare any thing, as, anything, except the low or lowen herself. Yet really appear Array with exquisite refinement, and of the instinctive, pathetic shrinking of her youthful, life-loving nerves from her awful and impending fate. I seemed ever to read in her eyes the thought an added talk of touching. We visited Mrs. U. E. Hollister, who, her husband bearing, who being an enthusiast in Indian art, set before us eyes green eyes great stone of Navajo blankets — green eyes happy, brown eyes, green eyes happy, happy. We were shown native stone and yobs and modern stone in Germantown yams. Then to the pleasant chatted with Herrick at "Herrick Bookstore." Then to the home with Comrades John Sphiks and Charles Greenhalgh, where Sphiks, with honest pride, showed us his marvelous products in woodworking. Then in the trolley car, and a long evening of never-to-be-forgotten talk.

The Repliques lived in the skirks of Denver, but western cities are not often like our eastern cities, with a rotten edge of misery, and Denver seems to melt into the great city. We know little about her, and the next morning, when we strolled out to my car, the weed-grovethe world we were snow-capped, azure-studded peaks. It was like a day of golden dreams, new-coined from the mints of Paradise, and how pathetically the heart rebelled to think that the stately, sensitive woman at my side, going with the long, free step, was as under sentence of death, and in some one of those mountains amit with a poisoned bulb. And as I looked back from the car she was sitting, shaken and sad, on the warm bench, courage on her face, and sentiment giving me the realization with which in the farewell which was clearly in her thought forever. November 3, 1904. J. William Lloyd.

Josiah Warren and Modern Times.

In Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s press there have recently come two volumes which in the immediate future and for a long time will command the closest attention of progressive people, — namely, the "Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences" of Montrou-Dewey. Bearing testimony of one of the gentlest, clearest-sighted, and steadfastest spirits of the age, these volumes furnish a store of unfruitful proposals and interesting conclusions. It is true that the present age is so full of unhappiness because the purpose here to write a review, but to quote from Mr. Conway's delightful lines a sketch of Josiah Warren and his sois. Acceptant in the village of Modern Times that will be of peculiar interest to the readers of Liberty. Mr. Conway writes:

Among the many letters that I received from out-of-the-way people and places, one was dated "Modern Times, N. Y." It seemed to have been written from some place in Dunay's dreamland. Writing to a friend in New York, I inquired if he knew anything about such a place. "It is," he answered, "a village on Long Island founded on the principle that each person shall mind his or her own business. The place seemed even more mythical than before, but one evening when I had been addressing one of the workmen on the relations between capital and labor, a stranger of prepossessed manner, surprised me and said, "If you ever visit Lost Town times you will find out that the troubles of labor come from the existence of money. Whereupon he disappeared.

During my stay in New York I visited New York, was ferried over to Brooklyn, and heard that by travelling one or two hours on the railway "own Long Island I would come to "Thompson's Station, and five or six miles off would find Modern Times. It was twilight when I reached "Thompsoins," and there was no means of reaching the village I sought except on foot. That did not matter, for my value was light, but the road was solitary, sometimes forked, the forest dense, and it became quite dark. At length, however, I reached a more open space, the moonlight shining on some little lights, and so said I was close upon the village. I asked if there was any hotel and she replied, "None that I know of," pressed on quickly, and left me to consider that nearer the other people's attention, the scenery be desirable. It was not yet night, but the street I entered was silent. I had with me a letter once received from Modern Times, and on inquiry found at last the man of the road who led me to the house of a gentleman and lady, provided with a room under the eaves in the old fashioned lodging house in need. The lady of the house was beautiful, and startled me by an allusion to a Utopian village in one of Schottke's tales. "You will not find us," she said, "a chivalric people; we are rather poor; but if you are interested in our ideas, you may find us worthy of a visit." I have idealized this lovely woman, and indeed the village, in my "Pine and Palms," but her actual living thing than is there told of Maria Sholton, and the village appears to me in the description more romantic than my own.

Josiah Warren, then about fifty years of age, was a short, thick-set man with a severe countenance but somewhat restless eye. His forehead was large, descending to a full brow; his lower face was not of equal strength, but indicative of the mild enthusiasm which was strong enough in years for a real English reformer. He was indeed one of these, and I think I have been in Robert Owen's community at New Lanark. He had, however, an entirely original sociology. Convinced that the disablement of the poor as a consequence of stealing wages and the time and labor spent in production created the evils of drudgery and pauperism, luxury and idleness, he determined to bring about a system that would enable the community to live off no wages at all and have its price measured by its cost. If it were a shoe, for example, the separate cost of leather, pay, thread, etc., was to be estimated, and the time taken to cut, sew, and make the shoe should be enough to decide the relative value of the shoe in other articles which the shoemaker might require. With this idea in his mind, he invested what little capital he had in a simple experiment that his plan would succeed only in a world where other tradesmen adopted it, and after some years established a small community at Tecumseh, Ohio, which he had so well described in his book. He believed in the crudity of the idea as it then stood in his mind; for, when some twenty years later he founded Modern Times, there were other elements introduced. The commercial basis of this village was that cost is the limit of price, and that time is the standard of value. This standard was variable with corn. Another principle that was the most disagreeable labor is entitled to the highest compensation. The socialistic basis of the same is built up in the phrase "individual sovereignty." The principle that there should be absolutely no interference with personal liberty was prosed to an extent which it is impossible to have delighted Mr. Warren. This individual sovereignty was enunciating. Nothing was in such dispute as sumens; nothing more appalmented than variety, no hint more venal than utility.

The arrangements of marriage were left entirely to the individual men and women. They could be married formally or otherwise, live in the same or separate houses, and have their relation known or unknown, as they preferred without any formula. Certain customs had grown out of this absence of marriage laws. Privacy was general; it was not polite to inquire who might be the father of a truly young child, or who was the husband or wife of any one. Those who stood in the
relation of husband or wife were upon the finger a red thread; so long as that budge was visible, the person was understood to be married. If it disappeared, the marriage was at an end. The village consisted of about fifty cottages, neat and clean, and all of their green and white, nearly all well tilled gardens. They all gathered in their little temple, the men rather disparaging me by the lack of individuality in their behavior, and the ladies by playing costumes. For a time it was a silent meeting. Then the entire company joined in singing "There's a good time coming," and after I had read some passages from the Bible from which another hymn was sung concerning an expected day. —

When the Might with the Right
And the Truth shall be.

After my discourse, which was upon the Spirit of the Ages whose appearance was more would be in the afternoon a meeting for conversation.

The afternoon discussion ranged over the problems of Education, Law, Politics, Sex, Trade, Marriage. It tended to the principle of individuality to the rare ex-
tent of in no wise exciting a dispute or a sharp word. Except that all were unorthodox, each had an opinion of his own, being so frankly impressed that behind each opened vistas of strange experiences. Josiah Warren showed me through his printing office of other places in the place. He also gave me one of the notebooks used as currency among them. It has at one end an oval engraving of Commerce, with a barrel and a box beside her, and a ship near by; on the other end a device of S's, supporting the sphere; beneath this a watch, and between these words "Time is Wealth." In the center is a figure of Justice, with scales and sword, also a sister-genius with spear and watch with whom I do not know, between these being a shield inscribed "Labor for Labor." Above these the following:

"Not transferable;" "Limit of issue of 200 hours;" "The only disadvantage of the new coin is its lack of exchange compensation;" "Due to —

Five Hours in Professional Services, or 80 pounds of corn." Then follows a written signature and the engraved word "Physician.

Laughter in the evening a little company gathered in the porch of the house in which I was, singing, where there was informal conversation, and now and then a song. One, in the moonlight, was a wash-woman's old one, with the phrase: beyond the soft times I could hear the shrill of tempests that wrack lives. Not from happy homes gathered that Thelenite with them motto "Fatigue not.

Some years later when the plague of war was tilting the land I thought of the retreat as not so much a Théâtre as a garden like that outside Florence, where the lady and gentleman beggar each other with beautiful tales while the plague was raging in the city. Modern Times had not been founded with reference to war. Those gentle people had suffered enough of life's struggle and desired only to be left in peace. But where could peace be found? I never visited Modern Times again, but I read that, soon after the war broke out, many of those who were sailing from Montauk Point on a small ship and fixed their tents on some peaceful shore in South America.

War and Its Costs.

(Charles Erskine Scott Crow, in "The Pacific Monthly.")

Which is a greater preventive of war—preparedness or unpreparedness? In frontier days it was known that nothing more menacing than a "gum" in a pocket. Personally, I have no more use for war among nations than for each fellow to settle his own quarrel by force of arms with his neighbor, as they used to do in the good old days. We have sailed from Montauk Point on a small ship and fixed their tents on some peaceful shore in South America.

A New View of Whitman.

In the London 'Daily News' G. K. Chesterton has presented a view of Whitman and his work that deviates somewhat from the ordinary rut of criticism, and for this reason it is reprinted in these columns. Of course, no great facility of discernment is necessary to observe the absurdities of some of this critic's statements, but the latter nevertheless offer to some of the more dilettante and weak-minded Whitmanites an explanation which they may be excused for grasping. Altogether. Occasionally, my lord. Chesterton says, however, Whitman's poetic form needs no more an apology than the style of song is bolstered up by the contention that "the whole world talks poetry"

—figurativily speaking or otherwise.

The cynics (pretty little lambs) tell us that experience and the advances of years teaches us the holiness and artificiality of things. In our youth, they say, we imagine ourselves among roses, but when we pluck them they are red blood. Now, I believe everyone alive knows that the reverse of this is the truth. We grow conservative as we grow old, it is true. But we do not grow conservative because we have found no more things sanguine. We grow conservative because we have found so many old things genuine. We begin by thinking all conventions, all traditions, false and meaningless. Then one convention or tradition after another, begins to explain itself, begins to beat with life under our hand. We thought these things were simply stuck on to human life; we find that they are rooted. We thought, it is a common commonplace regulation that we should take off our hats to a lady: we find it is the pulse of chivalry and the splendor of the west. We thought it was artificial to dress for dinner. We realize that the color of our clothes is the everlasting ornament, is more natural than nature itself. As I see, the precise opposite of the cynical statement is the truth. Our ardent boyhood believes things to be dead; our mature age believes them to be alive. We wake from the infancy and believe ourselves surrounded by red paper. We pluck at it and find that it is roses. A good instance may be found in the case of a great man who has been the sole spiritual support of me, and who will remain one of our principal spiritual supports. Walt Whitman is, I suppose, beyond question the ablest man America has yet produced. He also happens to be, incidentally, the best man of the West. He is growing old, and I'll venture to say, that not one of the Russian soldiers knows any better reason why he should disbelieve a Japanese artist than the bulbous knows why he should fight Gog and Magog; and the same with the Japanese soldier artisan.

Whose fight is it, anyway? What is it for? And what is the good? At the end of all the slaughter and waste, it will be set down that the war in which all Europe will take a hand. And the United States, too, for are we not a great big boy now? And is not Senator Lodge greater than Washington? Keep our friends, Mr. G. N. Nonsense, George! We are a world-power! Senator Lodge is a statesman. We have governors, too, and we, too, run out and get killed whenever they tell us. We are fleas bitten with statesmen. See Charmsy Depew. He is a statesman, too. And we build great big battleships, every one costing more than a college, and sometimes they hit a rock, and some day they go up in smoke. Who builds them? Well, the statesmen order them, and the people pay for them.

Faugh! I смех корсета rotting myself, and I know he is a fool who gets killed saved for a principle he knows and approves. Wars are won or prevented or victories won not by the moré power and the wealth of a nation. The battle is not to strong in battalions, but to the strong in resources. We are bitten by a killing bog. We are full of steerowessens. Guts like those of the Germans. We are a military world power and the people pay the bills. "Rock her Kaiser!"

A Charity Victim Gets Back.

A very curious case in which a female patient of Dr. May Thorne sued her for damages for negligence in performing an abdominal operation resulted on Monday in a verdict for the plaintiff and the award of $1000. The patient had been left in the patient's body and a second operation had to be performed to recover it. There has been quite a crop of such pleasant stories lately; and, however much we may admire doctors and the hospitals, we are not sorry that the facts have been elicited and responsibility fixed on the surgeon. The point was raised mostly, for no animal version was made on Dr. Thorne's skill. If she had, it is possible there might still remain in the body, that may happen to any surgey, as sponge and tissues often become indi-
tiqueable. But spires can be counted and the instruments used noted, so that, if anything is missing, it ought to be detected; there should be no trusting merely to memory. Operators leave these matters to the nurses, and it is easy to see how mistakes can be made. This case places the responsibility on the doctor, and it may be hoped that it will lead to a more exact system of detecting missing articles (that have been used in operations. The jury appears to have wished not to give damages because Dr. Thorne received none; but it is precisely in this class of cases that the public are suspicious, and this is a matter of opinion which the management of hospitals which depend on public support.

Blind Providence.

We know of what a terrible catastrophe the town of Marseilles was the victim. The bishop of Marseilles has on this occasion addressed to the high priest of the unfortunate city a letter in which is found the following passage: "Such misfortunes multiply and threaten, shall it be a manner disquieting for France. Doubtless they are the warnings of Providence to a society which lives upon drawing away from God, the true and only master of His destinies." This God, who strikes blind and carries off the innocent inhabitants of Marseilles, when he may exercise his vindictiveness upon M. Combes and on the leaders of the republican party, has a singular conception of justice. But Father Coulomb had already some in that the authority of the Charity Bazaar fire. He certainly does not do right to count himself among the friends of this God, who, when he wishes to punish the crimes of the Free Masons, lays his hand on the Catholics.

The Lazy Bourgeoisie.

The principle of our middle-class is to escape the risks of the initiative by sheltering themselves behind a government official's window, where all things are dispensed from justice to toil, according to the customer. Thus we have two or three times as many public officials as we need. We pay them poorly, but they are satisfied, since they are diversified by us from the weariness of the struggle for existence—from the dangers of a fruitful activity.

Emerson on Government.

He taught many must sit idly at home, and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world; he must transfer the point of his country which is commonly read, from Rome and Athens and London, to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the court, and, if England or Egypt have anything to say to him, he will try the case if not, let them forever be silent.

A Reversal of the Natural Order.

[Henry Marx.]

All that is not formally prohibited should be permitted, for prohibition is a restriction of natural liberty, the latter existing before the former. But with us all is prohibited in principle, and liberty is only a restriction of the fundamental prohibition which is the basis of our civilization.

And the Nicer the Nastier.

[New York Sun.]

Those who were shocked when Mme. Schumann-Heink appeared at the Auditorium in Ocean Grove in evening dress must be nice people. And nice people are those who have very nasty minds.

To Boston Anarchists.

I want to form a class to expound the principles of Anarchism, with a view to equip propagators. The class will meet for inquiry and study, not for disease—*in France, the manufacture and sale of tobacco are a government monopoly, as in the telegraph and telephone service.—Boston.
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