**On Picket Duty.**

It requires a mighty optimism to snatch a crumb of Anarchist comfort out of the result of the late presidential election, but Mr. Byington's appears to be equal to the strain, judging from his well-reasoned article on the subject in this number of Liberty. "No wave without its fotsam," saith the old Persian proverb.

Cyrus W. Coolidge, the "Truth Seeker's" quondam reporter of the Manhattan Liberal Club's meetings, has submitted to self-suppression as long as it was tolerable, and "The New Optimism" is the result. The pamphlet contains sixteen pages of rational pessimism, in which De Quincey has been done tardy justice, and in which, moreover, some of the modern prototypes of the valiant knight are gently lampooned. "As a matter of fact," says Coolidge, "you cannot have too much faith, even in yourself"; and then he straightway attempts to prove that you can, and that most of us lose it only at death. Perhaps so; but it is a good thing that we do not lose it sooner.

Louise Michel is dead—that is, if the newspapers are not mistaken about it. And this passes off the revolutionist stage one of the most remarkable figures that have trudged across it in the last half century. She was a unique character, and will remain so in this age, and perhaps in all others. History will doubtless misjudge her, just as the newspaper obituary. He misrepresents her; but the central purpose of her life was perfectly clear to all who took the slightest trouble to understand her. While her methods were not those of Liberty, it must be admitted that her aims were those that have been sought by even earnest followers of the Locoway One. She followed her heart rather than her head,—except, perhaps, when her head, too, followed her heart.

The bureau of immigration has come near perpetrating another Turner case. This time it was an English Socialist who was held up on Ellis Island for a time,—until some of the newspapers sounded a note of warning. The New York "Sun," in particular, made some pretty severe remarks upon the stupidity and want of the immigration officials. We don't admire Socialism, it says, "but we admire a good deal less the ignorance of the immigration officials." In the first place, the special board of inquiry tried to make Bishop (the Socialist immigrant in question) confess to Anarchism. This he protested against, although he admitted that he knew John Turner, but that the latter's views were too radical for him. Failing at this point, the board decided to deport Bishop because he had only twelve dollars and was therefore likely to become a public charge; then, realizing the absurdity of this contention, as the man was young and strong and had a good train, they decided that he ought to be deported because his views "prostrated on Anarchism." When this point was reached the ridi-'me of the saner newspapers was so great that the bureau withdrew its objections altogether and Bishop was permitted to land. And thus Ellis Island has been saved from a "prostration upon Anarchism," and the country has escaped the humiliation of again becoming the laughing-stock of sensible people, although the immigration bureau has not wasted the opportunity to advertise its animosity to the world.

Everybody knows of the outrages that have been committed by some of the private societies that have been endowed with legal power to make arrests and interfere generally with individual rights. All this we know to be bad, and it cannot be too strongly denounced. That there is another side to the matter has been overlooked by many who have felt only just indignation at some of the arbitrary proceedings of these societies. Champé S. Andrews, in the "Forum" for December, calls attention to another aspect of the matter, although apparently unconscious of the Anarchistic argument which he makes. His main contention is that the societies' excuse for being lies in the fact that they are capable of doing a work that cannot be performed otherwise, the regular police authorities having demonstrated their inability to do it. Mr. Andrews quotes the court of appeals on the subject as follows: "All the things it [the society for the prevention of cruelty to children] does or can do would naturally and primarily devolve upon the police department, and the society exists only because it can do the work of the police more efficiently than they can." It is further argued that, if the police were really to undertake to cover the ground which the various societies care for, it would cost very much more, which cost would have to be met by the public treasury. As it is, it is less difficult to secure contributions for a specific purpose, especially from those touched by the motives of those engaged in the work, than it is to create enthusiasm for the enforcement of law in a general way. The agents of the several societies are specialists in their line of work, and can accomplish vastly more than ordinary police officers. This has always been the Anarchistic contention,—that private associations for defense were more reliable than public police protection. In witness whereof it may be said that no large manufacturing or commercial industry depends in the least upon the alleged protection afforded by government. It provides its own watchmen and detectives and usually employs the services of some private fire alarm company. Thus the Gurr society, with all its faults and all its outrages (the latter becoming possible only through the powers conferred upon the society by government), has given us a little object lesson in Anarchism.

To the Unbeliever.

Is it too much to lay Your unbelief aside
Just for this one brief day,
Just for His sake who died
Nailed to the cruel tree,
There where the darkness fell?
Is it too much, since He
Gave so freely and well?
Is it too much to give
Him they could cruelty
For teaching men how to live,
For showing them how to die?
Humbly He came, and so
He went on His righteous way.
Is it too much to throw
Doubt aside for to-day?
Is it too much to bow
Humbly a little while?
Think of His bleeding brow,
Of His plying smile!
He gave us life and took
Nothing but sin away.
Is it too much to look
Upward with love to-day?
—S. E. Keeler (in "Chicago Herald").

REPLY.

It is too much to lay
My unbelief aside,
Until I see the way.
With reason as a guide.
Why should I follow you,
And you not follow me?
In what you deem so true,
I but a myth can see.

It is too much to give
Blind faith to any man.
The truest way to live,
Each for himself must plan.
Who taught mankind to die?
No man. 'Tis Nature's way;
And each, with smile or sigh,
Death's price will have to pay.

It is "too much to bow,
Humbly, a little while,"
Till Reason shows we bow.
Thou, gladly—without guilt.
I bow the mind to none,
Nor yield a faith that's blind.
Of creeds I know but one—
GOOD-WILL TO ALL MANKIND.
W. W. Cuffin.
Nomism and the Republican Vote.

"It is as deep as a well, and as wide as a church door, and "it's enough,"" said the "Evening Post," a Parker organ, after election. It ought to be enough, by the amount of show it made, to draw some inferences from.

Since the publication of the details showing how little Roosevelt ran ahead of a normal republican vote (inferred from McKinley's in 1900), there has been a disposition to take what I may perhaps call the western view of this election, an' say that it was an anti-Parker majority, other than a Roosevelt majority. This interpretation has an air of unusual wisdom and carefulness which strikes me as rather superficial. In the first place, it is an undue flattering of the republican party to call McKinley's vote normal. McKinley polled an abnormally large republican vote, and whatever Roosevelt gained over that was superabnormal. Besides, Roosevelt's gain was made in the face of inferences tending to reduce his vote, and particularly in the face of the quietness of the campaign and the feeling that the election was a sure thing anyhow. If the essential fact is that Roosevelt merely brought out the normal republican vote while the democrats stayed at home—which is practically what these philosophers tell us—then Roosevelt's success in bringing out the habitual republicans under such circumstances is even more amazing and significant than the size of his majority. The politician who learns the art of getting the voters of his party to come to the polls in a quiet year will have a brilliant and unique career. But, in fact, I can see not the least reason for the assumption that the stay-at-homes were all democrats. When you assume this, you thereby greatly increase the difficulty of accounting for the sensational successes of democratic gubernatorial candidates. We have every reason, except the mere size of the vote, for supposing that a good share of the abnormal stay-at-home vote was republican. Notwithstanding the Roosevelt's vote reasonable percentage of this abnormal stay-at-home vote, or make any other allowance for the difference between a hot campaign and a cold one, we shall find the pre-Roosevelt vote big enough to philosophize over. And indeed, even if the election were nothing at all but a boycott on Parker, the failure of the anti-Roosevelt party to go to the polls would deserve attention as a peculiar readiness to acquiesce in Roosevelt. Therefore, while I admit that the election shows that there is less room in the country for two republican parties than for one republican and one other, I also think that it deserves attention in its Roosevelt aspect. There need be no hostility, I think, about drawing both inferences. That is one of the delights in theorizing about such a big majority, it is big enough to support any number of entirely absurd assumptions and support them every one the more firmly for this. For, if some influences had been effective on one side and some on the other, such an utterly one-sided result is all the harder to explain. A landslide like this absolves us from seeking for the one cause of the outcome by requiring us to assume that all visible causes were in alliance, or at least that those which were not active on the winning side were practically inactive. So we may say of each thing that the American public knows or believes about Roosevelt, that we now know the public reckons it either as a merit or at least not as an objection worth attention.

We may then give our attention to whichever consideration interests us, setting aside the rest, without fear that we are running into a misinterpretation. We may pass over the really conspicuous qualities of sincerity and efficiency which the public (including me) believes the man to have, and give our regard to his lawlessness.

It might indeed have been said before the campaign that the public had paid no attention to his lawlessness. Even that would have been significant. But the campaign made them chargeable with knowledge. In the first place, the democrats put up a man who was, to an unusual degree, in temper as well as in profession, the representative of law, so that this point of Roosevelt's character was emphasized by conservatisms. Again, they found this the most vulnerable point, aside from his militarism and imperialism, for personal assault against him; so their editors made it a policy to keep us reminded of the instances, neither few nor slight, of internal and international lawlessness in his administration of the presidency. Whereupon the voters voted for him, in preference to a man devoted to law, by the largest majority you choose to imagine.

This would of itself go far to show that the public has no great regard for the law. All the more is this true when you add this election to the other facts which have already, by their more force as facts, made the cry of national lawlessness one of the commonest among us. See 14. December "McClure's" for instance. [*]

* The lack of detailed accuracy in Mr. McClure's article is evident enough by comparing his ciphers with each other in the matter of their statistics. Otherwise some of his ideas are good. Were we consulted, for instance, that, in Georgia, only one hundred in a hundred is punished, we could hardly help inferring that the amount of security to life derived from a one-per-cent, enforcement of the law cannot be worth the expense, pecuniary, political, and moral, of keeping up the machinery of law; in other words, that Georgia, without any attempt at regular punishment of murder, would be a better place to live in than Georgia is now. Then, since going into Georgia is not reckoned much of a calamity by most people, it would be obvious to inquire whether the advantage of another State over Georgia now—let alone the improved Georgia without a law against murder—is worth what government costs us. But I hardly think that Georgia judge can have been right in his figures. However, this does not affect the value of Mr. McClure's article as an attack to the state of the public mind on this point; and many of its jests are known to be the best accessible in their line.
of our present president. If they will put two and two together, they may find here a side indication of the amount of lawlessness in the American policeman type in general. And when we recognize Roosevelt's character as a police president, and that even his lawlessness is a part of that character, this may settle the question whether the victory of lawlessness is an Anarchist victory. For, whatever may be our views about the merits of voluntary police in a free society, I think we agree pretty well in regarding the existing police with about the same amount of admiration as they have for us.

STEVIN'T. BRINTON.


Anarchists are not a rich class. Few of them buy $6 books, and I have not the least notion that many of the readers of Liberty will see the value recently published by our friend and comrade, Charles Erskeine Scott Wood, of Portland. This is a pity, and for their especial benefit, if not for the benefit of "the general reader," a popular, low-priced edition of this unique and extraordinary work should be brought out.

"A Masque of Love" is the title of the book, and love is the theme, burden, and raison d’être of this literary symphony. The medium is poetic prose, with occasional lyrical "numbers." No, the word symphony is not the right one. Rather has Mr. Wood given us a music drama, written in recitative and arioso with set melodies where the situation calls for the highest emotional expression.

The first part of the "masque" treats of natural, spontaneous, pagan love and passion, of the irresistible attraction of man for woman and woman for man when there is freedom to yield to impulse and desire and when human beings—naked, unashamed, pure, innocent—love as "the birds sing"—and love.

In the second part we are shown the effects of love fettered, "legalized," imprisoned, and perverted by superstition and false morality. There is portrayed a struggle between mankind and passion, with jealousy, cruelty, murder, and all manner of discord as the results of violence to the laws of nature. In the third, men and women have emancipated themselves from the thraldom of folly and ignorance and have learned to live in fellowship, affection, and healthy but refined "civilized" gratification of their sexual desires. There is a reverence to freedom, but with a difference, as all reversions under the evolutionary process are characterized by some differences. We cannot return to a "state of nature," but we can live up to our developed intelligence and emotional nature.

Upon the philosophy of the "masque" it is unnecessary to dwell in these pages. Some fancy they detect inconsistencies in this philosophy, but the truth is that they have not apprehended Mr. Wood's philosophy. Unlike our only G. B. S., Mr. Wood does not furnish a preface twice as long as the masque explanatory of the meaning of every character, scene, situation, etc. And his philosophy of love, and of human relations in general, cannot be grasped without thought and some preliminary knowledge of the school to which he belongs.

In Liberty, to repeat, not the matter but the manner, not the substance but the form of the "masque" needs to be discussed. Is the volume poetic? Is it beautiful? Does it appeal to the esthetic faculty?

My own answer is that, as a work of art, it lacks unity and power, though full of passages of rare beauty, noble simplicity, and literary strength. Mr. Wood rises to splendid heights, but the only sustained flight is his first part—by far the most finished, though perfectly spontaneous, and poetic of the three. In the second there is monotony, and the note of "yseria" legitimate enough, is too soon. There is no development, and, as has been said, "no development, no drama." The third part is weak in another sense. It has variety in abundance, but it produces an impression of confusion.

Another criticism may be ventured. Magdalene in the second part and Alfred in the third are too "learned." They preach too much and too definitely. Mr. Wood puts too many of his ideas in the mouths of his characters. This is a trifle, but a characteristic trifle. In one scene, where Magdalene through her own confession invites death for the murder of her husband, the prosecuting attorney is made to say: "May it please the court, we do object. There will be a proper time for this; not now." And again, a moment later: "But we object. The prosecution has not closed."

This, I have no doubt, is excellent law, but it is out of place in poetry, which spares us dry detail and routine. Mr. Wood is a precise and logical thinker, and he carries his mental habits into poetry, where passion, sweep, exaltation forbid the process.

It should be added, however, that Mr. Wood deliberately disregards all distinctions of "genre," just as he deliberately uses discord; he uses poetic words in a ped, he dislikes "linked sweethearts drawn out," and has little respect for rules. This is well, but form is form and art, art.

But, withal, Mr. Wood has given us a striking and vital work, one showing remarkable command of poetic expression and replete with passages of power and beauty. Few move virile, original, and interesting volumes have found their way in print in recent years.

(Published by Walter M. H.C., Chicago.)

Love and Justice.

"All things in the economic world belong to all men. No thing in the economic world belongs to any man." This is Communism. Everybody knows that. It doesn't have to be labeled. Yet it is labeled. It is a part of a communal choral. From "Chants Communist." By Horace Traubel. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.) Time was when Traubel sounded the note individualistic. "Sage," perhaps. With the air of mysticism, or perhaps a mystic. He has said so. From mysticism to sentimentality. The road is short. It is soon traveled. Traubel has traveled it. It is his heart that talks. It is his heart that reasons. Or tries to reason. It is the reasoning of love. Love is good. But it does not conquer all things. It makes mistakes. Very often gets lost. Still more often is unjust. Traubel sings for justice. Pleads for love. But. And the but is in the way. But love is not justice. They do not go hand in hand. Not necessarily. Each one can exist without the other. And thrive. "What is your own?" is another "Chant." Its burden is that nothing is your own. Except love. But how about justice? "I want justice to start right now, here, with you, with me." It is love that often says. Traubel must not forget that. "Justice was on the spot appointed. But you did not appear. You sent excuses. Or defaulted without a word." Are we guilty? All of us. Perhaps we were in love. And "love is what is your own," you know. But justice does not come through love. Otherwise we should have it. It would be omnipresent. For love is the first gift that we receive. And justice is the first thing that is denied us. And from "For Ever First of All" through "The Heart of Matter is Heart" to "It All Amounts to This" Traubel would leave us where he found himself. In a Communist maze of mysticism and metaphysics. But I will not remain there. "The Air is Close." Yes. The air is close. I must breathe pure air. Fresh air. Air in which the head and not the heart does the thinking. I want justice. With love, if possible. If not, then without. Even with hate. e. e. s.

Josiah Warren and His Work.

Josiah Warren, as Liberty's readers know, was the original founder and teacher of Philosophical Anarchism in America. A scion of the Massachusetts puritan house of Warren, which numbers among its many distinguished members the revolutionary hero of Bunker Hill, Gen. Joseph Warren, Josiah, who was born in Boston toward the close of the eighteenth century, became one of the most noted social reformers of his time.

As the exponent of the doctrine of Individual Sovereignty and Cost the "Value" of Price, he blazed the path which Lavoisier, et al., for twenty-five years, has followed as its chosen field. Warren began his sociological experiments with Robert Owen at New Harmony. At the age of twenty-seven he became convinced of the futility of all communistic schemes, and with remarkable steadfastness of purpose devoted his life thereafter to the championship of complete individualism in economics and politics—that is, Anarchism.

To this end he started papers, time stores, and colonies. He was also an inventive genius of no mean achievements. His pioneer work in mechanical devices, designed to simplify and cheapen the art of printing in order to facilitate the dissemination of his new ideas, resulted in the roller press, which he invented and made with his own hands a generation before it was universally adopted for producing the modern newspaper.

Warren was an original thinker, who made it his life work to put his theories to the practical test. His services in the cause of liberty were recognized by men so eminent as John Stuart Mill, who embodied many of Warren's views in his own writings. The importance of Warren's experiments, such as his Long Island village of Modern Times, cannot be too highly valued by
the eternal conflict in the war between what has been and what is to be, is shown in full force; but it is not apparently dramatic, there being few sharp effects or critical incidents. It is more full of intellectual energy than of dramatic glory. I did not know, when I put the book down, just what George Gissing thereby wished to say; but I was filled with a realizing sense that he had drawn people as they were and life as it is in that phase. And no one had ever seemed to me to do that before.

Everyone dimly faulted at times, in contrast with what, in our sweet days of dreaming, we expect of people; but each had been all he could be, and that I had found myself able to do and wish. I had wished to teach anything, but to try before us a page of life. If one has previously been impressed with the fact that marriage offers special opportunities for tawdry, one notices its exemplification in Gissing's work most impressively consistent. Any tame and coherently nature, resting only of narrow joys, cramped and stiffened and stunted by the accepted traditions of the past, becomes, in a word, a crisis, a symbol. The miserable sickenings of jealousy and its still more miserable madness is forcefully presented. The final outbreak of his fury brings no sense of artificial suddenness. He had never questioned his right to Monica or his acceptance of a law of possession might make of him, if suddenly brought face to face with an imagined "unfaithfulness," was a reckoning with his own temperament and creed which had never been required of kindled, longed for more riptide, through half a lifetime." He led offered himself, as a husband, in perfect good faith. He could promise this young girl a life full of comfort and pleasant gratification on the most refined tastes, of absolute security against want or care, in exchange for her hitherto passive existence of denial and deprivation. He meant to be tender and "indulgent." His assumption that her choices, in detail, would be similar to his own that he might ever social event or social stimulus, without friendships, orishments, or any stirring or kindling to growth, would suit just as it suited him, was hardly an unnatural assumption. We, all of us, ignore the fact that, except in the elemental necessities, human beings are more unlike than like. It will ever be natural for us to believe that others have just the same wants as we have—or that, if they have others, these have been. Monica never said to herself: I am marrying for a roof and bread and clothes and for the comfortable assurance of these for all my future. She was unfurnished and hated her days as they were. Wildoson offered to marry her without the sense of her being loved. Moreover, she even admired him and, having never felt a fire in her heart toward anyone, man or woman or child, the mild or negative quality of her attraction did not seem to her insufficient or questionable. Nor did her marriage in its reality on the physical plane, offend her. Perhaps the instinct of the race, working through her, took care of that, precluding any temperamental rebellion of her distinctive personality. Her battle was solely against the denial of freedom.

"The girl was doleful, and for a time he imagined that there would never be conflict between his will and hers... His decision to her proved itself on the day when he in a three times his worst, no matter why. I should be reminded of Ruskin when I think of him—for there seems no likeness whatever. There may be in a negative way. You can see at one that he lacked without what the Germans call "Heroism." But Ruskin did have buoyancy, a quite different thing, but a saving grace which may rescue some moments from despair.

There is a satisfying quality in "The Old Women," not the satisfaction of completeness, but of reality. It is realistic, in so far as the characters are full of imperfections and foldes. It is dramatic, because advanced civilization will altogether abolish. You shall read John Ruskin; every word he says about women is good and precious. If a woman can neither have a home of her own, nor find occupation in anyone else's, then she is indeed unhappy. Our life is bound to be unhappy. I sincerely believe that an educated woman had better become a domestic servant than try to imitate the life of a man.

I have been Chipping Campden before there are people who would say that George Gissing took life quite too seriously. When too much tragedy enters any life, the remark has a cruel sound. I do not see how the solemnity and heaviness of Monica's fate or of Rhoda's could be made to support happiness. I am glad to hear from Monica die, since one does not see how she could ever achieve a self-sustaining life. And Rhoda Nunn could never have been instrumental in the work of infusing any other spirit into her heart except in the delight in being a part of education and taking up life again, grown immeasurably through her disappointment and disillusion. Yet taking up life again is not happiness at first hand—a better, perhaps; one may even feel sure: that it is better—but a part of taking life seriously.

I was often reminded, by the sharpness of contrast, of Ernst von Wolzogen's "Das dritte Gesicht." There is a certain community of interest between "The Bell" and "It." In "Das dritte Gesicht" there is a free union which melts into a marriage of convenience and a new birth of the somberly frivolous (7) Lilli von I. [sic] who charms all men undaunted. After all, these problems are not taken in a literal sense, but never in a weak way. I think that Ernst von Wolzogen always finds room and scope for the poetry of life, and, with all his deftness of touch, never admits any phase of existence could be quite at ease. This energetic woman had little attraction for her. She saw the characteristics which made Virginia enthusiastic, but feared rather than admired them. To put herself in Miss Nunn's hands might possibly result in a worse marriage than she suffered at the shop; she would never be able to please such a person, and failure, she imagined, would result in more or less contemptuous dismissal.

Until the last, I did not feel at all drawn to Rhoda Nunn. She is not very attractive to me, her homeliness repelled me as all people repel me who, in their haste and heat, walk over good and valuable human kind, with a denial of any worth or beauty that is in line with their high-handed ambitions. That is, Rhoda Nunn was an enthusiast, and admirable as such; but not lovable. Perhaps ambition is almost an unkind word to apply to her; but her ambitions were not aspirations. And there were negative causes for her real new work for women; because "immorality" in sex was intolerable to her and the thought of sex almost unpleasant. That, taken by itself, is an unfitness—because inadequate—characterizes her. Still, it did not also, a recognition that there is her work and that she wanted to help in it. But she had lost something out of her conception of the beauty of life and she denied this loss. She could have an enthusiasm about the world's work, but there was a strain of unhearthedness about her. Mary Barfoot had lost nothing, for, although she was restricted in her sympathies and did not include in her work "the lower classes," she never deliberately excluded from her compassion, never hardened her heart, never shut away any part of herself as unworthy. And her acknowledged, definitized, self-approved limitation of sympathies jarred upon me less than Rhoda Nunn's shortcomings. I cannot quite understand why. Perhaps it was because her exclusions had no moral element that I could admire her in spite of them.

As regards her special work, she aimed to "draw
from the overstocked profession of teaching as many capable young women as she could lay hands on, and to fit them for certain of the pursuits nowadays thrown open to their sex. She held the conviction that, whatever man could do, woman could do equally well—those who are only exceptions which demand great physical strength.

Into this work she invites Monnie, but when Rhoda Nunn lays the plan before her, there is hesitation.

"Then of a sudden, as if she had divined these thoughts, Rhoda assumed an air of gravity, of freez kindness.

"So it is your birthday?—I no longer keep count of mine, and couldn't tell you without a calculation what I am exactly. It is a matter, you see. Thirty-five or fifty-one is much the same for a woman who has made up her mind to live alone and work steadily for a definite object. But you are still a young girl, Monnie. My best wishes!"

"Thank you. I don't think the object was for which her friend worked."

"How shall I put it?" replied the other, smiling.

"To make women hard-hearted?"

"Hard-hearted?—I think I understand."

"Do you?"

"You mean that you like to see them live unmarried."

Rhoda laughed merrily.

"Yes, I do. I have some work with resentment."

"No—indeed! I didn't trust it."

Monnie reddened a little.

"Nothing more natural, if you had done. At your age, I should have resented it."

"But—she hesitated—don't you approve of anyone marrying?"

"Oh, I'm not so severe!—But do you know that there are half a million more women than men in this happy country of ours?"

"Half a million!" echoed Monnie.

"Her native alarm again excited Rhoda to laughter.

"Something like that, they say. So many odd women—being in a pair with them. The pessimists call them useless, lost, futile lives. I, naturally—being one of them myself—take another view. I look upon them as a great reserve. When one woman vanishes in matrimony, the reserve offers a substitute for the world's work. True, they are not all trained yet—for from it, I want to help in that—to train the reserve."

"But married women are not idle," protested Monnie.

"Not all of them. Some cook and rock cradles," said Miss Barfoot's work had its disappointments.

Among others, a girl whom she had released from much hardship, suddenly disappeared and was discovered working as a common man. She resisted all efforts to bring her back, and when Monnie was brought to the notice of those friends, Berta Rogston had been lost sight of for a year. Then came a letter from her.

"Miss Barfoot showed it to her co-worker.

"Rhoda took the sheet and quickly ran through its contents. Her face hardened, and she threw down the letter with a smile of contempt.

"What do you advise?" asked the elder woman, closely observing her."

"An answer in two lines—with a cheque enclosed, if you see fit."

"Does that really meet the case?"

"More than meets it, I should say."

"Miss Barfoot pondered.

"I am doubtful. That is a letter of despair, and I can't close my ears to it."

"You had an affection for the girl. Help her, by all means, if there is any comfort to be rendered. But you wouldn't hardly dream of taking her back again?"

"That's the point. Why shouldn't I?"

"For one thing," replied Rhoda, looking coldly down upon her friend, "you will never say good things with her. For another, it is not a suitable companion for the girls she would meet here."

"I can't be sure of either objection. She acted with deplorable rudeness, with infatuation, but I never discovered any sign of evil in her. Did you?"

"Yes! Well, what does the word mean? I am not a puritan, and I don't judge her as the ordinary woman would. But I think she has put herself altogether beyond my sympathy. She was twenty-two years old,—no child,—and she acted with her eyes open. No decent was practised with her. She knew the man had a wife, and she was base enough to accept a man—(cf. A Field of Dreams). Do you advocate polygamy? That is an intelligible position, I admit, it is one way of meeting the social difficulty. But not mine."

"Oh, Rhoda, don't enrage yourself."

"I will try not to."

"But I can see the temptation to do so. Come and sit down, and talk quietly,—No, I have no fondness for polygamy. I find it very hard to understand how he could act as she did. But a mistake, however weighty, mustn't condemn a woman for life. That's the way of the world, and, decidedly it mustn't be ours."

"On this point, I practically agree with the world."

"I see you do, and it astonishes me. You are going through curious changes, in several respects. A year ago you didn't speak of her like this."

"Partly because I didn't know vas was well enough to speak my mind. Partly,—yes, I have changed a good deal, no doubt. But I shouldn't never have proposed to take her by the hand and let bygones be bygones. That is an amiable impulse, but anti-social."

"A favorite word on your lips just now, Rhoda. Why is it anti-social?"

"Because of the supreme social needs of our day. The situation of women in select and self-restraint. There are plenty of people—men chiefly, but a few women also of a certain temperament—who cry for a reckless individualism in such matters. They would tell you that she behaved foolishly, that she was burning out herself—and things of that kind. But I didn't think you shared such views.

"I don't, altogether,—The education of women in self-restraint. Very well. Here is a poor woman whose self-restraint has given way under grievous temptation. Circumstances have taught her that she made a wild mistake. The man gives her up, and bids her live as she can; she is reduced to beggary. Now, in that position a girl is tempted to sink still further. The letter of two lines and an enclosed cheque would as likely as not plunge her into depths from which she could never be rescued. It would assure her that there was no hope. On the contrary, it would be a means of power to attempt that very education of which you speak. She has brains and doesn't belong to the vulgar. It seems to me that you are moved by illogical impulses—and evidently to a great extent."

"Rhoda only grew more stubborn."

"You say you yielded to a grievous temptation. What temptation? What will you hear putting into words?"

"Oh, yes, I think it will, answered Miss Barfoot, with her gentle smile. 'She fell in love with the man.'"

"Fell in love?" Concentration of scorn was in her voice. "Oh, for what isn't that phrase responsible!"

"Rhoda, let me ask you a question on which I have never ventured. Do you know what it is to be in love?"

"Miss Nunn's strong features were moved as if by a suppressed laugh; the color of her cheeks grew very slightly warm."

"I am a normal human being; she answered, with an impatient gesture. 'I understand perfectly well what the phrase means."

"That's no answer, my dear. Have you ever been in love with any man?"

"Yes, when I was fifteen."

"And not five minutes with the other, shaking her head and smiling. 'No, not since!'"

"Thank heaven, no!"

"Then you are not yet too old to judge this case. I, on the other hand, can judge it with the very largest understanding, don't smile so witheringly, Rhoda,—I shall neglect your advice for once."

Some extracts from one of her monthly addresses to her girls will give the spirit and tone of Miss Barfoot's work and plans. The subject announced was "Woman as an Inferior." "They point to half-a- dozen occupations which are deemed strictly suitable for women. Why don't we do as in this ground? Why don't I encourage girls to become governesses, hospital nurses, and so on? . . . To put the truth in a few words, I am not chiefly anxious that you should earn money, but that, for such employment, I look about for girls of like mind, and do my best to prepare them for work in offices. And (here I must become emphatic once more) I am glad to have entered on this course. I am glad that I can show girls the way to a career which my opponents call unwomanly. . . . A woman occupation means, practically, an occupation that a man disdains. And here is the root of the matter. I repeat that I am not first of all anxious to keep you occupied with daily drudgery, with aggressive, revolutionary woman. I want to do away with that common confusion of the words womanly and womanish, and I see very clearly that this can only be remedied by an amazing education, by women of the spheres which men have always forbidden us to enter. . . . We live in a time of warfare, of revolt. If woman is no longer to be womanish, but a true being of powers and responsibilities, she must become militarily strong. She must push her claims to the extremity:"

"An excellent governor, a perfect hospital nurse, do work which is invaluable; but 75 in a cause of occupation they are no good; 25 in a cause of harm."

"Men point to them, and say: Imitate these keep to your proper world. Our proper work is the world of intelligence, of honest effort, of moral strength. The old types of womanly perfection are no longer helpful to us. . . They are no longer educational. We have to ask ourselves: What cause of training will make women up, make them conscious of their souls, startle them into healthy activity? It must be something new, something free from the repulsion of woman, something that can't be crowded out of the men or not. I don't care what result, if only women are made strong and self-reliant and nobly independent. The world must look to its concerns. We can't rely on the measures of social order greater than a yet that seems possible. Let it come, and let us help it, its coming. When I think of the contemptible witch-education of women enslaved by custom, by their weakness, by their desires, I am ready to cry: Let the world perish in tumult rather than things go on in this way!"

"Our abysmal correspondent shall do best he can. He suffers for the folly of men in all cases. We can't help it. It is far too far from this cause to hardship to anyone, but we ourselves are escaping from a hardship that has become intolerable. We are educating ourselves. . . Because we have to set an example to the sleep of our era. We must carry on an arm against the invaders. Whether woman is the equal of man, I neither know nor care. We are not his equal in size, in weight, in muscle, and, for all I can say, we may have less power of brain, but what is it to do with it. Enough for us to know that our intellectual growth has been stunted. The mass of women have always been pultry creatures, and their pettiness has proved a curse to men. So, if you like to put it in this way, we are workers of change for the benefit of men as well as for our own. Let the responsibility for disorder rest on those who have made us deserve our old selves."

BETHA MARVIN.

In any opinion a man's first duty is to find a way of supporting himself, thereby relieving other people of the necessity of supporting him.—Huxley.
The Anarchist: View of the Expansion Question.

(A paper read by Joseph A. Labande before the Detroit Economic League.)

At our last meeting the expansion was ably presented from the democratic and the republican standpoints. Mr. Moore was the lawyer; Mr. Tarsey the pleader for human rights; Mr. Hughson the political-religious -soldier, who would carry the standard of the ancient Anglo-Saxons civilization to all the world, at the point of the bayonet if need be. I want to give you briefly the Anarchist position, which is really the democratic one carried to its logical extremity. Mr. Tarsey very effectively quoted the Decalogue of Independence, that the right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness are inalienable—in other words, that these rights cannot justly be subject to commercial transactions.

It does not seem to me that these rights should be taken from any one, unless he forfeits them by his own conduct. If he attempts to take your life, or liberty, or property without your consent you are justified in defending your own by restraining him or even killing him if necessary. By his aggression he forfeits the rights enumerated.

The right to life is really one that comes to us by contract. If it were not made or implied, there is no natural right to life. Nature recognizes no such right. I will make no attempt to kill you if you do not attempt to kill me lies at the base of human social life. Furthermore, that all rights arise from the desire to get the greatest degree of happiness with a given amount of effort, happiness being the great desideratum of life.

That the creator endowed us with any inalienable rights is an open question. I do not profess to know whether he did or not, but I do know that if he did endow the hominid it was splendidly misjudged. Let us, therefore, however, that these enumerated rights are just rights. What's mine is mine, who will not or cannot make life nullified if that is the provision to make it effective? It must have no provision to declare that all land—meaning by that term all the nature in us and elements on the side of man himself—is inalienable, does it not follow inevitably that the right to the means of sustaining life is also inalienable?

But how do the facts coincide with the Declaration of our rights? Is it not true that all those people who do not have land must buy it or rent it? And does not this, in fact, prove the question we must buy our right to life?

The Declaration of Independence has practically been negatived by the commercial contract and has become the rule of conduct of nearly all those calling themselves Americans. Those, however, who would question the soundness of its conclusions must full back upon that other theory that might be right. Any one holding this theory must not shrink from its practical application, and, if I be stronger than he, there is no valid ground for him to dissent if I take his property, his liberty, his life if I choose. Whichever theory is the correct one, do not evade its legitimate conclusions.

The right to liberty is one that has yet to be gained, because we do not now enjoy it. No one is free who is subject to another. If we are to enjoy the social comfort of a commonwealth we must regulate our conduct to suit the notions of others rather than to follow our own inclinations. Why should we not be permitted to say and do whatsoever we will so long as we do not infringe the equal rights of another? But is it not a fact that you must be in the fashion relative to your clothes, your -religion, your mode of living, and your conduct generally; that you must not have individuality enough to distinguish you from the crowd, if you do not want the hoiloom element in human nature to make itself manifest, to your annoyance and detriment? Dull mediocrity is the condition of life which takes one through this world with the least friction. One meets but few persons who are not tyrants. Our whole social, political, and industrial systems are prolific breeding grounds for little ears. Either the wife or the husband is ruler of the household; the industrial boss has your material interests in his hands, and your only remedy for his impudence and exactions is to leave him. As for the political boss, from the ward beadle to the president of the United States, has his hands in your pockets and helps himself to your earnings without asking your permission. Even the minister of the gospel, the religious boss, threatens you with eternal damnation, in a hell of his own invention, if you do not contribute liberally to his salary and square your conduct with his own notions. Individually we are nothing to be despised. Obedience! obedience! obedience to the commandments of the bosses is the price of so-called “good citizenry;” the trinity of social salvation! Ye gods, how I admire a rebel against all of this debauchment, against all of this inhumanity.

Of what avail the plough and soil—
Or land or life, if freedom fails?

is Emerson's pertinent query.

It was Mr. Tarsey, I think, who said that we love liberty. Who is a mistake. This was only a little slip of the tongue which was made because he gave some of your minds and consciences. No one who loves liberty will deprive another of it, and no one will violate that which he loves. The fact that people are striving with all their might for political, industrial or other domination over their fellows is conclusive evidence that they love authority more than liberty. The only person who loves liberty is the avowed Anarchist. He makes Liberty the foundation of his political creed.

Let me quote what the most profound social philosopher of any age wrote 50 years ago. Josiah Warren did not use the word Anarchism to express his thoughts, but he is the father of leading Anarchists of this country and that they have practically adopted his little work called “True Civilization” as a text-book of their philosophy. It is proof that his thought is the Anarchist thought.

“Liberty is the right to be left alone. The ideal principle of happiness! The one perfect law! The soul of everything that exalts and refining us! The one sacred sound that touches a sympathetic chord in every living breast! The watchword of every revolution in the holy cause of suffering humanity! Freedom! The last lingering word whispered from the dying martyr’s quivering lips! The one precious boon—the atmosphere of heaven. The one mighty power which, in the hands of a lone man, can, as it were, go through the whole dark pile of human mockery.”

When is liberty to take up its abode on earth?

“Is liberty? Who will allow me to define it for him, and agree beforehand to square his liberty by my definition? Who does not wish to see it first, and sit in judgment on it, and decide for himself as to its propriety? And who does not see that it is his own individual interpretation of the word that he adopts? And who does not agree to weigh every line by any rule, which, although good at present, may not prove applicable to all cases? Who does not wish to preserve his liberty to act according to the peculiarities or individualities of future cases, and to sit in judgment on the change or vary from time to time with the development and increasing knowledge? Each individual being thus at liberty at all times, would be sovereign of himself. No greater amount of liberty can be conceived—any less would not be liberty! Liberty defined and limited by others is slavery! Liberty, then, is the sovereignty of the individual; and never shall man know liberty until each and every individual is acknowledged to be complete and absolute sovereign of his or her person, time, and property, each living and acting at his own cost; and not until we live in society where each can exercise this inalienable right of sovereignty at all times without clashing with, or violating, the rights of others.”

In the language of our own John Hay:

For always in thine eye, O Liberty! Values that high light wherein the world is sacred; And though thou sayst, we will trust in thee! Alas! for human weakness, the writer of these noble words is a member of Mr. Roosevelt's official family, which sometimes the slaying of the heroic brown men, who are resisting the invasion of their right to life, liberty, and property! Yes, every one wants liberty for himself, but he has not yet learned the lesson that he cannot have liberty, true liberty, for himself, until he is willing to grant it to others. Mind your own business and let your neighbor's business alone is not only the bed-rock of Anarchism, but in its practical application also: can social harmony come to us and guarantee us all the happiness possible in this world.

Indeed, did not Mr. Hughson confidently tell us that we respect all those who respect us? I deny him the right to speak for me. Instead of respecting authority, I have naught but disrespect for it. I can find no merit in paying respect to those who against my will presume to hold my interests and liberties in their hands, even though they may have been delegated that power by the crowd—by the majority, if you will—through the ballot-box. What you individually have no right to do, you cannot delegate to others. All rights originate in the individual. It is placing society on its back to say that those rights originate from the collectivity instead of from the individual.

Until you free yourself from the gross superstition that there is something sacred in government and government can or ever have a true conception of liberty.

To be concluded.

Nice People Are Dangerous.

[New York Sun.]

It appears that a sort of literary house cleaning is going on in the Brooklyn public libraries. The officials have made a diligent search of all the volumes which they regard as unfit for the average reader. It is stated that no list has been drawn up and that the custodians are going ahead, each one expurgating as seems fit in his or her eyes. It is not a pleasant sight. But Bosanquet has given us a pretty good hint as a test case, it is easy to guess what has been the fate of Boccaccio, Rabelais, Fielding, and Smollett. But, really, why should Burns, Byron, Shelley, Swiftman, and Whitman escape? Why allow the youth whose neighbors have been corrupted by the works of Tolstoy and the other Russians? Iben, according to a veteran critic of this town, is ibsen. There are those who hold that much of Shakespeare is improper. But, when you come to think of it, it is dangerous to have nice people with nasty minds in charge of public libraries.

Too Hard on a Kleptomaniac.

E.Auren.

I note that some newspapers can scarcely conceal their surprise that an American millionaire, who stole a check for ten thousand pounds sterling, and who has been sentenced for this crime seven years in prison, has been taken handcuffed to the penitentiary and there forced to don the convict's striped garb. Would they desire that he go to prison in an automobile and lounge around there in his smoking jacket with a bouquet in his buttons?

Exception to the Freedom.

[The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

Johnny—This is a free country, isn't it, ya?

Father—It is, unless you belong to the union and have to go on strike when you'd rather work, or unless you don't belong to the union and get hit in the head with a brick when you want to work.

To Boston Anarchists.

Everybody interested in our Social Science Class is requested to be present on Sunday, February 5, at 3 o'clock, p. m., in office of Mr. Mikol, 348 Boylston Street. Those who have not yet sent their names and addresses will please do so at once, so notices can be sent them of change of meeting place, etc.

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Burton's Plea.

That better of Sophron Burton's to Frank Grimes hasn't exactly the right ring to it. When a man begins to talk about trusting in the Lord for vindication it usually means that he is a triffler short on mundane proofs.

Why Are Sheep Sheep?

[From]

"Why do sailors get tattooed?"

"Well, it's just like your wearin' them yachin' togs—ain't no particular reason except that a lot of folks do it."

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