On Picket Duty.

Still one more instance of the non-efficiency of government in its pretended capacity of protecting the life and property of citizens has come to light. This time it is in Flatbush, one of the outlying districts of New York City. The people there have been paying the usual amount of taxes for the support of a police force, but robbery has been increasing to such an alarming extent, without any apparent interference from the part of the police, that, in order to protect their property, Flatbush citizens have been obliged to organize their own private police force. They take turns themselves at patrolling their streets at night, and it is needless to say that, since this system has been put in practice, the breaking and entering of houses has practically ceased. But it is quite likely that even these Flatbush people fail to see that they might save the expense of the whole municipal police force by abolishing it and doing their own police work, since they have to do it anyway. It might be supposed that a self-respecting police department would heretofore exhibit some evidences of shame. But how can a Tammany creature know what that is?

The mayor of Norwich, Connecticut, Mr. Charles F. Thayer, has recently given forth some utterances on the same subject that has occupied the attention of the president of the United States, namely, that of rape suicide. There is a divergence, however, in the views of the mayor from those of the president,—a divergence distinctly to the credit of the former. Here is a sentiment that ought to make Teddy and his hulking law officer of the post-office department wince:—"It seems to me that quality is as important as quantity, and that the breeding of the human animal deserves as much care and consideration as the breeding of horses, dogs, and logs." If this means anything at all (but of course it doesn’t to the present administration), it means that there should be no interference with the free discussion, in the press and otherwise, of all questions relating to the breeding of the human animal. But Robert Punnyweight Goodwin, evidently a direct descendant of Dogberry, would have all such discussion confined to the private office of the family physician. For the good of the race, Goodwin should not be in it.

So far our big bluffer of the strenuous life has hypnotized almost everybody into the belief that he ended the late war in the far east. Even C. E. S. Wood, of "The Pacific Monthly," usually so clear sighted and periscopical, has fallen under the spell, and has tendered his tribute of praise to the pretender. As a matter of fact, few people of any importance have dared to tell the truth about this matter, which is that a treaty of peace would have been signed and the war stopped whether Roosevelt or any other potentate had taken a hand in the affair. Both of the belligerent nations had about reached the limit of their borrowing capacity; one had enough of war and the other wanted no more: the other man of the community saw that nothing could be gained and much might be lost by continuing the fighting, and the wiser men in Japan saw that, despite the popular desire to go on, it meant national bankruptcy to do so. Under these conditions it was as inevitable that the two nations should soon make peace as it is that water should run down hill, and the intervention of a third party was no more essential to that consummation than it was in the many wars of the past in which the fighting nations came to terms without outside assistance. Roosevelt deserves whatever credit attaches to the offering of neutral ground upon which the envoys could meet, and he may have brought them together a few weeks sooner than they otherwise would have met; but, in the meantime, practically as fighting was going on, so the much talked of humanism was a negligible quantity. In the history of the world has no person derived so much glory from such a meager achievement; and in no country but the United States could a man have so badly fooled all the people.

False Sentiment the Bane of Penal Law.

The following are some extracts from an article in "The Advance" (a religious publication), by Charlton T. Lewis, late president of the National Prison Association, and show a rather more than ordinarily clear conception of the idea of the punishment of crime:

"No idea of laws has ever been framed for the treatment of criminals, with the good of the community as the avowed end in view. The system is founded on a cruel idea. . . . For example, the longest sentence for bigamy in one State is one year, in another twenty-one years; a perjury in one can only be fined, in another shut up for five years, and in still another for life. In Kentucky incest is punished more than four times as severely as perjury, but across the river, in Indiana, perjury is more than four times as heinous as incest. For burglary, under mitigating circumstances, a fine of ten dollars is imposed in New Jersey, but in Alabama the burglar is imprisoned a year, and in other States for many years. Such illustrations are multiplied upon every page of our penal laws. Nor are these extraordinary discrepancies corrected in practice by the courts. The actual records of the prisons show that the average sentence passed for perjury is ten times as long in Florida as it is in Maine; that for incest is fifteen times as long in Louisiana as in Pennsylvania; that for rape is seventeen times as long in New Mexico and twelve times as long in Texas as it is in Louisiana; that for robbery is twelve times as long in Alabama as in Delaware, and nineteen times as long in Arizona as in California. If the purpose of penal law is to do justice, which of the States attains it? Thus the notion of retributive justice in penal law is a mockery and a delusion. There is no semblance to comparative equity in such awards. The difficulty is the impossibility of the task undertaken. There is no measure of guilt known to the human mind. What can scientific method do for the reform of penal law? It is a first step to be taken to select the end to be sought. This is evidently the good of the community. In dealing with crime, the welfare of the whole body of citizens is the purpose to aim at: the protection of civil order and of the rights of person and property; in short, the elimination of crime. How, then, shall it deal with the criminal? The answer is obvious. If a man is such in nature or habit that he cannot be a member of a free society, and that his fellows are not secure while he is free, he must be removed. On the other hand, since there is no good reason for imprisoning a man except for the protection of society, no man should be consigned to prison until it is shown that he cannot be at large with safety to others. This simple principle would narrowly limit the use of jails. We are prodigal of them now, and hold in confinement many thousands without the only justification possible. What, then, shall be done with the multitude of casual offenders who throng our courts? The question is to be decided upon the same principle, the welfare of the community. Experience shows that the system of imprisonment of minor offenders for short terms is but a gigantic measure for the manufacture of criminals. Our county jails everywhere are the schools and milagros of crime. In the light of social science, it was better for the world if every one of them were destroyed, than that this work should be continued. But as houses of detention, properly constructed and widely used, they might be made useful aids in our jurisprudence.

Thoughts from Huxley.

The longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred art of a man’s life is to say and to feel, “I believe such and such to be true.” Those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not shrink from the rewards, if they are to be so called, which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters. I have always been, am, and propose to remain a mere scholar. All that I have ever proposed to myself is to say, this and this as I learned; thus and thus have I learned it; go thou and learn better, but do not thrust on my shoulders the responsibility for your own laziness if you elect to take on my authority, conclusions, the value of which you ought to have tested for yourself.

Harmonious order governing eternally continuous progress; the web and woof of matter and force interweaving by slow degrees, without a broken thread, that veil which lies between us and the infinite; that universe which alone we know, or can know: such is the picture which science draws of the world.
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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the franchise abolished at once the right of the class to govern the state, the club of the policeman, the gaze of the policeman, the erasure of the department clerk, all those machines of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—Proudhon.

The Warren Biography.

Liberty is pleased to be able to announce that the publication of William Baillie’s book on Josiah Warren is assured, subscriptions covering about half of the cost having been received. Mr. Baillie himself will assume the risk of the rest of the cost. The manuscript is now in the hands of the printer, and the book is promised for delivery early in December. Those who have subscribed may therefore forward their remittances to the editor of Liberty, and the book will be mailed to them as soon as it is ready.

Mr. Baillie writes that the biography proper will be preceded by an introductory essay on “The American Inclosure” which, he says, might be called a brief exposition of the leading principles of Anarchism as exemplified in modern thought and literature—an attempt, in short, to define Anarchist belief in relation to other social forces. It might be added that several critics, not admirers of Warren particularly in sympathy with his beliefs, have, upon reading the manuscript of Mr. Baillie’s book, grown quite enthusiastic at its merits. It is not, therefore, a tendentious assertion to predict that “Josiah Warren: The First American Anarchist” will be an Anarchist classic.

Boss Ivins.

As a rule, political contests do not excite me, knowing as I do that the results of counting heads afford an index even less reliable than those of breaking heads to the growth or decline of human liberty. But I confess to a feeling of considerable interest in hearing to New York recently after a long absence from home and learning that my old, though not intimate, friend, William M. Ivins, was in the thick of a three-cornered fight for the New York mayoralty, his competitors being the horrible Hearst, malodorous candidate of a not absolutely nauseating following, and the immaculate McClellan, the nominee put forward by malodorous Tammany with a view to the nullification of its own stench.

I have known Mr. Ivins for nearly thirty years. Our acquaintance began when both of us were young and obscure. Since then we have met but rarely, having been engaged in different lines of work that have given each of us a reputation,—his a reputation intense and local, as a political reformer and financial administrator, mine a reputation extensive, diffuse, and sporadic, as an extreme representative of one of the two great sociological tendencies that to-day divide the world. Of my career he probably knows little, but I have watched his rather steadily, and have ever noted in him the student with incalculable thirst for knowledge, the thinker of tremendously keen and penetrating vision, the practical executive of almost the first order, the steadfast striver after high ideals, the bold, picturesque, resourceful, untiring, and surprising fighter, the sympathetic and kindly friend, and, everywhere and always, the clean and upright gentleman. And so, or hearing of his candidacy and of the admirable independence with which he was conducting his campaign, I said to myself: "Futile as all voting is, still, if Ivins shall be elected, this town for four years to come will have a most interesting place of residence; there shall be no being as sneaking as he that might win his fight.

How quickly this hope gave place to my usual political indifference when one evening Mr. Ivins injected into his speech a warm approval of Tammany’s suppression of Bernard Shaw’s masterpieces, “Mrs. Warren’s Profession!” How eagerly after that seemed the candidate’s nightly boast: “No man is my boss, and I am no man’s boss!” How promptly all matters of graft and inefficiency and waste and theft dwindled into insignificance beside this assault on free speech, all the more dangerous because made by a man of imbibed high character! “No man’s boss,” indeed! Here is Bernard Shaw. Broad as is the culture of Ivins, Shaw’s is broader; admire as you may the devotion of Ivins, Shaw’s is superior; enjoy as you may the wit of Ivins, Shaw’s is finer; emphasize as you will the sincerity of Ivins, Shaw’s is even surer. And, as for the audiences that are eager to listen to Shaw, there is simply no ground of comparison between their high intelligence and the vulgarity of the rabble to whom Ivins generally appeals. Yet Mr. Ivins presumes to say to Mr. Shaw: “You shall not speak,” and to Mr. Shaw’s hearers: “You shall not listen.” It would be the height of impudence, were it not out of the question that Mr. Shaw should harbor the intent of impudence. “No man’s boss,” indeed! Does he not constitute himself Mr. Shaw’s boss and Mr. Arnold Daly’s boss and my boss and the boss of every one who dares to differ with Mr. Ivins and his rabble? It is in the hope of leading him to see that bossism is a much more far-reaching thing than he supposes that I refer to him, in the caption of this article, as Boss Ivins.

The Philosophy of Egoism.

Just after the last number of Liberty had gone to press there came to hand a copy of the master work of the late James L. Walker, for many years a contributor to Liberty under the pen-name of "Tak Kak." The first fifteen chapters of the book were printed in "Egoism," published at San Francisco some fifteen years ago by Henry and Georgia Replogle. The remaining eleven chapters are now first published

and the whole is brought out by the author’s widow, Mrs. Katharine Walker, at Denver, Colorado. (There is an edition in cloth at seventy-five cents and one in paper at thirty-five cents, both of which can be had of H. P. Replogle, P. O. Box 1307, Denver, Colorado, or of the publisher of Liberty.)

To those who have read Tak Kak’s scholarly contributions to Liberty, no word of introduction or of commendation is necessary. It is enough to say that in this work is concentrated the best thought of a remarkably brilliant and versatile mind, no clearer or more concise exposition of the philosophy of Egoism ever having been given to the world. To those perennial inquirers who wish to know what Egoism is, this book can be cited and recommended, for the language is simple yet elegant English, lucid in style, and withal most readable, even to fascination. Duty, Conscience, Materialism, Right, and all the feliches and superstitions which have infested the human intellect since man ceased to walk on four feet, are annihilated, swept away, relegated to the rubbish heap of the waste of human intelligence that has gone on through the progress of the race from its infancy.

There is scarcely any human relation that Mr. Walker has not discussed, elucidated, and set forth in the light of this philosophy, while the realities of life (viewed from the Egoistic standpoint) are sharply contrasted to the absurd unrealities of life (viewed from the Altruistic standpoint). This is one of the few books so tersely written that, to review it adequately, a volume larger than the book itself would have to be written. There is not a word too much—there is not a necessary word left unsaid. The person who can read this volume without acquiring an intelligent grasp of the underlying motives of the human ego is beyond the reach of any intellectual stimulant; and no person can assimilate the conclusions of this rare philosopher without a sense of sincere admiration for the mind whence they emanated.

The author has gone to the bottom of the problem. He has been an earnest investigator and shows his familiarity with the work of all those who have hitherto written on the subject, especially that of Stirner and Nietzsche.

Henry P. Replogle, who has assisted in the publication of the book, has added to it a quite comprehensive biographical sketch of Mr. Walker, in which especially are given the details (not heretofore published) of the author’s last illness and tragic death briefly noticed in No. 388 of Liberty. His death was tragic, because, if left alone, he could have saved himself. He was a physician and had pulled himself through a case of yellow fever; but, before he had regained his normal strength, he was unfortunate enough to contract small-pox. Being in Mexico, he was at once taken in hand by the health authorities of that medically enlightened land, and to their doing and otherwise unscientific treatment he succumbed, well knowing all the time that he was being murdered, but helpless in their hands. What more terrible tragedy than that this fertile and indefatigable intellect should be snuffed out in its prime as an offering to the Moloch of ignorance?
It is fool for controversy. But the world only cares as much as it has this true to house of poetry. The world does not really care so much whether Christ was the son of God, immediately conceived.

The implication of this reasoning is that the individual does not matter, while his work, who, great and significant, does matter. But who ever denied this?... and what theoretical or practical significance has such a "philosophy"? Shall we, or matters to bear cause his work matters; to say that, if the same work has been done by Smith, the world would not have suffered any loss is to utter a truism.

Moreover, the distinction is verbal. If my work matters, I matter. We know persons only by their work, by the manifestations of their individualities in speech and action. By their feet ye shall know them.

The passage which follows that just quoted runs thus:

The philosophy of "what does it matter" says: If you have written a book or painted a picture or done any other act, take it thought to yourself, and of yourself concerning it; and of all praise say, "What does it matter? If I have done be not truly good, praise can not make it so, time must tell." And if you be damned and ridiculed, say, "What does it matter? This condemnation does not make my work bad; time and the great mother must tell." And if your friends or your enemies urge you to advertise yourself and strut before the people and let people know what a mighty man you are—say, "What does it matter? If anything I have done be good the world will surely find it out, and, if it be bad, also that will be found out, and it were better I leave it to live or die as it ought to live or die according to its real worth."

This is the paragraph which seems to resolve the whole philosophy into one of indifference to praise and blame. I repeat, no thoughtful man does care overmuch whether his contemporary praises or blames him if he is conscious of having made an honest effort. But Mr. Wood's own words imply that, in the long run, praise and blame do matter. How does the world "find out" anything except through the opinions of critics, judges, observers, historians, and so on? An appeal to posterity is not, therefore, evidence of indifference to praise and blame; it is only evidence of indifference to contemporary judgments. Hence, even the "what does praise or blame matter" philosophy is whittled down by qualifications.

Toward the end of the article Mr. Wood throws his whole philosophy overboard. For he tells us that "to be ourselves is what matters"; "to joy in this condensation does not make my work better, time and the great mother must tell." And if your friends or your enemies urge you to advertise yourself and strut before the people and let people know what a mighty man you are—say, "What does it matter? If anything I have done be good the world will surely find it out, and, if it be bad, also that will be found out, and it were better I leave it to live or die as it ought to live or die according to its real worth."

Now, if it matters whether we are true to ourselves, then the "I", the "ego", matters, as well as the ego's work, which flatter contradicts an earlier affirmation. If it matters whether we work for freedom, then freedom matters, and work matters. What, then, is left of the "what does it matter" philosophy? What does the "it" in the formula refer to? Yes, we do what we must without regard to philosophy. But philosophy explains us to ourselves and assigns us our place in nature. It enables us to understand "the appointed goal," freedom, and appreciate its value, and by doing...
mind be something like this: misstatement about matters which in their essence can never be anything but opinion, such as in general are morality, hygiene, and the cure of diseases, must never be accepted as constituting a criminal fraud, no matter how well settled the true opinion may be; but misstatement in matters objectively determinable by merely going and observing a plain fact, such as statements of measurable quantity or the specific action of certain drugs in causing purging, cardiac depression, sleep, or death, shall constitute criminal fraud whenever the other elements of such fraud are present—within the limits of the observed standards of carefulness and truthfulness in actual human life. I would not make the distinction on the ground of certainty, but of objectivity; it may be much more certain that the Spanish bull-fight is a degrading institution than that certain disputed markings exist on the moon or Mars, nevertheless the former is a matter of opinion and the latter of testimony. I do not conceal the difficulty of knowing quite where to draw my line in some cases; but I am pretty sure I have the right line, and I will give my reasons on demand.

So far we have a provision—a quite adequate or no—against peculiarly assessable frauds by solvent persons, and on the other hand a declaration of an unprosecutable freedom of misstatement when the listener may be charged with knowledge that the subject-matter does not admit of a purely objective certainty. There remain the harder questions of frauds committed by deceit in matters of ascertainable fact when (1) they are committed by persons not solvent to the amount of the damage done, or (2) the damage is not pecuniarily assessable.

I think we may get light by considering the analogy of some cases of physical aggression in which the element of invasion is more or less disguised.

If in an unappropriated forest a man secretly puts poison in a spring where he knows there is a chance that another will drink, or sets a trap where he knows there is a chance that another will pass, and thereby somebody loses life, limb, or some hours of liberty, we hold the first man an invader; yet if he gives due warning to all who might be endangered, he is clear. How so? He in no case interfered with his neighbor's liberty to roam through the woods, exercising any prudery he saw fit with regard to hidden dangers either natural or artificial; and, if the creation of a danger is held to be invasive, how does this come to constitute an obligation of speech, so that a man's criminality now depends on his no longer speaking his own mind? Why, because his action is action on his knowledge, and his liberty of action must be a liberty of acting on his knowledge. I cannot go through the woods except on the basis of what I know of the woods; if any one puts the woods in such shape that my knowledge becomes less adequate for avoiding danger to my life there, he bars me from the possibility of going there in the same degree of security; and to bar me from a possibility is to bar me from a liberty. And to fix things so that, in my ignorance, I shall hurt myself by running against them, is the same aggression as to impel these things at me so that, with the same degree of certainty, they shall hit me and hurt me.

Just so it is, I think, with frauds. It is impossible in society to divorce my knowledge from the information I receive from my neighbor. If a man puts poison where he expects me to mistake it for something eatable, his offense consists in putting the facts out of harmony with my knowledge. If he tells me a thing is certain when he knows it to be erroneous, he puts my knowledge out of harmony with the facts, which comes to the same thing. It is essential to all practical liberty of action that the correspondence between my knowledge and the facts be not disturbed by the malice or recklessness of another. And I may claim a proper liberty to be credulous without thereby suffering any of these aggressions from him.

I conclude, therefore, that, if one causes injury to any one's person or property by deceiving any one as to any matter of fact (as distinguished from opinion), the action that may Anarchistically be taken is the same as if the same result had been produced by physical force; this being limited by which men in general are actually careful about the accuracy of what they say, and by the extent to which men do in general put confidence in what is told them. This last restriction may perhaps be considered analogous to the fact that I have no claim for damages if an injury results from my not being warned of what some one did in the woods when he had no reasonable ground to fear that it might hurt me.

I write this partly in order to clear my own mind, not much for the sake of instructing others, but most of all in order to find out what others think on the point. I can see that part of my arguments will seem undesirably indirect, and that my conclusion will seem to some of our friends undesirably sweeping. Yet I rather think, after all, that my conclusion will be found correct and correctly based. I wish that those who may oppose me would take cognizance of whether their arguments do or do not apply equally to the case of traps in the woods; it can hardly be necessary to ask also that they take cognizance of the exigencies of practical life as we see it; but most especially I wish that, if any one finds me to be wrong, he would show me why, in whatever form he does it.

Steven T. Byington.

A Book of Iconoclasts.

Henrik Isen, August Strindberg, Henry Bueche, Gerhart Hauptmann, Paul Hervies, Bernard Shaw, Maxim Gorky, Hermann Sudermann, the De Goncourt, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Maurice Maeterlinck—such is the group of mighty playwrights which James Huneker has selected from eight nations to represent the iconoclastic spirit of the modern drama. They more than represent it—they embody it; for one can think of but few that could be added. It is true that Tolstoi might have been substituted for the De Goncourts, and thus have added, perhaps, a little more of sociological interest to the work. But, after reading what Mr. Huneker has to say of these, his "Iconoclasts" (Scribner's), it is clear that the title of the book has been considered in a very broad sense, and that the images are those of the traditions of the technique of dra-
The gentleman whose voice the listener outside had heard was no other than Franz Xaver Pirngruber, Frau von Robiceck’s agreeable clerk. "Ah," and if Raoni de Kerkhove had could have looked through an opening in the curtain, he would have surely been green to his ears with envy. For Franz Xaver Pirngruber, the popular artist, was sitting on the sofa, holding Lilli von Robicek on his knee, and showering kisses on her sweet little face, whispering with breathless delight: "You—my sweet one—my only one—you don’t know at all how madly I love you—you are altogether too stupid to know about it—you cannot possibly understand it! O, yes! Yes! Those three days you have left me wait and not even sent me a greeting—aren’t you ashamed, you dear, sweet, lazy little thing, you? And you promised me that you would write and tell me when you should come."

"But you should not come at all, sir," laughed the little lady, while she struggled in vain to free herself. W e had settled it ‘as little brother and sister’; but you don’t keep our agreement. You are far too stubborn with me."

"Yes, my angel, I’ve very sorry, but I can’t be otherwise; that’s my idea of love." And again he pressed the dainty features to his mouth and to her little lips.

"Let me go!" groaned Frau von Robicek. "I don’t like it." She had strength in her arms; she pushed herself so hard against his chest that he was forced to let go at last. Then she went behind the table and smoothed her dress and hair. "Horrid man!" she scolded. "Ough!—no, to make one so much warmer—on such a hot day! Why did you come, then, Mr. Pirngruber, when I did not invite you?"

"No what in it, then?" "cried he, sadly. "But Lilli, mouse, what has happened to make you so perverse?"

"Nothing, at all. It’s only—O, it is abominable, anyway! A dreadful existence! I wish I were so hideous that every man would have to look away when he met me!"

"But Lilli! Come, tell me what has happened to you. He rose from the sofa, took her in his, and gently laid his arm around her. She stood there and noiselessly pulled at her fine jacket and said, not looking at him: "O, I had thought it would be nice to dress a little and then go leisurely to dinner, and then walk about a little with my new scarf. I’ll vanity me the little once gave me, and then you an hour or two throw everything aside and really go to sleep—that is what I like best—and then toward evening, when it would be a little cooler, then we might perhaps go into the woods on our wheels and stop somewhere and rest and talk."

"Well, we can do all that. Then why are you so out of sorts, darling?"

"I am not my darling!" she cried, turning petulantly away from him. "I don’t want to be anybody’s darling. What is it, anyway, but a senseless relationship! You don’t want to show yourself anywhere with me, because all the world knows you and I must always say ‘Sir’ to you before everyone and play such a farce, and then you come whenever you feel like it, and overwhelm me with tender caresses, and, when you have kissed me till you are satisfied, you go away and leave me in my miserable loneliness. What I have to have in such a love? Am I just something to take down from a shelf whenever one feels like it and then be put away again! Must I not lose all self-respect?"

"But what is it, then? Don’t you care for me at all, Lilli?" He looked sorrowfully at her with his good-natured blue eyes and stretched out his hands toward her.

"They put their arms about his neck and said, in her soft plaintive tones: "Don’t be vexed with me, my dear one! I love you—you are the best of all, I know that; and you don’t think badly of me, but—"

"But?" he asked. as if he did not finish her sen-

sentence. Then he sat down on the sofa and drew her again on his knee. "Say, Lilli, tell me what you would like. We have agreed that neither of us will ever limit the freedom of the other in the least. Would you rather have some to marry?"

"Not God’s marriage, sir!"

"So, then, you know I have a good wife whom I both love and esteem; you can’t ask any foolish pre-

tences from me. I saw you and fell in love with you and was drawn to you as the moth to the light. And because you are so clever, not only pretty, you pro-

mised me that you would only shine on me and not burn me. You would only be there for me and shine on me and I might delight in your brightness and your warmth, and I would love you to the little lamp from my oil; you should share my soul life, you lovely creature, and I would trim your light when it grew dim or lack of fresh life air. Only that. Our love should glorify our lives, following the program of the infinite variety that is the heart of thy soul, say I, that thou mayst feel contentment with thyself. I believe that every artist has need of this—and you are also an artist—you tiny, delicate Lilli! And with the brush, you understand, only an artist in yourself, in your sensitiveness. You have created a master work and that is your own self—I would you keep you from flinging your own great work away. I would only educate you to artistry self-expression."

She threw herself on his neck and softly kissed him and when, after a while, he took her little head between his hands to look into her eyes, he saw that they were full of tears.

"What is it?" he said gently."

"O, I don’t know, I am so ashamed of myself," she answered, speaking very low. And then she sat up, dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and stared thoughtful before her. She put through her curly blond hair and then she spoke: "O God, if I had only been born a man! What might not have been made of me! But now my whole life is a shameful thing. I am only a little wossen, and wherever I show myself, the little men run after me on the street. I am ‘charming’ in the most abomi-

nable meaning of the word! When one is young and doesn’t know the man animal at all, one finds it only a play; one becomes egotistic—that is so natural that it can’t be otherwise. And the men imagine that we are all so delighted when they all dance about. I know it perfectly well; I might be the stupidest goose or the most common woman—it would be all the same. O, I tell you, sometimes I am seized with such a rage that I could scratch my face or pour vio-
Franz Xavier Virmgruber said nothing and only smoothed her arm tenderly. She looked questioningly at him and then he spoke:

"Do you know, dear Lilli, I believe you ought to marry again as soon as you are fortunate enough to be free from your present engagement.

"Thank you very much! a good advice," she said, laughing, as she stood up. She lighted a cigarette and threw herself on the sofa. "Do you know, my dear, how it goes with me in marriage—-in any marriage? In the first place, no one would take me but a rich donkey very much in love—and then I disappoint him so superficially because I can't give him what he seeks—by my beauty and my coquetry, and then he treats me harshly and then he causes me to live the rest of my life with his jealousy. So it was with my first husband, and so it would be with any other. No, my dear, you will have to think of some other plan for me."

"Then there is only one other course—you must secure for yourself an independent existence," he said, quickly.

"With what, then, please; with the brush, perhaps?"

"Oh, no!" he cried, almost alarmed. "Wait, I have a splendid idea! You have another talent of far greater meaning and, if you are not afraid to use it, you may thereby secure the esteem of the world and perhaps even contentment also. Shall I tell you? But you must not get angry with me!"

"No, no, no, only tell me!"

And he took a letter that lay on the table, drew from his pocket a pencil and wrote:

LILLI VON ROBIECK, Modes et Robes.

This he handed her across the table, saying: "That is your rescue."

Franz Xavier Virmgruber learned the news from his wife's sister. He said it bore out his theory that he was suffering from a lack of appreciation of his friend's misfortune. One evening he summoned all his fortitude and went to see Lilli after her business hours. She had just dismissed her seamstresses and was about to sit down to her simple evening meal. She received him with the old friendliness and chatted away as gaily and simply as in the May-time of their love, when they "as little brother and sister" had gone wheeling about the Boulevard together and gave notice at once. for her was a moral person, and the five seamstresses were divided on two sides for and against their employer. For were the four who also had a child, and against her the one who had none. But it was a thing that was to be done for, after all, she had paved her pride to a poor girl in all this mud.

As Lilli had been forced to leave the church in order to secure a divorce from her husband, the child was not born; but soon after her homoecoming the mother invited her dear friends to a little celebration. Here Lilli the Second—for so she had named the little daughter, that no one might be compromised—was formally, and with no little emotion, welcomed to the free society of it is to be long of people who, while not claiming to be "beyond good and bad," would fain be beyond all loves prejudices.

The ladies who came to order their summer gowns could often hear the strident cry of the new Lilli, and their amazement was always the ready answer: "Yes, that is my child. Excuse me for a few minutes. I nurse her myself."

And when the ladies in their bewilderment, exclaiming: "But where is the separation from your husband?" Lilli would say, smiling: "Yes, it is, thank God, not from Herr von Robieck. I do not see why a woman like me, quite self-dependent, may not also have a child, quite for her own sake."

There were ladies who, after such an astounding declaration, took their work elsewhere. But there were also others, who, now, for the first time, visited the poor little girl. And slowly the Evolution of the Feminine Psyche came women eager to avail themselves of the inventive genius of this poet of costumes, to devise new wrappings for New Women. In the eyes of the very women who had once refused her admittance to their circles, Lilli von Robieck, as a mother, had become a heroine and her child a symbol: it was the New Child. She received enthusiastic letters from eager young girls, ready to throttle all letter. And even gray-haired priestesses of the new religion of the emancipation of women, like the Rosicrucian Dufresne, offered her their friendship. The costumes ordered by these new friends were, indeed, less costly, but more latitude in originality was permitted and that was also a good advertisement. The dull season brought little income, but by the advent of the third month, when the letters of most of them returned—the direttore. The less as nourished and the child nourished and friends as nourished. Yes, friendship should endure forever and ever. Werner Rudolf had made an attempt to persuade Lilli to marry him, believing it in the interest of his honored friend that her little daughter should be called Lilli Rudolf—but the mother's refusal was prompt and decided, albeit full of friendliness. Whereupon the excellent fellow had packed his travelling bag with a touch of bread and change of linen and gone on a little journey with Franz Xaver Virmgruber. The two men had felt wonderfully drawn to each other in these last weeks.

"Perhaps we are all, at times, somewhat theory-fagged; and the charm of this story of a girl's evolvement is heightened, for us, by our weariness. For this life structure rears itself after no formal architectural plans. And neither the character, building or the value and dignity of self-maintaining are held up as narrow ideals to be strained after at any sacrifices of personality. All that came to Lilli von Robieck was spontaneous and inevitable. The last capricious satiety is satisfied in their strength of patience. The free mind will kill the first leaves—-pleasant and fair with the springtime—but the tree has its hidden sources of new being and growth. This young girl could not easily let herself die.

Living guilty is the consciousness of an easy power, tasting delicately, daintily, by its first-fruits, adulteration homage, preterf-mer, came to Lilli von Robieck a slow, brutal awakening to alt "that the woman of man" involves: to the fact that sex is an attribute of the ignoble as of the noble and that beauty is an adornment to the one as to the other. Out of this experience grew a rebellious hatred of all feeling that is touched by the unrelenting hand of fate. Lilli's passion was the dawn of a great yearning for motherhood. And there followed the gift of friendship and the New life of faith,—not the faith once taught her by the priest, a belief in the motherhood of God in the hearts of men, and the possession of the beauty of that great passionate impulse through which the splendor of all nature untristfully renues itself, from everlast-

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Impressions.

[Charles Erskine Scott Wood in "The Pacific Monthly.""

ANARCHY

The Ohio Improvement Society is a good instance of an Anarchistic institution. The majority of law. Its treasury is from the contributions of those interested, and it is doing better work than any half-dead organization existing merely by force of law and supplied by enforced taxes, fruitful of graft. One of the best remedies for the ugly "billionaire which, entrenched in its legal rights, sits by the wayside in tatters and exhibits its sores to the passer-by. A hideous blue and yellow one has crept the side of the Wills building. Another may expect to see the beautiful river wallied in by night-

nure.

The correction of this, as the real correction of every evil, must be not in law, but in the people themselves. If the masses of the people so appreciated beauty and dignity and fitness as to boycott every
advertiser who thrust himself into notice by these monstrously exaggerated claims, would find that he was doing himself harm rather than good. And in the more civilized communities this is beginning to be so. People are learning to esteem both the advertiser and the man who rents his hand for this purpose as "bulls-headed."

James Ford, an old hermit who desired to live alone in the woods and on vegetable diet, has been arrested by the police as a vagrant. He is admitted to have been "awfully narrow-minded," but as far as is known, he is sane; but it shocked the police that a man should live so far from saloons and in such an uncomfortable way. Under the principles of Anarchy, this man, so long as he did not steal or hurt any one, would be allowed to live his life as he pleased, whether he pleased the police or not. Come to think of it, he would have been allowed to do so in the middle ages.

Ford said in the police court:

"I have not been without Christmas, and have interfered with no one. I lived here because I wanted to get away from men, and live alone, where I could meditate and think of the things of which I wanted to think without molestation and interference. I believe that the vices of society are in that they try to suggest that a police force employed by the interested sections might be efficient in preventing the hold-ups and assassinations which disgrace the city. Possibly the "Trifon" would be shocked to know that both that cleaning plan and the proposed police plan are tainted with that horrible word "Anarchy," which the ignorant press has taught the ignorant mob to believe is club law, with bomb and bonfire attachment, and has raised the "Trifon" to the position of the high priest of all the theories of orderly society, the Anarchist one—which aims at self-help in the community by a voluntary co-operation of the persons interested, not that the community shall be the prey of a governing and grafting class called politicians, enforcing taxes and special privileges for their own wasteful and predatory purposes.

CHICAGO STREET CARS.

For this victory of the people, I am glad and sorry—glad because it serves to settle the right idea in the minds of the public that monopoly privileges held by private corporations is held in trust for the people and upon condition that it must be efficiently and fairly administered and that if it be not, the trustees will be removed.

Any economic monopoly is tyranny; greater or less tyranny as it covers a general necessity or only a luxury. And, therefore, the declaration of the common law against monopolies is more than a statement of the law; it is the definition of that law and the protection of freedom of contract.

The common law against monopolies is good. But to take the actual operations of these industries into the realm of American politics, wherein dwell the district boss, the ward heelers, the postmaster, and the accountant, the little grocer, is bad. Our system of politics is such that ultimate power lies with the voting majority. The real power lies with the men who make politics a business. Most of them are so concerned with their reward power and honors, some take me away, some take both, for it is considered honest (as politicians go) to take what belongs to the public. It is not like robbing one flesh and blood man.

The general public is common prey for the political machine and the corporations with needs or desires. To turn over a street car system or any other industry to politicians is to simply make politics more pay-

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To Boston Anarchists.

There will be a clash for study of sociology in connection with the Social Science Club. The clash will meet twice a week, during 3 or 4 months in winter. Public meeting of the Club will be announced later. It is hoped that any who neglected to send in their names and who failed to attend the class of last winter, will not fail this time to send names and addresses to me, and get what information they may want. Place of meeting is not yet decided, and is dependent upon size of class.

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