Not the Daughter but the Mother of Order.

Vol. II.—No. 23.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884.

Whole No. 49.

For always in those eyes, O Liberty! 
Shines that high light which sets the world on fire; 
And though thou sayest us, we will trust in thee.
—J. H. T.

On Picket Duty.

Mr. Beecher, referring lately to Blaine’s questionableness, character, said: “It is a truism to say that all public men should be above suspicion.” In view of certain letters which have appeared in the press recently, it behooves Mr. Beecher to keep as quiet as possible upon the matter of suspicion. It is not unfair to presume that more men suspect Mr. Beecher than any other man living.

For myself at least, and for all Anarchists who are interested in this instance, I allow me to speak for them. I wish to make public acknowledgment to the editors of the Chicago ‘Radical Review’ of our gratitude for their promptness to an Anarchist idea and the service which, not Anarchists themselves, they are nevertheless rendering to Anarchy by doing all that they can to secure it an impartial hearing. This expression of thanks is especially prompted by the space which they give to “Edgworth’s” contributions, the own discussions of Anarchism and editorial reviews of Anarchist works, and their earnestness in doing justice to Kropotkin by reprinting Liberty’s recent editorial, “A Hrelig’s Measure of a Hero.”

The “Radical Review” includes Kropotkin among the many English scientists who petitioned the French government for Kropotkin’s release. He is not entitled to be credited with so great an honor. To his everlasting shame be it said that, when asked to sign the petition, he refused, saying that it was the right and duty of society to imprison, or kill if need be, men whose writings threaten society’s life. Suppose Kropotkin had lived four hundred years ago and written then the scientific works which he has published within twenty years,—what would have become of him if the powers that then were had applied to him his own theory of the rights and duties of society? To answer the question is to refute his theory and expose the spirit of the man. The value of his scientific researches is not to be underrated, but none the less he is a bigot of a very narrow type. There’s a splendid material in him for a first-class State Socialist.

Some months ago the New York “Times” asked the question: “Is anything in our own city that prevents Mr. Thurber from issuing one million one dollars on his personal credit, if he can get anybody to take them?” and the New York “Sun” answered: “Nothing but the statutes of this State and the tax of ten per cent. imposed upon such notes by the laws of the United States.” The other day the “Sun,” trying to show that absolute free trade prevails within the limits of the United States, said: “All the inhabitants of the United States, no matter what their origin, no matter from what nationality they draw their lineage, are all citizens of one united republic, without any tax or impost upon their intercourse with each other.” Have the New York statutes against free banking and the United States tax on free banking been repealed lately? If so, Liberty has not heard of it. If not, will the “Sun” undertake to reconcile its statements? No, it will not; for, knowing that it could not succeed, it dares not try, as failure would oblige it to “shine” for a while on a monarchy to which its rays would be fatal.

In the “Die Zukunft” the Germans have a weekly revolutionary орган much more consistently Anarchist than Mr. Hugo’s “Hercules.” All Germans who read German are hereby earnestly advised to subscribe “or it by sending $1.50 to “1230 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.”

Among the advertisements in this issue will be found an announcement of a new and important book, of nearly two hundred pages written by William H. Harrison’s New York. It consists of several critical essays, the principal of which is devoted to an exposition of the fallacies in Henry George’s two works, “Progress and Poverty,” and “Socialism.” The others deal with “Macaulay’s Economics,” “The Edith of Protection and Free Trade,” and the Industrial Problem Considered Apriori.” Mr. Hannan, though comparatively unknown, is one of the sincerest and clearest writers on the labor question now living, and I am greatly interested in all that he writes. In the present volume I cannot agree to all his definitions nor can I subscribe to all his ideas, but he wages earnest war on interest, rent, and profit, which he expects to abolish, not by enacting new laws, but by repealing old ones. In that respect his position is not unlike that of Liberty’s. Therefore, I hope for a large sale for his book and mean to do what I can to circulate it. A copy will be mailed to any one sending me a dollar.

The editor of the “Radical Review” says that, even though Anarchy be humanity’s goal, it must necessarily be approached very gradually, and that he shall devote his energies to the “complete democratization of the government,” feeling sure that he is “thrust only advancing towards individual soveregnty.” This is the policy adopted by the Republicans, who, as Statesmen, they state. The Anti-monopolists, the Woman Sufferagists, the Prohibitionists, the Liberal Leaguers, and all other factions that play any part, or desire to play any, in American politics. All think, or pretend, that the man were “libertine.” All friends of. Will the editor of the “Radical Review” do me the favor to examine their platforms and report how many measures he finds in them that, if realized, would not involve direct or indirect, and, in either case, outrageous, invasions of individual soveregnty, and, instead of a “simplification of the functions of the government,” an extension and complication thereof? Let him honestly answer to himself how many of these measures he approves and gives me the result. Then I can judge how far he actually proposes to attain that self-same “simplification” of the functions of the government, which, according to his definition, is to “thrust only advancing towards individual soveregnty.”

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Six days, six weeks, six months, six years—
From nature’s careless trumpet call;
The seventh, an angel open the door, 
And walking, welcome all.
—Byron.

Paralyzed, but more truthful.
Six days, six weeks, six months, six years—
To find their lot no better grown;
The seventh, rank briars shut the door To pleasures, for the church still holds her own.
—P. B. B.

Let’s Make a Thorough Job of It.

[San Francisco] "Womp.,"

General Ben Butler’s plan of pensioning every man who was a soldier in the civil war, regardless of whom, where, how, or why served, is a good plan, but it does not go far enough. Military service was not the only kind that helped to save the country. The patriots who filled the civil offices, they also helped to pull us through. Let them be pensioned. Let everybody be pensioned, for all would have held office if they could. True, some were too young and some not yet born; but it’s a crime, a great, rich country should discriminate against it.
A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN.

BY AHERON HERBERT.

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

Continued from p. 46.

"But do you mean, the world being as it is," said Angus, returning to the old theme of attack, "surely the thing that is likely to happen, even a London street after dark may require one to use force to protect oneself."

"I have not said that. Six months ago I knocked a second-rate draper who had snatched a shilling from my table. I was young then and a bit wild. I said, 'If you do it again I'll break your head.' And he didn't. The next day I read in the newspaper that if I were to be killed in the streets, the London street after dark may require one to use force to protect himself."

"My justification was, that I was advising between himself and the rest of society the force-relation, and therefore I had to deal with him as I should have dealt with a cobra that had attacked me. The act on my part was a matter of self-defense. Inasmuch as I obeyed the correct moral command to help my neighbor; but being an act done in the force-relation, brute strength being simply the means of self-assertion, the act is not a self-assertion, and so, it is not an exercise of self-right, but an exercise of brute strength to which the term self-righting is not applicable.

"This is true of all acts of self-right, including all crime and wrongdoing. It is simply such and such are the principles on which men should act, and when these are broken it can do nothing but say they are broken. The law is, as it were, the book of God's law, and if no one uses it to help his neighbor, neither the law of God nor the law of society is broken. A man may use his brute strength to his advantage, but he cannot use it to his advantage. The only way to use it is to use it in self-assertion, and self-righting is simply an exercise of brute strength.

"But that is not what I mean. I mean that self-right is a matter of self-assertion, and self-righting is simply an exercise of brute strength. The only way to use it is to use it in self-assertion, and self-righting is simply an exercise of brute strength.

"No, my friend, that is not what I mean. I mean that self-right is a matter of self-assertion, and self-righting is simply an exercise of brute strength. The only way to use it is to use it in self-assertion, and self-righting is simply an exercise of brute strength.

"The point is, that if I knock a second-rate draper who has snatched a shilling from my table, I am doing something which is wrong, but if I do it in self-assertion, I am exercising brute strength to which the term self-righting is not applicable. The act is an act of self-right, but it is not an exercise of brute strength.

"It may be difficult to tell not to tell another lie: many excellent secondary reasons, such as those for your friend, may urge you to do so, but all fixed rules in the order of their imperativeness; and whilst in so saying, I am not exercising self-right.

"I am not exercising self-right, but I am exercising what I call a derived law which made me help my neighbor. I was outside the primary law which forbids the use of force. I did not wrong the third, as far as I could judge, but I was acting on a personal judgment that might lead me right or wrong.

"Why do you speak of the act of helping your neighbor as a derived law, and not as an act of self-right?

"Speaking rationally, do not honesty and justice precede generosity? To employ force to a man is to deprive him of what he might possess, the freedom to do as he wishes, the freedom to exercise his faculties. Is there no certainty that an act conditioned by the willingness of the lesser to obey the authority of the greater, disobeys, only conflict and contradiction can arise. To obtain certain guidance, you must obey certain moral laws, this is the order of their imperativeness; and whilst in so saying, I am not exercising self-right.

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liberty. 49

whats to be done?

a romance.

by n. g. tchernychewsky.

translated by henr. j. tucker.

continued from no. 48.

my determination to tell things, not in the easiest way, as they actually occurred, more especially as it would be of no use at all for me to have maria alexevas represented in a ridiculous light by her reflection upon the sweetheart which her fancy had pictured as lopokouop's: by her fantastic way of looking on the book of life, turned into a kind of fable, for further information on her questions by her patients of aegleit and his pretended papist absolutism and the works of louis xiv.

every one is liable to mistake: the errors may be abounding, the inter职inal ause is in matters of which he is ignorant; and it i

would be unjust to infer from the blunders of maria alexevas that these were the sole cause of her favorable attitude toward lopokouop.

no, her queer ideas about the rich peasant and the bishop are not at all further

that it would give him greater pleasure to be with verna; when left with verna,

he held such conversations with her that maria alexevas regarded them as the expression of a new friendship of sержергит чечевиц.

from that conversation with вечеротка it is plain that his way of

looking at things might appear better to persons of maria alexevas's stamp than to those of the literary class, he said; he believed his reflections to be

sent to the mass of mankind, minus those holding lofty ideas.

if maria alexevas could rejoice at the thought that he had voiced considerations about the lopokouo class and would have pursued his reflections to this

drunken user's confession: this is true.

the resemblance in their actions is so great that enlightened novelists holding noble ideas, journalists, and other publicists and readers of the public. Individuals with the same end in view and in no wise distinguishable from individuals like maria alexevas. if writers so

enlightened have thus viewed men like lopokouo, is it for us to blame maria alexevas, if not, why should we listen to her, when the very

writers, thinkers, and teachers have arrived at?

certainly, if maria alexevas had known only half as much as our writers know, she would have been in time to understand that lopokouop was no

companion for her. but, besides her lack of knowledge, she had still another

excuse: lopokouop, in common with the other literary men, had concluded that

considerable number of those amateurs who try very hard to inspire in maria

alexevs the high thoughts in which they take delight themselves. he had good

sense enough and had enough of taste to believe that lopokouop's way of

writing was in the same way and reasoned accordingly. being educated, he

was able to draw from facts certain inferences never dreamed of by people like

maria alexevs, who know only the tangible truths and the routine applications of

every-day wisdom, proverbs, maxims, and other old aphorisms ejusdem

furnitui, if, in fact, in talking with вечеротка, he had not already elaborated what he meant

to say, and he might have pursued his reflections if the same

self-interest was not exactly the same as her own; but lopokouop did not

explain himself on this point to the user, nor even to maria, the latter

knowing it from his previous sessions together.

on the other hand, in writing this is true under the confession made by maria

alexevs when drunk, lopokouop wrote: i added:

but, whereas, by your own admission, the great majority of things which you thought of as

harmful to the public, were really his hands, and the mode of thinking in his position

respecting it, he usual, it is true, is that all the geometries, astronomers, historians,

jurists, publicists, and other scientists are materialists: very far

from that. lopokouop could not then be justified.

the compassionate people who do not justify him might say further in his excuse that he is not entirely

without praiseworthy qualities: voluntarily and firmly he decided to renounce

the advantage and preference which he might have demanded of life in order to

work for the benefit of others, finding in the pleasure resulting from this work

his own enlightened self-interest; the good and pretty young girl with whom he

lived, and the he, or rather the boys who regard their sister. but to this latter excuse it would be necessary to reply that, generally speaking, there is no man entirely without good qualities, and, therefore, there are materialists, whatever they may be, are always materialists, and are

shown by that very fact to be low and immoral men who must never be

excused, since they excuse themselves to be free. but so, not justifying

lopokouop, we cannot excuse him. and there is no longer any room to

justify him, since the conductors of true ideas and noble aspirations, who have

never been materialists, are sons of wisdom and character in these latter days in the eyes of good men, materialists or not, that to
defend any one from their blame is useless and to lend attention to their words at

least superfluous.

x.

the question as to what is the true way of looking at things certainly was not

the principal object of вечеротка's interviews with lopokouop. as a general

thing they talked very little with each other, and their long conversations, which

were so new and so far-famed, were still less so.

they were watched by two very experienced eyes. consequently they seldom

changed words on the subject which most interested them, and, when they did,

it was said, while turning the leaves of music books.

it should be said also that the subject which so preoccupied them and about

which they had so little chance to talk was not, as may be supposed, the expres-
stion of their latest feeling. of this feeling they had said not a word since the

vague phrases of their first interview, and they had no time to discuss it during

such moments as they were able to seize in which to talk freely and work

entirely devoted to вечеротка. situation. how could she escape from it? how

could she get a foothold on the stage? they knew that the theatre present;

is as the theatre presents a prolongation of the life of a young girl, but that these dangers might be avoided by

вечеротка's firmness.

nevertheless one day lopokouop said to вечеротка:

i advise you to abandon the idea of becoming an actress.

"why?"

"because it would be better for you to marry my editor." then the conver-
sation turned to the musical work of вечеротка and he was taking their music books, he to play, she to sing. вечеротка became very

sad and more than once lost the time, although singing a very well known piece.

"i do not think you can sing as i did before. it is not that; it is not. i am not so happy, it is very hard for me to learn that it is impossible. i will take another course; i will be a
governess."

she did not like to say to him:

"i have found no one who can secure me a place as governess. will you do it for me?"

"it is too unfortunate that i have so few acquaintances to aid me. the families

where i have gone and still give lessons are all relatively poor, and the reception of their letters is not very encouraging. will you be better, i try,"

"my friend, i take all your time, but what am i to do?"

"vera pavlovna, my time is not to be spoken of when i am your friend.

she said:

"i advise you to do it,

"you shall see, if opportunity offers, that i am a full friend."

they shook hands.

you did not write to me:"

"i am too late, and then . . . . i do not regret it," replied вечеротка, blushing

in silence.

"you shall see, if opportunity offers, that i am a full friend."

the conversation continued.

two days afterwards appeared in the "journal of police" an announcement

that a young girl, speaking french and german, etc., desired a place as a

governess at kolomna, rue n. n., house n. n. with the utmost promptness.

i have been in contact with all sorts of persons for a long time in вечеротка's matters. he wrote every morning, generally, on foot, from wyborg to kolomna to see the functionary of his acquaintance who had consented to do it on a service in this case.

he said: "i am nearer to wyborg: for it was necessary that this friend should satisfy many conditions: among other things essential was a decent house, a well-regulated family, and a friendly heart. a poor house would have had something

governess in too disappointing a light, unless the person recommending had an

air of respectability and lived, at least apparently, in comfort, no good opinion having been formed of the: young girl recommended. his own address:

what would have been thought of a young girl who had no one to answer for

her but a student! therefore lopokouop had much to do. after getting from

her the usual information about his editor, a governor, he started to visit them: the functionary told me that he was a distant relative

of the person and the family, and that he had found something which did not suit him. in this family they were too haughty; in another the mother was good, the father stupid; in a third it was just the reverse; in still another it was said that he had been poorly treated. the three were above

вечеротка's means; or else english was required, and she did not speak it; or else

they wanted not exactly a governess, but a nursery-maid; or again the people

were too strict. no letter was to be heard of the governess than the children's chamber, where slept two large girls, two little boys, a

nursery-maid, and a nurse.

the mention was kept in the "journal of police," and applicants con-
iduous to call on the functionary. lopokouop did not lose hope. he spent

a fortnight in his search. coming home on the fifth day weary after his long

walks, he told me:

"dmitry, you no longer work with me as you did. you disappear every evening and one evening out of two; what are you doing with your many pupils? but don't ask me where they are;"

for my part, i desire to leave open even these materialism, as, for instance, the mathematical, historical, social, and, in short, all the sciences.

is that to say that all the geometers, astronomers, historians, economists, jurists, publicists, and other scientists are materialists?

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"A man to one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties, who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—Fenelon.

Labor's New Fetiche.

General Butler's long-expected letter is out at last. The question now is how many it will hoodwink. Among these at least will not be Liberty. Would that as much could be asserted of all who think they believe in Liberty. But the political habit is a clinging one; the fascination of political warfare seldom altogether lose their charm over those who have once been under its influence. The sense of faith in its efficacy still linger in the minds of those who suppose themselves emancipated; the old majority superstition yet taints the reformer's blood, and, in face of the evils that threaten society's life, he appeals to its saving grace with the mixture of doubt and confidence that sometimes leads a wavering and timorous Inklings, when brought face to face with the fancied terrors of death, to re-embrace the theological superstition from which his good sense has once revolted and to despise the belief on the Lord Jesus, last, as one of them is said to have profusely put it, "there may be, after all, a God, or a Christ, or a Hell, or some damned thing or other."—To such as these, then, Butler will look for some of his strength, and not be disappointed.

The audacity of this demagogue's utterances, the fearlessness with which he exposes such shams and frauds and tyrannies as he does not himself champion, the fury of his onslaughts on those hypocrites in high places to dissemble whom for his own benefit and glory he himself hypocritically expouses the cause of the people, all tend to fire such radical hearts as have no radical head to guide them, and accordingly we see on every hand reformers of every stripe, through their being at once an inexcusable deviation of the Church, a steadfast lover of a mammoth and omnipotent State, and a bloated beneficiary of the exactions of Capital.

The platform announced in his letter is a ridiculous tissue of contradictions and absurdities. He makes monopo-

Liberty.

The Popular Paradox.

During the last few weeks I have had letters from a number of people who think much about the social problem,—representative people from that large class of men and women who have gone far enough to recognize and deplore the present evil state of things, but not far enough to doubt the present system, but who are afraid to put their faith in anything else. The views they take of Liberty and its principles are instructive, for they show how much mistaken confidence these people have in the step with its accompanying tried-and-found-wanting, cure-all, patent medicines of legislation and education. After seeing with what a death-like grasp even people who can think and feel hold on to methods on which they system which they almost or entirely doubt, it is astonishing to see that the word does not move any faster than it does. It is almost marvellous that a deeply-plotting social reform should make any progress at all.

Says one,—"A man who has thought much and earnestly and earnestly enough at all, at all, at all, most one must thinks but can not see that the only way out is by an entirely new road, he has become a con-

Anarchistic Campaign Notes.

The interest which the Anarchist takes in politics is the interest which one takes in his chief enemy. What so his observeds of demoralization, corruption, bribery, and infamy in general among politicians and political parties is an indication to him, as all these are significant evidences of the slow suicide that is sure to remove the organized enemy of Liberty. There is no such thing as purifying government by purifying itself, they would cease to exist.

The beast was born radically unclean, and the name of Fitch is its native element, and it must do in its own willow. The Anarchist is only concerned to see it hasten its death as fast as possible. It is astounding to me how any intelligent and high-minded man can contemplate the present political muddle without a disgust that should force him back upon first principles and lead him to repudiate the whole swindle from top to bottom. Here is Blaine, a notorious rogue, whose record even under the present low standard of morality forces the self-respecting element of his own vitiate party to vomit him up. Opposed to him is Cleveland, a great bull-headed compound of nescience and willful contempt of the producing masses is the service of usury and privilege. The only case of the political kite is Butler. I have tried long and impartially to respect him in the light of a necessary evil and disturber of the political peace, but cannot hazard my integrity any longer with this skulking fraud.

On the subscription lists of Liberty there are not a few brave and honest reformers whom I love and respect that are near the point of taking the veil, giving all politics and political methods the farewell hand forever and coming out as bane-handled anarchists. But in this man Butler they still seem to cherish the
linger ing hope that some promise for labor and Liberty still resides in politics. I ask them to look squarely at the claims of this scamp for the past few weeks. His determination of the Greenbackers, Anti-monopolists, and labor element through equivocal pledges that might be repudiated if necessary, Butler tacks him into his tall pocket and goes as delegate to a Democratic convention in search of a回复 to his confrontations as a whip. When I saw this little game so wofully miscast, I nevertheless felt somewhat like combining it (though it was a dishonest and dishonorable trick on its face), thinking that Butler had done it all under pressure. We wish that he had announced himself square as the independent candidate of the Greenbackers, Anti-monopolists, and workingmen, and preside his position with a full acceptance of principles, such as the politician in a presidential race has ever yet issued. You (I confess it with shame), I too was soft enough to expect all that.

The subsequent denouncement of this pitiful comedy is well known. Through a dexterous use of silence and equivocation Butler managed to mose with his prey until the late ceremonies attending the Greeley expedition. Thither he repaired in his yacht ostentiously booked for Halifax, and on one dark night in company with a Navy hero, got away alone into the blue waters. Before the next morning's run arose he had determined to run, and the long-sought tidings were communicated to Brother Dana of the New York "Sun." Libby's speech was made even if further comment on this sickening business were not necessary. I ask serious-minded reformers if it is this kind of political kungaroo that still0 withholds them from joining the Anarchistes ranks? I know that they expect nothing from the old regime. What in the name of human decency have they to expect from Butler? True, he is a capital political demoralizer, but high-minded men cannot afford to toy with bull in the political chins, however much they may enjoy the fun as outsiders. Stick the report under the tail, if you will, to enhance the distraction, but take note of all.

The pending campaign is doing splendid work for the cause of Anarchy. It will surely open many people's eyes, and I doubt not that many an honest and serious man will be ready to walk away from the whole business forever before this circus is ended and the clowns retire. It is of little consequence which of these three rogues is elected or defeated. The only lasting gain will reside in whatever progress is made towards demolishing the ballot-box itself.

Liberty and Wealth.

VII.

NEW HARMONY: ITS INSTITUTIONS.

"I passed the next day in sight-seeing. To a casual observer, New Harmony presented in its outward appearance nothing to suggest that it differed materially from many other towns of its size dotted through the flatlands of Indiana. To the eye of the travel, a certain individuality in the style of its houses, and a little more of method, perhaps, in the general structure of the place. One thing the city had managed to secure which John — the old gentleman, whose full name I learned only at breakfast that morning — John Meredith was to have, there was no index finger, however, to call my attention to the happy foresight which had prepared so large and beautiful a park in the very heart of the town. But it proved to be the after effect of old man explained. The credit, he said, belonged wholly to young Sangerfield, whose early misdeed he had related the evening before. It was he who suggested that the spot should be dedicated as an open common for themselves and their heirs forever. In this way he made the final atonement for the past.

"But who cares for it?" I asked, "and keeps it in such good condition?"

"Sangerfield did for twenty years," was the reply.

"You see another box in the old elm? That's the contribution box for the common. Every spring the keeper announces the needed expenditure and the amount of individual assessment, as near as he can calculate, and I do not remember that there was a man who did not pay. Sometimes some- one proposed improvement the people disliked, and they withheld their money."

"I asked him to explain what he meant by dedicating the common forever. Was it so fixed that the government could not convert it into building lots, if they so chose?"

"Oh, by no means!" he exclaimed; "we can do that to-morrow, if we please. We think future generations will know what we are about as well as we do now, and they'd kick us out of the running." He next added, with a smile, "Let me tell you one thing, as a matter of experience. Under our system everybody is put on a good behavior. He has, moreover, a pride in the matter, not to be intellectually wrong in asserting his rights. You see, our social relations are a constant problem, new complications arising which are to be solved by our rule of freedom and equity. A man is ashamed to get bent in the game, so to speak. Or: people are made by this constant exercise of their intellectual faculties, they are 'nicked' at the same time, as you readily see, they are likely to have a steady growth in their morals. We claim we have struck the idea of self-government in its truest and simplest form. We have equal opportunity, equal burdens. We have all the same rights. Even the very groceries, which those which nature has provided are softened and fall into harmony instead of discord. One might imagine there would be danger that the superior minds would take on aristocratic airs and cast ill fortune on the others. It is one of our most cherished notions that superiority in any department is to be recognized and cherished. We divide according to our natural gifts. Each strives to do the thing he feels himself fitted for, and, as work of all descriptions is considered as equal, he may go on in this strain, but we must walk along. We will call at Wright's store, at Farnham's bank, and Glover's factory. These will introduce you practically to our ways of doing business.

"Wright turned out to be a quiet sort of a man. He kept open books. Whoever chose could see what he paid for things and what were his running expenses, including all cost, wear and tear, and a tally of whatever kind, adding to this the time of personal labor required for the management of this amusement. The sum total was distributed, in fixing the price, over the principal articles of sale. It was rather a nice calculation and required a special talent. Several had failed and failed. Wright had taken this store from one Simpson, who was really the originator and the most successful operator up to his time they had had in that line. But he instructed Wright so thoroughly that the people had noticed little difference in the management. Wright employed several assistants, each one having his opportunity, as the world says, to learn the business. But in learning this business no boy was initiated into the art of lying or cheating. Wright was, if anything, morbidly jealous in that direction. If any doubted his word, he was extremely minutest. Let any one impeach him who could.

"I asked if he had competition, and was informed that there was another store near by and two or others on the other side of the hill. His competition was of two sorts. The first was the refusal of money or ability to conduct the business. The four stores were required to supply the needs of the community, and there was virtual competition. In fact, the owners concluded with and gave one point. So long as he could keep on, he is in no way disturbed that Morgan finds enough to do. If Morgan's success should take Wright's customers from him, and he be unable to continue, he would have to how to the inevitable and turn to some other occupation. He is, however, reasonably sure against a disaster of that sort, for he couldn't stock his store to begin with without the cooperation of others. It was the merit of a system, where the ruling principle was 'Let him labor,' that very poor: all who were willing to work could earn a living and lay someday by for a rainy day. And as none could be very poor, so none could become very rich. No capitalist or monopolizing could arise. The result labor was a democratic simplicity. It created and sustained a mutual dependence. For this reason, a man starting any kind of business on other than a comparatively limited scale required the goodwill and support of many others. He must be able to borrow capital in accord with his plans.

"This was the way he would stock a store. A, B, C, and others have credit at Farnham's bank, or they establish credit by depositing the money from the labor. Here the two ends are satisfactorily secured — at least, Farnham believes them to be — by improvements upon land or any real estate, or even by promises of labor. In exchange, they receive Farnham's notes, or the current money of the town. This they lend to Wright, and receive his promise or private note, which he redeems in due time as his business becomes established. This is but one way. The problem has a variety of solutions."

"It's a way sometimes practised now," said Smith, who was seated with his hat on his I O U of Tom, Dick and Harry, starts business, busts up, pays Tom and Dick and Harry with, 'I'm very sorry, I'm sure.'"

I replied that the cases were not parallel, because the one man had carried on under an entirely different set of circumstances from the other. Of course, there were the elements of mutual confidence and honor in each, but the inducements and opportunities of success and honest dealing were wholly changed. The one borrower took his chances under an antagonizing, cut-throat system; while the other went forward backed by a system of things which harmonized interests and caused all whom it might concern to desire the individual's success and prosperity from circumstance. New money could be benefited by the failure of another seemed to be exploded. Success there means simply the opportunity for labor, and the more labor done, the greater the production and the aggregate wealth.

Smith inquired after Farnham's bank. "Haven't it a gold basis?"

To this I replied in Alexander Farnham's own words: "No more than it has a cabboge basis, or a beet basis. Gold, iron, cabboge, beet are but so many products representing human labor and, hence, the cost of producing or obtaining them. "Farn- ham's bank" is a labor bank. All the money I issue is labor money. It is a convenient medium of exchange. It secures to each person using it the equivalent of labor; at least, that is what it calls itself. I issue my note of promise to pay so many hours of labor. My labor dollar is two hours labor. It might be ten, but for greater convenience I have adopted two. The community know I'm good for it, because I can easily calculate, if it cares to investigate, that the notes of which I hold are all secured by substantial salable property."

When I asked what hindered him, when he once had the confidence of the community, from an over- issue, from making a great amount of money not so secured, he replied that, supposed he was disposed to do so, there were innumerable checks on any such conduct. His accounts could be examined at any time by all who chose, and as a rule he had insisted on an examination of the statements at least once a year. Besides, there were too many concerned in the labor of conducting the bank to make any risk of that kind appear to be worth one's while.

"A nice-looking thing, as a theory," exclaimed Smith; "but you have noticed how such wild cat arrangements don't work. In a country like this we must have a uniform currency, with a solid basis, — not a little, sentimental, tinkering sort of job."

I gave him the last word, and the conversation was postponed to another evening.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE? Continued from page 3.

I have finished it, you will have no more reason to complain that I lag behind in your work.

"What, then, is the business?"

"This: in the family where I still give lessons, an unusually bad family, there is a very young girl, an only child, who is, so to speak, a governess and lever, and I am searching for a place for her.

She is an excellent young girl?"

"Ah yes."

"Tell me, then, Search."

And the conversation ended there.

Well, Kirsanoff and Lopukhoff, learned men that you are, you have not thought to remark that which is most remarkable.

Admit that the qualities which you seem to prize most are good; but are they all there? Raisa, this morning Sirenskaya gave me the address of the lady you expect me to call tomorrow. I am personally acquainted with her: but I have often heard her spoken of by the functionary, our mutual friend, and again he has been the means of enlightening me, little by little, in the history — to which belongs the majority of the aesthetic littératures, who are endowed with exceptional penetration — does not prove, I say, that Kirsanoff and Lopukhoff were dry people, absolutely without the aesthetic vein? This was done in vogue in 1872, but a very short time since among the aesthetic and transcendental littératures. Perhaps they still use it.

No longer associating with them, I cannot say. Is it natural that young people of the same taste and heart should otherwise interest themselves in a young girl? Certainly they are without the aesthetic sentiment.

According to those who have studied the nature of man in circles endowed with the aesthetic sentiment, a man of a thousand degrees less than an indifferent aesthetic littérature, young people in such a case should speak of woman from a purely plastic standpoint. So it has been, and so, it is. But not among youth worthy of the name. That were a strange youth, gentleman.

XI.

"Well, my friend, have you found nothing yet?"

"No, Vera Pavlovna, but I do not lose courage, keep up your hopes. We shall finally find a suitable place."

"Oh, if you knew, my friend, how hard it is for me to stay here! As long as I see familiar faces, the atmosphere relaxes, I find a sort of temporary solace."

"But why should you lose courage? What have you done?"

"I have been so confused and ill at ease."

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"Ah! you did not understand me. I was said this in a very sad tone, and then burst into laughing."

"Ah! how stupid I must be! Pardon me, my friend!"

"But what is the trouble?"

"I have already repaid you."

"Oh, that! What a queer man you are! Well, so be it, call me so."

The following Thursday witnessed the test a la Homilet according to Saxon, the Grammarian, after which Maria Alexzana relaxed her supervision a little.

Saturday, after tea, Maria Alexzana went to town the linen which the laundress had just brought.

"It looks, my friend, as if the affair was about to be arranged."

"Yes? So much the better! And let it be quickly. I believe that I should die if this should last longer. But when and how?"

"All will be decided to-morrow. I am almost certain of it."

"Tell me about it, then."

"Be calm, my friend, you may be noticed. There you are, leaping joy and delight in that old corner of the room, waving your hands up and down.

"But you are in yourself so radiant with joy that Mamma looked at you, you for a long time.

"Therefore I told her why I was gay; for I thought it would be better to tell her, and so I said to her: 'I have found an excellent place.'"

"Ineffable! Thank you, my dear! you have given me all sorts of advice, and not a word have you told me yet. Speak, then?"

"This morning Kirsanoff — that you know, my friend, is my countryman — "

"I know, I know; speak, speak quickly."

"You prevent me yourself, my friend."

"I insinuate instead of reasonable speech. I do not know what I shall do with you; I would put you on your knees, if it were not impossible here: I order you to kneel when you get home, and Kirsanoff shall write what he intends to do with your proper person."

"So be it, and I will keep silence until I have done my penance and been pardoned."

"I cannot, but speak quickly, insufferably!"

"I thank you. You pardon me, Vera Pavlovna, when you are the guilty one yourself. You are constantly interruptiong.

"Vera Pavlovna? What do you mean by that? Why do you no longer say my friend?"

"It is a punishment, my friend, that I desired to inflict upon you; I am an irritable and severe man.

"A punishment? You dare to inflict punishments on me! I will not listen to you."

"Yes, I will not.

"No, I will not. What more is there to hear? You have told me almost all, — the house is nearly finished, therefore I think I may tell you more or less. What can I hear? Vue revive, my friend!"

"But listen a little, my friend; my friend, I beg of you."

"I do not listen, and am going away."

"She came back nevertheless. "Speak quickly, and I will interrupt you no more. Ah, if you knew what joy you have caused me! Give me your hands, I shall shake it.

"And to see in your eyes — why?"

"Thank you, thank you!"

"Oh! how happy!" repeated Voretschka. "But wish to know immediately, as quickly as possible. You will come here strait away?"

"No, my friend, that would awaken suspicion. I must come here only at least. This is what we will do. I will send a letter by post to Maria Alexzana. Here is the address of Voretschka, where you will find the usual lesson, and will come on Wednesday instead. If I say Wednesday morning, that will mean that the affair has terminated successfully; if I say Tuesday evening, that it failed. The letter will be sent out by post. But as I write this, I am going to the lady’s house. I wish to know the whole at once. But how shall we fix that? Oh, I know; I will wait for you in the street, until you come away from her."

"But, my friend, that would be still more imprudent than for me to come back here. It is better, then, that I should come."

"Yes, perhaps, we could not speak together here. And in any case Mamma would be suspicious. It is better to follow my suggestion. I have a veil so thick that no one will recognize me."

"Indeed, it is possible. Let me think a little."

"There is no time to lose in long reflections. Mamma may enter at any moment. Where does this lady live?"

"On the Boulevard Riga, near the Galleria, near the last bench on the side near the bridge. I told you that I would wear a very thin veil. Here there is a signal for you: I will have a music roll in my hand. If I am not there, it will be because I have been detained. No matter, sit down on the bench and wait. I may be late, but I will not fail to come. How good I am! How grateful I am to you! How happy I shall be! What is your sweet Rollmergitch. You have been taken from the title of friend to that of Dmitry Sergueitch. How contented I am! How happy I am!"

"Voretschka, she played a game of cards with her; he began winning; then he allowed her to recover her losses, and finally he lost thirty-five croupers; it was the first time he had lost anything.

"At first Sonya thought she was going to cry, but he went away with the money, but with the triumph. There are joys purely ideal, even in hearts completely sunk in materialism, and this it is that proves the materialistic explanation of life unsatisfactory.

XII.

VORETSCHKA’S FIRST DREAM.

Voretschka dreamed that she was shut up in a dark and damp cellar. Suddenly the door opened, and she found herself at liberty in the country. She was taken joyfully, saying: "How did I keep from crying in the cellar?"

"You are not happy in the country?"

"No, indeed, I am not. I am happy only when I am with you, my friend, and then I am not afraid of anything."

"But how did you come to be in that country?"

"I am a little girl, and I was taken from my parents and brought up; I am Russian, not French, like you; my mother is Russian; she is familiar with the language, and now I have a Russian teacher. She is tall, handsome, imperious, clever, joyful, and gentle, angry, and her expression always indicates the feeling of the moment. But she is always good, even when she is angry, and then she speaks to me, and I love her dearly."

"Ah! is that so?"

"Yes, she is wonderful."

"I am the sweetheart of your sweetheart."

"Of which sweetheart?"

"I do not know. I am acquainted with mysweetheart. They know me, but I cannot know them, for I have many. Choose one of them; never take one elsewhere."

"Perhaps the English reader will be a little surprised with Lopukhoff’s mention of an Englishman in the previous page, but I am afraid our reader might imagine my friend have in the original a significant reader which no English word exactly counters."

"I am surprised."

"But no, I am not. What more is there to hear? You have told me almost all, — the house is nearly finished, therefore I think I may tell you more or less. What can I hear? Vue revive, my friend!"

"But listen a little, my friend; my friend, I beg of you."

"I do not listen, and am going away."

"She came back nevertheless. "Speak quickly, and I will interrupt you no more. Ah, if you knew what joy you have caused me! Give me your hands, I shall shake it.

"And to see in your eyes — why?"

"Thank you, thank you!"

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"Perhaps, indeed, it is possible. Let me think a little."

"There is no time to lose in long reflections. Mamma may enter at any moment. Where does this lady live?"

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LIBERTY, 47.

THEN AND NOW.
Continued from No. 61.

IV.

SOME THINGS ANARCHY HAD TO CONTEST WITH.

BOSTON, AUGUST 23, 1894.

My Dear Louise:

I most sincerely trust that these arguments of Mr. De Danna will come to you to disturb nothing by nothing, or at least by nothing but honest governments, we women, above all others, should use our utmost endeavor to defend the State from the attacks of its enemies. How carefully it looks after itself out of the interests of the State, or at least of the State, but not of the people. Of course we ought to have the right to vote, but it is not the fault of the State that we do not. No, no! Governments were given to man by God, as we have seen, and so the State is for the common herd. Must we be regarded as simply shareholders with all the others in the world? No, no! Anarchism is a conception of man as a free agent, not as a mere tool of the State, but as a free and independent being, not subject to the authority of the State.

What does it mean? It means that the State is to be abolished. It means that the State is to be replaced by a society in which all are equal, in which all have the right to associate with whom they please, in which all have the right to express their opinions, in which all have the right to work as they please, in which all have the right to live as they please. It means that the State is to be replaced by a society in which all are free, in which all are equal, in which all have the right to express their opinions, in which all have the right to work as they please, in which all have the right to live as they please.

[To be continued.]

229

"I have chosen." "I have no need of his name; I do not know them. But I say to you again, choose only among them. I wish my sisters and my brethren to choose each other exclusively. Were you not shut up in a cell? Were you not pariahs?"

"Yes," "No, I am not a free new man."

"It is I who delivered you, you cured me. Remember that there are many who are not cured, who are not yet cured. Do, deliver them and cure them! Will you do it?"

"I will do it. But what is your name? I wish to know it."

"I have no need of your name. I wish to know the man to whom I am giving this, and he who is to know me. As you, I come to Love of Mankind. That is my real name; but there are not many who know it; you, at least, shall call me so."

Then Vrotschkia entered the city; she saw a collar where young girls were shut up. She touched the lock, the lock fell; she said to the young girls: "Go out!" and they went out. She saw then a chamber where lay, among other drabs, a woman who had been an actress. Then they went. There and then I ran into the country, light-hearted and laughing: Vrotschkia followed them, and in her happiness cried out: "How pleasant it is to be with them! How sad it was to be alone! How pleasant is it to be with free young girls who run in the fields, agile and joyous!"

XIII.

Lopukhoff, overburdened with cares, had no longer any time to see his friends at the Academy. Krasnow, who had not ceased to associate with them, was obliged to answer a hundred questions about Lopukhoff; he revealed the nature of the affair that occupied them, and he explained the reasons why the people of their acquaintance gave the address of the lady on whom Lopukhoff is about to call at this stage of our story. "How fortunate it will be, if this succeeds!" thought he, as he walked along the two years, and a half at most, I shall be free! Then we can live together. In the meantime she will live quietly with Madame B., Madame B. proved really to be a good person whom one cannot mistrust.

Lopukhoff found in Madame B., an intelligent and good woman, without pretensions, the position of the wife of a rich man and a fruit tree in blossom. The new marriage was arranged, and by a half hour's talk, Madame B. said: "If my conditions suit your young aunt, I beg her to take up her quarters here, and I should be pleased to see her as soon as possible."

"She will be satisfied; she has authorized me to act for her. But now that we have come to an agreement, I must tell you (what it was needless to tell you before) that this young girl is not my relative. She is the daughter of the functionary in whose family I give lessons. She had no one but me whom she could trust in this affair. But I am almost a stranger to her."

"I know it," said Lopukhoff. "You, Professor N. (the name of the friend who had given the address), and your comrade esteem yourselves so highly that one of you can form a friendship for a young girl without concerning yourselves, the eyes of the two others. Now N. is the same, and, knowing that I was looking for a governess, he justified in telling me that this young girl is not related to you. Do not blame yourself, Doctor. In this matter, my conscience is clear. Professor N. is the only one who has an interest in the good of the young girl."

"I believe myself also worthy of esteem, Monsieur Vrotschkia, and be sure that I will know who is worthy of being esteemed. I trust N. as I trust myself, and, as I trust you as you trust yourself. Let us say no more on that point. But you did not know how to escape, and it will be necessary for me to know it, since she is to come into our family."

[To be continued.]

[Raw text image is not clear and cannot be transcribed]
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