On Picket Duty.

It is not surprising to hear that Harry George re-
guards Liberty as "cranky." All the defenders of
Boshmaster do.

Since European socialists began to circulate their
revolutionary literature in hermetic-sealed cans of
condensed milk, that heretofore mild and inflexible
commodity has become a greater terror to the
"effete monarchies" than dynamite.

"Irish landlorners," says Nastly, "is condemed.

"Landlordism," says Nastly, "is condemed villiany.

So it is. And landlorners of whatever
nationality is villiany also, however diluted or rare-
ly fed or rendered neutral by race. Landlordism is a
universal question, and it is confusing to discuss
universal questions from national standpoint.

What move the cultured mediums who rave about
Guiteau think of Walter Savage Landor, more highly
cultured than they, who once told N. P. Willis that he
had a "purse of five hundred sovereigns always
ready to bestow on any one who will rid the earth of
a tyrant — even an American president?"

A good illustration of the wantonness with which
States spend their subjects' money is seen in Queen
Victoria's expenditure of $75,000 in sending special
missions to Madrid and Dresden to invest the Kings
of Spain and Saxony with the Garter. How long do
working people intend to pay tribute to an institution
which consumes their earnings thus?

The following is the number of socialists expelled
from three important towns in Germany: 155
Hamburg and environs; 195; Leipzig; 70; total, 420.
Most of these have wives, children, and relations
dependent on them for their bread. The majority
have emigrated to England or America. Four
months ago the Social Democratic Party of
Germany was widely advertised.

Stephen Pearl Andrews, after comparing us to a
"drunkard man," complains of our discounty in
calling him God Almighty — a little, by the way
which we never applied to him. As Dickens's barb
says, we must "draw the line somewhere." Mr.
Andrews, it would seem, in the matter of opprobrious
epithets, draws the line beyond drunken and this
side of God. It is well to be given some idea, in
advance, of the standard of courtesy to which mem-
bers of the Panthom will be expected to conform.

Liberty, during its brief young life, has received
many compliments, from sources high and low, of
which it may well be proud; but nothing has pleased
me more than the following simple and significant
words from the letter of a lady who has been procuring
subscribers in the mines of Pennsylvania.

"A promise of more miners promises of more miners,
but they have not had steady work this month and are all
poor. The paper is a charm in the mines. Each fortnight for three
months I have had the paper read aloud to the men, and it is
beginning to tell, as it always will when it is like
reach the people for whom they are written.

"Liberty is the most choice sort. When the
common people, as our faithful co-worker truly says,
begin to appreciate the principles which Liberty stands
for, the welcome Social Revolution is at hand.

The coming day, all hail!

For force is seldom justifiable as a method of reform,
but the impetuous revolutionist who believes in and
uses it is much less vital in error than the weak
hypocrite who pretends to see no distinction between
force used in vindication of rights and force used in
their violation.

Only one daily paper within our knowledge, the
Virginia City "Chronicle," has told the plain truth
about the recent Irish convention. These are its
words: "The Irish national convention at Chicago
did but one thing worthy of notice, or of benefit
to Ireland. It subscribed several thousand dollars
for the Irish Land League. The resolutions adopted
were tame, commonplace, and — not to put too fine
a point on it — cowardly. Designedly silent as
the press of the country is, as a whole, on the subject,
and timid as was the Chicago convention, the world
will soon have to recognize the fact that Ireland
is engaged in a struggle to do away with private
ownership of the soil."

The mountebank Talmage, preaching against pro-
fanity, soberly told his congregation last Sunday of
a man who had been killed in a railroad track. Suddenly a train came along and killed him.

The body, when picked up, exhibited neither bruise
nor scar, death having resulted solely from the cutting
out of the man's tongue by the locomotive. How
many members of Talmage's church believe this
story? How many of them believe that Talmage
believes himself? If any, are they not fools? Are
not these hypocrisies? In this showing, it is not
the Tuberculosis Congregation made up solely of
knaves that has the lid. There is today a moral and
intellectual quality in the English language
which is often different from the intellectual quality
of other Protestant congregations.

It will be remembered that our discussion with
Mr. Babcock on the responsibility of a friend
brought to our attention the fact that Liberty was
willing to deny herself by taking so small a share
in the struggle against an anti-union law. But, the
editorial distinguishing between usury as a civil
right and usury as a social right quizzed his forces.

The same editorial, however, has led another critic to
accuse us of abandoning our anti-union ground
and making legality the standard of morality. Strangely
enough, the editorials of this paper are not identical
with the ideas entertained by this critic on political
and economical questions are substantially identi-
and with Liberty's. The issue is really the same:
the struggle against an anti-union law. But, the
editorial distinguishing between usury as a civil
right and usury as a social right is the core of the
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controversy.

Mr. Babcock's and Mr. Talmage's discussion
are sitting on the balcony overlooking the river. The scene
is picturesque and impressive. Dark clouds are rising as if for
a storm, but everything is peaceful in the calm twilight.

But we are very happy. All that we lose is for the impossible.
We wish that George Lewis was with us. To appreciate the
significance of the meeting the night before last, let us state
that George Lewis was the scoundrel's devilish master and Mr. Cross lived happily.

John Rankin has changed his plans with respect to the
momentous issue which he was about to engage with
the same resolution. He has decided to devote the remainder of his life to making it about the
most complete institution of the kind in the world.
He has decided to contact Mr. Babcock and to make
him his agent in the United States. Mr. Babcock,
then, will be the agent of the American School of
Art connected with that institution, which was formally
presented to the University of Michigan, which
occasion gave Dr. Inman an opportunity to say that, though
Mr. Babcock had founded a school at Oxford, "house Doctors
in the purest elements of nature; the technical, elective, and
personal, are said to be even as that coming
through the same wind with poise.

About Progressive People

The wife of Karl Marx, after a long and severe illness, died about three weeks ago.

Prize Kropotkine has arrived in London, where he will
remain through the winter and possibly longer.

The London "Spectator" hints that some remarkable facts
in Shelley's life are about to be brought to light.

Mr. Parnell is to receive an order-down quit in white satin,
that has been manufactured by a London

The monogram of Mr. Parnell is worked in the centre
by hand.

Mrs. Arnold Bevan announces the publication of "God's
Views on Marriage" as "evolved in the Old Testament,"
specially intended for the enlightenment of the Bishop of
Manchester, who has condemned her previous work on the subject.

Felix Peto, now three score and ten, is living in poverty at
Courbevoie, France, in the house of two old ladies, natives
of his own native city of Berlin, who sheltered him in his

No. 11

Vol. I.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1881.

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BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1881.
LIBERTY. 11

One would think that, like reasonable beings, finding that neither their sorrow, nor their anger, could avail to bring back their idol, they would be content, like the ancients, to simply deply him, or demi-deply him, to place him as they pleased, and tell their posterity what he was, and what he did.

One might even think that the experience of the last twenty years, and even the last ninety years, with all the blood, and poverty, and misery, with which they have been surrounded, has not made the philosophic souls to enquire whether our system of governing men by editors, congresses, and presidents, does not cause ten thousand times as much bloodshed and misery as it prevents; and whether something better cannot be found for the public welfare than was it proved that he was a fit subject for it.

But of all this moderation and reason, they seem to be incapable. In the cases of the ordinary horridities, of which they inform their readers, they do not indulge in any terms of surprise, grief, or anger. They evidently consider them merely common human occurrences, such as are to be expected of weak, or wicked human nature. And they wait with patient and placid toleration, until courts and juries shall have given their verdicts as to the moral responsibility of the actors.

But, for Guiteau, they have none of this mercy or justice. They have apparently exhausted their vocabularies and their organs of expression, and condemned the very nature of the man, who could kill a president. To call him a madman, a fanatic, a man mentally diseased, or congenitally malformed, does not satisfy, or even soften their rage. They are not content with the justice rendered by the court and the jury, which sentenced him to death as an assassin; for they see that neither wretch, monster, nor assassin fitly describes a man, who, in open day, before a hundred people, kills another, towards whom he had no personal ill will, and from whose death he could reasonably expect to derive no benefit whatever.

Puzzled to account for an act, for which they can assign no rational motive, they seem at last to have hit upon a term that describes their general sentiment of abhorrence of Guiteau's act to his "devilish depravity."

We confess that we may not fully understand the legal meaning of this term. It is associated, in our minds, with certain theological phrases, that are not merely obsolete. It seems to imply that there is, somewhere in the universe, such a being as a devil, and that he has power to deprive weak human beings, who, but for him, might have been quite innocent, and worthy persons.

If this solution of the mystery is to be accepted as the true one—that is, if there really be a devil, and if he has succeeded in "depraving" Guiteau, to the extent supposed—it is evident that such a term as "devilish depravity" is not merely obsolete.

We believe that the most dreadful of all the theologists, who have believed in a devil, and in his power to deprave mortal beings, have had some play on those, whom the court and jury placed upon whom he has laid his spell. We believe that, at least, Edwards and Hopkins, and perhaps John Calvin himself, would have been gratified to know that a man, deprived by the power of the devil, of the use of his reason, committed, under the instigation of the devil, against a successful politician, than Edwards, or Hopkins, or Calvin had for their doings, committed, under similar instigation, against the human race.

We would most respectfully advise these heaven-sent editors, before they return to their celestial abodes, to recall their senses, if they have any, and listen to reason; to reflect that even though their special mission on earth may have proved a failure, the world may, perhaps, get on without them; that if presidents should occasionally be killed by lunatics or others, we have plenty of material of which to make more; that even the government of the United States may continue to stand quite as well as it is worth, not quite as long as it ought to, in spite of all the Jui/ How by which it may be assailed. A government that is afraid of Guiteaus, is not long for this world.

And, finally, let us whisper, in the ear of those editors, that they are doing more to destroy this government, and to prove that it ought to be destroyed, than all the associate will ever see.

But this is no new occupation with them. Ever since they came on the earth, they have been trying to prove that the government of the United States ought to be destroyed; and, with the aid of presidents, congresses, etc., they will doubtless succeed, unless they can be induced to go back to the skies.

Organization at Chicago.

The late Irish National Convention at Chicago was an assemblage of something like one thousand delegates to concert a whole great scheme in the interest of so small a business.

All that was accomplished could have been accomplished in less than two hours on business principles. But the convention lasted three days, and the members consumed as much time in discussing what was called a "permanent organization," that is, in appointing a committee on credentials, a committee on rules of order, and a committee on permanent organization. We propose to indulge in no sentiment or observation upon this "permanent organization" business, which may possibly open the eyes of some Irishmen as to what the whole swindle known as organization is intended to effect.

In the first place, a large number of the credentials were rejected at the convention, and the largest present—was chiefly recruited from the ward clubs of New York city, and its members were sent to serve the vile purposes of Tammany Hall.

The boon allies of John Kelly's gang were a clique of Chicago political jugglers, who also worked up a good supply of bogus credentials. Now, in order to cover up this fraud, it was necessary to fix the committee on credentials as to make the job a success. And it was a success, even to the extent of firing out almost the entire organization of the "Spread the Light Club," consisting of active workmen whose only crime was that they could not be bought up and bullied by the Chicago political ring.

The committee's rules were as wretched a piece of work as the Russell committee chairman knew the main rule of order well, without the assistance of the committee. It was simply to recognize the political bosses, and to feed the machine as had been previously arranged by the leading rogue who were so ambuscaded about organization. A most unholy outrage was committed in the face of these rules of order.—of ignoring point blank such as had decency enough to protest against the exclusion of the spread the Light club.
"The Land for the People."

The natural wealth of the earth belongs to all the people. The land, the coal, the minerals, the water courses—all that furnishes the basis of the prime opportunities for human well-being should be the common possession of all.

The above proposition is practically accepted by the leading thinkers and agitators of the world. The socialists declare it as the bottom plank of their system. The communists of course avow it. The "Irish World" cries it aloud from week to week. John Stuart Mill affirmed it almost at so many words. Herbert Spencer reiterates it constantly, and even Froude and John Bright have repeatedly accepted it by inference. Liberty affirms it too; so one main and vital proposition is generally admitted by all shades of advanced reformers.

But at the point where this proposition is accepted begins the great socialistic controversy in which we find ourselves at uncompromising war with the social democrats. The former affirm that the movement is to-day ignorant of the only saving grace in its "no-rent" policy; that, unless the landlords are included in the new system, the movement will never amount to anything. The latter believe that the Irish National independence is the one great issue. A sort of blank Irish sovereignty is subsisting between the "no-rent" policy and the landlords. It is only a question of where the Irish is to have its subsistence.

Now, Liberty's way of getting all these good things to the people is to put every man on his own merits. To that end, the one called the State is to set an artificial patent monopoly, by which the intended servile classes shall be crippled in the race for natural wealth and natural opportunities.

Guitaun's Wit

Guitaun is now proving himself so bright and shrewd that his enemies infer that he is not insane now, and probably was not on the second of July. They appear to have forgotten that.

Great wit makes nearly all kills.

Yet such is, no doubt, very often the fact. A great many, many, of extraordinary brilliancy of mind, have been insane on some one or more subjects, whilst rational on others. In regard to other men, of this class, the question is not a question of whether they were sane or not, the famous John Dan- dolph, of Virginia, was one of these. His will was contested on the ground that he was insane. And although, if we remember rightly, it was sustained, yet it is good ground for the time when he made it, it was a common general opinion that, during the lat- ter part of his life, his mind was not sound; that if he was not absolutely and unquestionably insane, he was so plainly on the verge of insanity, that any clearly irrational act would have been accepted as proof of insanity.

And the same has been true of so many persons, of high nervous temperaments, and brilliant intellects, that if they had committed any clearly irrational or dangerous act, it would have been set down to insanity as a matter of course. And the more heinous, or irra- tional, the act, the stronger would have been consid- ered the proof that it was committed under an insane impulse or delusion.

It is contrary to prove that sane men, of brilliant minds, should do grossly absurd and irrational acts.

The more proof, therefore, that is brought now, to show that Guitaun was even a sane and rational man, the more proof we have that, when he did a thoroughly absurd and irrational act, he was not in possession of his ordinary reason.

If an insane act—an act for which no rational motive can be discovered—be not, of itself, the best proof of insanity, what proof can we have?

Guitaun, every day, and every hour—apparently to the satisfaction of every body—that he has a very high nervous temperament, and a badly balanced, or rather unbalanced, mind; and that, if he is not absolutely insane, he is on the very verge of insanity; that he is in that condition anywhere where great and unusual excitement would be, for the time, upset him. When, therefore, he has done an utterly irrational act, the only rational interpretation of it is that he was insane.

Mr. W. G. H. Smart desires to make a correction. Referring to his letter in our last issue, he writes: "After 'You do not see what I have said:', and meant to say, 'That, besides its natural inherent productivity, the productive property or potentiality possessed by any material substance,' etc., 'is invested in it precisely as it is invested in a man's brain,' etc., etc., I may be, I believe, excused for stating that Mr. Smart gently chides us for not noticing and repairing his omission of the first of the foregoing italicized phrases; from which it appears that he expects us, who confess that we cannot understand what he does say, to understand also all that he does not say. His correction disposes of but one of several errors which we pointed out and which still stand as such. His present communications we have not space to print in full, but, lest he may attribute our failure to do so to a disinclination to see his withering words in print, we give the following prelusive bit: "I might take exceptions to the closing part of your letter on the ground of some degree of discourtesy, but perhaps dogmatism—and may I say secrecy and partiality—may have more weight with the prerogatives of Liberty. At all events I forbear. I can well afford to be pronounced ignorant on the same piece of paper and by the same man that calls Herbert Spencer a fool." We forbear, too, except to add that he has called Herbert Spencer a fool. Our words were that on one occasion he "made a complete fool of himself." There is an important distinction between a man who is, or is made a fool, and one who temporarily makes a fool of himself. This distinction Mr. Smart forcibly states in his own person. He is no fool, but he frequently makes a fool of himself, for instance, when he tried to show the other day in the Boston "Herald" that Bismarck is a socialist bent on accomplishing the ends of so- cialism. Comparatively he is no fool, but nearly all sometimes make fools of themselves. The editor of Liberty has not "concess" enough to claim exemption from this rule.

Another priest has lifted his voice against the Land League, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, who virtually prohibits Catholics under his care from connection with that organization. The advice of Bishop Mc-Quaid, like that of any other man, should be carefully taken at face value, but, when this would be mental slavery gives his advice in the tone of command, he should be met with contemptuous defiance. If Ireland would cast off the chains that bind her industrially and politically, the first interruption of her progress must be against the spiritual bondage of the Roman Catholic church,—an insurrec- tion which may begin, as well as anywhere, with the throttling of the tyrannical overseer who rules the Rochester plantation with the double-chained lash of excommunication in this world and damnation in the next.

The interpreters of Mr. Frothingham are becoming bowdlerized all the more numerous. The latest addition to the list is M. J. Savage, who claims to speak under Mr. Frothingham's sanction; but, his interpretation of the latter's views widely differing from the original. "Evening Post" interview, which Mr. Frothingham has pronounced substantially correct, those interested are getting pretty well mixed and Mr. Frothingham pretty well advertised. Indeed, the cynical might fairly be pardoned a suspicion that the whole affair is but a shrewd scheme to increase the sales of the foregoing "Life of George Ripley." Mr. Frothing- ham, presumably, is incapable of entertaining such a design, but he could not have carried it out more successfully had he deliberately set about it.

There is no better definition of anarchy than Froud's: "The dissolution of government in the economic organism."
INVASION.

Over the waves does it bear
The martial bugle blast.

Cheering in flame or smoke,
Binding the world at last.

If we want the tides "roll back",
"The day of old" return.

Viola of wrath of them unknown
The red flag on the sun-burnt fork.

Quelling it (as you right) our
Able heart the darkest laughter.

"Is the world enow?" we ask,
And what is the promise hereafter?

Come away! Come away!
In the hall of fame on show.

In utmost seclusion, there
Pursue that stern eternal;

Thy ways, be thy fair and frontal.

Thou, Liberty, in soul, body, and political freedom, hold her: Voice, forever free and bold.

Tell them that, to thy face.
Swathing her beauty to the saw.

Still up upon thy shaggy peace.

For man, grow great,
Without our land, we shall
Are they conscious to yielding.
Be that yielding wise and true.

By growing, by not by slaughtering,
The world's are made anew.

M.

The Evolution of Liberty.

For centuries there has been a ceaseless struggle for freedom. In the strife for individual sovereignty against subservience to aristocrats, kings, and nations the proudest empires of time have passed away. Of the foundations and the successors of the despised monarchs shaken from their grasp and tragically in the dust at their feet.

From the source of liberty, when the interest of the State was supreme and that of the individual secondary, has grown, or, unbidded, an enlarged conception of Liberty, which has exercised its power over human nature and subjected millions to the enforcement of the same views and self-sacrifice, immobilizing a long catalogue of heroes who have lived, suffered, and died for Liberty.

Look back to the past, ye, and all, there is strife; ambition, aspiration, struggle, discontent, and disorder. The soul cries out from its enslavement of past ages for broader, higher, greater, complete freedom. As an atom, physical, and political freedom, not only in its aspirations, but in its consciousness of power and thought. In every direction the forces which is break down the barriers of the past is gathered.

The impeding change is not superficial, but affects the very foundations of social and political systems. The German idea of the danger of the future, has been its landed interests, the effect of American prices. England's ten thousand landlords think of their ease and opulence that they do the property, independence, and happiness of the people. Russia's inexcusing brutal force against intelligence and skill. Lamartine has said: "It is the destiny of European man, which contains humanity to the walls.

And wait, and sustain? which will win?

The growth of individual Liberty is encroaching on the domain of that which is filled with law by the thousand and may be multiplied by the million, and so may correlate of justice (?), but the doom of both is sealed.

In the view of many old, barbarous, inefficient laws are driven back as effectually as steam drives out hand power. The principle which will prevail in the determination of law in the future will be the superhuman Right of Nature. Justice will be the unceasing, everlasting duty to give each man his right. Precedent will lose its grip, and Reason be enthroned. Wealth which enthrals and power which enslaves will give place to wealth which encompasses and power which subdues. Decisions will not be made in conformity to a law which declares its authority to be above and independent of that which is in the thought in mind. It will be an agent, a servant, and that the good of the people is first.

Mighty agencies are at work all about us. Chaos, disorder, call it what you will,—means but one thing: Revolution! And then comes Liberty! The telegraphic word is echoed from shore to shore. The wave, the wind, the storm, the wave of passion. The increase of freedom has been irreversibly stamped upon humanity by its birth. It is the star of hope which guides us onward and upward. Liberty is the great source of courage and freedom. Liberty! the one great universal idea of every soul!

Laster were it
To hurl the roving monarch from his base
This most important of our hopes,
Determined to be free.

Above the din of conflict and the tread of the war-horses of despotic power, we heard the cry for freedom.

From the distant snow-clad hills of Russia we hear its echoes, coming as a wall of anguish from the chained gazes of Russian serfs to America, to the exiles of the captain of the ship, and the little boys in Italy, from the homeless peasants of Italy, from the starting

and the suffering everywhere the same appeal goes up. All nature takes up the refrain, giving ever-awakening voice to the people's cry for Liberty.

Mr. Babcock Once More.

FRANK TUCKER.—I am inclined to think that I did not see Mr. Babcock’s first statement; it is, I should not have missed understood him. No matter;—I see the point now.

Is the ploughINGER entitled to pay for the use of the plough?

Now then, understanding that said pay for the use of the plough means something of the privilege of its use over and above the just cost of the plough, I answer emphatically:—

No!

Once more; the sale of a privilege is the taking of some thing of value for no thing of value.

This truth does not appear at first glance, I grant; nevertheless, it is a truth.

All men may have hate, and all; yet be valuable; but, if all men have the same privilege, that privilege is not a thing of value. You cannot sell it.

Again,—all honest trade implies an exchange of labor. Therefore, the plough is entitled to be paid and just compensation for his labor, and nothing more.

The longing of anything for an increase—without labor—is merely, _Figure of speech._ The history, the philosophy, and the arithmetic of usury prove that its first cause is monopoly and its final cause robbery.

Lessening money or goods for increase is impossible of possibility. The debts of the world can never be paid. The sale of a privilege is the highwayman’s method of getting a living without a job. Therefore, the sale is a most serviceable characteristic. The plough-—or any man shall make his plough or trade, as he shall take it.—advantage of the same kind of character. The advantages of laboring tools belong to all men. That there is a profit or advantage in trade, is grant, but it belongs to no one nor to a class.

Under a condition of freedom—that is, a condition where free competition prevails—that profit will be distributed among all classes.

As things are now, all the advantages of trade, and also the advantages of improved machinery, go to the idle classes, the-mon., the laborers, the plough-land-etc. The result is the same: more machinery, more profit; more profit, less wages; until the laborers have bought all the goods they want. The workers are destitute of labor, the idle are rich, etc, etc, the stop-and-get-what-you-demand-then-produce-no-more—are out of work. And, of course, to take the state as tramps. Is the picture correct?

Does Mr. Babcock like it?

Yours for honest trade, goods for labor, for labor, but not one cent for privileges.

APX.

Harvard College.

[For Liberty.]

Colleges and universities were necessities in the middle ages in the absence of the press to diffuse the knowledge of the classics. In the middle ages, the sun diffuses light. Now, however, it is necessary to go to Harvard College in order to become intelligent in any language, science, or modern thought. Harvard College is a resort of the sons of wealthy people, preparatory students in mining, agricultural colleges, stockholders, oil stocks, iron, wheat, cotton, sugar, gold, etc.

And to result is, they are more machinery; more profit, more wages, until the laders have bought all the goods they want. The workers are destitute of labor, the idle are rich, etc, etc, the stop-and-get-what-you-demand-then-produce-no-more—are out of work. And, of course, to take the state as tramps. Is the picture correct?

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APX.

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