Whole No. 116.

"For alway in thine eyes, O Liberty! Shines that high light whereby all the world is saved; And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
—JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"Compulsory Voting" is the title of an article in the "North American Review" and the author's remedy for the evils now threatening our free and glorious institutions.

"Those who have faith in anything court candid criticism of it," says the Providence "People." Yes, and such criticism they try to answer. This test makes it plain that Henry George has no faith in his land-value tax.

A Chicago woman was dressing for her wedding when she caught a draft, and she was burned to death. Moral: no wedding and marriage ceremonies. As to the unfortunate woman, a sudden death is always preferable to slow roasting over the consuming fire of the hell of marriage slavery.

One of the most interesting features of Liberty hereafter will be Commodore Labadie's contribution of "Cranky Notions." He tells me that I must not hold him strictly to an appearance in each issue; but I may at least tell my readers that he has made me the Irishman's promise to be regular, and, if he can't be regular, to be as regular as he can. His first installment will be found on the seventh page. His suggestive paragraph on the telegraph monopoly is especially rich in food for thought.

When asked if he would accept the nomination of the United Labor party for the presidency, Henry George replied as all politicians do that he is "in the hands of his friends." In other words, "Barkis is willing." But his "friends" don't seem to have much enthusiasm for their prophet. Rev. H. O. Pentecost, to whose admonition that principle, not policy, should govern the action of the labor party, Mr. George, in the interval between an after-election and the opening of a new campaign, is "very sensitive," favors the putting up of a candidate, "but not necessarily Mr. George." Many of his followers call him a demagogue, and others are astonished to hear William Morris denounce him as a "traitor." The way of the transgressor is hard, and George now pays the penalty of his shameless stand on the Chicago executions during the election campaign when he was not "sensitive" to the brave and noble attitude of his follower, Pentecost.

James Parton touchingly describes the attractions of presidential campaigns in the "Forum." The people, after all, decide for the right and the good, he says; and if his most cherished and strongest convictions were an issue in a campaign, and the people declared against them, he would begin to doubt them. The people generally, it seems, by some mysterious process, obtain wisdom and scientific information from a source entirely inaccessible to poor individual mortals, for whom it is impossible to form any valuable opinions except by study, mental work, and varied experience. Mr. Parton contemptuously refers to the Protectionist school, and believes in free trade. Yet, though the argument of the learned economists and able writers who stand for protection failed to convince Mr. Parton of the good of protection, he would begin to doubt his free trade theories if this mass of ignorant and illiterates people should vote for protection.

In theology Mr. Parton is a freethinker, but in politics he is a slave of the blindest superstition.

The debate at the last meeting of the Anarchists' Club between Victor Yarros and E. M. White upon the Henry George remedy for social ills drew a large audience in spite of the severe storm. In opening in opposition to the land-value tax Mr. Yarros suffered from the disadvantage of having to devote a portion of his time to a statement of the position which he intended to attack. Nevertheless, in the time left him, he assailed it with such severity that Mr. White did not deem prudent to try to parry them, but devoted nearly all his effort to combating the free money theory, which was not at all in question at the time. Mr. Yarros, in his subsequent speeches, strove hard to hold his opponent to the matter in hand, but in vain; Mr. White remained possessed of the idea that he had been challenged to attack Anarchism instead of to defend the George theory of taxation. At the next meeting of the Club, to be held in Coisman Hall, 170 Tremont Street, on Sunday, January 15, at half past three o'clock, II. M. Beare will read a paper entitled, "Monopoly the Foundation of Usury." Mr. Beare has given a great deal of thought to the money question, and all that he has to say upon it is well worthy of attention.

That is a very important point which Ernest Leseigne discusses in his "Bibliotheca Letter" printed in last number. The main strength of the argument for State Socialism has always resided in the claim, till lately undisputed, that the permanent tendency of progress in the production and distribution of wealth is in the direction of more and more complicated and costly processes, requiring greater and greater concentration of capital and labor. But, as M. Leseigne points out, the idea is beginning to dawn upon minds—that there are scientists who even profess to demonstrate it by facts—that the tendency referred to is but a phase of progress, and one which will not endure. On the contrary, a reversal of it is confidently looked for. Processes are expected to become cheaper, more compact, and more easily manageable, until they shall again come within the capacity of individuals and small combinations. Such a reversal has already been experienced in the course taken by improvements in implements and materials of destruction. Military progress was for a long time toward the complex and the large scale, requiring immense armies and vast outlays. But the tendency of more recent discoveries and devices has been toward placing individuals on a par with armies by enabling them to wield powers which no aggregation of troops can withstand. Already, it is believed, Lieutenant Zulinski with his dynamite gun could shield any seaport against the entire British navy. With the supplanting of steam by electricity and other advances of which we know not, it seems more than likely that the constructive capacity of the individual will keep pace with his destructive. In that case what will become of State Socialism?

A Proudhon Class has been in operation in Boston for several weeks, and has already demonstrated beyond dispute its value as a means of propaganda. Among its members are included, besides several well-known Anarchists who are not sufficiently familiar with French to study Proudhon satisfactorily by themselves, a prominent State Socialist (perhaps the ablest in Boston), a strong believer in the land-value tax, a bourgeois of liberal and humanitarian tendencies, a recent convert from Greenbackism to the free-money theory, several studious working men and women, and representatives of the editorial staffs of three prominent Boston dailies. The number of members is restricted to twelve,—a number well adapted for easy conversational discussion,—and the class is full. The method pursued is a simple one. A member already tolerably conversant with the writings of Proudhon, and able to render French in English with some degree of fluency, reads aloud, at the weekly meetings of the class, successive instalments or chapters of one of Proudhon's works, devoting to the book as many evenings as are necessary to finish it. Whenever any inquiry or comment occurs, the member, he is expected to promptly interrupt the reader, state his difficulty or suggestion, and gain or throw what light he can by an immediate interchange of views with the other members. The author's stimulating sentences occasion frequent episodes of this character, from which even those who have already studied Proudhon glean much profit. The book chosen as the first to be thus read is the "General Idea of the Revolution in the Nineteenth Century," generally considered the best book of Anarchism ever printed. The members show the greatest interest in it, and it is plain that those who do not accept the author's ideas are steadily gaining a clearer conception of that to which they are opposed. Now, there being nothing so helpful to truth, nothing so disastrous to error, as clear conceptions, the Proudhon Class, within its sphere, is necessarily a potent agency for good, which ought to be speedily utilized by Anarchists wherever the plan is feasible.

"Knoch die Anarchie!"

"Knoch die Anarchie!" cried Engel. "As he runs to meet his fate, Perishing for Truth and Justice, Victim of the tyrant's hate."

Spoke thus proudly to his freemen, Sent the war-cry that gave
Ringing from the gloomy galleries As he stepped into the air.

Sent the words to every people Who shall seek for Freedom's light, Who can shudder tyrant's emblems And emerge from Error's night.

Ever will that dying challenge, Sent to tyrants everywhere, Roll abroad the coming ages And re-echo on the air.

Fischer, Engel, Spies, and Parsons, Linneg, the bravest of all, Standing up, braving death, As Perishing at Freedom's call.

Shall they die and be forgotten? Shall the battle-cry they gave Die upon our lips in silence, And go with them to the grave?

Shall the coward march of progress Stop at tyrant's cursed "Must?" Shall eternal Truth be transmuted And be trampled into dust?

Never, while the soil of freemen Glows red with martyrs' blood, Never, while the banner waves, Shall to shed their crimson food.

Rise, my comrades! Rise, ye brave ones! Fight the monster more and more, Let us more the glad earth trample With the sound of Freedom's shout.
IRELAND!
By GEORGE SAUTON.
Transliterated from the French for Liberty by Sarah H. Holmes.
Continued from No. 115.

A week doubtless, hunger destroying all, little by little, before twisting in you these convulsions of unheard-of sufferings which still are not the last, and are followed by intolerable, increasing exhaustion and an agony which is death coupled with the miseries of the sufferer.

And she began to curse Troop's granddaughter, who would not have him, but remained as insensible to his prayers as to his threats, and who, certainly, had listened to the words of a noble, gifted, and, in truth, this foolish old woman: that was only to direct suspicion. ... Who knew if a sudden enticement had not thrown her into the arms of an English soldier?

"It sounds like fire!" said Brailleville, frightened.

"Before leaving," cried Eliza, "let me beseech thee!"

"Oh! the execrable woman, who has ligited a fire by which you will be devoured, Marian, by which you will be devoured alive! A! why, why did you take on fire?"

"Because I love you!" said the young girl, gently.

CHAPTER XIII.

Still again the fortunes of war had turned.

Surprised in certain combats, betrayed by auxiliaries imprudently enlisted in the service of the insurrection, fired by the first engagement, disbanded in a "save-himself-who-can" way disastrous in its result,—the Irish, under the guidance of the English, abandoning the positions which they had orders to guard and to contest, but also took back during the night the few arms and munitions of which their comrades in arms, and, without other defenses than pikes against a strong enemy furnishing with guns of rare precision and provided with respectable artillery, the troops of the coercion were forced to struggle, foot by foot, by a constantly increasing number of English divisions reinforced from all sides.

Around Cumal ton-Park there was the same sudden downfall; landed surreptitiously, while the castle was in flames, regiments, attacking the insurgents unexpectedly, had defeated and routed them, and were now reorganizing the country, defeated and routed on all sides, were then in retreat, scattered, defeated by the upshot of battle, and, besides, the loss of blood, consumed by the fever of their wounds, dying of hunger and cold in the severe temperature which prevailed.

And the republic was now in the hands of the combatants, to those whose hands were only too known, even after being bathed with care, the dirt of the powder in the folds of their rough coat, or the blisters made by the pikes upon the epidermis; they arrested all who belonged to the "champion of women," the men who had gone back into the country, and the others, refugees or those who remained in their huts,—the women, the children, the poor, as well as the men! But now, for the first time, the English, in the same spirit, had leaped to prison, exile, or execution after a show of absolu trials, followed each other along the roads, in the morning mist, over the ground hardened by the frost, which, with the rain, increased the intensity. Not from pity, but for two reasons: they did not fall, overcome with stiffness, the soldiers-jalliers, when a little wood was within reach, lit light fires at which they were permitted permission to lay out their freezing limbs at a distance, and there remained constantly, behind the column, those whose feet refused service, and who were soon stretched on the rugged earth, hardening there, taking the form of a black coat, a sleeveless coat, in the regular forms of branches, a thick coat, a sleeveless coat, in the innumerable detachments, the severity towards the vanquished enemy was complicated with an ironical cruelty. When those who were so painfully chilled, overcome by suffering, begged permission to approach the fire, they invited them ceremoniously.

"How then have I a right to it in exchange for the warning given to Sir Edmund by his Lady Nugent for the flames till the latter lickered their clothes: and some were burned frightfully, amid the coarse and noisy militia of their executioners.

They put an end to their tortures of the damned, equally with a joke.

"They are too warm, cool them again now!" and, with a blow of a gun, they would kill them, or draw their blood by piercing them with bayonets.

The English had less scruples, and, if they sometimes abandoned themselves to deplorable atrocities, it was not from native ferocity, but often for diversion.

From time to time they would feign a lack of watchfulness, in order that one of their captives might attempt to escape, and when he had gone so far as to convince the possibility of salvation, the most skilful shot would lay a wager on the one who should send, without demolishing him, the most morally discouraging balls: in the legs first, without breaking them, in order to retard him; in the head, without striking an organ essential to life. The unskilful one who killed the run-away or even broke the bones in his legs lost and paid.

All this without hatred, but, on the contrary, with a certain esteem for the enemy whom they have no desire to annihilate, or firmness of soul in adversity, or indomitable courage when put to the test.

The business, moreover, demanded severities, without which the prisoners would not have known the rigor of which the English spared none, and for which they were accustomed to carry the measure.

Their spirit of revolt, in spite of all disappointments and the defeat from which it would doubtless take some years to recover, was not completely subdued, but, manifested itself in good revenge, which soldiers of order must not tolerate.

"Are we going to take root here!" said a sergeant after a halt too far prolonged.

"It is freezing hard enough to break a stone.

"But not hard enough to break your heart," responded one of the prisoners.

"Come, old man, forward!" commanded the same sergeant, roughly handling a poor man of seventy years, famished and worn with suffering.

"My legs refuse to do service," replied the old man. "Finish me!"

"No yet!" assured an officer. "You must have participated in more than ten revolts to merit this."

"Let us both carry it," cried a tall lad, offering his shoulder to his grandfather to support him: "I will be in all the revolts to come."

"Yes, sir!" replied a splendid rebel, with a crimson neck and bearing fruit.

"Freeze," they said, and the band would move on, abandoning the sad human skull.

And it was in this way that one morning, ten days after the fire at Cumal ton Park, a woman, carefully wrapped in ragged shawls, her face veiled, resisted every soldier who exhorted her to return to her hovel, to the pile of stones on which she was leaning, crouched in a heap, her face on her knees, clasping her legs with her arms and folded hands.
THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

APPENDIX.

II.

REPLY TO THE TRIBUNE BY MR. ANDREWS.

Continued from No. 116.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:—

You recently bestowed three columns and a half upon a notice of "Equitable Commerce; a New Development of Principles Proposed as Elements of New Society," the detailed notice of the "Terminal Government" and "Cost the Limit of Price,"—works upon the same general subject,—"The Science of Society," by myself. The criticism may be regarded as relatively friendly by Mr. Warren, and it is this misappropria- tion which lies at the bottom of the hasty decision he has rendered upon the System of Principles brought to his attention, which being rectified, the decision will have another ground as it has a moral and emotional basis. As this is the subject of the whole matter at issue, therefore, let us endeavor to make it a little clear.

We do not deny your right to the product, and the full product of your labor. You have the right, if you choose, to retain the whole. The possession is yours; we do not question your right to dispose of it as you please. You are, in a sense, the owner of your property. You may use it as you please, and if you determine to dispose of it, we do not require nor insist in any manner upon your disposing of it otherwise than upon any terms that you choose, if you can find a purchaser. We do not oppose a feather's weight to your entire freedom. We commit no encroachment upon the fullest exercise of your Individual Sovereignty. We do not do so, because we wish to encroach upon your right; we do not wish to encroach upon it, but because you have the faculty of taking it from your own hands, and giving it to others; because you have the faculty of using it for your own profit, not for your benefit.

Will the man who shall communicate that knowledge to you thereby commit any breach of your Individual Sovereignty, provided he "adapts the supply to the demand"? It appears to me as if the man who was aware of the Principle of Physiognomy which demands the ventilation of houses, is that "a great violation of the sovereignty of the Individual?" If I understand to "adapts the supply to the demand," I have, in a sense, the right to communicate the knowledge and apply it; and the knowledge, voluntarily, in concert or separately, enlarge your windows or otherwise modify their residences to assure this desirable end, is there any surrender of Individual Sovereignty? Will your Individual Sovereignty be pro- Received and conserve the good of all. I do not regard the right to purchase as the right to sell. I do not regard the right to be sold as the right to purchase. It is, in short, to the best interests of all men that their individual rights are respected, that the principle of the law is not disposed of, or purchased, or sold, but that it is respected by all men, and that it is, therefore, either right or best that all men should retain all their own products, and that there should be no commerce whatsoever. Neither does it follow, if you can sell any man products, that you must sell products in any manner that he pleases; but that it is, therefore, either right or best that he should sell
Liberty.  

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"An abolishing real and internal, the last vestiges of old-time elo- 

sency, the subdued and unobtrusive sound of the con- 

fidence, the scar of the microscope, the club of the policeman, the 

masculinity of the gun, the usage of the sword.  These are the 

all those illusions of Polities, which young Liberty grinds beneath her 

heel."—FRIEDOHN.

Anarchy in German.  

Early in the spring, probably in March, there will be issued from this office the first number of a fortnightly Anarchistic Journal, to be called Liberty, but to be printed entirely in the German Language.  Though the new paper will be under the same general management that controls the English Liberty, its active editors will be George Schumann and Emma Schamm, who are coming to Boston from Minnesota to undertake the work.  The paper will be of the same shape and size as the English Liberty, and the two will alternate in the order of publication,—the English appearing one week and the German the next.  The subscription price will be one dollar a year.  Send in your subscriptions at once to Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 336, Boston, Mass.

For the First and Last Time.

When the Chicago "Alarm" was revived by Dyer B. Lum, Liberty gave it a cordial greeting, welcoming it not as the Comstockian organ which it once was, but as the journal of genuine Anarchism which it seemingly had become.  For sole acknowledgment of this friendly salutation, the "Alarm" contained a paragraph from which not one of several intelligent people to whom it was shown realized that it equaled or surpassed the fact, upon which all agreed, that it was intended as a sinner.  Liberty's greeting, however, was criticized—and very justly—by E. C. Walker in "Lucifer" as not wholly warranted, in view of the fact that the initial number of the "Alarm" contained paragraphs which, if not savouring of Comunism, at least tended to confound it with Anarchism.  I was forced to recognize the inconsistency, but I sought to explain it on the hypothesis that Mr. Lum, while really holding sound principles, was sometimes willing to obscure them under the influence of a mistaken spirit of chivalry toward the Chicago victims.  It now appears—and one needs but to read the scathing letter of Mr. Tarros to Mr. Lum in another column to be abundantly convinced of the correctness of that hypothesis—Mr. Lum's conduct was far too charitable.  His frequent, petted, and too evidently malicious sneers at Liberty and its propagandas,—but for which he today would know no more of Anarchism than he knows of intellectual honesty,—were wellnigh with his fearfulness to his abundantly in others who give him their support the expression of views identical with those which he contemptuously condemns when declared by those whom he prefers to consider as rivals dangerous to his designs, show that he is trying to curry favor where he can and deliberately subordinating all considerations of justice and decency to the success of his newspaper enterprise, regardless of peripetity and consistency.  Such conduct, generally speaking, is beneath notice.  It receives notice here simply because my recent remarks regarding Mr. Lum cannot stand unqualified.  But hereafter he may fling his gibes as he will; this is their first, and will remain their last, consideration at my hands.

Vengeance.

An Open Letter to the COMMUNIST-ANARCHISTS of CHICAGO.

War and authority are companions; peace and liberty are companions.  Bloodshed in itself is pure loss.  

B. R. Tucker.

At the mouth of the tomb, in the very presence of your spirits, you will hear words swelling in your ears, "take emotions of joy and gloom, of glory and regret, of pride and pain, the echoes of those noble dying words still throbbing in your ears, you, the Communist-Anarchists of Chicago, found yourselves face to face with the stern question: 'What now? Men of Anarchy, will you have revenge?'

And in voices loud or low, fiercely, sternly, solemnly, you took the awful oath: 'We will!'

And we too, the Individualist-Anarchists of the world, who had loved and 'scored these dead heroes, though we could not save their lives, in all those walks with them, echoed after you the solemn vow: 'We will!'

But how? The question of methods now becomes paramount.  Shall it be by war? Shall we, with the Robert Hetlars, "drown America in blood" and "learn to bitterly hate'? Shall we pursue these men, who have slain our beloved, with the secret awful shadow of our implacable vengeance? Shall the bludgeon smite them down in the darkness, the terrible volleys of dynamite roar out their doom in the still hours of mid-night?  Or shall we raise ourselves in our might, in hordes, like howling wolves of the steppe; and, in a revolution blood-warm, blood-frighted and torch-blackened, lay their cities, their dangerous, their courthouses, palaces, and drawing-rooms, in smoking ruins, tear their armies and police forces into bloody fragments, and thus, by the awful forces of Hate and Fire, avenge the dead and make Liberty live? With pale, set faces, with eyes black with fury, between their clenched teeth, thousands have answered: 'Yes!' but unhesi-
tatingly, emphatically, we answer: 'No!'  

Yet if ever, from the dawn of history, there was a deed so perpetrated on men so innocent that it was held to undoubtedly justify war, this judicial crime must rank its peer.  The tyrant hand of Power was stretched out for blood, and the veins of our brav-
est and most eloquent were emptied to fill the empy.

In the course of the trials, our injured friend has bloodshed ever done? What stains has it ever wiped away—

nay, has it not simply hidden them 'neath a darker blot? Let us have done with the foolish fiction of blood-atonement, in all its forms, once and forever.

You tell me that war has overthrown dynasties, broken down thrones, slain tyrants, exterminated armies, liberated nations.  Granted; but what are all these worth? It has overturned kings that other monarchs might rule; from its broken thrones other monarchs have arisen.  Peace, after an age of war, is an age of peace.  Like dead flies, have only bred others and more; for every army it destroys it calls ten thousand into existence, and its liberated nations have never been liberated peoples.

You say that by conflict and struggle humanity has developed strength and secured survival of its fit-

test.  Something in that, too.  The struggle with man, like the struggle with nature, has developed muscles, brain, and courage; but that does not prove that the brute and the braver are equally poor in such results, and vastly more expensive in obtaining them, than the struggle with nature.  Evil tends ever, like the castra's root, to evaporate its poison and become good, while the poison remains it is evil still.  Human good is human happiness, and the happiness that comes by war has come mainly in spite of it.  It may sound sentimental to say so, but I sincerely be-

lieve that the tender love and forgiving pity of women and the helpless cries of babes have done more for the development and perpetuation of every thing worthy in human nature than all the furious passions, brutal blows, and savage hates of men from time beyond speech.  The gentle scholar, sitting in his quiet room, questioning nature as to her secrets, and teaching his fellows how to reply, is in much more for liberty than would a judgment of God that should slay with fire every ruler on the round earth from the Czar to a Chi-
cago policeman.  If knowledge in general is worth so much, the value of knowledge in particular, of science applied to the teaching of the common people of the organization of free men, is altogether beyond calculation.

The world has had enough of blood.  For untold ages the daily sun has looked down upon human be-

ings struggling in deadly fight; from untold time it has shone upon the smoke and dust of battle-
fields and ridden in theArnath and Mill, through mists of carnage.  Night after night the far-

moon has shone on wall and camp, glittered on helmet and blade, or turned pale in the light of burning fires.  For thousands on thousands of years the white, set faces of the slain have stared vacantly at the blue sky of day and the jewelled stars of night; the fountain of wounds has flowed perpetually; the groans of the dying have never stopped, the wall of the widows and orphans has never ceased.  What good has it all done? Is it not all a hopeless waste?

Time was when a martial man possessed me.  I worshipped Force and believed in its salvation.  I fretted like a war-horse at the ringing roll of the drums and the braven clamor of the shrill-hipped bugle.  I was dismayed like the leash when I heard the measured tramp of armed heels, saw the waving plumes and banners, the prancing steeds, and the glittering steel.  Alas! my enthusiasm was but the brainless fancy of a fool.  There is a dasnable incoherence about the present ambition of war more unhellish than hashesh, more insane than opium or al-
cohol.  It overcomes the reason like the ludicrous fumes of a poison.  It tempts us to our doom like a whirlpool or a giddy height.

Comrades, it is just the same old intoxication in war that makes it fatally dangerous to us.  It destroys individu-
ality and blots the growth of the independent rea-

son.  It draws men in shouting insane herds to work the will of their crafty and merciless masters.  The soldier reckers nothing of liberty, and cannot.  He is drunk with force.  He is alternately, and at the same time, a slave and a tyrant.  He is a robber without remorse, a murderer without compunction, an inen-

diary without inducement.  He abdicates his free will.  Wherefore he is but a dog, serv-
ing those whom his master directs.  He is as much a machine of death and pain as the musket he carries.

Assassination has something to be said in its favor.  Assassins have done some good work for liberty.  The assassin retains and develops his reason and individu-

ality.  As the third step in his career (after prepara-

tion and action) is martyrdom, he develops moral courage of the highest type.  If what he should be, he is, like Britus, a prince among men.  But this remedy is better than the poison.  It would be common and often repeated.  This cannot be.  It is probably too contrary to the ordinary habits and instincts of humanity to be so.  The assassin for liberty, worthy of the name, is a seldomly pouting.  The qualities ne-

cessary to human beings enough to support one for the life that an assassin carries one with any comfort.  There is too much good stuff in the assassin for him to be wasted in that way.  He is worth too much as a teacher and agitator of quiet revolt revolution to throw away his life trying to make his inch of life worth a grain of his death.  The social disease he does but little, even if moderately, and in all the events his act provokes a terrible retaliation from those he angers upon those he loved; every screw of government is given a tighter turn.  Worst of all, it horifies too many of those we wish to win, and makes them stand aloof.  It is all too insufficient, too expen-

sive.  Let us have done with it.

Liberty begins in the brain, and throes in the heart,
and works in the hand of the individual. Every wise and comprehensive thought, every gentle and loving sentiment, every high and lofty generation, and every tender sympathy and refined aspersion,—all these make way for Liberty. Every whisper of self-interest draws her like a magnet; every fearless word and expression of individuality puts one by her side; every endeavor to break down the dignity and contract with others because he believes that their happiness is indispensable to his, makes way for Liberty; and everything that obstructs his individuality and makes him heedless of the sympathies that bind him to his fellows, in matter how slight a degree, makes against her. Individuality, solidarity, these two; war destroys both, and assassination cuts through the latter.

If we, then, who love Liberty and follow her, though we never be far off; if we who have her light in our hearts, though it be ever so feeble; if we consent to become assassins and soldiers, slaves and tyrants, and destroy the soul-loving and with justice; that the world is as it was before, and we were, and the whole sad business is to do over again.

You cannot be free unless your fellows are. You cannot trust men by free trusting them; you cannot trust by holding them; and every time that you stir up their stupid, stubborn, blind passions in the matter of Liberty, you succeed only in putting a stumbling block in her path. She can come only by the evolution, growth, and development of men's minds and hearts, and not by an abrupt generation, and their conclusions date from an earl period when the 18th century.

The revival of the memories of the Revolution was just as true when the American people were a nation as when they were a state. The revolutionaries, the suppression of servitude and privileged class, the proclamation of liberty for all, of equal rights for all, the disappearance of aristocracy.

Every influential man thus won is worth more than the taking of a city,—is a gain for all time.

No one knows how a contest of arms will end. It may end in victory or defeat. If we are drawn into war, if we take the sword, we may perish by the sword; our flags may be captured, our cannon dismantled. But if we are beside all threats and dreads of violence, the world will be more perfect.

The high claim and also the number of masters.

A new aristocracy has arisen, and a new sovereign, a democratic aristocracy, a prejudice race, with no thought less of man than of a beast of burden, for beasts had to be bought while men could be had for nothing; irrepressible, because the preachers of millions who had to dedicate the slave and protect the serf, it had found a way of avoiding every kind of obligation to the proletariat.

And yet the man who had stopped for the favor of peopling these modern dunes, of rousing in these galleys; they rushed, jolted one another, and fought at the doors to get out.

And this was because the growth of all these high chimneys had carried hunger into many laborers' homes; the connecting rod of the great engine had replaced human arms. There are no longer slaves to make out the work of the factories, instruments, vials of the monkey machine, servants of the master of this monster.

Those eager for the sons of the revolutionists, reflected; and those who were to become communists and their collectiveists were made daily by the noise which became of those modern dunes that rose in black spots, like prairie on a soil green only the day before. They had no care, no anxiety save on account of this plague of an aristocracy which every day increased more, and this other plague of an enslaved proletariat.

That was the fault of the time; what would the future be, if this union should not be ordered in some way?

And straightforward they concluded:

"Since the aristocracy assumes more and more capital, and it will soon come when it will have taken everything and when the nation will form two nations,—one a minority possessing everything, and the other living at the mercy of the first. This matter will have to be arranged, then; and since machinery is the cause of this cursed aristocracy, with its everlasting, its universal, and since machines nevertheless are indispensable, we will keep the machines, but we will abolish the aristocracy. How? By burnishing it, the State, to the government, all the means of production."

Wheure a multitude of systems, solidly built, very fine on paper, would be also very dangerous in practice, for the tyranny of the aristocracy, so much to be dreaded, they substitute the tyranny of political power, no less dreadful, no less iniquitous, odious, degrading, no less detestable.

Ah! let us beware of deductions!

Now, while the blunted aristocracy took from the belly after the fashion of theEugénie, and the system-makers systematized, a multitude of good people of a practical turn, handlers of tools, men of education, small mechanics, engineers, who had not the remotest intention of allowing themselves to be devoured by the capitalist ogre or enslaved by the communistic depend, set to work as soon as the first moment of empire was lost.

At all times there have been these temperaments of free men willing to remain free; they conquered the aristocracy more and less the monarchial State; they will conquer the aristocracy of the nineteenth century, and will keep the dreams of communistic despotism in the cloudy realm of the imagination, more or less magnificent, more or less monarchical, monarchical, and show their superiority over the masters, who have in them a very fine armament. They will learn what it is to be masters, and shields were to your predecessors. The vicissitudes could be no impression on them.

The industrial fathers of so-called scientific collectivism— Karl Marx, for instance, to cite only one name—belonged to that generation, and the prophetic word of the prophet, and their conclusions date from an earl period when the 18th century.

The revival of the memories of the Revolution was just as true when the American people were a nation as when they were a state. The revolutionaries, the suppression of servitude and privileged class, the proclamation of liberty for all, of equal rights for all, the disappearance of aristocracy.

To be sure, there was that seen in this nobility of the past aged by an aristocracy of military braggarts; to be sure, they had seen it coming back, short-winded, in the enemy's vans; but the alleged thing was just as true, there were still, though there were still a king, at least there were no more lords.

They were marching at a rapid pace towards complete equality.

Suddenly arose an unknown thing, a sort of elevated tower, such as the old masters had, with a high pinnacle. And walls rose all around it, bare, as cold as those of a fort. The walls opened and closed at fixed hours, and under the ancient pass word multitudes, emancipated, deified, bent, and one could not tell whether it was fear or fatigue that prevented them from straightening up their bodies. In these modern cars the lord. A new servitude was born.

The high claim and also the number of masters.

A new aristocracy has arisen, brutal, monopolizing, coarse, plundering, arrogant, without bowels, inhuman, unscrupulous, unmeasured, and a predatory race, where the thoughts of man is less than that of a beast of burden, for beasts had to be bought while men could be had for nothing; irrepressible, because the preachers of millions who had to dedicate the slave and protect the serf, it had found a way of avoiding every kind of obligation to the proletariat.

And yet the man who had stopped for the favor of peopling these modern dunes, of rousing in these galleys; they rushed, jolted one another, and fought at the doors to get out.

And this was because the growth of all these high chimneys had carried hunger into many laborers' homes; the connecting rod of the great engine had replaced human arms. There are no longer slaves to make out the work of the factories, instruments, vials of the monkey machine, servants of the master of this monster.

Those eager for the sons of the revolutionists, reflected; and those who were to become communists and their collectiveists were made daily by the noise which became of those modern dunes that rose in black spots, like prairie on a soil green only the day before. They had no care, no anxiety save on account of this plague of an aristocracy which every day increased more, and this other plague of an enslaved proletariat.
them upon the very worst principle that can be conceived of. It can not be rightly said that man has a right to do wrong; but every man has the freedom to do wrong. In other words, he has the right not to be interfered with by the exercise of his own judgment of right, although it may lead him to do what all the world would consider wrong, as long as he does not use any force or fraud. And this freedom is provided only that he acts at his own cost, that is, that he do not the burdensome consequences of his acts on others.

Having thus completely disposed of the charge that the "Cost Principle" is per se immoral, let us now consider the question, what is the right Principle to regulate the exchange of products between man and man? I ask this question, not for the purpose of enforcing upon man what is essential to his happiness, but for the purpose of satisfying the moral and intellectual wants of the community. For I have found no other way of understanding the exchange of equivalent Costs or Burdens. One is the Value Principle, the other is the Cost Principle. The one now prevails in the world, the other we contend for—let it be remembered, to enforce it upon any body, but as the true or right thing. I have found no less than two hundred and fourteen pages absolutely requisite to set forth the truth concerning it, and I cannot rest until the whole question is put in print. I cannot repeat (in a newspaper article) what I have thus said. I can not conceive how, having read the book, you could simply reject the old theory, the wrong thing, for the moral and intellectual consequences of such a rejection are too grave to be overlooked. It is equally inconceivable how, having read the book, you could reject the simplicity, the obvious truth, and the high harmonious results of the Cost Principle. In short, I can not understand how, with your alleged superior knowledge and capacity, you can reject such a scheme as this.

10. Does not Anarchism, in the true sense, mean liberty of individual production and exchange, without any coercion? Experience has taught me not to expect far-sighted and regard for consistency from you in pacifism. I had reason to believe that evasion, artful dodging, and discreet silence would constitute the main part of your answer to my letter; and you have not disappointed me. But, even as it stands, you are still not clear enough. You have not denied the possibility of deliberate, intentional falsification and misrepresentation of facts, of glazing self-contradiction, of juggling with words, and of contemptible trickery. You thus answer me:

1. Not being a "ranger" of Kentucky, I am not prepared to expound the views of Most, and as Parsons was quite ignorant I have not the encyclopedic knowledge to tell the difference between them.

2. I think very likely.

3. I do not know of any such thing as a "ranger" in Kentucky.

4. Yes.

5. Virtually, yes; you have never deemed the matter of sufficient importance to undergo a change of convictions.

6. I do not know of any such thing as a "ranger" in Kentucky, but as the authorities confounded the files I cannot refer to them.

7. Yes

8. You should not answer this in a nonsensical, and do not deem it of sufficient importance to write a pamphlet on the subject.

9. I neither know nor care.

10. Yes.

Were we now to say, as I think, that the dead revolutionists knew nothing of the principles of scientific Anarchism, freely advocated Archiatic and despotic measures, and, calling themselves anarchy, have misrepresented the true philosophy of Individualism, as taught and defended by Friederich, Warren, Green, Andrews, Spooner, Herbert, and others, of which they never betrayed a comprehensive conception, as "bureaucrats," anti-Socialistical, and non-revolutionary, I would condemn them for the want of consistency of the individuals. Why, realizing the falsity of the dictum, you did break out in a malicious and gratuitous attack upon those who, respecting Ligg and his true merits and giving him credit for his genuine communications with our Society, sought for by those who have a demand for true relations among men, and with a real success which will dispense with all criticisms at an early day. The time is not distant when the facts will show that the "Cost Principle" as a failure, will be quoted among the Curiosities of Literature.

Neither Fish Nor Flesh.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DEREK D. LUM, EDITOR OF THE "ALARM"

Sir,

In No. 3 of your paper you printed an article on the "Chicago Anarchists," which occurred the following passage:

I am pleased to see that we have the strong support of the "Socialist" or "Communist" who is expressing his opinion in a public way and is making use of both words. But I hope you will be able to see that the "Cost Principle" was a failure, and that the "Socialist" is facing the truth.

The inference is, of course, that you do not use the "questionable designation" and do not "brand their assertions" regarding their being Anarchists "as false, or to imply that they were unable to indicate their own position in Socialism."

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I am not at a loss to see how the "Socialist" or "Communist" who is expressing his opinion in a public way and is making use of both words. But I hope you will be able to see that the "Cost Principle" was a failure, and that the "Socialist" is facing the truth.

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Doubtless the number of readers of your paper, not acquainted with your past record or with the teachings of the men you understand to defend, accepted your statement as truthful and accurate.

But as I happen to know that all of your statements in the article, without a single exception, were utterly and totally based on hearsay testimony of fact, and as I feel certain that you know that the "Socialist" or "Communist" who is expressing his opinion in a public way and is making use of both words. But I hope you will be able to see that the "Cost Principle" was a failure, and that the "Socialist" is facing the truth.

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LIBERTY. 116.

Pray, whom do you expect to deceive? Those who know little about the labor movement, who simply "want to know," and to whom the difference between trade-unionism and Anarchism is the same as the difference between a beagle and a fox (as your own statement), are bound to find out sooner or later that the "saints" who are "not altogether unknown in this country" are thieves of Anarchists, from whom the editor of the "Alarm" received his first lessons, and the only true representatives of the movement which aims to abolish all authority. Those who believe in the Communism of Parson and Smith will not readily accept their denial of the state memory by interrepresenting them, and cover up their beliefs by to make them appear lawful. As to those few real Anarchists who are known in this country, I can only point out to you in the hope of seeing it ultimately conquer the narrow-minded and ignorant, they will abandon you as soon as they realize the harm you are doing to their cause. They are not likely to allow you to virtually say that a man can be both a State Socialist and an Anarchist, and to make common cause with the men you honestly believe to be your enemies. They will not stay with you.

Reverence for the dead is no apology, no ground, for such vexatious, double-faced dealing, spiteful and unmanly conduct, or, I suppose, any other kind of behavior. The dead demands that the truth be told about them, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It signifies little to which they are to be torn. But, if we conduct ourselves with the required truth, they shall not make a State Socialist and an Anarchist, and to make common cause with the men.

The Palmer-Carnegie Incident.

Things move. When Mr. Carnegie, the Pittsburgh iron magnate, decided to attend the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, in Mr. Palmer's own house, so savagely, the other night, we suspected there was some personal feeling involved. One day, Mr. Carnegie is a gentleman, or he would not have so grossly insulted Mr. Palmer under the conditions named. Mr. Palmer is as a gentleman as ever lived, and it is unfortunate that he invited such a boor to his hospitable mansion.

However, he deserves some punishment. He is trying to ride between two horseshoes, as is evident from his declaring, as a report, that "I am as much Mr. Anarchist as I am not an Anarchist."

"As a matter of fact, he must be one or the other. Socialists is that condition in which law rules, coerding the individual to conformity with false principles to its legitimate consequences the complete enmity of the individual for the glory of the aggregation is Socialism. Anarchy is the precise antithesis of Socialism. It recognizes no right of man to govern or rule his fellow, and proclaims the inferiority of the individual. With this condition comes liberty, love, and the happiness of the individual. This does away with force and law, and consequent loss of wealth and power. Mr. Palmer believes in government and consequently in law, and of necessity in a Socialist. So is Mr. Carnegie. Therefore, the Nineteenth Century Club was not just an instance of a man who is a man.

Mr. Carnegie is a gentleman, or he would not have so grossly insulted Mr. Palmer under the conditions named. Mr. Carnegie, belongs to the class of so-called "philanthropers," and no one needs look to him. He would take several generations of the Carnegie to approximate the Palmer of today.

D.

If my correspondents, in referring to Socialism, mean the Socialism of Karl Marx, I beg to differ.

But such a use of the word is unwarrantable, in my view. It is true that General Walker and some others have defined Socialism as exactly co-extensive with governmental control, but they can give no valid reason why the definition properly includes all plans for the furtherance of human welfare which satisfy the two following conditions: 1. that of acting, not directly upon the nature of individuals, but upon their relations and environment; 2. that of acting upon either the capital or labor of society to prevent the acquisition of wealth and property.

And this success was maintained, thanks to Mr. Charles's arm of steel and his strong paternal administration; while Madame Camus, the widow of a rich, old, unsavory citizen, with eyes open in every direction, allowing nothing to be wasted, and at the same time not too watchful in detecting petty thefts from the Alimentary.

In less than twenty-five years the Badenius saved sixty thousand dollars; and then they began to think of satisfying the demands of their son, an invalid old man, and of an old maid, aunts and flowers and birds. But they were detained two years longer by inability to find a purchaser for No. 10 at the high price they set upon it. Was it not enough to bear the heart-breaking to have to abandon to unknown hands, in which perhaps it would degenerate, an establishment made up of the best of themselves and yielding a larger income than a farm? At the time of his arrival at Chatsworth, Mr. Charles had a daughter, Ettala, whom he placed with the Sisters of the Visitation, at Chateauroux. It was a piano teaching-school. He put her, but when he came to know it was, and the next day when he took her away he married her to a young ex-cricketer, Hector Vorago, a handsome young fellow, who, espoused the甲nion by an extraordinary resolution; he was nearly thirty years old, and had a little girl of six in order of her own, Ettala, when informed at last of the nature of her father's intentions, asked for one month to think out her own accord to ask of him the preference. Why should the business go out of the family, seeing that it was so new and so profitable? All was settled, the Vorago's took the establishment, and within a month the Badenius had the great satisfaction of seeing their daughter, brought up among the Sisters, become a pupil of a superior house, thus happily compensating for the hardships of their son-in-law, who was destined to administrative capacity. It was now five years since they had retired into the country at Boulogne, where they were flattered by their daughter Ettala, whom they had placed in that school at the Chateauroux boarding-school, with the Sisters of the Visitation, there to be brought up religiously, according to the strictest principles of morality.

An Author Who Knows What's What.

I am no believer in government, and I do not see that one is better than another. I am no believer in treaties, for I do not know who draws them. The whole of this copyright business means State Socialism only, to the exclusion of any and every one else that he must be either an Anarchist or a Socialist. He may be neither, or either, or both. — ENTRON LIBERTY.
LIBERTY. 14.

Lysander Spooner's Pamphlets.

BOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SPOONER PUBLICATION FUND.

The undersigned has purchased from the heirs of the late Lysander Spooner, a large number of his pamphlets and unpublished manuscripts and proposes to sell the forerunner of the pamphlets for the publication of this pamphlet. The sale has given the interest of the world to the work of the deceased. The proceeds of the sale, with the exception of five or six which are entirely out of print, will be used to establish a Lysander Spooner Foundation, which will be used to promote the work of the deceased. Eight months after the publication of this pamphlet, the address of the publisher of the work will be sent to the subscriber to the date of publication.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

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By D. H. Henderson.

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