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A JOURNAL OF

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

WILLIAM RECEVES. 185, FLEET STREET. E.C.
WHY I AM A MEMBER OF THE I. L. P.
BY GRIFFITH DELL

I think, for the sake of clearness, I had better begin by defining Socialism as I understand it.

I do not regard Socialism as merely the "nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." That is only the scaffolding, so to speak, for the building of the beautiful fanze that will be true Socialism, which is a universally prevalent spirit of altruism and love. It is consequently impossible for Socialism in its fullest and truest sense to become an accomplished fact at the present time.

The social system of any country is the outcome of the national spirit, and, pessimistic though it may seem at first sight, I can come to no other conclusion than that, bad as it is now, our present organization is the reflection of the moral altitude of the mass of the people.

The hand of every man is against his neighbour in the fierce struggle for life, and it is only the exceptional man or woman who sees the hideousness of it all. Our national spirit is "each for himself." When it is "each for all" Socialism will be possible. And this I feel to be the most important part of our work, as true revolutionists—to educate, to enlighten, and to lift up, rather than to demonstrate scientifically: to appeal to that love of right and good which lies latent within the soul of every human being, rather than to the intellectual faculties: for, at the risk of being accused of being "sentimentalism," I must confess to being more of a moralist than an economist. To make English men and women brothers and sisters seems to me a shorter road to Socialism than to convince them of the impregnable of its economic basis. But here I would say that I do not expect nor desire every revolutionist to share any of my opinions, any more than I should expect or desire everyone to have red hair; for of all things let us have in the revolutionary ranks forbearance and charity one to another as comrades in very deed and not in word only.

I have not an exaggerated idea of the importance of the Independent Labour Party's position in the evolution of the perfected social state out of the present chaos. It is a small power striving toward light—one that will yield its body and fulfill its mission, and eventually vanish to make room for a mightier; but it is a body of men hammering together a little of that scaffolding whereby may arise Socialism that infinitely lovely fabric builded of noble souls of men and women, whose spire touches heaven indeed. And although I should take off my coat for scaffold-building, and work with my whole heart to get a Socialist majority returned to Parliament, yet, none the less, I have the firm conviction that true Socialism will never be attained by mere legislation, but only through that spirit of love and fraternity that I have spoken of.

But let us have Socialists everywhere, in Parliament as well as out of it.

Wherever you find a true Socialist you find a man willing to cheerfully do his share of the labor nature exacts from every child of her; one who will recognize an equal in every human being he meets, neither regarding his capacities nor weighing his virtues, but by reason of the divine spark which dwells within the human soul; one who hates wrong and all injustice and who loves right and freedom. I think that a man who holds principles like these, and pledges his honor to uphold them in that modern harbour of misery and injustice, which we call Parliament, is worthy of support; if he be a liar, then we will seek for an honest man.

To me it seems that, for the present, laws and government must be, and that Anarchism will be the final social condition for an uplifted people.

We have lost our Paradise through the oppression of tyrants and through laws made by evildoers. By the just laws framed by lovers of men must we be made worthy that Eden where alone no government will be necessary.

That such a time will come is certain. There is no ideal that the human soul is capable of conceiving that is impossible of realization.

But not yet. We must work and have patience, holding fast to the faith, with eyes steadfastly fixed on the light at the end of our path. We are but poor men and women; we cannot take one great step and be at our journey's end; it is a long, long way yet.

The first step seems to me to be—making people happier and better, by creating better and healthier and more beautiful surroundings, and—a majority of honest Socialists in Parliament would do this.

That is why I belong to the Independent Labour Party.

DRAWING THE LINE.

The uses of organisation are much insisted on by Parliamentary Socialists, and from their point of view these uses are of great importance. To get a multitude of men to act in unity for a common end seems at first mention an admirable thing, but cooperation is not in itself a novelty, nor is it always a blessing. We call nothing the kind good until we know its end. If the object of organisation be merely to elect a particular man or set of men to office, it is evident we should know something of the man, and something of the office they propose to fill, before we can get any enthusiasm for the preliminary organisation. Is the man good? Is the office necessary? Are questions needing to be answered before we can work the ganglia of capture. Men are so variable, and many of them so unreliable, that we prefer to save up, our enthusiasm for the more important and less changeable devotion to principles. Fling up our caps if you like for Tom, Dick, or Harry; we hold up our hands for certain principles to which we desire to have these men's assent. We will organise to advance our theories, but not to promote any set of men to office. Nor will we be bound on any consideration to vote for candidates we personally disapprove. It matters not how they label themselves, if they seem unfit to bring our principles into creditable action we claim liberty to stand aloof from them. Here we draw the line between the political parties and ourselves.

We decline to be organised for voting purposes; for educational ends we may or may not cooperate, but in all things we demand freedom. We do not wish to compel others to obey after our pattern. When the merits of a candidate are pressed on our attention we simply ask, Is he worth voting for? Can he do any good? At present nearly the whole energies of Legislative Socialists are devoted to getting certain men into office, and we cannot pull ourselves together for such a paltry object. The common use of organisation is to enable certain men to conveniently use certain other men for ignoble and personal ends. For that reason we are not having any. Nearly all cooperative effort of a worthy kind will command the united efforts of the people, and if any difference of opinion exist the people should be left to sift and settle the matter. R. G.

In Common-Sense Country, "as there was no mammon there were none of these dismal things which are eternal essentials where mammon reigns. There were no arsenals, no armies, no police, no spies; no banks, no prisons, no poachers, no thieves, no judges, no courts, no munitions, no confessions: no "rings," no strikes, no infernal machines, no gaolers. Common-sense found no sort of use in all these queer things. Common-sense knew by hearsay that the mammon could not reign without them: but then common-sense found no reason whatever for putting up with mammon, or paying its expenses."—L. S. Bavinburg.
CHRISTIAN ANARCHISM.

By J. C. Kenworthy.

In reply to Touzeau Parris, in October Liberty, it may be worth while to say a few words further on this matter of Christian Anarchism.

The reason why I do not call myself a Christian Anarchist is, that to do so would do more harm than good with the mass of people, who do not understand the term. I have not the slightest objection to those who understand the legitimate significance of the words so calling me. But I am not going out of my way to court misapprehension. I am content to be known as one who seeks to follow the Jesus of the Gospels: this seems to me, least open to misapprehension.

Why is our comrade Parris amused about the orthodox perverters of the gospel who "read black where you should read white"? It is a serious matter; rather more serious than if a body of commentators who should call—only call—themselves Socialists, were to construct a careful and deliberate "comment" on the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels, and show the document to be Ultra-Conservative, and an authorization to burn at the stake those who believe in common property in land and capital! It could be done! The Pope did just this with the will of Francis of Assisi. Surely, surely, much is gained by proving, as is quite simply done, that Jesus was in the very forefront of the revolution!

Comrade Parris "defies" me to prove that "men are the creation of an all-powerful, all-wise, and all-loving being." Well, I cannot prove to a man blind all his life, that red is red, or any colour at all. Nor would I attempt to prove anything to one like the Sceptic who said "I'm always open to conviction—but I'd like to see the man who'd convince me." But I am quite prepared, when asked, to give my reasons for the above statement; which I find to be just as valid for the building of my life as though it were part of an architect's true plan for the building of a house. I merely mentioned it as the first great fact of life to the Christian—the first article in the spiritual belief which differentiates the Christian Anarchist from other Anarchists.

"The life hereafter" is the second such great fact and article of belief. Here again, I hold to this on grounds of fact, demonstrable fact, and of reason—pure reason. And how can I prove to you, and every one, the perfect justice of Jesus, that he should say "there is not a single passage there declaring that the human spirit or soul enters the other life upon the death of the body?" See how the commentators have deluded even our clear-sighted comrade!

He speaks of a "radical error that blinds" me; namely, an "implied belief in the supernatural." Now, I do not understand his use of the word "supernatural." If, however, he means it to cover the spirit world, and all the associations and intercourse of humanity with that other order of being, then I must say, this is essential to the Christian conception of life. But these things are not 'supernatural'; they are entirely "natural"; so natural that the Christian knows them and acts in them in the supreme part of his environment. Because these things do not appear real to, are not consciously apprehended by, Touzeau Parris, and many others, it is not to be supposed that they are unreal to, unapprehended by, others who know of them, and believe in them. Competent observers who have seen ghosts know that there are ghosts, notwithstanding the doubts of those who have not seen them, and even of some who have.

Then our friend raises the question, as to whether Christianity, "Christian civilisation," has not failed.

I ask, Has civilisation ever tried Christianity? The answer is plainly, No. When it does, it will become something quite other than what it is now, and just what we reformers (I understand) want it to be. That will be when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of God and His Christ. And this, Parris and others are, after all, little as they suspect it, doing something to bring about.

I repeat that, the better Anarchist, Communist, Reformer one is, the more surely this miserable society of ours will become to us a wilderness; and—for myself, and I suppose I am human, like other men—I need the conviction that this life is not all, that it shall be "well with the righteous", to give me the hope, courage, power, which shall enable me to use my life most effectively in the cause of the right.

SINGLE TAX STUPIDITY.

To the Editor of Liberty.

In order to make out a case for the single tax, in your November issue, Mr. Arthur Withy has to assume that all men have equal rights to use the earth. In order to shatter such pretensions as are made by single taxers I must show that "equal rights" is a figment of the imagination. In a state of nature the rights of men are measured by their might, and whatever men have the might to do they have the right to do. The only alternative to the right of might is the right of contract. When men are sufficiently intelligent to perceive their self-interest they will abandon the right of might for the right of contract, or equal liberty. Then will the sunburst of Anarchy illumine the universe. The state of nature, in which might and right are synonymous, has not vanished with the appearance of government; for, as I have said, the only alternative to the right of might is the right of contract, or voluntary agreement. No government has ever yet entered into a contract with the people, and in the absence of a contract there is no obligation. No person is by any principle of justice bound to respect the law made by a band of individuals calling themselves a government. And, in so far as, the government invades the life, liberty, and property of individuals who have made no contract with it, these individuals are bound by no principle of justice to respect the government in any way. Even in the most civilised government of to-day there is no contract between the people and the government, and the right of might is just as valid as it ever was. This is subtly recognised by Christians and Hebrews, who bow in fear and trembling to God because he is "almighty."

When government is dead and the right of might gives place to the right of contract it will be in order to talk of "equal rights". Till then the single taxers have no basis for their theory. If I, as a member of the community have a right to a share of the economic rent of every piece of land, I have also the right to dispose of such share in any way I may think fit. I may take my share or leave it, but even if I do the latter, the state has no right to touch a fraction of it unless I personally consent: and I shall not consent! But the state will take notice of my protest. Why then talk of "equal rights"? The whole trouble with the land is that people pay rent at all. Landlords will accept rent so long as the people consent to pay it. The only real solution of the land question lies in the refusal by the people to pay rent. As Proudhon said: "Products are bought only with product," and taxes can be paid only with products; therefore the taxation of land values leads logically to the taxation of labor values. There is no necessity to deal further with the single tax. I have shown that it has no basis in fact or logic.

William J. Robinson.
DEATH OF L. S. BEVINGTON.

It is with deep sorrow we record the death of our dear comrade, Louisa Sarah Bevington, which took place on Thursday, the 28th ult., at her residence at Willesden, in the 50th year of her age.

L. S. Bevington was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Born and reared in the lap of luxury, but of better stuff than most of those thus delicately nurtured, she gave early indication of that great ability as a thinker and writer which she afterwards displayed, and which led to an introduction to the leading writers on science and philosophy, and secured for her the lifelong friendship of Herbert Spencer.

Her early writings, which were chiefly of a poetical nature, gained recognition at once, and stamped her as a poet of uncommon power. Her later writings marked her out as one of the keenest and brightest thinkers of the day on social topics.

As an advocate of free thought she won renown in her brilliant reply to Mallock's article on "Modern Atheism," in the Nineteenth Century. This reply necessitated a second edition of the magazine. It was in this reply-article our friend enunciated her firm conviction—arrived at after years of thought and investigation—that "Conscience has taken millions to work, and it has developed in obedience to a need, not to a creed—springing out of the fundamental demands of progressive existence rather than from the comparatively recent demands of theological aspiration."

Of late it has been one of L. S. B.'s greatest regrets that she was prevented by ill health from earning money by her pen which would have enabled her to support and advance the cause with which her feelings were in most active accord. Only those who were fortunate in having her friendship could adequately appreciate her natural purity of character, and the great bravery which characterised her whole life.

It might truly be said that she rose superior to circumstances. Her private trials were of that description which would have utterly broken down a less resolute nature, but so keenly alive was she to social injustice, that—ignoring her own sufferings—she strove with all her might to make the world better; and the advanced thought of today is enriched by her efforts, and her name will be revered, and handed down with those of Francis Galton, Herbert Spencer, Peter Kropotkin, and Louise Michel. Her friends were to be found in all ranks of life, and her readiness to aid all with the hand of a friend was not limited to her own circle, but everything she did in this direction was characterized by the grace and unobtrusive charm which so highly distinguished her.

As our readers are aware, it was during the latter part of the summer that our comrade's illness assumed a serious aspect, and necessitated all the care and attention her family could give her. Nothing however could save her life. Only a few hours before her death she was in excellent spirits—had been in fact dictating a contribution for the columns of Liberty, in answer to the letter of D. B. in our last number, which she was of opinion was both "quaint and foolish"; her contention being that any person recognizing authority of a spiritual nature could not possibly be a true Anarchist. With this conviction she passed peacefully away early on the morning of the date above mentioned.

"Key-Notes," a small volume of poems—which title of which was probably suggested by Emerson's reference to the "Key-Note of Nature and Spirit"—was the first of Miss Bevington's works. It was published in 1879. Four of the songs, entitled respectively "Morning," "Afternoon," "Twilight," and "Midnight," were reproduced in a well known American periodical, the Popular Science Monthly, at the special request of Herbert Spencer, under the title of "Teachings of a Day." One of the teachings was that:

"In the drift of things and forces
Comes the better from the worse."

The mind of Miss Bevington had not as yet acquired its full vigour, for we find her asking "When breath has ceased for ever, are men all the same?" Indeed the whole work is not inaptly described in a few lines which we quote from the dedication:

"The sum of them together cast
Makes just one questioning dizziness, such chord
As symbolises best undisturbed life."

At this time Miss Bevington had scarcely begun the good work she was eventually to carry on.

Between 1879 and 1882 (the latter being the date of issue of her second book) L. S. B. had been very busy contributing articles to various magazines and newspapers—Modern Thought, Mind, The Anglo-Continental Review, etc.

"Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets" displayed most unmistakably an advance on all previous efforts. There was a breadth, a fire, a power to:

"Hold aloft a meaning steadfastly
Amid the ruin-crush of falling creeds"

which occasioned The Cambridge Review to say:

"This little book shows beyond doubt that a poetess has risen among us stronger in her particular style than any of her predecessors."

The Athenaeum wrote:

"That Miss Bevington is a poet there can be no doubt; her poetic gift is that of an uncommon order to be met with in Blake's drawings and in the best of Dr. Garth Wilkinson's poems. There is in all three that same power of inner vision which can clothe spiritual ideas with visible form."

In well nigh every page of these "Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets" there is an ever growing desire for freedom—the purest, the strongest, the best that men or women may win. It is in connection with this incessant longing and craving for liberty that one of the most important events in the life of L. S. B. occurred. She was married to an artist, a German. After a few years of wedded life they found themselves not altogether at variance, but out of tune with each other. In the light of this fact the last verse of the last sonnet ("For Freedom's sake") in the volume has now a touching interest:

"But we have chosen Freedom: so I make
Here—as a part for weeks, for years, for life—
My promise: "I will wield my wife's keen-knife
And one by one all memory's fetters break.
Ahh! go forget, forgive love's lingering strife!
One Kiss?—Our last. Goodbye—" for Freedom's sake."

Her "will's keen knife" was used—how deep, how hard to bear, the wounds inflicted only she who felt them could tell. But her path thenceforward was clear and
must always do so, because— the Church is above the State, although always desiring to allow the State perfect freedom in its own sphere, which should never rival contrary to God's laws, natural laws, or human reason. The Church does therefore stand in a different position to Anarchism, or any other movement—that is occupied by other churches. The reasoning about the clergy and in other countries having stood up manfully for the people are true—and a matter of history I presume no one will doubt or question. I cannot understand the next point wherein Catholics are accused of practicing spiritual oppression within the Church. The Church from the earliest times has been in almost continual conflict with state governments, kings, or rulers, and has often been a bitter oppressor to do his work, and her children have suffered martyrdom in consequence, and would do the same again, no doubt, but mark, it never has been a passive resistance, which has in the end triumphed, for the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. D. B. says it would be interesting to ascertain how far this liking to support the principle of individual liberty can carry on the coming fight for freedom. The principles of the Church do not change. What they were in the past they will be in the future. M. Schon, Socialist writer, of the revolutionary type are the least likely to be unduly prejudiced in their views. Where the Church has done for the people, and yet in their writings one finds a full acknowledgement of the good work accomplished for civilization, only by the Church as a body but by those very monks and nuns who are the special bogeymen of anti-Catholic writers. They see in the very wealth of the medieval church a factor of civilisation and national prosperity, and in the so-called Reformations they know that it took place a wholesale robbery of the poor, and of the mechanisms through confiscation of the trade guilds, the effects of which we are suffering from to this day.

The Church's love of liberty is the same today as ever, and will ever remain the same. The Church's meaning of liberty is well understood by her children. When I know that the Anarchist's definition of liberty is, that the two can be compared. The utterances of the Holy Father will be accepted by his children with that obedience which his exalted position demands. "He cannot forget (say D. B.) that in Rome he is a temporal prince as well as spiritual ruler." He forgets a position which is his by every known right—a position which brutal force alone compelled him to abandon only under protest. Unrestricted liberty to teach and practise their beliefs is all English Catholics ask for; therefore (say D. B.) I go to the Anarchist propaganda." This may be a false conclusion. Because Catholics agree that hunger, misery, robbery, and injustice are wrong, and are going on around us, and because we resist the oppressor in consequence of our love for justice and liberty, it does not follow that we must therefore become anything other than Catholics. Our history for the past 1800 years proves it. We can assist any society or group that aims to right wrong or improve mankind. We can take the good out of the teaching of any society where there is no need to join it, nor any reason why we should not, provided the object is good and true. In her efforts for the abolition of slavery, in her moral orders, in her councils, and in her edicts which run without regard to political decisions, in the law that has been handed down before the proudest knave, in her bishops who by consecration become the peers of the greatest nobles, in her servants of servants (so his title runs) who by virtue of the rings of the fisher claim to arbitrate between nations, the Church in spite of her names of association, and witness for the natural equality of men. One has only to study the history of the Church to know that it is unnecessary to become anything but a good Catholic, for although others play the part of the Catholic Church must remain a potent factor in social evolution.

Oscar Wilde

"Can Roman Catholics be Anarchists?" From the very nature of their faith they cannot. They believe in a god who is the sole creator, reason, arbiter, and absolute disposer of all things. This god being truth, justice, beauty, life and power, it necessarily follows that man is "conceived in sin and shaped in iniquity" and consequently unable to find truth, justice, etc., without a divine revelation. Roman Catholic teach that their church, with no pope as its head, has been the maker of the custodian of that revelation by specially to answer the "reign of the poor, and of the leaders in the church of the people". Thus the Church is essentially a school of thought that enables man to condemn the right of private judgement, and claims to be above human reason. Influence cannot be confined to theology, but must include the scientific, social, and political affairs of the world. Anarchists recognize rebellion to be a potent factor making for progress, and who rebel against the authority of the Pope to be considered as having the right of the Church. Why the Church has refused to be bowed by any temporal authority is because it wants to keep the temporal authority itself, (that is not Anarchism in spirit) but it does not say that the "law of God and the law of the Pope are one and the same all other powers being its subjects". In Catholic countries the State is consecrated by the Church, and is, according to the teaching of that church, subordinate to it; are we not told that "they hold their power from God through the Church". Anarchism as the synonym of individual liberty is the logical outcome of the Reformation and therefore the enemy of Roman Catholicism.

Can Roman Catholics be Anarchists?

To the Editor of Liberty.

Before an answer can properly be given to the above question we (Catholics) must know what Anarchism is. We can agree with much of what D. B. wrote when he asked the question in your last issue. Certainly it is true that the Church has refused State control, and
THE REV. TOBIAS SMUGLY ON ANARCHY.

His sermon was not altogether on Anarchy. By no means. It was simply before his last "in conclusion," which preceded the usual peroration, that he conducted it worthily, and did not from the pulpit on an everyday subject as Anarchy. The bulk of his sermon was devoted to elucidating whether Aaron's rod was beget, or simply pinchpepper. "This, my brethren," he said, "is a question ever-recurring, which must be solved, this is one of those momentous questions which perplex and move us, this is the dark and inescutable riddle which must be, if we would have our minds prepared to read and understand the other lines of the past."

He went on in this strain for some time, and, after having bolted half the Bible, succeeded in proving completely to his own satisfaction that the rod was neither beget nor pinchpepper. Whether he thought there was a rebirth of Aaron between the days of Aaron and his rod, he said, "is a question not to be determined."

There ought to be, I don't know, but at no rate he proceeded to give the congregation of Little Bethel his opinions and ideas on these men and their propaganda thusly:

"It good men, my brethren, to make known unto you that I have received information which compels me to accept the alarming conclusion that there are, in the neighborhood of our church, a body of men engaged in the devil's work, not only turning the hearts and minds of the people from God, but also from their masters. If they succeed in imbuing the minds of the people with their pernicious doctrines, if their abominable wickedness should triumph and their abhorrent principles reign supreme, what, I ask, oh what will the consequences be? How will our lordly landlords—those noble-hearted, broad-minded, charitable, benevolent men, who so generously relieve them from all care and anxiety regarding superfluous money, who heroically accept the burden of riches with a sigh, and spend it on public and charitable projects?—what will be the outcome of their losing people who believe, as a great bulk of humanity may be certain of receiving it. Ah, my brethren, this is heresy, this is courage but seldom seen in the history of the world. What can the people do without the capitalist, who so generously provides them with employment, so that they may get through the day without time hanging heavy on their hands, so that they may be kept out of mischief, for you know Satan always finds mischief for idle hands to do—this truly philanthropic capitalist, not only employs them, but out of the largeness of his heart also gives the laborers food to eat and shelter to lie in. And in the midst of their misery the people step forward, saying, 'Will these men pay them wages?' What, you ask, would become of our beautiful factories, whose majestic chimneys reach almost to the sky, belching forth their smoke, granulated colouring the air and carrying with it new bearings? Our society might have some resemblance of the old hundred years ago, when the smoking piles of brick and mortar would have only green fields, blue skies, and a clear atmosphere. Oh, my brethren, it is not almost too horrible to contemplate—this outrageous abdication of the landlord and the consequent anarchy that would be the certainty for the whole country; denying, charitable, christian work for the young ladies of this congregation, if those abandoned wretches triumph, and turn the slaves, as they threaten? What will become of the society for providing lodging, and the large number of lodgers that we have in this city? These Anarchists—deluded, impractical madmen—suggest that we should tear down the fences and blankets for our own people at home, but they forget our own people the inestimable privilege, which is denied by those who only know about blankets and windows. And now I come to the last and most terrible calamity. What, my brethren, oh! what would become of us?"

And here the Rev. Tobias was so overcome with emotion that he sank back on the cushions, and the service was declared over.

J. BLAIR SMITH.

A GLASSWAS MAN WITH THE SWISS POLICE.

Some few months ago I went, on the advice of my doctor, to Switzerland. On arriving at Rothembourg, the capital of Bale, I found a feeling of malaise, and retired to bed, and was in fact fast asleep by half-past twelve, at which time I was roused by someone leaning over me and mumbling something which I could not understand. The room being dark and the window not opened, I supposed it was the wind blowing through the door of the room. The intruder sharply asked me "Did you write a letter today?" and I said "Who are you?" The reply was "A policeman." By this time I was thoroughly awake, and instantly answered "No." I had not written a letter since on the 5th, and the door of the room was still shut. I then saw that the adjoining apartment was lighted up, and that my landlady and her children were all there and apparently in great agitation. An officer, dressed in the blue uniform of the guard, said to the woman, "She, it seems, has written a letter." I thought I was suspected, and I immediately asked him to show me the letter. I could not contain my laughter when I caught sight of a scrawl, and when I had written a few strain words. I thought the writing was mine, but it was not a letter. He answered me, informing me that I was his prisoner, and ordered me to come with him to the police office. I had no desire to increase the alarm of the family, and I complied. I was so on my guard that my purse fell on the floor and, having some coppers in it, created considerable noise. I stooped to pick it up, when my wrist was caught in the iron grip of the officer, and on looking at the man's face I saw it was pale with fear. More amused than angry I asked him if he was frightened, and if he thought it was a six-shooter that had fallen from my pocket.

When he saw that I was laughing at him he let go his hold and went to the door, where he stood shaking like an aspen leaf. I again asked him if he was afraid, when he replied "No, I am not afraid, but my wife is dead, and I am thinking of my poor children." I assured him it was no danger, and that he need not fear from me. We then proceeded to the deserted streets to the office. I was led up to a counter, on the inner side of which the chief constable (or whoever he was) was seated. "This is the man; he does not deny," said the policeman, who then took up a position behind me. The chief jumped from his seat, and drew a few paces, eyeing me with rather an unsteady look. "Are you a foreigner?" "Yes." "Have you written this?" "Yes." "Why did you write this?" "No." "Are you an Anarchist?" "Yes." "Are you not ashamed to be an Anarchist?" "No, I am proud that I have intelligence enough to understand Anarchism. Do you believe in God Almighty?" "No, I believe that there is no one God and Father of all, and that the state of society to continue: how could he see some of his poor children starving for bread, and forced to suicide, while others live in the greatest of luxury? Don't you believe in eternal punishment?" "No, I don't know anything about it, but I think the other world than this." "But you are not going to be arrested here." "Just as you like: I am not afraid of prison." "Well, you are honest, you don't deny your creed you may go." I asked that the policeman should accompany me back to the lodgings, to assure my landlady that she was perfectly safe, in allowing me to remain there, or I might be compelled to walk the streets, or go to an hotel and charge him (the chief) with the cost.

The policeman was ordered to go with me. As we walked he began to talk in praise of Anarchism, and said he was half an Anarchist, and would like to ask me some questions if I would go to their office where he was going on duty, as he did not like to talk much in the streets.

After making matters all right with the landlady, I complied with his request, and as soon as we were alone he commenced to put a lot of questions about Anarchists and the movement generally, interweaving his questions with remarks to the effect that he was sick of the present system, and would like to blow up the rich people and put an end to proprietorship and ownership. He seemed a man who would tell me how it could be done. He then produced a bottle of whisky, and asked me to have some, but I declined. I answered such of his questions as I thought proper, and intimated that I was not to be caught by force, and that I had managed to get this country, and they would enable me to recall my acquaintance with the Swiss police. I duly returned to Glasgow but very little the worse for my midnight adventure, excepting a slight cold. Had I been foolish enough to believe in hanging himself, etc. I might have been brought against me, and sworn to, and I might have been sent to prison.

Perhaps this short account of my experience may be of service to any comrade thinking of visiting Switzerland.

H. W. C.

To the Army of Revolt.

Greetings.

Courage and speed you well.

The warfare is not for political freedom alone:

Nor yet for industrial freedom alone:

Men are struggling for the long established canons of obedience, against legalised ties to indiubility to marriage, against claims unduly pressed of family tradition:

Courage and speed you well I bid you.

On no account must you yield to the present system of rebellion heeded.

Greater far the breaking of bonds, the step nearer Freedom Than all the tears of Heaven and Hell,
The great thing is the step nearer Freedom.

May be you are in conflict with public opinion:

You are against popular taste in art and literature:

Fight fiercely on.

Public opinion and popular taste are acceptable en masse, but never authoritative and coercive.

The blast of social disapproval will not kill so fatally as the geometric irksome chains of social compulsion.

Whatsoever the warfare against all decree of convention, rules of poltical society, stipulation are as God or the soul, current morality, servile compliances, if you, personal and immortal, stand for Freedom I am with you, irrespective of causes and disputes.

And the battle for Freedom you bat pass from one master to another, and find the chains still fitter

Be not discouraged.

For in time the last link shall be broken—if you desire it.

And the spirit of the struggle, and the coldness of that struggle which o'er Freedom's frontier depresses you,

Be not discouraged.

You are not really alone:

One cannot have you—close.

And unseen are many around you, whom an outstretched hand will reveal—

Unseen now, impossible to be seen till you claim them, waiting only the great Brothers and Comrades all in the fight for Freedom.

The Army of Revolt is not confined to making one particular capture:

Always the fight is for Freedom.

JOE CLAYTON.
THE MONOMANIACS: A FABLE IN FINANCE.

By HENRY SEYMOUR.

Once upon a time there lived in the moon a group of people who sub-
stantially by eating one another. In course of time their members became so diminished that they viewed with alarm the ap-
proaching extinction of their species. But the first law of nature was inscribed: the more they ate, the more prolific the race, and the necessity to find food became a necessity.

They found the problem was too much labor - the only available resource. So they decided to convert the labor into a commodity.

Firstly, they had to find a commodity to trade. They rejected fish and other such perishables, as these would spoil quickly. They settled on corn, a crop that could be stored for an extended period. They grafted the cultivation of corn into their lifestyle, cultivating it year-round in order to maintain their supply.

Next, they needed a way to value the corn. They decided on a system of weights and measures, using a bushel as a standard unit of measurement. This made it easier for them to conduct transactions and barter with each other.

Fourthly, they had to establish a mechanism to maintain the value of corn. They decided to peg the value of corn to their labor. This created a stable value for the commodity, as the labor input remained consistent.

Fifthly, they had to establish a mechanism to facilitate the trading of corn. They decided to use a marketplace, with a central location for the exchange of goods. This allowed them to efficiently trade and barter with each other.

Sixthly, they had to establish a mechanism to enforce the value of corn. They decided to use a central authority to control the supply of corn, and to ensure that the value remained stable. This provided a sense of security for the traders, knowing that the value of their corn would remain consistent.

Seventhly, they had to establish a mechanism to facilitate the exchange of corn. They decided to use a paper currency, with a fixed exchange rate to corn. This made it easier for them to conduct transactions and make purchases.

Eighthly, they had to establish a mechanism to enforce the exchange of corn. They decided to use a legal system, with laws and regulations to protect the rights of the traders. This provided a sense of justice for the traders, knowing that their transactions would be protected.

Ninthly, they had to establish a mechanism to facilitate the storage of corn. They decided to use a storage system, with a central location for the storage of corn. This allowed them to efficiently store and access their corn.

Tenthly, they had to establish a mechanism to facilitate the transport of corn. They decided to use a transportation system, with a network of roads and tracks. This allowed them to efficiently transport their corn to different locations.

Finally, they had to establish a mechanism to facilitate the consumption of corn. They decided to use a consumption system, with a variety of dishes and meals. This allowed them to efficiently consume their corn.

The inhabitants of Lunaria were simply entranced with the pro-

posal—it appeared to them so simple, and so effectual.

"One of them, a bit of a wag in his way, rose and said: 'I would like to ask the speaker a question. How would the fisherman procure, in the first place, the yellow diet which he paid his bootmaker's bill?' And not a bit, the old man waxed exceedingly wroth."

"Oh, that's simple enough," replied the speaker, "all that the fisherman has to do is to bring me so much fish in exchange for so much diet, and the same applies to every other member of society. In some cases, the supply of goods will be able to spend it in such manner as best pleases them."

There was unanimous assent.

"From the moment that the people came to accept a diet as a standard of value, there came to pass a fierce scramble to secure possession of the yellow diet in preference to any other thing. The fisherman toiled all day and night, and brought a huge haul to Old Roth in exchange for some of the yellow diet. As a consequence, he lost a deal of labor to no purpose at all. All other producers of all other things, indeed, acted similarly. But presently they met with disappointment."

But Old Roth, "I have no use for more than one pair of boots, or more than enough fish to keep the man that I have as a servant," he said. "And for the things I will give you relative quantities of my yellow diet. You must then go about your business, which is clearly to exchange these other remaining things amongst yourselves, by means of the yellow diet which I have given to each of you."

The same manner was so persuasive, his contention so plausible that they straightway set about the doing it."

The fisherman bought a bushel of wheat from the corn grower with all the yellow diet he had; since Old Roth had previously determined that the value of his diet was of the same value as the bushel of corn he had bought. Then the corn grower bought a pair of boots from the bootmaker with the yellow diet he had. And the bootmaker bought a basket of fish from the fisherman. Here was an obvious means by which the invention of money had been made. They each now possessed the same relative value of that diet that they had before, and had made a complete circle of exchanges.

All this, it soon became obvious, that the quantity of yellow diet Old Roth had given them in exchange for products for his individual consumption was insufficient to effect exchanges of the products of nature that were required for the consumption of the rest of the community. Their combined wants were so much greater than his. Money came to a comparative standstill, the number of exchanges to be made with yellow diet were not so restricted. The production was stopped; for, under the regime of division of labor, production was only carried on for the immediate object of exchange, and if exchange were depressed, production had to be correspondingly diminished.

A great stagnation in trade occurred; and while they were all desirous to fashion useful things from the raw products of nature, they were compelled to be idle and to suffer privation for the want of those things, for the reason that the means of exchanging such things were insufficient. There was plenty of yellow diet to suffice for this purpose, but it remained in Old Roth's possession.

Thus, commercial anomaly did not fail to bring fresh grief to Old Roth. Yellow diet being so scarce, and the production ceasing, the market competed wildly with each other to give more of their products for the same quantity of yellow diet. This mad race was carried on until those who worked hard twenty hours a day could only get from Old Roth for the same price, while those who worked twenty minutes a day could get more. The former took the worst means of supporting life. The finance king chuckled exceedingly at the fact that his stock of yellow diet would last the longest.

After a time, there arose a great commotion in Lunaria, and the people murmured. They began to have a dim perception that Old Roth, in controlling the supply of yellow diet to the community, had made them his veritable slaves. Old Roth never ceased to preach to them that they were free, as a man. But they began to grow desperate. They said very rapidly, and with a sense of distress, that Old Roth was the man of all the rest of the community. They were to Old Roth and his yellow diet.

Matters became smooth, and the chief felt that thinking that the arrangement was a perfectly just one. Business revived the moment more yellow diet circulated, and there seemed no ill until the interest became due. Then much yod diet vanished from circulation and correspondingly depressed trade. At last, the business became worse and worse. Eventually Old Roth got every scrap of his yellow diet back again, as interest, and yet the community refused to be indebted to him as such. The next time he demanded, he could not get it. And although he had disappeared from circulation and had got into Old Roth's hands more, then the Lunarians began to think that their interest was not just, for it became impossible to pay any more, notwithstanding that they were in every sense under an obligation to do so. Old Roth therefore was obliged to content himself in going without the return of the principal, it no longer being in existence, having been paid as interest. He remembered the maxim "Ex nihilo nihil fit. But the people's debt remained
ever (since they could not refund the principal) and he was therefore able to command all he desired. He had a huge mansion built, magnificent in its appointments; the decorations were sumptuous; the most delicate Italian statuary adorned the majestic entrance. The best and most costly carriages that art and mechanical ingenuity of mortal could devise, and the daintiest delicacies that ever graced the table of a prince. All these could he enjoy, and could perpetuate these enjoyments because the debt never diminished—each year the interest return on the unpaid principal being more than enough to pay the interest and to furnish him with such luxuriance and splendor. And in the same degree he increased his riches, did they who ministered to him become poor. So potent was the power of yellow dirt,—so elevating was its influence to procure happiness,—that the people became possessed of an impossible mania to get it at all costs. All other considerations were excluded from their thoughts; those who were the shrewdest amongst them suggested that money be made by this means, and there was a notion in the air that yellow dirt, as a token of exchange, had had its day. This, Old Roth went to great pains to ridicule all inventions; and as he controlled the newspapers he made them circulate all sorts of sophistries about the nature of the money. The people being comparatively unacquainted with these things, became more or less bewildered, and abandoned, in despair, all hopes of improvement.

It occurred to Old Roth that it would be more expedient to offer the people small loans on easier terms. He foresaw that unless some "yellow dirt" was put into circulation, all industry would collapse, and then he would not be able to procure the things that he desired, in spite of his vast possessions.

The possession of yellow dirt electrified the community. The people were literally seized with a wild impulse to get and to keep it; those who failed to secure it in the usual way of producing something of value to exchange for it, connected all manner of devices by which they might get some of the "dirt" from those who had been more fortunate in their quest. The arts of commerce were shaped to the mad pursuit of dirt-scraping. Once in their possession, they hoarded it in strong iron boxes and vats of mastery. They quite forgot its original utility, which was that of purchasing food and luxuries, and simply secured it for the purpose of worshipping it.

Old Roth had his slaves tightly riveted on the yellow dirt he had put into circulation, notwithstanding all their strong boxes. He laughed in their faces, and their financial guilelessness. He always made them to dictate terms to his debtors, and made them favorable to himself, so far as the conditions of payment at such specified times that it was a physical impossibility for all of his debtors to discharge their obligations without means. He always foreclosed on the securities of the delinquents, which were always double the value of the loan, and so get even more than his due, and could thereby under sell other dealers and monopolize markets. Thus the yellow dirt would come straight back to him, and he would be enabled to extend or contract his capital according to the volume of yellow dirt in circulation. He could thus adjust his sales and raise the price of all other things to his own advantage when he thought it would be to the best interest of his shop.

In a word, Old Roth, in controlling the circulating medium, pulled the strings of the entire industrial and commercial world. He manipulated the volume of the currency so that he could do a fine art with Old Roth. He forced the wages of those who worked for him and down until the women replaced the men because they were cheaper labor. The demand for quantities of labor was so great that women were replaced by the children for the same reason. These miniature slaves had to support their parents in idleness. The death rate of the children rose rapidly; half of the babies and girls were often in bed by the time they reached an age at their work. Their work was filled with being of the financier; not even satisfied with the pay which to his honor, he had built the community by his devices, he cut down the very means of subsistence of his child-slaves, so that only the more robust were allowed. The women offered their bodies for sale, and their men their souls. Crime increased to an incredible degree. Starved men became wild beasts. Old Roth organized a number of men, who were only too willing to do anything to get yellow dirt, to terrorize the towns, and burn the rail and steal the tracks to make more and more of the "dirt," and to get the money, and to rob the banks. He had all the crimes in the town, and the money, and that happened to all those who contracted the dire disease of it. All the rest, who were supposed to be dead, used to sell the effects of Old Roth's amusement. Yes, crime was eventually suppressed, but only to be renewed the next year by the same process, a scourge constantly on the land, and it happened that all who contracted the dire disease died of it. All the ruined women of the medico men availed nothing: it was beyond all human skill to arrest its ravages. Its Canossa route was lost faster than the Frenchmen in the very conditions of social life. Its name was Demoralization.

Old Roth and his children alone survived. For the first time it became manifest to him, now that he had no food to eat, how worthless was his power and his influence. How glad he would be now if he had the opportunity to give all of it for a single leaf of bread. But alas! there were no more ignorant people to traffic with, and so Old Roth and his family were reduced to the necessity to eat yellow dirt. Filled to overflowing with the malevolence of the town, he afterwards concluded to emigrate to a more congenial planet where fools abounded, and looking around, he made for Terra Firma, in search of fortunes new, cogitating on the journey, a colossal scheme for exploiting the universe.

Puritans, wisdom, and liberty, support each other; he who will not give more to the public, he who cannot be a fool; and he who does not act is a slave.