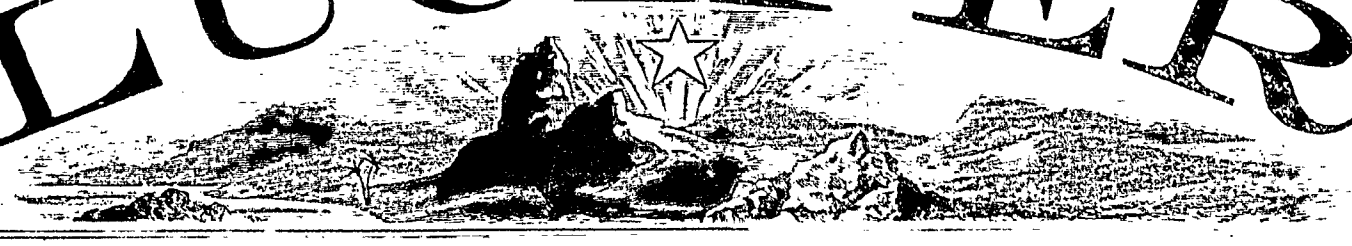
LUCIFER.



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LUCIFER

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SPEAK ALL THY THOUGHTS.

Speak all thy thoughts, oh! Thinker, howsoe'er
They flout the speculation of the age,
Its pet conceits or fantasies; speak on,
Marshal thy thoughts like phalanxes of horse;
Scatter the idle dreamers of the time.
The phantom host of popular ignorance
Shall strike their cloudy tents, and silently
Shrink to their own nonenity again.
The age needs plainness and simplicity;
To mistify the people is the trick
Of painted harlequins thro' out the land.
Be true, oh! Thinker, to thy nature's law,
And borrow not another's style, but speak
Thine own brave thoughts in thine own spirit's tongue,
Call things by their right names, right minds shall hear.

The Population Question.

EDITOR LUCIFER: You say so far as Mr. Kelley's article is a reply to me, you will not criticise it. I have not the honor of Mr. Kelley's acquaintance, and it is evident he has not mine; for if he had read any of my articles on social questions in the Alarm or Truth Seeker he would know that I am an anarchist of the dynamite persuasion and do not agree with Malthus that the increase of population must render anarchy impossible. But my article in LUCIFER on Malthusainism, he professes to have read, which makes it strange he should misquote it so badly. He says I inform your readers that Malthus' essay was written to overthrow the perfectibilist doctrines of Godwin; and that what one gains, the other loses. Of course, you know that I said no such thing. What I did say was that, according to Malthus, with whom I agree so far, the increase of population and of the means of subsistence are equalized by, first, preventive checks, which diminish the number of births, and secondly positive checks, which increase the number of deaths; and, whatever one of these gains, the other loses. This is not only true, but so nearly self-evident that some of the most sagacious of Malthus' critics say it is a truism. It is not a truism, however, any more than the Binomial Theorem, but is a complicated equation carrying the most important consequences in philosophic history, political science, biology and ethics. In history, it explains such facts as that war, carried on outside of any country, as with Germany, does not diminish the population, and that a high birth rate, with profound peace, does not increase the population unless there is a corresponding advance in agriculture producing larger quantities of cheap food. During war the highest death rate is made up by a high birth rate, the effect of relatively abundant food, high wages, and the increase in the number of marriageable women (war widows). But if the war involves extensive devastation it does diminish the population. On the other hand, peace and a high birth rate simply bring about a high rate of infant mortality and so the population remains unchanged as in India; unless there is also a great increase of food, as in Ireland after the introduction of the potato, when the population will increase as long as the increased food-supply can be counted on. In political science, Malthusianism is the foe of legal charity with its enslaving and pauperizing effects; and quite as much is it the ally of general education. In biology, Malthus was the forerunner of Darwin, and applied to the progress of nations the same law of natural selection which Darwin has since applied to demonstrate the development of species. Will any one say that the law of natural selection is a truism? It is evident that the originator of all these immense inductions was a philosopher of the first order. His motives are quite beside the question. If he was a monster who only wanted to apologize for landlordism and other tyrannies, the way to refute him is to show that his law constitutes no valid apology, not to make ourselves absurd by denying a principle so well established and so fruitful of most valuable results. This is especially easy if we find that he came to admit it, and that is just what I do find. It is only the first edition of his pamphlet (1798) which professed to be a reply to Godwin. In the second editon (1803) he drops Godwin, polemics, and the future; and confines himself to the past and present; and from this time to the end of his life, in 1834, was engaged in controversy, not with Godwin, but Ricardo and other late, economists. In the first edition of his book he had said little about the preventive check, and laid himself open to the charge of intimating that human beings could not control their passions. From this charge, which did not fail to be made by Godwin, Coleridge, and other critics, he fully purged himself afterwards. Continence, he now said, is a real power in preventing the evils of rapid increase; but, in complete opposision to certain self styled Malthusians, who said that if this were so the poor had nothing but their own imprudence to thank for their misery, he maintained with spirit and emphasis that prudence could not be expeced of the desperately poor; that hope was necessary to induce it; and that tyranny extinguished hope. For example, he said, that continence was much needed in Ireland, but that it could not be expected to come there until liberty and education preceded it. It must be remembered that Ireland was then without the system of schools which it has now. This was not the only point on which he differed from Ricardo, who ignored the necessity of liberty and the the possibility of continence, and declared the natural wages of the laborer to be the least amount on which the laborer could live. Malthus had assigned several causes for the rise of rent. Ricardo reduced them to one—the extension of cultivation to poorer land induced by the increase of population. Malthus decidedly regretted this improvement on his system. Population, unassisted by charity, could not, he thought, increase without a previous (not subsequent) increase in the means of subsistence, and if aided by either cause, it would not raise rent. This is particularly interesting now, because Mr. George's popular doctrine of state socialism is founded on Ricardo's law of rent, and falls to the ground if Malthus was right and Ricardo wrong. The doctrines of Malthus have much more affinity with anarchy than state socialism, though it must be confessed that he never adopted anarchism. This was partly because he had the usual English dislike to extreme and abstract views; but consistency was not exactly his strong point. His merit as a thinker consisted in his daring originality and firm grasp on positive facts, not in ability to see the harmony or discrepancy of widely separated ideas. In morals, Malthusianism strikes a deadly blow at the infamous doctrine which reduces women to breeders; and, though misleading is not argument, I have always had a suspicion that this was largely the cause of its unpopularity. The prejudice of socialists against Malthus appears to me to be foolish; but I perfectly understand why preachers and other dangerous male animals denounce his doctrines as blasphemous, indecent, immoral, "opposed to the sweetest affections and most sacred instincts of our common nature," &c., &c. All this comes with the grace of absolute sincerity from the lips which usually utter it. Malthus dealt a blow to the Lust Power, for which every woman should bless him; and every woman who desires the freedom and purity of her sex should have by heart his demonstration that the agony of frequent births means the additional agony of preventable and early deaths. C. L. JAMES.
Eau Claire, Wis., June 30.

An Anarchist's Note Book.

Organized labor denounces the Chicago anarchists. The intelligent American mechanic, in meek obedience to the command of Church, State, and the howling Satanic Press, declaims all responsibility for, denies all sympathy with, and emphatically declares his ignorance of those un-American ideas of anarchism, socialism, communism, that have begun to play some part in the labor movement. He is a law-abiding citizen, peaceful and conservative. Yet the day is not far off when this law-abiding citizen will find himself so surrounded by law, so effectually and securely cornered that nothing but dynamite will prove available in clearing the ground to make advance possible. The strike is already a thing of the past, an old weapon unfit for use in modern warfare; of the boycott the State will soon deprive him; arbitration without the strike and the boycott becomes an empty, meaningless word. Under such conditions all our labor organizations are practically dissolved, and the toilers find themselves completely at the mercy of the Hoxies and Goulds.

What will the workingmen do? There are but two ways out of this desperate condition: one leads right straight to anarchy, the other to a reign of terror and social chaos. Despair, anger, and the spirit of revenge point to one; logic, philosophy and the experience of the ages bid us take the other. The robbed, enslaved and degraded toiler will no longer see the enemy in his employer. He will be confronted by the State, tied hand foot by law, which will not allow him, in the name of Pence und Order, to utter a word of discontent. Starve, but kiss the bible and respect the law! Will the workingmen open their eyes to the bottom causes of the trouble and make an attack upon the State? order a strike against law, issue a general and permanent boycott upon the whole machinery of government?

No, it is too good to be true. It is almost certain that all other means and methods will be tried, suicidal and incongruous, before that high light of Liberty whereby the world is "saved" will be trusted and accepted as a guide. The political superstitions are too strong and too deeply-rooted in the minds of the authority-ridden masses. Instead of destroying the State by boycotting it, by letting it severely alone and passively resist all its laws, the blind passionate victims of tyranny will fight the State with its own weapons. They will organize for war and appeal to brute force instead of peaceful co-operation for self-help and self-government. So that if they ultimately succeed in overthrowing the present State, another machine will be immediately put in operation with all the beauties of the first.

I hope that Mr. Lum is satisfied. I think I made it clear that I see the hand-writing on the wall and that I do not ignore his "facts." There are bomb and dynamite in the air. I see the cloud-storm and hear the thunder. But I can see no land ahead! The riots, bombs and deeds of dynamiters will not accomplish anything, will not settle our problems, will not bring us any nearer to the promised land. Right here, Mr. Lum, my "theories" come to my rescue. They inspire me with faith, enthusiasm and hope. Shall I not preach and proclaim them to the world? Shall I not spread the light and save others from folly, crime, despair and agony even as I was saved?

Mr. Lum imagines that I am trying to lift myself by my intellectual waistbands out of my surroundings and social sympathies into the atmosphere of egotistic theory. Why, is it so heroic for a man to tell what he knows and preach the truth as it reveals itself to him? Elsewhere Mr. Lum expresses his opinion that the anarchists who do not look upon the growth of the Knights of Labor as a very *encouraging* sign of the times, and who are very doubtful in regard to the social revolution such organizations, under "unconscious leadership," are to bring about, are in danger of cracking their spinal column by bending backward. He is greatly mistaken. These Anarchists are not performing any extraordinary mental gymnastics, are not bending backward, but simply and quietly attending to their business and trying to do as much good as possible. "They are but giants while you kneel." True, such anarchists enjoy little favor and are very poor in social sympathies, but if, to purchase sympathy, I must sell my soul to Mephistophles, I will rather dispense with them and seek comfort in the rarified atmosphere of theory, where I may imagine myself free.

I fear Mr. Lum is a partisan. He has too much to say about our being in danger of "becoming scouts for the intrenched enemy" every time we attempt to defend individual rights and fair play. An independent thinker, a man of principle, will denounce injustice and tyranny without fear of serving the enemy indirectly by weakening his own party. It appears that Mr. Lum, who reverently raises his hat to the Chicago bomb thrower, is not far ahead of W. Holmes, who would suffer his hand to be burned from his body rather than condemn his friends. Yet he was among the first to denounce the "beast of communism."

Mr. Lum writes an essay on the meaning of history, in Liberty, in which he aims to show that the logic of events is proclaiming still further liberty to the individual," and that the contest between monopoly and labor is but one of the phases of the old struggle between the principles of Authority and Liberty. If so, there is no excuse for Mr. Lum's inconsistency in "going for" one form of authority while "smiling" at the other.

I do not want to be put down as "a reader with a purpose," but I must confess that I am impressed with the conclusion that J. F. K., who suggests that we had better "use the Knights of Labor instead of abusing them" knows very little about that organization. Those that *do* know something about it can never be so enthusiastic over the results that might follow the adoption of J. F. K's "simple plan." Ask John Swinton. He "glories in the fact that the order of the K. of L. is a state within a state, wheels within wheels." It is a wonderful means, presented all ready for use, says J. F. K. It is just as much ready for use as the State, of which it is a miniature. The voters of the State are no less "deeply in earnest;" they are so deeply in earnest that on every election day they are ready to cut each other's throats. "If the wonderful power of the State could be given an impulse in the direction of Anarchy! But the trouble is that this wonderful power is only a power for evil, and no good can be expected unless it is totally, completely, absolutely destroyed. Just as truly as Liberty is the mother of order, is the State the mother of violence, says Mr. Tucker.

The N. Y. Sun has a very able editorial on "the drift of the labor movement." The principle of the Knights of Labor, says Mr. Dana in summing up, leads directly to State Socialism—unless our workingmen are prepared to endure the evils of such a system they ought not to favor the measures that will produce it. On the one hand are individual liberty, competition, and suffering, with social progress; on the other are the merging of the individual in the mass, the arrest of all social development," etc. But Mr Dana ought to know that "our workingmen" would never have favored any such measures if individual liberty were not a mockery and social progress a delusion. Mr. Dana himself admitted that we have too much government already, and that the tendency is to still more centralization and more government. Do not these facts stand in the relation of cause and effect? It is the tyranny of the monopoly-serving State that created the obnoxious drift of the labor movement. And the true champion of individual rights and social progress is logically bound to fight both. PLUMB-LINE.

Fiend or Coward.

A newspaper describing the scene when Most, Brannschweig and Schenck were sentenced, said: "None of the Anarchists attempted to speak a word, but were as meak as lambs and disgracefully cowardly in their demeanor." I suppose this reporter expected one of them launch a bomb at the recorder. It may be taken for granted hereafter, on every occasion where an Anarchist figures, that, if he throws a bomb, he will be put down as a fiend, and, if he does not, he will be branded as a coward.—Liberty.

LUCIFER

VALLEY FALLS, KAS., July 9, 286.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER
EDITORS.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN
PUBLISHERS.

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Perfect Freedom of Thought and Action for every individual within the limits of his own personality.

Self-Government the only true Government

Liberty and Responsibility the only Basis of Morality.

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Our patrons will confer a favor by sending Postal notes instead of stamps, whenever procurable.

Please see our Special Offers to old and new subscribers to LUCIFER, as given on 3d page, under the heading An Indispensible Book.

SHALL WE HAVE A MEETING?

I am glad that Comrade Hutcheson has brought the Radical League to the front again. I am very sure the interest in the movement has not flagged, and the only thing that will prevent a large gathering and a successful one is the cost of travel. In view of this, it may be best to organize this year through correspondence, but perhaps not; perhaps a meeting *can* be held.

If so, where, and when? Shall we meet in Sept., or not until later? The season is now almost too far advanced for the necessary preparations to be made for a Camp Meeting, but a Convention can be held and preliminary arrangements made for a Campmeeting next year.

Shall we meet at Valley Falls? Or at Leavenworth? Who will attend? Please write to this office *at once* and tell us if *you* can come, and *when* and *where*. W.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

We are not a little concerned and pained by the frequency of complaints received at this office in regard to missing numbers of the paper. Is it possible that Uncle Sam's postal agents are boycotting or *Taylorizing* us?—putting LUCIFER "in the stove, where it will be sure to do nobody any harm?" So many complaints come from city subscribers that we strongly suspect the carriers or delivery clerks of *barking* the paper *ala* Comstock & Co.

What are we to do? What can we do? Must we send the paper out by the Express messengers and thus boycott Uncle Sam and his boys? The Truth Seeker Co. complains that their paper is constantly being discriminated against by the officers and agents of the mail system. Is this what we mean by Liberty and Equality in this "great and glorious Republic?" We feel sure that the postmaster and clerks at this end of the line are honest, careful, capable and prompt in the discharge of their duties, and when the paper fails to show up at the other end of the line the fault must be elsewhere.

One thing, at least, we can do, and that we promise to do most willingly when possible, and that is, to send duplicate copies when notified promptly of their non-arrival. To enable us to do this we shall try hereafter to print several quires extra, so as to have enough to supply all probable demands.

Among received articles are "Caged Birds," by J. H. Cook; LUCIFER and Dynamite, by John A. Broadbeck; Mrs. Slenker to Mrs. Whitehead; "Parental Prudence," discussion by Walker and Kelley, etc.—

THIRD OF JULY IN VALLEY FALLS.

A Statesman and a Demagogue.

It is doubtless well to have a few national holidays. Nothing compulsory, nothing *governmental*, about it, but strictly voluntary, mutualistic and co-operative. On such days all who can do so should meet at appointed places for friendly greeting—for mutual interchange of kindly sentiments and neighborly salutations—for the forming of new acquaintances and cementing the friendships of the old. By common consent on such days, all party strifes, all sectarian or creedal differences—all clannishness and class distinctions—should be ignored, laid aside and forgotten, so that neighborly kindness, if not brotherly love, may have a clear field —"may run and be glorified."

The fourth of July is at present our most noted national holiday, and has been such for nearly if not quite a century of years. While there are many things we should like to say in regard to our method, as Americans, of celebrating this holiday—the noise, the expensive parades and displays, the danger to life and limb, the terrible strain on the nervous systems of those not physically strong—our limited space will allow only a brief recital of what was seen and heard at the park in Valley Falls on the 3rd of July 1886 of the current calendar, on what was intended to be the anniversary of National Independence, but was not so, and why? Simply because we as a people have more reverence, more regard for the old pagan festival day—the day consecrated to the worship of the sun-god—than we have for our national birth-day. That is to say, we celebrate the event of national independence on the wrong day because we have greater regard for the traditions, observances and teachings of churchmen than we have for the traditions, observances and teachings of those who taught and labored, fought and bled for civil and religious liberty.

The day was fine, not a cloud in the sky, with a cool S. E. wind blowing all day long. The turnout of people was equal to anything we have ever seen in Valley Falls. The music and parades were all that could be desired in that line by the most fastidious, and the speaking well, as that is what we felt and still feel most interested in, we only wish we could present our readers with a phonographic report of the same, or at least with a fair synopsis thereof. The leading address in the forenoon was by Chas. S. Gleed, of the law firm of Gleed & Gleed, Topeka, Kan., orator of the day. Taken altogether it was an address that honored the head and heart of the speaker. He dealt in facts and arguments; he impugned the motives of no one; he misrepresented and maligned no man nor class of men. He was disposed to take a hopeful, an optimistic view of the future of our country, notwithstanding the present confessedly unfavorable outlook. He said we have now a new "irrepressible conflict," the conflict between labor and aggregated capital, and this conflict is growing daily more bitter and determined. But political agitations are not necessarily dangerous, even when they break out in sporadic deeds of violence. Give nature a chance. With freedom of speech and freedom of press the body politic will right itself. He thought the strikers, the socialists and anarchists meant well but their methods were bad. We are all socialists, more or less pronounced.

We do not profess to give exact language, but the foregoing is the general drift of the address.

And now while giving the speaker credit for candor, fairness and ability, generally, in the treatment of his theme we must be allowed to take some exception to certain utterances; especially to certain definitions of terms used. He defined the word Anarchist as "against the ruler." Pretty good, but not quite correct. *Archein* means "to rule." Then an archist is one who rules, or one who is in favor of rule, while the anarchist is just the opposite of this. The anarchist does not want to rule others himself, neither will he submit to be ruled by others. He simply wants to be his own ruler, his own governor. Hence when Mr. Gleed called Jeff Davis an Anarchist he shot wide of the mark. If ever there was an archist—one who wants to rule others—Jeff Davis was and is one. Anarchists—that is, true, etymological anarchists, are not opposed to government and to laws; they simply want co-operative self-government, instead of government by rulers, and they want laws for the restraint of evil doers—not laws to tell people what they must do—to please their rulers.

Again when he says, as we understood him to say, that good citizenship requires "abject slavery to law" we respectfully object to the word "slavery." We think man should not be a slave to any law or lawmaker, not even to the laws of nature. He should obey the laws or forces of nature only so far as is necessary for his own health, comfort and convenience. That is to say, man should use these laws and forces as his servants not his masters. So also with statute laws. These should be his servants not his masters. Laws and governments are not the products of natural evolution, as man is a product of natural evolution. They are simply artificial arrangements made for man's convenience and comfort and when they fail to answer this purpose they should be altered or destroyed. Then to say that the citizen should be a slave to his own artificial arrangements is simply absurd. Laws and governments have no rights as such. There are no rights but personal, individual rights, and laws are not persons, they are not individuals.

With another statement of the speaker, however, in regard to law, we find ourself fully in accord. "Law means that we agree to disagree." Precisely so. If this means anything it means that laws are only useful and proper as a defense against encroachment upon each others rights. Laws for restraining, then, are proper, right and useful as servants, while laws that assume to be our masters soon become our tyrants and we their slaves. Reverence for "law as law," is one of the greatest obstacles to human progress.

There were many other points in this address that we should like to comment upon, but these must suffice.

In strong, not to say

PAINFUL CONTRAST

with the scholarly, gentlemanly and statesmanlike address of the morning was the leading speech of the afternoon, by L. C. Biggs, pastor of M. E. Church of Valley Falls. It was in reply, we believe, to the toast, "Our Country and its flag." He began by a somewhat labored rehearsal of the old, old Irish "bull," or blunder made by the sailor who on falling from the mast-head was asked if he was dead, replied, "Och no, honey, but be jabers I'm spachless!" This story he said was very applicable to his own case—He had no speech to make. In the good sense of the word this statement was probably correct, and in the estimation of more than one hearer it would have been better for the reputation of the speaker as a fair minded man to say nothing of his character as a proclaimer of "The gospel of peace and good will to men," if he had stopped with this apology for not being prepared with a speech. What followed reminded us most painfully of war times and *ante-bellum* days. The times when the political demagogue, on either side the line did his level utmost to excite the prejudices and hateful and hating passions of his hearers to fever heat. Instead of giving the strikers and socialists the credit of good intentions as was done by his predecessor on the platform, Mr. B. denounced them in sweeping terms as a lot of "cut-throats, thieves, frequenters of grogshops and houses of prostitution, and who never did an honest days work in their lives"—or words to that effect. Mr. Biggs knew or ought to have known that there were many persons in the large audience who, while not approving perhaps, the methods of the strikers, yet sincerely sympathized with them in their struggles against the tyranny of corporate capital, and he knew, too, that these friends of the strikers would have no chance to repel this slanderous assault.

The catchword of this demagogical harangue of the parson was "Opportunity." He said our country and flag gave opportunity for a rail-splitter on the frontier to rise to be the first magistrate of the nation, they also gave opportunity to "a tanner of ox-hides to to become a tanner of the hides of rebels." The shout that greeted this atrocious sentiment, sounded more like the old bloodthirsty yell of war times than anything we have heard in many a day. Instead of checking such untimely demonstrations, as it would have seemed the duty of the "apostle of peace and good will," Mr. Biggs thanked his hearers for thus cheering him. Again we say the speaker knew, or ought to have known that there were many in the audience whose sympathies were with those who fought and died for what they honestly believed to be a just and holy cause, viz: the right of peaceful secession—the right to dissolve a compact which was no longer desirable; or, as they thought, no longer equitable, and mutually beneficial.

Whether Horace Greeley was right or wrong when he favored the plan of letting the "erring sisters go in peace," we do not care to discuss at this place, but whatever or whoever was to blame for bringing on the war, we think there should be no difference of opinion as to our duty now in regard to opening afresh the wounds caused by that four years carnival of horrors.

The independent press, too, came in for its share of abuse. The speaker said: "This country gives opportunity, thru the freedom of its press, for a man to show his meanness; and to illustrate how mean some men can be we have only to refer you to certain papers published not a thousand miles from this place." The phrase "not a thousand miles from this place" has, from immemorial time, been used to mean right here at home, hence this thrust was intended evidently to have a local application. The meanness that besets most newspaper men is lack of courage to speak out boldly and freely their convictions—the tendency to float with the popular current and cater to popular prejudices. Is this the meanness to which Mr. Biggs referred? We have heard no such accusation lately against any paper published at Valley Falls or near it. On the contrary, one at least of these has been severely censured for too much plainness in attacking popular abuses, popular prejudices and popular creeds. Taken in connection with late threats of suppression and with the destruction of copies of LUCIFER we think the inference is legitimate that this utterance of the parson was intended for our special benefit. If not intended to have special application it was still a most inexcusable and uncalled for slur upon the editorial fraternity, and the more so because the speaker knew that the said editorial fraternity would have no opportunity on that day and occasion to suitably repel the cowardly and ungentlemanly charge.

We have better use for our columns than to spend much time or space in noticing these utterances of Mr. B. We would just say, however, that we fully agree with him that ours is a country of vast "opportunities." No better illustration of this fact can be given than was given in the address itself now under consideration. Our country gives a man all the opportunity he needs to show whether he is a gentleman or a boor; a 6 x 9 bigot or a broad-guage humanitarian; a statesman in the good sense of the word, or a demagogue in the bad sense. And we are just now reminded that the the speaker had at least one lucid spell, one sane moment, and that was when he said, "I am responsible for no one but myself to-day!" This was said, doubtless, by way of apology for what he must have felt was a most wanton infraction upon the amenities and proprieties of the day and the occasion. He wanted to shoulder all the blame himself and thus relieve the committee who had invited him to speak, from what he felt must be to them a painfully embarassing predicament. This was well. We congratulate the committee on their escape from the dilemma. Next time they will doubtless be more careful. Before turning loose such menagerie specimens upon the arena of the public platform on Independence day, they will see to it that some reliable man, party, clique or at least some church organization shall assume the "responsibility" for probable consequences!

To show that we do not transcend all precedent in thus using the phrase "menagerie specimens," we would respectfully refer our readers to the Bard of Ayr. In criticising an obstreporous parson of the vicinity Robert Burns says:

"To hear you roar and rout
There's none I'm sure would doubt your claim
To rank among the nowt."
[Wild black cattle!]

Once more and we have done. Let no reader suppose that these remarks grow out of a personal feud between parson Biggs and our humble self. There has been no feud, no personal strife, at least none on our part. In fact it would seem quite impossible to get up a personal feud with such a genial, jovial, "hail-fellow-well-met" sort of a man as Mr. B. is. To look at him you would say there cannot be a particle of bile, vinegar or gall in his composition. His rosy, not to say *rubicund*, countenance ever wears the blandest of smiles, reminding one of the description given of Bonner, the N. Y. Ledger man—"a real jolly-rolly-polly" sort of a man. It is evident that the parson is no ascetic—no believer in punishing the flesh for the good of the soul! He believes in enjoying his full share of the good things of this world as he goes along, whatever may be in store for him in the next. It is impossible to believe that a man with such a comfortable looking, perennially smiling phiz, can take any stock in a hell in the hereafter, either for himself or for his fellow men; and hence it is one of the unexplained enigmas how he ever got into the clerical profession; or, if drawn into it by a train of untoward circumstances, how it is possible for him to remain there. Take him out of theology, and out of partizan politics—to which latter vice Methodist parsons are fearfully addicted of late years, put him to some really honest, upright, productive calling, and parson Biggs would doubtless make a good and useful citizen. We are the more convinced of this from a conversation we had with him not long since on the street, in which he used the expression, "*Honestly*, before all things else!" The emphasis with which he uttered these words inclines us to believe that he would really enjoy a change from the manhood-smothering occupation of the parson to one in which he could be *really honest*—intellectually and morally so, without forfeiting his chances of getting all the good things of this life with a minimum expenditure of mental and muscular exertion.

When meeting him on the street or elsewhere, therefore, we shall continue to separate the man from the clergyman, and treat him as a man and brother, knowing full well that like all other individualized boulders rolling down the inclined planes of Nature's interminable mountains, Mr. Biggs has simply "followed the lines of least resistance," and if our "lines" had been as his have been we should now be precisely as he is, and do precisely as he does. H.

REPUBLIC OR KINGDOM.

Our American people are phenomenally patriotic, in fact, they just boil over with patriotism of the Cheap John variety. It is the morning of the 3d of July, and as I write this the beautiful serenity of the dawn is disturbed by the sound of exploding anvils, the snapping of fire-crackers and torpedoes, and the multitudinous other cat-torturing noises which may be called the effervescence of our grand and lofty patriotism.

But this is the 3d day of July, I said. Well, what has that to do with patriotism, of any sort, or with celebrating the 4th of July, the natal day of the Republic, so-called! Why are a large number of towns celebrating this 3d day of the month and why will another large number celebrate on the 5th day? Why don't they celebrate on *the* day, the 4th itself? Why, bless your dear simple soul, to-morrow, the 4th, is the KING'S DAY and no profane earthly patriotism must be allowed to desecrate its awful sanctity! To-morrow is Sunday, most falsely called "The Sabbath," and our people being worshipers of the King first and citizens of the Republic afterwards, dare not celebrate the anniversary of American Independence then lest their sacrilege should call down upon them the wrath of the insulted King. "Independence," did I say? It was a slip of the pen, there is no such thing as American Independence. Our people are the cowardly serfs of an arrogant church. They dare do nothing which that organized imposture forbids. They are not children of the Republic, they are cringing henchmen of the King as incarnated in his church militant. Their patriotism is less than skin-deep. Their first and supreme allegiance is to a foreign power. They betray their country for the indulgences sold by the church.

Two of the most humiliating of spectacles are these of the American people decorating the graves of their dead on some other day than the 30th of May when that day happens to fall on Sunday, and celebrating the 3d or 5th of July instead of the 4th when the latter happens to be "The Sabbath."

The Sabbath! But Saturday is "The Sabbath," the Sabbath of the Jews, the only Sabbath recognized by the Bible, as every christian scholar knows. Those men who foist upon us Sunday and seek to compel us, under the pains and penalties of the law, to observe it, Know that there is not a single text, in either the Old or New Testament, which in the most remote manner lays upon them the duty of observing Sunday as the Sabbath. So that, in ceasing to be Republicans and making themselves the subjects of a Celestial Empire, they are so doing under a wholly false pretense, are hypocrites, and falsifiers of their own pretended Sacred Word.

Any man who takes part in a celebration under the circumstances above named, is false to every principle of human, self-government, and is the cringing minion, for the time being, of a foreign power. And this is espe-

cially true of every Freethinker, and in addition to this, *he* betrays our glorious Freethought, he is no longer a Protestant, he is a servile conformist. I appeal to you, my Comrades, to have naught to do with this unclean, disloyal, thing. Do not, I implore you, for the sake of a "little form," soil the dignity of your manhood and womanhood. Make your PROTEST felt through and by your ACTIONS. W.

"THE RADICAL REMEDY."

Beginning on page 70 of Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr's, "Radical Remedy, I find this:

"CONTRACEPTS AS A MORAL QUESTION."

As to to the morality or immorality of contraception, it depends largely upon the personal bias or preference, and upon one's general philosophy of life. If man has been placed upon earth, or finds himself here merely for the purpose of multiplying and giving place to his successors, then this must be the sole use and function of the sexual organs, and the more they are devoted to it the better, till the earth shall be replenished to its fullest capacity, but if we may believe that 'as we journey through life' it is moral and proper that we 'live by the way,' may we not attribute to this function a duplex utility, as we do to the sense of taste of which no one denies us the enjoyment, though its main purpose and use is to guide in the selection of food; or, the sense of hearing, since, to the sounds approaching our ears, we do not say, 'no admittance except on business,' for we are glad also to receive those which contribute only to our pleasure—as in listening to music. The morality of an act is also to be judged by its results, and if it be shown to contribute to the happiness and well-being of mankind without impairing physical or mental integrity, it may be accepted as good; and again, morality is to be considered relatively, and an act may be taken as moral or immoral, according as good or evil predominates in it. Therefore, were it true, as claimed by ultra-moralists, that there ought, in the perfect state, to be no indulgence of the sexual passion except for procreation, and that only under such conditions as would favor the best quality of offspring, it is at once apparent that this standard is so far beyond the existing practice and belief that it can be adopted in but comparatively rare instances as a working formula, and while we are awaiting the approach of the millennial day when it will be universally welcomed, we might avail ourselves of something a little less divine and perfect, by which to give humanity a lift out of the slough of imperfection. For the present and some centuries to come, we may as well depend upon contraception as a lesser evil to help us up toward the greater good, if so it be, of strict continence."

In this connection Dr. Foote quotes (page 80 of R. R.) Mrs. Besant:

"To limit the family is no more a violation of Nature's laws than to preserve the sick by medical skill; the restriction of the birth-rate does not violate Nature's laws more than does the restriction of the death-rate. Science strives to diminish the positive checks; science should also discover the best preventive checks. We only teach conjugal prudence by balancing one natural force against another. Such study of nature, and such balancing of natural forces, is civilization. The human brain is nature's highest product, and all improvements on irrational nature are most purely natural; preventive checks are no more unnatural than every custom of civilization. Raw meat, nakedness, living in caves, these are the *irrational* natural habits; cooked food, clothes, houses, these are the *rational* natural customs. Production of offspring recklessly, carelessly, lustfully, this is irrational nature, and every brute can here outdo us; production of offspring with forethought, earnestness, prudence, this is rational nature, where man stands alone."

On page 82, Dr. Foote makes this quotation from Dr. Alexander Wilder:

"What the exact standard of morality should be, we acknowledge is not easy to ascertain, as would at first seem. Theologians meet the question glibly enough, but physiologists have the real difficulties to encounter. In the course of nature, in all departments of organic existence, there are a thousand ways provided for semination, where one instance occurs of actual procreation. In every animal are the germs, ova and other agents for abundant fecundation; yet the most of them fall short, or the world would be speedily over-run. The same analogy holds good with the human race. Every woman has the capacity for producing twenty or more children, and by the logic which inhibits the prevention of conception, ought to have them. Yet, so many births might overcrowd the world, and become an evil and a calamity. Besides, if married women have no moral right to avoid maternity, parity of reasoning would enforce the same doctrine on the unmarried. Their capacities and aptitudes are similar, and they suffer as much or more by the avoidance. Among the animal races all females are privileged alike, and physiology has not yet ascertained why such women should constitute an exception. Yet moralists inculcate a wholesale waste of of their sexual functions."

All of these common-sense reflections have an important bearing, some of them upon the Population, and others upon the Alphite question. They also expose the hollow mockery of our present social and sexual systems.

I wish to again call especial attention to this book of Dr. Foote's "The Radical Remedy in Social Science." It costs but twenty-five cents, and everybody should read it. We will send it post-paid with "Elements of Social Science." (Price, $1.50) for $1.50. Order of Walker & Harman, or of LUCIFER. W.

NOTES.

Our friend Broadbeck, of Pinal, Arizona, in a recent issue of the *Truth Seeker*, takes that paper and LUCIFER severely to task because they did not unreservedly indorse the actions of the Chicago Socialists. In the first place, while it is uncertain about the throwing of the bomb, there can be no doubt that many of those who are now trying to make it appear that it was a governmentalist act, and that the capitalistic press is unjust in charging them with the responsibility for this and similar acts, are the very men who for years or months have been advising their followers to arm, to manufacture bombs, etc., etc.

It is useless to say that these are capitalistic lies; we know better than that. These things we have got, *not* from Associated Press dispatches in the monopolistic papers, but from the columns of the official and the semi-official organs of the Socialistic party. I denounce as heartily as Mr. Broadbeck possibly can these outrages upon the freedom of speech and of the press, but I refuse to say, what I do not believe, that Parsons, Spies, and their associates are guiltless of the sin of bloodshedding.—morally guilty they are, and just about in an equal degree with their authoritarian persecuters.

Even Mr. Lum and other writers of equal ability have said more, directly and indirectly, in favor of revolution than they have in behalf of peaceful, formative, methods of reform. The gentleman named has insisted that we are on the crest of a revolutionary wave and that we must stay there if we expect to accomplish anything for the race. We have no business to choose methods, he says, we must go with the crowd. As though going with the crowd was not a choosing of methods, and, in this instance, of the forceful, bloody, methods.

"X" (Henry Appleton) says in *Liberty*:

"The surplus population of this earth has never been more than a few lecherous, idle drones holding the prime sources of life and well-being in monopoly, and the pestilence that would have swept away a few hundred authoritarians would have permitted the rest to survive."

But those few hundred drones were the parasitic growths of foul conditions, and no "sweeping away" which left the conditions unchanged would have availed. The sweeping away of one brood of drones and tyrants simply makes room for another. So long as men and women continue to breed without any regard to consequences, so long as they think that they must have rulers of *some* kind, just so long will the material for tyrants and drones be forthcoming, just so long will these find a way to fatten upon the producers who are ever their supporters, and each wrathful revolution is merely a temporary expedient.

The drones and the tyrants were superfluous, but not more so than the masses of superstition and prejudice from which they sprang and upon which they fed. Let us be done with cant.

According to a late number of the *War Cry*, the official organ of the Salvation Army in this country, the various corps of that Army take 50,000 copies regularly. This in addition to the single copies and packages sent out to other subscribers. This is a greater number than the aggregate circulation of all the Freethought papers in the country, and yet I every day find Liberals who think that the battle against superstition is fought and won. W.

DEATH OF WILLIAM ROWE.

For some months past we have been hearing that the health of this good and brave worker in humanity's cause was rapidly declining and that his death was daily expected. Now the sad tidings reach us that the end has come. We have several letters on file from him, written in view of his approaching end. They all breathe the same spirit of calm but hopeful resignation. His only regret seeming to be that he could no longer be of use to his fellow workers. Mr. Rowe was himself a wage worker, and knew how to sympathise with that large and ever-increasing class. He was a writer and lecturer on various reformatory subjects; was president of the Land Reform League of New York, and a prominent member of several other societies of workingmen. But few men now living were so generous and liberal according to his means, in helping build up and place on an enduring basis our freethought, labor and social-reform papers. LUCIFER is largely indebted to him for timely aid, especially on its press fund.

The following letter from Mrs. Rowe explains itself:

EDITOR LUCIFER: *Dear Sir:*—My husband, Wm. Rowe, died on the 24th inst., at 15 minutes to 4 P. M., at the residence of a friend in Tremont, Westchester county, N. Y., whither he insisted on going two weeks before his death.

We made a comfortable bed in a carriage, a gentleman friend and myself were seated beside him, and we made the journey of twenty miles without any apparent detriment to him, but he continued to fail, and all our loving care could not save him. We brought him home the day after his death and held the funeral services on Sunday, the 27th inst.

J. K. Ingalls delivered an address and Victor Drury read two beautiful poems, (my husband requested that they be read at his funeral). We buried him in Arlington Cemetery, also by his request. I write this, thinking it may be of some interest to you, as you were one of his numerous friends.

Very truly yours,
MRS. C. M. ROWE.

P. S. There were more people here than our house could accommodate; they tell me that a great many remained outside.

Jersey City, June 29.

LIBERAL ACADEMY.

Liberal, Mo., is running its Liberal Academy scheme. Though announced to be Liberal and modern, I note that the dead languages have precedence of the living. The Academy Board publishes in a recent number of the Liberal the announcement and courses of study of the proposed Academy.

The Faculty will consist of M. D. Leahy, B. S., B. A., President; Roy V. Hoffman, B. S., Natural Sciences and assistant Mathematics; Wm. Glass, B. O., Rhetoric, Elocution, and Orntory; Lida Brown, Latin, French and common branches; H. Winsor, Penmanship and commercial department; G. H. Walser, Commercial Law; T. K. Blue, Vocal and Instrumental Music.

The fall term begins Sept. 7, 286.

Address all communications of inquiry to M. D. Leahy, President, Liberal, Mo.

"Which I Wish to Remark"

That the rush of work in the office seems to interfere with the proof reading. In my reply to Mr. Kelley in the issue of June 28, there are several errors which the critical reader has noticed, and so I will not particularize them here, for I presume that not one reader out of a hundred compares "Errata" with the original. But the aggravating mistakes are there, nevertheless. W.

The two LUCIFERS, English and German—one year for $1.50.

Thinking and Acting.

EDITOR LUCIFER: Yours of May 30th is at hand, and since you promise not to throw this article into the waste basket, I will give you my ideas of the social question.

Society is a growth, and not something made to order as socialists seem to think. Law is a concomitant of society, and no society can exist without it. Among illiterate nations usage takes the place of law, but as soon as a nation learns to read and write, the usages in practice are written down and become laws. Those laws are at first as simple as the people who made them, but when society advances the laws become complicated, and a set of beings, called lawyers, spring up. This is owing to the growth of society, and the existence of any other set of non-producers is due to the same growth. Why then howl continually about capitalists, monopolists, etc., instead of attacking the system that produces them? The evils we complain of are the outgrowths of our social system, therefore society must take a radical change before the evils can be eradicated. yet no change in society can be brought about by strikes, boycotting or other selfish means; a change can only be produced by educating the masses. I do not mean that theoretical education which children receive in schools, but that practical education which makes the businessman, and without which the laborer must always remain a wage-worker.

We live in the age of cranks, not of reformers. No reformer will deny me the right to make any contract I see fit, provided no fellow being is injured by my contract. If I wish to work for ten cents a day, it is my own business and not my neighbor's; if I think I can better my condition by borrowing money and paying interest on it, it is by business likewise, and so with rent. All these usages are outgrowths of the society we live in, and the howlings of all the cranks cannot stop them. The duty of the reformer is to cool the passions rather than to excite them, to set the masses to thinking rather than to acting; for the masses will have to do a great deal of thinking yet before they can act intelligently. So far the reverse course has been taken, and intelligent people are disgusted with our so-called reformers.

I believe the time will come when Anarchy and Freelove will be the normal condition of mankind, but it will be in the far distant future, all we ought to strive for now is co-operation.

Eureka Cal. ROBERT GUNTHER.

Christianity vs. Liberalism.

LUCIFER: In your controversy with the Rev. Mr. Taylor, you undoubtedly have every advantage over him; but the greatest advantage is the fact you and not he, are the Christian. You are a Christian while he is merely a churchman imbued with and worshiping the translations of the cloister and the inquisition. Your work is similar to that of Christ, while his is that of Christ's crucifiers. The worst feature about our so-called Christianity of to day is its consummate hypocrasy. Ignorance may be an excuse for its intolerance, but nothing can excuse for its professions of promulgating Christ's teachings while practicing the teachings of his accusers and betrayers. The fact of the matter is that Christ's teachings have not prevailed. They at first had a wide influence and took deep root, but time and ignorance and selfishness overcame them, and in our day we have a Christian shell filled with Pagan superstition, and this superstition calls itself Christian and would like to annihilate the real Christian, that it now cannot tolerate.

When Paul said: "If any man preach another gospel let him be accursed," he had reference to Christ's gospel, that all men are the children of one common father, that the Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free, the master and servant were brothers, and their interminglings, their goings in and coming out should be wholly controlled by that great central idea: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Paul had not heard of a trinity, of an immaculate conception, and he is not to be held responsible for the interlinenations and forced constructions that crept in afterwards. Paul was a noble, liberal and educated youth. He was fresh from college when he first heard of Christ, and was filled with indignation afterwards, and indeed stoned those who believed in the teachings; but his teacher—Gamaliel—was liberal and his impress was upon Paul, and Paul, with much reflection and no little courage in those days, concluded that Christ's teachings were after all the essence of wisdom, and he tramped the country round to make known these teachings. If Paul could see a copy of LUCIFER to-day would he burn it up or refuse to read it? I think not. But of Mr. Taylor he would say what his "master" said: "Scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, that make long prayers, and seek the first seat in the synagogue, that lay hands upon the orphans and widows and don't so much as lift your little finger Woe unto you!"

The only way to treat such men as the Rev. Taylor, is with sublime commiseration for their ignorance and to forgive them their railings because "they know not what they do." Let them offer vinegar and gall, let them nail to the cross and pierce the side, let them quarrel over the garments as they did of old, the seeds of truth have been sown by this and that honest and fearless thinker of that and this age, and though but little fruit can be seen in the immediate future, later on and at last the fowls of the air will roost in the tree, justice and knowledge will prevail, and with them will come that day that has no night. Your work is hastening that day, and though the minions of power, of fraud, of kings and princes work continually to delay its coming, it will and must eventually come.

PLUS ENCORE.

Nature vs. Gods.

A superstitionist looking at a malformed doubled chicken—with four legs two protruding from the back and two from the breast, wonders why God created such a deformity. The idea that god does this and does that, is a *scull* stopping all investigation into the real why and wherefore of things.

To the scientist it is all a mere matter of fact that these things occur. Also double headed children, and children with a double set of limbs.

The gods are innocent of such blunders or misdeeds. Only nature, through cause and effect, is the perpetrator thereof. A double yolked egg produces twins, and if the twins intermingle, sometimes nothing hatches and sometimes the two blend into a deformity, part double and consequently deformed.

This occurs all along through all organisms. Double headed snakes, four armed children and Siamese twins, all are caused in this way. So also double fruit and flowers.

Real hermaphrodites are rare in human kind, *i. e.* double sexed individuals, though I lately received a letter from Mrs. Farley, a doctor in Kansas, who says: "I have seen one case of hermaphrodite in a child, and have known one individual who was both man and woman. One side was seemingly male, the other female. One hand was small and white, the other was large and rough like that of a man. There was the same difference in the feet and other parts of the body. Menstruation occurred at certain intervals. This person always dressed like a man and was the father of a child. Could write two distinct hands, one a fine business hand, the other a lady's small hand. He is very sensitive to his 'double condition' as he calls it." These cases are of great interest to all students of sexual physiology.

We need information regarding all peculiar formations, and if possible should search out the *cause* of them. To say the gods do it is to put a fraud upon the intellect and to poison the mind is more wicked than to poison the body. Give us truth.

Trace effects back to causes wherever it is possible. Truly,

ELMINA.

RECEIVED: The Fallacy of Worship, or the Curse of Godism, An Inspirational Essay. Issued from the office of Foundation Principles, Clinton, Iowa.

Labor has permitted monopoly to seize the natural agencies by which wealth is produced, and tax labor for the use of them.

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A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXI.

MAKING PROUD KNEES BEND.

Provided he is not a French journalist whose drooping honor is cured by a scratch, a man about to fight a duel has generally preparations to make. *Maurice Hervey's* approaching duel being of a peculiar nature the preparations he made were also peculiar. They consisted of inducing the room he occupied, which, in an unmolested state, was a nice tidy appartment, to look as disreputable and dissipated as with the resources at his command, it was possible. He gave no orders for his breakfast things to be cleared away, but added to the relics of the meal a bottle of whisky and a glass. He also laid a short pipe and a tobacco-pouch on the table. *With great satisfaction* he found in a drawer a dirty pack of cards; these were also placed in a position to carry effect. He told the servant not to attend to his bedroom just yet; so that by his leaving the door of communication between the two rooms open, a visitor might have the privilege of gazing on a disheveled sleeping apartment. Given the materials at his disposal, he made a very fair effect with them.

He kept his own appearance in sympathy with the surroundings. He wore slippers *which he trod down at the heel.* His clothes were too new to look shabby, but by putting on a soiled shirt, discarding his waistcoat and cravat he managed to get within reasonable distance of his requirements.

All these preparations were inspired by an exquisite refinement of malice. Metaphorically he meant to bring Beatrice down on her knees, and his cruelty told him that to one of her type, the process would be doubly disagreeable when it took place in such a scene.

"Gad!" he said, as he gazed round and approved of his handiwork. "I wish I had my prison suit here. I'd don it once more for your benefit, my lady."

He gave orders that if a lady called she was to be shown up at once, then he lit a cigar and lounged in the easy chair. At five minutes to twelve, just as the man was wondering whether she would come or not, and if, in the event of her not coming, it would be well for his own interests to seek her at Hazlewood House, the door opened and Beatrice stood before him. He laughed a low mocking laugh and without changing his lounging attitude, looked up at her.

She took it all in, the disreputable look of the place and of its tenant; he could see that by the quiver of her nostril, and the look of deepening scorn on her firm mouth. His eyes gleamed with triumph.

And she, as she looked at him, the thought ran through her, how could she ever in her most foolish girlhood's days have loved this man—have loved him even for an hour? His features were the features she had once thought so perfect—now no human creature on the earth could have inspired her with such loathing. She did not fear him, simply because she knew the worst he could do—the heaviest penalty she could be called upon to pay. Or she thought she knew.

"Well, my affectionate wife," he said, knocking the ash off his cigar, and looking her up and down; "you've grown into quite a fine piece of goods, quite a th-topper, no end of a swell. You haven't pined much for me, I guess."

She shivered as she heard his voice and coarse, *mocking* compliments, but she kept her proud eyes upon him. "You have something to say to me—say it." She spoke sternly.

"Say! I should think it was for you to say something. You who sent me to herd with felons for five years. You who would not stretch out a hand to save me. What have you to say?" He spoke with a vicious, bitter intonation.

She said nothing. She might have told him of misery which she had undergone—misery which she had to undergo to which his well-merited punishment was as nothing.

"Nearly five years," he went on, "think of that—dull, dead drudgery. Week after week, month after month, year after year the same. All through you—through you! And now, my sweet wife, which do you expect me to do, to strike you or to kiss you?"

He changed his tone to that of raillery, a tone more loathsome to Beatrice than that which showed his real nature. He took a step towards her as he said the last words.

"You have done both to me," she said, slowly *and bitterly. "The memory of the* kiss is to-day more degrading to me than that of the blow." He scowled as her scorn stung him—scowled and took another step towards her.

There was a sharp-pointed knife lying on the table, Beatrice's fingers mechanically rested themselves on the handle. "If you touch me," she said quietly, "I think I shall kill you."

The man knew she meant it. He threw himself into a chair, and laughed scornfully.

"Come," he said, "let us go to business."

"Yes. Business is the only question between us now."

"Sit down. I can't talk to you while you stand up there. And I've lots to say."

To show how little she feared him she obeyed.

"Now," he said, "to come to the point; what proposal have you to make? I'm your husband, and with all your put-on pride and carelessness, you know I have the whip-hand at last."

Beatrice looked at him and again wondered how she could have ever loved this ruffian.

"I will do this," she said. "On certain conditions I will give you one-half of my income."

"And how much may your income be?"

"Two thousand five hundred a year, I am told."

"You lie," said Hervey coarsely. "It is more."

Beatrice flushed. She half rose from her seat, then returned to it without troubling to reply.

"Take it for argument's sake it is so," said the man. "Now for the conditions."

"That you never seek me, never trouble me, never make known to my one that I am your wife."

"*You have kept the secret then?*"

"One other person knows it, my faithful servant."

"That hag! Of course you hoped I should die in the five years."

"No," said Beatrice simply; "but I hoped I might."

The duel was progressing. The advantage as yet had been to Beatrice. Hervey's turn was to come."

"Listen," he said; "I have also a proposal to make and conditions." Beatrice bent her head.

"You have two thousand five hundred a year. Two hundreds are quite enough for a woman to live on, the thousands shall be mine."

She was silent for a minute. "Yes," she said, "I will even do that—at least for many years."

Hervey laughed maliciously. "How nice to be so hated! I never made anything out of a woman's love, but her hate is profitable. Now hear the conditions."

"I have named them already," said Beatrice coldly.

"Hear mine, I say," said Hervey bringing his hand down on the table, and speaking in grim earnest. "I will go away, never seek you, never trouble you so long as you pay the money; but *before I go*"—here he bent forward and spoke in a low, grating voice—"before I go you shall come to me here, in these rooms, and for a month shall live here as my wife. All your fine relations, all your dear friends shall know you are the wife of Maurice Hervey, forger, felon, and at present, ticket-of-leave man. After that I'll leave you and take the money."

Beatrice made no reply. She drew her mantle round her and rose. "Don't like my proposal," mocked Hervey. "I thought it out carefully though—thought it out night after night—for years and years I thought it out—how I was to be paid in full for everything. I have you now—I have you now, my sweet wife,"

"I think you are mad," said Beatrice contemptuously.

"Mad! No, I'm not mad. Are you going to leave me? After such a separation to leave me so soon?" She moved towards the door.

"Which means, I suppose, that you leave me to do my worst?"

"Yes. You must do your worst."

"Which means, take whatever the law forces you to give me? You know the law will give me something."

"I believe it will," said Beatrice wearily.

"Yes, I'll take what the law gives me. Are you versed in the law?" There was *some*thing in his voice, in his triumphant look which for the first time made her fear.

"Do you know," he went on, "that the law will give me the custody of a certain pretty, golden-haired boy? That a wife who absents herself from her husband and his home has no right to deprive him of his child. Here is the home I offer you. I long for you and my boy. I demand him. Give him to me. Ah, I have you now!"

He had. His thrust seemed to pierce her heart. She uttered a low cry and grasped the back of a chair for support. "It is not true," she gasped.

"Go to your lawyer and find out," he said. "I have consulted mine. The boy is my own. Ah, what pleasure I shall find in his company! How nice for him to be known hereafter as the forger's son. Now will you accept my conditions? Now have I got your proud knees to bend? Now will you come to me and avow yourself the wife of an injured husband?"

He almost shrieked the sentences. He felt he had his full grasp of revenge.

"I must think, I must think," she murmured.

"Yes, go and think. I've got to think, too. I've got to find out whether my quibble can deprive you of the money. If so, you'll have to marry me again and keep the first marriage dark. Hang me! that will be even better."

"Let me go," she said.

"Yes, you can go. But come to me again the day after to-morrow. Then I'll tell you *what to do.* Ah, my lady, *you'd better* have got the money I wanted years ago. I told you at the time you were a fool."

She did not hear his last words. She had left the room. Hervey threw himself into his chair and laughed long and loud.

"Revenge and money!" he said. "I'll bring her down to the very dust. I'll make her beg on her knees for the boy before I spare her even him. Luck I was there ever such luck?"

CHAPTER XXII.

HARRY LEARNS A NEW WORD.

I am informed, by those who ought to know, that a credit balance at one's bankers possesses great virtuesas an elevator of both morals and character. That, apart from any sordid consideration or miserly joy, it enables a man to face with greater courage the smaller ills and annoyances of life, renders him less liable to many temptations, teaches him to regard his fellow creatures with more affectionate eyes, and generally to acquiesce in the wisdom of the arrangement which made the world as it is. If this be so, the universal desire to grow rich may have for its motive one the noblest motives.

As in nine cases out of ten, a woman hates money in far greater reverence and awe than a man does, *the possession of such a balance* should be to her doubly gratifying and elevating. With money woman is a power. It was the weak concession, begun years ago for man's selfish ends, completed to-day for the sake of justice, that a woman has any right to hold property at all, which has led up to the demand for womanhood suffrage.

Beatrice had a very large credit balance in the hands of the family bankers, Messrs. Furlong, Stephens, Furlong, Seymour, and Furlong, an establishment which for the sake of brevity, and *on accounty* of its antiquity, was commonly known as the Blacktown Old Bank. It was a very large balance, so large that it annoyed Horace and Herbert to think of its lying at the bankers. With their praiseworthy regularity the trustees had every half-year paid their niece's income to her account at Messrs. Furlong's, and as Beatrice did not spend one-fifth of it, the money bred with its proverbial fecundity.

Until their niece came to stay with them the Talberts, had, without even consulting her, invested all surplus income in good dividend—paying preference for debenture stocks, chosen because they only paid four per cent—no well-advised borrower should think of offering more than four per cent. Doing so creates mistrust. During the last year Beatrice had asked them to let the money lie at the bank. So at the bank it was, as Horace said, not bearing a fraction of interest. It vexed him to see such waste.

Only at Christmas he had remonstrated with her. "You are simply making our friends"—several members of the elongated firm lived in the neighborhood—"a handsome yearly present. Paying one of their clerk's salaries, in fact."

"Perhaps that was why Mr. Stephens was so attentive to me at dinner last week," said Beatrice placidly.

"Oh, nonsense! It's a mere nothing to them. But why should they have your money for nothing and lend it out at seven or eight per cent?"

Beatrice could give no reason. She simply said she wished it to remain as it was for a while. *Horace and Herbert* began to wonder if she had afoot any scheme for endowing a hospital, or restoring the parish church.

However, the money lay idle and at call, and if Horace's explanation of the method by which bankers make fortunes was correct the page in the red basil-covered ledger, headed "Beatrice Clauson," must have been a gratifying sight for the Messrs. Furlong and the rest of the firm.

Now among other cashiers at the Blacktown Old Bank there was—perhaps there is *now—one who shone forth pre-eminently*, on account of his general smartness and spruceness. A young man who, more fortunate than many, had been thrown into the very position of life for which he was suited, perhaps made. Who counted gold, ever so many coins at a time, with the dazzling rapidity of a fly-wheel, and the assuring infallibility of a chronometer. Who detected a false note or a forged check as if by inspiration. Who "pointed" at the very touch of a bad half-sovereign even as a dog points at game. A cashier worth his weight in bullion, and well worthy of promotion; which let us hope is by now his.

One morning—the very morning which Mr. Hervey had appointed for his second interview with Beatrice—a few minutes after the respectable liveried porter had drawn the bolts of the outer doors, and so proclaimed that the bank was ready for all comers, a check for one thousand pounds, payable to "self" or "bearer" and signed "Beatrice Clauson" was handed across the broad mahogany counter to the spruce cashier. To him, not being in county society, Beatrice Clauson was but a name, and awoke no emotions. She might be young or old, beautiful or ugly, so long as her balance covered the amount of the check. But all the same, being a young man who could think, it struck him that it was very unusual for a lady to send a thousand-pound check to be simply cashed across the counter. So before uttering the usual compound word query "How'l-you-hav'-it?" our cashier gave the presenter of the check a comprehensive but inoffensive glance. All he learnt was that she was a tall woman of an uncertain age, and was dressed in black. There was nothing to tell him whether she was "self" or merely "bearer."

He leaned across the counter and asked her in the politest manner if she was Miss Clauson.

"No, sir," replied the woman. As she said no more, matters came to a deadlock. The cashier thought that the working of the machinery of banking needed readjustment on some minor points such as this. *He hesitated.* Twice the curious compound-query trembled on his lips, twice he drew it back. His inspiration that something was wrong with the check was not a very strong one, but, on the other hand, his reputation for shrewdness was so well-established that, for the sake of the fame and applause which might be gained, he could afford to risk a rap of it. Moreover seeing "bearer" glance nervously at the clock decided him.

Asking her to wait one minute he left his post and telling the clerk next him to keep his eye on the woman, dived through the glazed door at the back of the Bank through which such of the partners as chose could see that their money-making machine was going properly. He showed the check and told his tale.

An alarm like this is contagious. Make an indentation with your teeth on a sovereign—pass it, and if you could see that sovereign in two days' time you would see it bitten almost out of recognition. A coin must be above suspicion. Once libelled it is lost and doomed to the melting-pot.

The signature on the check was compared with Miss Clauson's standard signature, and of course now that alarm was raised did not seem quite right. The cashier's breast swelled. The partners were smiling approvingly.

The young man returned to his post. "It is a rule of the Bank," he said, "when cashing a large check like this for a stranger, to ask for a reference." As he spoke he fixed his eagle eye upon the woman.

She looked very nervous, glanced towards the door, and for a second or two did not answer. For that second or two the cashier was a proud young man. He saw the signs of guilt. He had saved the Bank a thousand pounds. He was going to punish the guilty. His own value in the eyes of the firm would spring to a higher premium. Happy cashier!

But the supposed culprit spoke. "I did not understand that," she said. "Perhaps you had better step out and speak to Miss Clauson."

This was a terrible shock; but there was yet hope. The Miss Clauson outside might be a confederate. As Beatrice had never been inside the Bank, the cashier could not be expected to identify her. He reported progress to his chiefs and was vexed to see the approving smile fade from their faces.

Thereupon Mr. Stephens, a grey-haired old gentleman of fine banking presence; courteous; typical of the old school; Tory to the backbone, as all bankers ought to be, put on his hat and sauntered out of the Bank door. Sure enough in a four-wheeled cab sat Beatrice and her golden-haired boy. Mr. Stephens with the deceit sanctioned by commerce, if not by Christianity, seemed surprised and overjoyed to see Miss Clauson.

He complimented her on her good looks—old gentlemen of his type make a point of complimenting every young lady. He asked after his excellent friends and neighbors. He remarked that the days would soon begin to lengthen. He patted the little boy on his head, wished Miss Clauson good-day, and sauntered back into the bank. He did not speak to the cashier, but no doubt a sign or a token passed between them, for without more ado the young man asked Mrs. Miller "How'l-you-hav'-it?"

For once in the annals of banking, that simple phrase conveyed deep emotion. Much seemed to have slipped away from the speaker when *he saw his elder's masonic* sign.

Mrs. Miller would have five hundred in gold, and five Bank of England notes for one hundred pounds each. The money was counted out, but the operation lacked the cashier's usual spring and vivacity. Mrs. Miller buttoned the notes inside her dress. The bag of gold she placed in her pocket where with every movement it bumped heavily but reassuringly against her leg, and in dumb but painful show proclaimed that it was safe. Then she rejoined her mistress, *and the cab carried them to Blacktown* railway-station.

(To be continued.)

Labor supports the monopoly press while monopoly boycotts the press that upholds labor.