

at five or six, according to the season, until the cells were unlocked next morning. We had the right to burn a light until 10 p. m., and these hours I devoted to study. After some months I obtained permission to have Liebknecht locked up with me in my cell, from 8 to 10 a. m., that he might give me lessons in English and French. Of course, we used to discuss our party affairs, and I answered the business letters which my wife sent me every day.

"Liebknecht and I were great lovers of tea; but we could not get any, and we were forbidden to make it ourselves on account of the danger from fire. However, rules are made to be broken, and I managed to smuggle in a spirit lamp and kettle and the necessary ingredients. As soon as we were locked up for the night I began to brew my tea; and in order to give Liebknecht the pleasure of indulging in his favorite beverage, I had cut a pole in the garden, which was about nine feet long, to the end of which I attached a net of my own making. As soon as tea was ready I knocked on the wall—Liebknecht's cell was next to mine—and I placed a glass of tea in the net; I then thrust the pole out of the window and swung the glass round to Liebknecht's. In the same way we exchanged newspapers....

"I experienced a great need of bodily exercise, and the notion struck me that I would do some gardening. We could not get garden plots allotted to us, but were allowed to cultivate as much as we liked of the fallow land along the garden wall. We set to work with great energy. Liebknecht, who was just then writing his essay on the land question, regarded himself as an expert on agrarian matters, and assured us that this fallow land was one of the most fertile soils. But when we began to dig we found nothing but stone. Liebknecht pulled a long face, but we all laughed. We then took to spreading manure—not a very nice job, and one which we should have refused with indignation had the authorities forced us to do it.

"We sowed radishes and awaited the harvest. They came up beautifully—at least, the leaves did—but there were no radishes. Every morning when we started to take our walk there would be a race to see who should first pull up a radish. But always in vain. There were no radishes; and finally the warden told us the reason: we had manured the ground too well. The soil was too fat. We looked very foolish indeed."

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#### NOTES.

The chief propagandist work of the Ethics of Nature Society has reached its third edition in the French language under the title *Morale fondée sur les lois de la nature*. It is written by the president of the society, M. Marius Deshumbert, and was reviewed extensively with comprehensive quotations from the English edition in *The Open Court* of April, 1912. Copies of the French version will be furnished without charge to any one applying to the Hon. Secretary, Dewhurst, Dunheved Road, Thornton Heath, England. ρ