On Picket Duty.

The Chicago "Herald" says that the government must protect the patrons of the Louisiana Lottery because they are fools. But who will protect the fools who think the government can protect fools from themselves? A New York policeman was convicted of having knocked down a woman sixty years of age and having beaten her in the face after she was down. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, an absurdly light sentence considering the state of his mind and the brutal character of the assault. The Police Commissioners, however, appear to think that the punishment is too severe. Decidedly, a policeman's lot is not an unhappy one.

In four days, at the very beginning of the season, sixty bills were introduced in the Senate appropriating $21,847,000 for new government buildings in different parts of the country. There is no money in the treasury; but the Senators know they can multiply taxes indefinitely. Things which can be multiplied thus indefinitely, political economists teach, have their price, the level determined by the cost of production. It costs little labor to frame and introduce a bill appropriating the people's money; hence these bills ought to be cheap and the people next to nothing. How is it, then, that the reverse of this is true—that the people have to pay heavily for these bills—that the expense to them increases with every increase in the volume of bills? Either one of the fundamental propositions of economics must be declared a paradox, else the loge of political economy is anarchistic and tacitly numerates a state of perfect competition and no compulsory taxation.

The Pittsburgh "Commoner and Glass-Blower" observes, a propos of the attempt to prevent a minority from drinking intoxicants, that it is surprising to what trouble the average person will go to attend to his neighbor's affairs, especially when the neighbor would prefer drinks off his nose. The New York "Voice" rejoins that the slave driver used to say the same thing, and the Louisiana Lottery people are saying it now. Between the abolitionists' case and that of the abolitionists there is no analogy. The slave-drivers did not mind their own business, but forcibly deprived certain human beings of liberty and property. The abolitionists simply made common cause with the victims of invasion and helped them to resist their enslavers.

They were impelled to do this by considerations of self-interest as well as by spontaneous sympathy for the oppressed. The man who drinks mind his own business and interfere with nobody; for restraining him there is no rational excuse. As for the Louisiana lottery people, they have an impregnable position; for meddling with them there is absolutely no excuse.

Senator Plumb is dead, and—if we believe a Boston "Herald" editorial—"the country is deprived of a man whose services were of great value." Beyond the fact that he was a great friend of the "old soldier" and his sister and cousins and aunt, and that no pension appropriation was ever too liberal for him, we know nothing of the late Senator's "services." But we do know that Senator Plumb, who was a man of moderate means when, some fifteen years ago, he was appointed guardian of his brother's estate, died "many hundreds of thousands of dollars," as the same paper tells us. We know further that "most of his business schemes were more or less connected with politics. All of them were advanced and maintained by his political power;" he never "having given much time to what ordinarily goes by the name of business." These facts admitted even by or, one of his own party. Of course we do not insinuate that Senator Plumb was not an "honorable man," as honorable a man as he public prints of his class,—but we submit that, so far as his "great service to the country" are concerned, the less said the better.

In the act defining the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives passed October 1, 1890, there is a section providing that the Sergeant-at-Arms shall submit to the House, at the commencement of each regular session of Congress, a statement exhibiting the several sums drawn by him, the application and disbursement of them, and the balance, if any, remaining in his hands. The New York "Times" calls attention to the fact that this provision has not been complied with, and that the plain and imperative language of the provision, has not been obeyed. The act was passed in October, 1890, yet the Sergeant-at-Arms and his well-paid corps of assistants have not found time to bring together the memoranda of the payments of per diem and mileage to the members of the House. What would the law-makers say if private citizens usually followed the example of officials in the matter of obedience to laws? When a law is passed regarding the conduct of private citizens, somebody is generally interested in securing the enforcement of the law. Not so with laws affecting officials, which are either ignored or evaded. Theoretically the public is concerned in the enforcement of them, but the officials know well enough that they have nothing to fear from that direction.

The editor of the "North American Review" has invited several distinguished writers to name "the best book of the year." Each mentions a different work, and two answers are decidedly surprising and unexpected. Sir Edwin Arnold confesses that the book which has impressed him the most painfully and most permanently of all those he has chanced to read during the past twelve months is Emile Zola's "La Bête Humaine." To be sure, Sir Edwin is no propagandist of Zola's ideas, and he learns that he threw "La Bête Humaine" overboard into the Atlantic, as he had flung "Theresa Raquin" into the Channel, so that the recognizability of the editor of the "Daily Telegraph" is still beyond suspicion; but he recognizes Zola's stupendous genius as a realist and expresses his conviction that posterity will keep Zola's books as painful but precious memorials of our time. In other words, Sir Edwin is sure that the public will not follow his example in the disposition of his copy of the book, and he is certainly not mistaken. The other surprising answer is that of the New York society leader and fashionable novelist who writes under the nom de plume of Julien Gordon. Her best book of the year is—Spencer's "Justice!" The summary of the work is not altogether free from mistakes, when the charging disciple makes Spencer responsible for the statement that "the idea of justice is developed from the recognition of inequality;" but I have not the heart to indulge the tendency to find fault in this instance. Whatever the differences of opinion that may be, there will be unanimity of opinion as to the greatest surprises of the year.

The New York "Times" calls attention, editorially, to the intelligent handling of the eight hour question by the speakers who dealt with it at a recent meeting of the Chicago Sunset Club. The following references will interest Liberty's readers: "The presiding officer was Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, well known all over the country as the head of a large mercantile house in that city. His contribution to the discussion was a statement of the action of his house, employing several hundred hands, and its results. By voluntary action, in advance of any demand by the workers, his house had reduced the required time of sixly work from ten hours to nine hours. This shortening of time would seem to have involved necessarily a considerable pecuniary loss in the reduction of length of labor, without reduction of pay; but he says that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the new system has not cost the house a penny. Another participant in the discussion was Mr. George Schilling, a well-known representative of organized labor. His remarks were somewhat out of the line of those we are accustomed to hear from ronors in his position, and we should think they would be considered rank treason to labor by those especial champions, the walking delegates. He maintained that the movement toward shorter hours should be a voluntary one and not forced. His friends should argue with employers, not with politicians, and examples of action like that of Mr. MacVeagh should be brought to the attention of other merchants in a way likely to secure their favorable consideration. He said it would be an injustice to the State of Illinois to require any one concern or branch of trade to shorten its work day and, if every branch of business in the State were compelled to adopt the eight-hour rule while other States held to the old system it might result in the paralysis of all its industries in Illinois. But if business men singly or collectively should voluntarily shorten the day of work be thought that mutual benefit would arise from the change which would fully offset any losses. Such a temper of reasonable ness in the discussion of the labor question is a good sign and worthy of general imitation." Would the gratification and surprise of the "Times" be greater or less if I should inform it that George Schilling spoke as he did because he is an Anarchist?

Altogether Too Democratic.

[Anthony Bierce.]

Confronted by a person with a satchel of dynamite—the whole thing—what would you do? If his immediate necessities were not relieved by a ten-and-a-half of gold—Russell Sage, millionaire, earnestly unsuspected the situation so long as the sensationalism is Joseph's strength, the old safe, it was the same man whose services were of great value.

Beyond the fact that he was a great friend of the old soldier and his sister and cousins and aunt, and that no pension appropriation was ever too liberal for him, we know nothing of the late Senator's services.
A Typical Crime of Government.

Government is responsible for every life taken by Robert Sims and his friends, and for the violent deaths of himself, relatives, and comrades. So far as the record shows, the report written by his enemies, which was a Christian fanatic, much less harmful than the average of his faith, for it appears that he held that man's laws were not binding upon him, and the inference is that he wished to live up to his creed, letting others alone and asking neither more nor less than what was necessary for his own business and have others do the same, all being left in undisturbed possession of the fruits of their toil.

When, in 1890, his brother, Neil Sims, arrested for running an illicit still, recalled the same thing that public attention was first called to the existence of this small primitive Christian sect whose leader was Robert Sims. Of course the Alabama orthodox Christians were terribly shocked when they discovered men in their midst who were really trying to obey the injunctions of the book all which professed to believe of divine origin and authority. What? Sims actually had the audacity to quote their "Saviour's" command to "sweat not at all," while they, good Christians every day were forced to "sweat thence," lest we force everybody else to do the same before their testimony would be accepted. Ever after "at the Simses were objects of suspicion and dislike to their fellow-Christians. "Inquiry developed the fact that Sims' strange views were held by some twenty families of themselves in Chocotoy county," say the dispatches. When Neil Sims was "charged to their authority for violating the federal revenue law, he was asked the judge for the Bishop authority for including him or any one from the county," and he then said to the public, and his answer fails to appear in the press reports. Well, matters rapidly went from bad to worse. Robert Sims was arrested for illicit distilling. It is needless to say that his distilling was his own business, not the business of the government's agents is fairly attributable all the subsequent troubles. Sims was released by two of his brothers and his son. The latter was killed and one of the former mortally wounded; next day the dying man was lynched by the by the chirvalous citizens of Blackwood Springs. Then the Simses were driven out of the county, going to Mississippi, abandoning their homes, growing crops, everything, and, in fact, that they had in the way of property. Chief among those who had incurred the enmity of their neighbors, and whom the neighbors named McMillan, who had guided the federal louters to Sims' house. Sims' revenge was savage, inhuman, cruel, though not more so than that of the federal government on several occasions when its soldiers have slaughtered innocent women and children by scores and hundreds. McMillan's house was surrounded and fired, and the inmates shot down as they sought to escape from the burning building. McMillan and two others were killed, one child consumed in the house and the other two shot. Sims was pursued, surrounded in his house, and finally surrendered to the sheriff under promise of a guard of fifty men. He yielded, he said, to save his family from massacre, which was certain if he resisted to the death. He was put under "protection" of fifty of the mob as a sheriff's posse. The remaining one hundred and fifty of the mob followed, overtook the posse two miles from Sims' house, and hanged him and four others to one tree. So ends Part First of this tragedy.

Of course it would be unreasonable to hope that the end is yet, and for all the enmity that is engendered, all the tears that are caused to flow, all the homes that are wrecked, all the lives that are lost, the government of the old northern States is logically and morally responsible. It begins by robbing and imprisoning uninviting and industrious citizens, makes them desperate, thus driving them into attempting reprisals, and finally to crime, and then murders them by the hand of the legal hangman or the Birelare owner of the mob.

K. C. WALKER.

Plumb-Line Pointers.

Senator Sherman thinks that the national flag is not displayed enough, so he has introduced a bill in Congress to induce more extended flaunting of what the Boston "Herald" describes as "a number of pieces of fakery of the most brilliant and brilliant colors sewn together for the purpose of making a predetermined combination." It must be a poor sort of flag that needs a law to prevent it from becoming unfamiliar to the sight of the people who are supposed to reverence it. Senator Sherman, who has done as much as any man in public life to alienate the liberties of the American people, has an interest in a bunting factory. He is a shrewd statesman.

At the celebration of Forefathers' day by the Congregational Church of Boston many funny things were said. Now and then a profound truth was uttered, as when Rev. Robert R. Meredith of Brooklyn, in speaking of the following lines: "Their strength was spiritual, not intellectual." This is easily erditable, bearing in mind together their utter inability to grasp the concept of human freedom, and the potency of New England Rum.

The true Democratic party of Louisiana today invokes the blessings of the Christian world, the prayers of every wife and mother in the land, the assistance of every literate person, in its great fight against the lottery. New Orleans Delta.

Pshaw, what you need is votes, not prayers. If God did not want the lottery to run he would not have waited for prayers,especially of non-residents of Louisiana. In fact, the prayers, both male and female, cannot pray effectively at such long range, at least, not while they run the grab-bag in a church fair or buy wheat in the Chicago pit. Import ten or twenty thousand voters, good, pious Paul Fraze, how much better. They would be much more effective than all the "blessings of the Christian world" and all the prayers of non-voting wives and mothers. Nothing wrong about importing voters — at all events, nothing that would make any blacker stain of American democracy. Yes, they may secure the assistance of many a "lover of liberty," but never the aid of a man or woman who understands liberty.

The will of the kingly was the highest law," wrote William of Germany in the Golden Book of Munich. Not always. Charles and George of England did not find it so, and a Louis of France likewise discovered the unreliability of the sapphire.

The Century Dictionary shews new light on an important subject by defining "publix" as "a public robber; tax collector." A re-publican who is seen twenty or more times in the light of past events we cannot take home with the dictionary. lintle Miner.

It is a pity that the comparatively honest occupation of liquor traffic should have become synonymous in most minds with the doubly-named business of tax-collecting and public robbing. No wonder that prohibitionists attribute nine-tenths of all the crimes committed to the teachings and example of the saloon. But now that the big liquor "saffaery" tells us that a public is a "public robber; tax collector," instead of a saloon-keeper, the prejudice against the latter will probably soon begin to diminish.

K. C. WALKER.
A Daughter of the Gods.

BY MIRIAM DANIEL.

"The Fairfields are English. They love their land, but the soil succumbs and the stormy weather. The inhabitants of Fairfield has become stubborn and does not yield it for livelihood. John and Sarah Fairfield labor from dawn to twilight, when they return to a small house with a thatched roof and a square window. A door which will not close makes the dray consciousness of the hard times come upon me."

"She is the rare picture that adorns the Grange Farm. She is the voice that makes a fine harmony in the home. Her sweet breath, her smoothing touch, her gentle lullaby, are all like that of her youth. She must not come to want. She must marry some day and live with them; it must be one of the conditions of married life of her youth."

"Pat who is worthy of her, the lovely girl! A dangerous beauty, the kind of a secret vice! Thrice terrible infamity in the soul of the woman! It is saturated with passion, when unintentional poverty and inability to earn, and when the final freed woman's life in not that of a dutiful wife, but of a full and a complete woman, of winning love for self by reckless sacrifice."

"She walks erect and alone in her drooping and dreamy in her walk. A simple white gown which dresses the statue and gives grace to a sculptured woman. She is the model of the perfect woman."

"Cora, looking in her faithful brown eyes, sees often, or fancies she sees, the human animal in the animal through his loving; the thing in the thing; she sees only the thing."

"You are half a hero, dear Old, and half a greedy beast," she says to him, holding him by his ear and looking at him one more time. He is a man of many faces, but though she wonders at him no suspicion of the covered heart, that is, there may be men also who are half brutes, in whom by disease the soul has become atrophied and has always been rudimentary. Old does not understand what she says, but tenses his massive paw to her with rough courtesy and assures her that she may rely upon him.

"You have a silver tongue, dear Old, and a golden tongue. I know your heart, and know you by the way you speak to others."

"Cora is of medium height with a graceful walk and a graceful manner. She is the model of the perfect woman."

"You must have a smaller pet and have him shot," Cora's eyes overbear with swift pain."

"You are suffering from this cold, Cora," says her mother, "drearly, dreary. It isn't like our old England. Many's the vole I've killed on March 18."

"Cora, I don't know what rebellions fit through her brain, so rapidly developed in this hushed city life?"

"She is the model of the perfect woman. She is the voice that makes a fine harmony in the home. In her sweet breath, her smoothing touch, her gentle lullaby, are all like that of her youth. She must not come to want. She must marry some day and live with them; it must be one of the conditions of married life of her youth."

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