**The Secret of a Successful Life.**

[H. L. Koopman in University Cyclopedia:]

"We should not indulge ourselves in the habit of thinking that the course which involves the greatest sacrifice of self and the greatest self-sacrifice is the right one. Remember that we can have no duties to others paramount to those we owe to ourselves. Self-preservation is not only an instinct of nature, but it is the dictate of principle, and we ought, even out of regard to others, to husband our physical resources in such a manner as to enable us, not only to do much, but to hold out long. It is only great occasions and urgent necessities which render self-sacrifice obligatory, or even lawful, and the good to be accomplished must be both great and certain to justify us in doing for others that which will be attended with permanent evil to ourselves."

These words were written by George P. Marsh when he was 35 years old, some years before the beginning of his public career. They have especial pertinence as addressed to a young generation. In youth the heart leads the head, and the young are peculiarly susceptible to the claims of altruism. As the years ripen, however, one of their earliest fruits is the conviction that the cases are few in which self-sacrifice is anything more than a mere sacrifice of self, without real benefit to those for whom the sacrifice is made. All testimony agrees that Mr. Marsh made the principle here stated the rule of his life. Had he adopted a less self-respecting and self-saving principle, and yielded to the calls that from below and above pour in upon everyone with their entreaties or demands for the sacrifice of self, it is certain that Mr. Marsh would never have been heard of outside of his native State; while all the strength and inspiration that have come to thousands from his personality and his writings would have been squandered and lost.

Let us apply the principle to a simple case of everyday experience. When nature has fitted a young man for a business career, shall he, because his conscience has been stirred by descriptions of the unsaved condition of the heathen and by his own apparently holy unwillingness to go forth as a missionary, shall he accordingly decide that a refusal to do so would be an unpardonable sin, or even a sin at all? It is perfectly safe to say that any man who will not to become a missionary will never feel an unwillingness to do so. Do poets and painters and musicians have to be whipped up by a rebuking conscience before they will devote themselves to their art? Is it not rather the truth that they follow their calling in spite of every obstacle? One vocation is just as sacred as another; and the test of a man's 'call' is not a feeling of duty, but an over-mastering inclination. Not self-sacrifice, but self-realization is the end of life. One man can 'find himself' amid the privations of a missionary's labors; another, as a civil engineer, just as truly develops his nature to the fullest; while, were they to exchange places, each would lament a life unsatisfied and wasted. It may be questioned whether a person can do good to others while he is doing only evil to himself; it is certainly questionable whether those can receive good who willingly accept such sacrifice.

**The Churchyard.**

This is his grave, not green as yet; It has not been watered with tears, you see; It is for her that she can forget In a few short years; and alas! for me. Scared, marred, by the life I led. Her life seems fair, perhaps is so; But I do not envy her happy lot. For the heart must be wrong that cannot show for the helpless dead some solemn spot. Torn deep by the bird of woe. I nurse my grief; you call it weak. But, life is as it is, and death as it is. I would have my breast to the vulture's beak; Eyes of the dying are pleading for this, Now that the tongue cannot speak. Rags was wrong to set such store By the body of him she loved, you say. For the soul had passed to a better shore, And all was left was the empty clay. You have not loved, I am sure. Body and soul, well, all he knew Came to his soul through that body of his. And you cheat yourself with a dream more, If you think that Reason can part like This with reaper in each grew. Body and soul, his soul was near And stirred my soul when he was. But saw Till the dual self had become so clear That it was his weakness, and he loved the law Which linked them together here. Body and soul, his body's gone So I miss his soul, that is all I know. And the things that he loved to look upon Have a power to pain, with 'tis perhaps will grow To grief that is past a groan. Yes, it is weak, but weak I wish Are all who love, and who do not forget. Ere the grave is green, the face they have kissed You strong, who feel that they live, may let Your dead know they are not missed.

Mirtim Dandell.

**The Spinner.**

Eauding words, eluding all things, yes. Eluding love and hate, the Spirit smiles. And out of dust and darkness with strong hands Weaves for herself a garment like the day. Across the threshold of all dark days Where the sun is closed and the earth is gray Across the hour of life in bars of gold Uncontaminated, passionless, and cold, Ever the works and dreams of days: But when, arrayed in consciousness complete, Renting from toil, she sees with strange and eyes A bridgeless longing toward her in swift feet Resists the will to make her wise. Death is his name, and all the hours that Once more the naked soul is lost in night.

Mirtim Dandell.
from the land up to date. Now, if this gold can be taken from the water, as is claimed, at the rate of a dollar's worth for a cent, soon it will be scarcely worth its weight in good rag paper. The much defamed "rag baby" will be a very aristocratic personage beside it. In that case what will become of "the metal appointed by God in his goodness to serve as the currency of the world?" Would it be possible to more thoroughly revolutionize political economy than by detroning gold? And could gold be more effectually dethroned than by reducing its value to insignificance? Its monetary power would disappear instantly and of necessity, and the era of free money would dawn, with all the tremendous blessings, physical, mental, and moral, that must follow in its wake. As Proudhon well says: "The demonetization of gold, the last idol of the Absolute, will be the greatest act of the revolution of the future."

All hail, then, Electricity! On with your magnificent work! Lend a hand, you below, be your own dynamo; we offer you a better saviour. This good fairy is carrying on a "propagation by deed" that discounts all your Yavachols. Success to her! May she force gold, the last bulwark of Archimus, to become, through offering itself for sacrifice on the altar of Liberty, the greatest of Anarchists, the final emancipator of the race!

Monev, said Adam Smith, in one of those flashes of his intellectual genius which have so illuminated man's economic path, money is "a wagon-way through the air." If Electricity shall make of this wagon-way a railway, it will be the most signal, the most useful of her exploits.

Anarchy's New Ally.

Natural science and technical skill, which have revolutionized so many things, may yet revolutionize political economy, and in a way little dreamed of. It has long been known that the water of the ocean contains gold and silver. The percentage of these metals, however, is so very small that at first thought it hardly seems worth noticing. And as a matter of fact little notice has been taken of it, but principally for the reason that the extraction of the metals by any advantageous method has been deemed an impossibility. Now comes the fairy Electricity, whose hand has already achieved so many wonders, and promises us a new miracle, which, though possibly less strange in itself than some others, will be more far-reaching in its results than all the telegraphs and telephones and railways imaginable. She proposes, by stretching long series of iron plates across channels and through various parts of the seas and ocean and running an electric current through them, to precipitate the gold and silver from the water upon these plates. It is estimated that one-half of one horse power is all that is needed for the purpose, and that it will consequently be possible to get gold in this way at a cost equal to but one cent of its present value.

But where does the revolution in political economy come in? Some one may ask. Does the connection seem remote to you, my thoughtless friend? Then think a bit and listen. Every ton of sea water contains half a grain of gold and a grain and a half of silver. Has that an insignificant sound? If so, let us appeal to mathematics. We shall find that, at the rate of half a grain of gold and a grain and a half of silver to each ton of sea water, the entire seas and oceans of the world (I take the figures from a scientific journal) contain 21,959 billion tons of gold and 64,785 billion tons of silver. As good fish in the sea ever were caught? I should say no, and much better. Why, this means, to speak at a venture, that there is several billion times as much gold in the water as has been extracted

Report of the Secretary of the Society for the Mitigation of the Acrery of Impecuniosity, for the year ending May 31, 1892.

During the past year it has been the effort of the Society to extend its usefulness into hitherto untrodden fields. Going beyond the sale of old clothes at low, but not unremunerative, prices, the Society has undertaken to educate to some extent the tastes of our less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Two principles the Society has laid down for its guidance:—the first, that nothing, however trifling, is to be given gratis. Free gifts are demoralizing to the recipient, and have but one result, the destruction of individual energy, enterprise, and independence, and the erection of a class of habitual paupers. The second principle is that it is the taste of the common people that is to be educated. Even upon a small income,—and that of our dear, but unfortunate, friends ranges down to as low as three dollars a day; often indeed lower,—but, even upon a pittance, a person of cultivated tastes can subsist in luxury, where the ordinary uneducated taste would starve.

In three directions the Society has tried to educate the tastes of the masses:

1. Clothing.
2. Food and Drink.
3. Personal Habits.

As to clothing, little is to be said, as that has been the especial field of the Society's work hitherto. Old clothes, contributed by the generous hands of friends, are sold at very small prices, in accordance with principle. The mere acquaintance with clothing of fine material and careful make will, we are confident, educate our poor brothers to save their small means until they can purchase better clothes in the first instance: a bussac's suit at $50, it is well known, is more economical than two at half the price.

The experience with fine shoes too, even though half-worn, we do not doubt that our friends to forsake the coarse and degrading "brogans" which they now seem to prefer.

In the matter of drink, we have tried to introduce the elegant and inexpensive drink, so popular among the French, eau sucre. It is composed of a glass of water with one or more lumps of sugar, flavored with a drop or two of orange-flower essence. The Society sells orange-flower essence at 15 cents a bottle, so in the market price. A profit of 15 cents per bottle still remains. The Society has sold during the past year two (2) dozen such bottles.

The Society has on its books the names of several habitual drinkers of eau sucre who are out of work. The attention of manufacturers and others is called to these good people, as their abstinence from the usual alcoholic drinks enables them to work for less than is paid to others.

In the matter of food, the Society has procured a portable kitchen with a charcoal fire, which is carried about by some poor beneficiaries of the Society, who are, we trust temporarily, out of a job. These persons carry the apparatus to the room of some tenement house where the demonstration is to be held, and young ladies from the cooking school attached to the Church of the Poor Carpenter, who desires in others, in a spirit of Christian endeavor, which they themselves have just learned. Such demonstrations cannot but be of benefit to the poor in educating their taste, and at the same time they give an opportunity to the young ladies of our church to complete their skill by actual practice. The dishes are sold for the benefit of the Society at the store of the Woman's Work Sale Association. The chief difficulty in the way has been the total lack of spices, olive oil, citron, Worcestershire sauce, trifles, and such things, which, though trifling in themselves, are essential to delicate cookery, but which are usually lacking in the dwellings of the poor. Another difficulty is that, after the dishes are completed, those for whose instructions they have been made, and who are invariably permitted to taste them, seem to find difficulty in perceiving any superiority in their favor over that of the coarse stews to which they are accustomed. This extraordinary lack of discriminatory power in the gustatory organs has been investigated by a noble and excellent physician, who has long been one of our stanchest upholders. In his opinion, it is due to the soul air in the lodgings of the poor, and he has found a compound which will entirely restore the normal powers of taste. His remedy is sold at $1.00 a bottle, or 6 for $5.00.

As to personal habits, effort has been made to popularize the use of tooth brushes.
Keenly aware of the smallness of means which
prevents our friends from purchasing tooth
brushes, we have arranged to rent them at a
rental of one cent per use. After each use
the brushes are thoroughly cleaned and dis-
infected with bichloride of mercury. At the
present the Society is the owner of twenty-
five tooth brushes which are used by one hun-
derd and fifteen of the poor. During the
coming year the Society proposes to rent
manicure sets upon the same plan.

SUMMARY.
Old clothes distributed, 716 pieces $296.
Meals prepared — 54 $2.
Orange flower water,—— bottles 24 $.26
Tooth brushes loaned, — 115 persons 200 times $30.
Total $607.26

Treasurer’s Report.
Receipts from sales, etc. $607.26
Donations from various sources 2,115.72
Secretary’s salary $1500.
Treasurer’s “ Office and other expenses 800.
Total $3800.

Deficit, $1,986.62.

A. Skinner, Treasurer.

We trust that the dear Lord will inspire
some faithful heart to come forward to make
up this small deficit. In such emergencies,
under His will, such relief has not been lacking
in the past, and we trust that it will not be
lacking now. Let each Christian think for a
moment whether it is not his part to con-
tribute a trifle to aid an association which aims
at winning for all who contribute to it, in
the great, the sweet words from His Divine
lips: “Come, ye blessed, for I was ill and
in prison and ye came unto me, and naked ye
clothed me.”

U. B. Bloe, Secretary.

A Specimen of State Socialism.

[Sanitary Era.]

By the courtesy of the Post Office Department we
have received the United States Postal Guide for April,
containing, with much other information, copies of the
bills now under consideration relating to improvements
and modifications of the postal system. One of these
is a most unattractive and injurious to some of
the most vital public interests that we are surprised to
see it still under consideration, especially after the general
reading it has received from the press of the
country.

Of course, our reference is the provision to re-
strict the sample copies of any publication, saleable at
pound rate, to one-half the number mailed; at the
same time to regular subscribers.

The “Sanitary Era” is one among hundreds of
scientific, professional, religious, or philanthropic
publications which can in no event expect to make
cents and are issued through the self-denial of individuals
or associations deeply concerned for some form of
public good, and hoping only to gather from the widely
scattered individuals in sympathy with their special
object — rarely averaging two or three in a town
(earnest sanitarians, for instance)—sufficient patronage
to pay their expenses, and perhaps afford, or perhaps not,
a meager salary to their working and enthusiastic
editor. No one will question, but that these
pioneers of the higher progress in every respect
constitute a public interest of no secondary importance,
deserving all the encouragement which Government
can legitimately afford.

What does this bill propose to do with all this inval-
usible class of publications? To answer this question,
suppose they average one thousand cash subscribers,—
a very large estimate for the facts. Being mostly
submitted to argument on the score of picking the
waters 6,000 sample copies in a year. With the best
possible selection of classes supposed to include those
in sympathy with the objects of the publication, these
6,000 sample copies may catch five or six subscribers
per year, or more. Excluding periodicals, editors, and
publishers that are already famous and popular, one
subscriber to a thousand samples would be acknowledged
by many as equivalent to be more than an average yield.
In short, the select few in every con-
siderable community who could be interested in any
speciality of a high order must be sifted out of the
vast number of periodicals that are distributed. A
“sampling” to the better elements of society by the
hundred thousand. The cost of printing these sam-
ple, and transporting them at one dollar a hundred
weight, is the amount that can be paid, by any and
every means at the command of the promoters.

The answer to the question, then, is this: Under
the proposed law, the average publication, of this impor-
tant class, would be permitted to get its second thou-
sand of subscribers, and begin to pay its current ex-
spenses from its proceeds, in about one hundred and
seventy-five years.

And what of future ventures of this noble order? That
chapter can be written now, in for monotonous news-
ables. — I here can name. The start allowed with one
hundred paying subscribers will be hard enough to meet;
but what will be the use of distributing six hun-
dred samples at a cent? Is this the result that can be
looked for? It would be much less harmful to the higher
interest of periodical literature to exclude all samples from
the second-class rates. This would at least impose no un-
justifiable expense and unsalutary distraction on the
publishers; whereas the allowance of samples to one
half the paying list, while doing these publications
absolutely no good, would still enable the publi-
cations with very large circulation (rarely very val-
able) to distinguish themselves with the same end,
and maintain an ever-narrowing monopoly in the control
of public intelligence.

What is the object of it all? The title of the bill
says “to prevent advertising sheets being mailed at
second-class rates.” Taking it for what it means, in-
stead of what it says (as we must do at other points, if
we are to make any meaning in particular out of the
circulars which the objects of the publication (the
writer of this bill has produced), the object is to
prevent a merchant, for instance, mailing his own
private periodical for mere advertising purposes, on
the covering of a public journal. The advertisement,
forsooth, is reduced to the necessity of killing hun-
dreds of valuable public journals, in order to eliminate
a few palatable shams! If the Post Office Department
cannot find out its own peculiar publication is not
defined to the public interest, what use are the laws
for? If it can do that, what need it do more, with
regard to this matter?

The evil and the danger at which the blow is aimed
are both vastly exaggerated, and at worst can be bet-
tier dealt with in other ways. Any publication will
speak for itself, by its own public merits, professed
purposes, and adaptation to those purposes; and if it
fails to do so, its existence on the face of the earth
will be an evidence of the existence of a suspicion of
a private axe to grind, let its true
owners be found, and warned that they must put a
very marked public value into their work before it
is possible to consider it as advertising.

Yet few of these advertising houses ever did or ever will go to the
expense of producing a valuable public journal; and when they do, — as a few have done,— it is because
they have been so successful, understandingly and
perform the work better than any one else could do
the same, and they are thus rendering the public the
most valuable service, of that special kind, that the
public can buy. But the public can buy, and have bought
the same kind of public journal, not by the tech-
nical, purblind officialism petrified in the standing
personnel of the Post-Office can see in work like this
only something to be sagaciously arrested by discrimi-
nating excise officers. A Congress of men more broadly versed in affairs and
judgments ought, surely, to prove superior to views of
this small-bore type.

There are other silly things in this bill; but we have
done not too long upon it. One of them, how-
ever, barely needs mentioning; it is proposed to ex-
clude entirely from the second-class any publication
that includes its sample copies, whether more or less,
in its professed circulation! That must be kept
secret. How the devil do you think the government
will throw overboard of all patent ideas of the govern-
ment! Any parent possessed of such senseless,
meddlesome, and tyrannical notions of government as
these ought to be placed under the supervision of the

Walt Whitman.

[Frederick Freiligrath in Augsburger Algemeine Zeitung, May
10, 1867.]

Walt Whitman! Who is Walt Whitman?
The answer is: a poet! A new American poet! His
day appears to have arrived; America has not yet produced
the only specifically American poet. No traveler in the beat
paths of the European muse, no, from the prairie and the
settlements, fresh from the sea-coast and the great rivers, fresh
from the crowded t’rongs of the wharves and the cities,
from the scents of the bulldog of the South, the
scent of the sail that produced him in hair and beard and
dress; unlike anyone who has yet appeared, standing
firm and self-reliant on his own American feet,
announcing great things grandly, if only
strangely. And further still the admirers: Walt
Whitman! To them is whom time,
taming, toiling, troubled time, has found its expres-
sion; the poet par excellence; the poet.

Thus, on the one side, the admirers, among whom
we meet even an Emerson; on the other, of course,
the criticism. Above all, the unmeasured, the
praise, the enthusiastic appreciation, bitter, biting
scorn, malicious deflation.

Of course that does not disturb him. He accepts
praise as something due him, and repays scorn
with scorn. He believes in himself; his self-assertion
is boundless. He is the one man (says his English
publisher, W. M. Rossetti) who entertains and pro-
duces by himself. He believes that he is
the actual and prospective founder of a new poetic
literature, and a great one,—a literature proportioned
to the material vastness and the unmeasured destinies of
his country. He believes that the Monroe
Doctrine or the Washington of the States was not
more truly than himself in the future a founder
and upbuilder of this America. Surely a sublime
conviction, and expressed more than once in magnificent
words,—more more than the lines beginning
Come, I will make the continent indomitable.

That sounds proud. Is the man justified in speak-
ing so? Let us approach him! Let us look into his
life, and the mind of him.

Are these verses? The lines are cut up like verses,
indeed, but they are no verses. No metre, no rhyme,
no strophes. Rhythmical prose, prose poetry. At
first sight rough, unyield, formless; but neverthe-
less, to his own satisfaction, the line, so to
speak, beautiful in its own way.节奏平

The language plain, harsh, downright, calling all things by its
true name, unsentimental, sometimes obscure. The
rime rhapdoc, prophetic, oftenSimon, mingling the
utterance with the thunder, the invisible, to the last degree.
Now notwithstanding all differences, he occasionally
calls out a Hamann, or Carlyle’s oracular wisdom, or the “Paroles
d’un Croyant.” In all we see the Bible,— its
praise, the poet.

And what does the poet offer us in this form? First
himself, his ego, Walt Whitman. But this ego is
a part of a part of a whole, a part of man
knight, a poetic knight, himself, and, connecting the
best with the minutest, always starting from America and always returning to America
the future belongs only to a free people, he
unrolls the broad panorama. Through this
individual, Walt Whitman and his Americanism
we should say, runs a cosmic streak, as is character-
istic of contemplative spirits who, in the presence of
infinity, have passed lonely days by the shores of the
ocean, there forgetting the dreams and
prairies. He finds himself in all and all in himself.
He, the one man, Walt Whitman, is mankind and
the world. And the word, and mankind are to him one
and the same. So he stands by virtue of his own
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tant things to say that the old vellus no longer suffice
for the new contents? Are we in the presence of a
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