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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER.

For always in shadows, O Liberty!
Shine in that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou mayst, 'twere will trust in thee.'—John Hay.

On Picket Duty.

Business and other correspondents whose letters still remain unanswered will do me a great favor by granting me indulgence for my tardiness. There is an immense pile of letters on my desk waiting attention, and I am doing the best I can to reduce it. The consideration which the writers have shown, in almost every instance, by remaining from complaint, is deeply appreciated.

The view of Wagner taken by Maurice Barre, one of the most thoroughgoing Agostist, is interesting not only in itself, but by contrast with the view of another Agostist, Nietzsche. The latter, who was at one time a great admirer of Wagner, afterward began a very fierce campaign against him, opposing him, as I understand, because of the religious character of his music-drama and the doctrine of self-sacrifice therein taught. Barre, on the other hand, as may be seen in the article from his pen which I translated for the present issue of Liberty, regards Wagner as the highest type of Agostist Individualism, and considers his doctrine of renunciation as meaning simply the abandonment of the less to secure the greater and solely for the purpose of satisfying self.

It a few of Liberty's subscribers would follow the example of Mr. A. Hornisch of Oakland, Cal., the book subscription fund would speedily reach the desired figure of 500 copies and pass far beyond it. The fruits of his work may be seen in the acknowledgments in another column. Of the ten single-copy subscriptions which he sends me from Oakland his own is the only one coming from a subscriber to Liberty. Such work as this is of the best. However, the list is growing steadily, and I see no reason why in time it should not reach the figure of 500, as it already amounts to more than 350. But I anticipate that it will take a much longer time to secure the 350, still lacking than has been required to secure the 350 subscribed since Dr. de Lepinsere started with his subscription of 100. Therefore, since it will take a considerable time to prepare the book itself, it behooves all those who desire its speedy publication to send in their names without delay. There are undoubtedly very many readers of Liberty who intend to buy a copy of the book who refrain from giving me their names because they think single-copy subscriptions do not help materially. This is a great mistake. If all such persons would at once add their names to the list, the problem would be solved in a week. Perhaps I may here state that the book will be a very large one, consisting of 400 to 500 pages, each page having 400 to 500 words. If the quality proves satisfactory, there will be a good dollar's worth. It will also include as a frontispiece a portrait of the author, it having been suggested to him that this would meet the demand of many who have made unsuccessful application for his photograph, and it being less distasteful to him to support his portrait than to offer it for sale by itself.

The Scapegoat.

[Henry More in Lo Radikal.]

Some one, having observed that a father of eleven children is not often critical,uted this complaint:
"The abolition of flannel is means of repopulation."

It is by placing itself in the same order of ideas that the League against the abuse of tobacco has just discovered that the abuse is the real cause of the depopulation of France as well as of our increasing immorality.

We smoke, and we have fewer children than in the past. This is very true, only, the Germans smoke more than we do and have so many children that they don't know what to do with them. This must be due to a difference in the tobacco, and then the accusation falls upon the administration. It is evidently the government that causes sterility.

However that may be, our legislators affirm that those of our provinces which smoke the least are at the same time those which produce the greatest number of legitimate children, for it seems that the other provinces make it up in natural children. This new observation throws a light into our heavy smokers' brains; consequently it is allowable to wonder that it has not struck the brains, indisputably less obtuse, of the wise enemies of the cigar.

Might we not think, in fact, that tobacco is as foreign to the event as flannel, and that, if it is the provinces where they indulge in revolts which smoke the most, it is not because they smoke that they have fewer children, but because they rebel. How could this have escaped minds as sound as those which have the queer idea of founding leagues.

Nothing delights me so much as a league. From time to time a gentleman comes round and asks you for half a dollar; you give it, because it is not worth while not to give it, you don't know why, that is called a league.

Moreover, everything continues to go on as before. The trouble is that the leagues multiply, and consequently the number of calls for half dollars; for this is not a simple coincidence, and, though it is true that tobacco is foreign to depopulation, as much cannot be said of the leagues, which are really the cause of the half-dollar calls.

I observe that the young people of to-day smoke much less than we smoked at our age, and that the League does not pride itself upon the fact, since it is not due to its advice. It is due to the fact that they have never had the courage to face a sickness at the stomach and that they are very practical; now tobacco is a luxury which we can indulge only at a considerable cost. Unhappily there is something else that costs still more,—children. Gradually these two are becoming a luxury which modest ease cannot afford. That is the real reason why the births called legitimate diminish daily. If less caution is observed in regard to natural children, it is because the latter do not present the same inconvenience, since generally the care of bringing them up is abandoned to her who brought them into the world, which the law approves, as well as all virtuous people; how could one better manifest his repentance than by wishing never to hear of the fruits of his fault?

As for children born in wedlock, a beast of a law making them a burden on the husband, it is very necessary for the latter to resign himself to being a father. That is why he is circumcised.

Truly, to refuse to observe this sole reason for the decrease of births is to turn and turn around the pot without ever deciding to open it.

The Gold-Hunter.

[Levissi to Ztebo de Paris.] Harpagomet had in his purse two gold colons stolen from his father. Frequently he fumbled in his pocket and felt of the pieces, and after a time his hand, like a faithful guardian, never left them. Soon even this did not content him; he wished to look at them, opened his purse, and handled them.

And thus it happened that the two gold pieces fell, rolled annually, escaped his eyes which started in pursuit, and disappeared.

Harpagomet, without bulging, his feet glued to the spot, stopped and searched. He trembled and perspired, sick with anguish. He lifted the sand-like dish of beans. He would thus have turned up the Earth.

When he found the first coin, his heart beat less rapidly. He found the second, and his heart was silent. He counted them, sounded them. He laid them both again, one that, one. He put them back into his purse, drew the strings as if to strangle it, and breathed.

Then he did not rise.

The spot was a pleasant one.
And again raking the sand with his fingers, Harpagomet began to hunt for other gold pieces.

The Bottom of the Sea.

I dived; the dreamy light allured me on To depths where shadowy wrecks loomed with their dus.

Whose ribs the lazy fishes lie upon, Whose fleshless hands grasp gold and rubies red.

The waves washed golden dust into my eyes Which feverted me with longing and surprise; I saw the skeletons in ghastly strife For gold; their empty skulls grinned: "This is life."—Miriam Davidd.

An Idle Tale.

A dragon held in bonds a "lade brighte." Whose tears awoke no pity in his heart. Her life she sucked, till Arthur's nerve knight Him slew, for all his sins, and damnded art.

An idle tale that haunts me with its power By human rat-holes where the guard sets mass; What knight is there on dauntless purpose bent To free the prisoner souls from monstrous Brent?—Miriam Davidd.
Therefore I point out once more to the politicians that the interest of the people in the welfare of the State does not consist in the mere accumulation of wealth, but in the equitable distribution of it. The rich should not reap all the fruits of the State's labors, while the poor are left to suffer. The politician must be a statesman first, and then a politician. Only by thus combining the two, can the politician hope to bring about a true and lasting reform.

The Temptations of Politics.

What attitude Anarchists should maintain toward politicians and parties who seem to be growing or groping in the Anarchist direction is mainly a question of emphasis, a question whether it is better to lay chief stress on the educational tendency which such politicians promote and put out of sight the danger of the State's execution of a misguided or possibly insincere policy, or to spend our strength (of which unhappily we have none to spare) in sounding a note of serious warning regarding the possible ulterior results of an agitation the present useful influence of which we content ourselves with jubilantly hailing. The tone of Mr. Yarrow's paragraphs upon this question indicates a disposition towards the former attitude; I do not share the writer's belief that such politicians may be made to serve the interests of the people. The danger is not one of those which cannot be exhibited in a journal's editorial columns without making them ridiculous by inconsistently; nevertheless the elaboration of Mr. Yarrow's view makes it necessary for me to assert and reassert my own.

Would be idle to object to the instruments and methods chosen by those who build better than they know. Never was the outlook for free banking brighter than now; never did the cause of free money receive so much support as now. They have to remember that such partial intelligence supports is given it by the most advanced members of the Democratic party represents all but a fraction of the party, and probably a small fraction at that; that, though this fraction succeeded in getting the party to commit itself unequivocally to free banking without realizing what it was doing, it probably would not, if a new national platform could now be adopted, secure the insertion of a free banking plank, that the "stupid" of our generation, rightly or wrongly, that the platforms in explanation and justification of the plank which the party as a whole now wishes it were well rid of is not considered to be publish by the party or even by the "free banking" fraction, but only by a minute fraction of that fraction that, when the question comes to a vote first in Congress and then in the State legislatures, the controlling strength of the party will be thrown to make this "stupid" reality; and that then it will be seen too late that the hold within the platform to dispose of the discussion growing out of it, instead of yielding a handsome net profit to the interests of genuine reform, have given such reform a more serious set-back than it could have received in almost any other way.

Politics has its temptations, not only for those within its ranks, but for those outside as well. When a politician claims a cause, even those who have always maintained that the cause could be won only non-politically aches in their glad surprise to give him their applause and even their support, forgetting for the moment that his final hand must ultimately blast the hope they cherish. Stephen Foster, the Abolitionist, who was also a non-resistant from conscientious scruples against the use of force, would not help to rescue a fugitive slave from the hands of the authorities, but would use all his lung-power and (he had a great deal of it) in urging all those who did not share his scruples to engage in a pitched battle with the marines for the slave's sake. Of course this showed to any sensible person that Stephen Foster's belief in non-resistance was only skin-deep. I hope the Anarchist's disdain in politics, better grounded in reason than Stephen Foster's superstitions difficulties in religion, also sinks deeper into his personality. If so, he will not only eschew politics himself, but he will be careful not to do or say anything that encourages others to political action or to entertain hopes therefrom.

The Corollaries.

—Whether the present general discussion of the currency question will bear fruit in the shape of immediate palpable reformatory results is a question upon which opinions probably differ; but there is no disputing the fact that a great amount of truth is being disclosed, and that much light is being reflected on some of the most fundamental problems of social economy. The best things, it is true, are said tacitly and incidentally rather than openly and in pursuance of deliberate purpose; still, needed, provided needed information is conveyed and interesting facts supplied to those who know how to utilize them, it
tion is as to whether men having some collateral credit are not crippled, thwarted, impeded in legitimate activities by artificial scarcity of circulating media along with the already and entirely on an impossible and utterly discredited "gold bias.""

I am encouraged to find that this point is perceived and brought out by the Atlantic "Constitution" in a criticism upon the "Post's" remarks just quoted: "Under the present system," it says, "our business men in many sections and our farmers in all sections cannot use their credit as collateral, although credit has been employed as collateral since men have possessed commercial interests in each other. All that our people ask is to be permitted to employ their credit in furnishing themselves with an adequate supply of circulation to carry on their business, to move their crops, and to expand and to renew their industrial enterprises. If their credit is not good, nobody but themselves will be hurt by it. They simply ask that they shall have restored to them, by the repeal of the prohibition tax on State banks, their constitutional right to issue promissory notes when they combine with each other for the common defense, and the system of the People's Party is one of these things. As long as it is not touched, breathed, or even looked at intently, it is safe and formidable enough; one lock, even of admiration, is sufficient to cause its collapse. That this is absolutely true must have been vividly present to the mind of the philosopher who edits the Omaha "Toosin," when he labored and brought forth the article on "The Standard of Right and Wrong." He winds up by assuring his readers that if they vote for Weaver and Field is a vote for justice," while he starts out by affirming that the terms right and wrong are purely social or political and spring from the principle of equality as stated in the famous Speanerican formular. That a labor editor should have heard of equality in the scientific sense is extraordinary, even miraculous; therefore he is one who can expect understanding of the principle from such a quarter. Who indeed anything but a Yankee. Our Party has the distinction of being the only party in the entire field that has not to be satisfied with the usual and unfruitful extension of that principle in the entire political field. Even the contemptible Republican Party is far superior to it when judged by the standard of respect for individual liberty. Yet we are urged to vote for Weaver and Field by reason of our belief in equal liberty! Fortunately for his cause, the editorial philosopher omitted to justify his conclusion by the introduction of a minor premise. He tells us that equal liberty is the ob- ject, and that we should not vote for Weaver is a vote for justice or equal liberty; but he does not prove the legitimacy of his conclusion by establishing that Weaver's platform is thorough consistent with equal liberty. Really, reflect on the result of an effort to square the People's Party demands with the law of equal freedom! Still, I cannot abide by the conclusion that the editor of the "Toosin" imagines that he can convince us of the propriety of voting for Weaver without first proving that Weaver stands for equal freedom; I prefer to think that he refrained from attempting such a demonstration because he realized the danger of "monkeying" with his platform. Bellamy is wiser: he knows that equal liberty and national-ism will not mix or even coexist, and accordingly he seeks to discredit the "first principle" by charges of arbitrariness, unsoundness, and meaninglessness. He advertises a pamphlet which he alleges, completely disproves the Spencerian principle and formula, showing it to be a tissue of assumptions, self-contradictions, and palpable absurdities. I call the attention of the People's Party to the pamphlet. I have read it, and can conscientiously recommend it to them; the arguments are strong and conclusive - to the mind of the average Nationalist of Populists. I hope to discuss the pamphlet in Liberty and justify these remarks. v. y.

The Look Over the Prairie.

Maurice Parrie in The Nation.

In this heroic "Parafal," what compelled our tears was not the weariness of his eapulated hands, with which he pressed his poor wounded heart; nor was it the arder of Kundy, who, to seduce Parafal, mingles with her tears of a half-dead woman the name of a mother who died of grief. "My love offers you, 0 bitter joy, your mother's last farewell in the arder of the first kiss!" Disturbing intoxication in which remorse is confounded with desire. With her soft grief, does Kundy wipe away tears, does she care? It rendered us quite childless. And it was not this that melted our heart.

But it was the fall of the flowers when Kingos's empire and the whole world of rain appearances crumbles. How sad and beautiful was this rain, how rich the earth seemed perfumed and blighted! It was like making a litter of all that is best in so many fine and elegant beings.

There you are, roses, whose leaves prevented the young Sybarite from sleeping, heavy sacred lotus which intoxicated the rough soldier between the breaths and in the hair of Egypt's queen, iris of the pools and marshes white little phalanges stripping out of you, fresh hy- drangeas! Imaginary beauties, how deeply we were moved when Parafal broke your charm! And yet we found the strength to go farther.

Kundy, with her hair exposed, the feet of Parafal, and her heart, which so tenderly humiliated, evoked the Magdalen, of whom all we Christian children were so madly amorous when we began our study of the classics.

Sublime traits which made us pale with pleasure, but to the orchestra, to the hero, to the poet, we said: "Lavish your genius!forward our heart: we can stand more pleasure still!"

Then Kundy, going to the rear of the scene, leaped over the fence and in silence contemplated the prairie.

Immoral moment, profit which cannot be lost, supreme phalange in which all voluptuousness is dissipated that we may be touched with the sublime.

Whence this peace that brings divine contentment to your heart, Kundy? Across the centuries some heroes have already felt it and distributed it to humanity as you distribute it to us.

It is the satisfaction of Socrates in his prison and of the sawyers in the Garden of Oliver.

During their silence upon whatiedad these two medi- tate? Socrates, for a long time, contemplated Athens; he had judged it unbecoming in a citizen to escape the laws even through unjust; he sacrificed himself to the law. Then he opened the eyes of Jesus to their raised toward heaven; he invoked his Father and sacrificed himself to the divine will.

But you, what have you seen over the prairie, look of Kundy? Wild flowers, simple people who follow nature.

In this prairie we see either the mystic olive-tree of the religions nor the olive-tree of the legislator, the sym- bol of Johnson. Neither impose their laws upon us. Kundy listens only to her in- sist: "A pure simplicton who follows his heart," such is the essential phrase of Parafal.

This prairie, in which the human cultivation grows, is the tabula rasa of the philosophers. Wagner throws off all the garments, all the formulas, with which civilization is covered, loaded, deformed. He has recovered once more to the beautiful simplicity of human being, in whom life was a powerful map. Ah! life, it then bore each on toward his perfection. Man did not