For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.

JOHN RAY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gage of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PAUL DEROUET.
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ON PICKET DUTY

The State of New York has gone into partnership with me in the editing of Liberty. Its share of the work, however, is confined to the line that appears on this page, announcing my ownership of the periodical. Until my new associate shall use his superior powers to relieve me of further duties, a'! the other contents will continue to be edited by me. The power to determine the dates of publication still being mine,—by sufferance,—I may say to the reader that, returning from a business trip to Europe too late to issue an August number, I have decided to complete the six numbers for 1907 by issuing monthly till the end of the year. Next year, the State willing and nothing else preventing, Liberty will greet its readers bi-monthly, with a close approach to regularity. Query, if a man must declare that a thing is his own, is it his own?

The object of the above-mentioned business trip to Europe was to select a stock of French, German, Italian, and Spanish books of the same general tendencies as those of the books already listed in my

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"Unique Catalogue of Advanced Literature," and to complete this English catalogue by the addition of such English books in the same line as do not appear in the catalogues of American publishers and importers. Having made these purchases, I have now opened a store at Number 509 Sixth Avenue, near Thirtieth Street, in this city, under the name of "Benj. R. Tucker's Unique Book-Shop," where these books are offered for sale. This stock constitutes unquestionably by far the largest collection of the literature that makes for "Egoism in Philosophy, Anarchism in Politics, and Iconoclasm in Art" to be found anywhere in the world, and the prices charged for the books in foreign languages are very much lower than the prices prevailing in the stores that make a specialty of foreign books. It is my intention to print a separate catalogue for each language, thereby not only facilitating mail orders, but making it easy for those visiting the shop to examine the portions of the stock that especially interest them. It will take several months to make these catalogues. Already, however, the English, French, and Italian books are being placed, and I expect to be able to offer the German books by September 15. Probably the Spanish books will not arrive much before November. An important feature of this enterprise is the possibility which it affords of obtaining all the principal progressive writers in almost any language that the reader may desire. There are other stores in New York where Ibsen, for instance, may be had both in English and in German, but there is no other where he may be had also in French, Italian, and Spanish.
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A fact like this is of importance in view of the cosmopolitan character of the population of America. If the enterprise can be made self-sustaining, it will do more to spread Anarchistic thought than almost any other agency that could be devised. Therefore I urge all sympathizers not only to patronize it themselves, but to interest their acquaintances as well, especially buyers of foreign books, to whom the low prices will appeal. To the latter it may be pointed out that, though carrying in stock as a rule only the libertarian literature, I will import any foreign books desired, at correspondingly low prices. The book-shop will be open from nine in the morning till eleven in the evening.

One way of effectively aiding my present plan of campaign is to buy and distribute my catalogues. An old friend of the movement has ordered, at different times, an aggregate of nearly two hundred copies of the English catalogue, paying me ten cents a copy.

Mr. Fred Schuler, of Cleveland, who became my travelling salesman last March, did very well in New York city during the spring months. His work during the summer has been a little less encouraging, partly because it has been done in small towns, which are much more difficult to canvass profitably, and partly because so many people are away from home in the hot weather. Early in September Mr. Schuler will go to Philadelphia for a stay of several weeks. He should find that city an excellent field, much Anarchistic seed having been sown there. I bespeak

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for him the hearty co-operation of all the Philadelphia friends of Liberty.

While in Europe, I was fortunate in making arrangements with Mr. Arthur C. Fifield, proprietor of the Simple Life Press, 44 Fleet street, London, whereby he becomes sole importer for Great Britain of "The Ego and His Own" and most of my other publications. English friends who desire to be promptly and readily supplied should apply to Mr. Fifield.

"The Ego and His Own" continues to sell well. In fact, there is no doubt that the work has taken its position as a classic. Assuming that the readers of Liberty are interested in what the press is saying about Stirner's book, I shall give, in either the October or November number, a collection of extracts from the reviews.

The new name which "Locier" has dug for itself out of the pages of the Century Dictionary -- "The American Journal of Eugenics" -- cannot be altogether pleasing to the editor of the "Truth Seeker," who in his ever watchful championship of Freethought has never shown a conspicuous ambition to lead the way in sex reform, though, as Oscar Wilde might have said, he may realize "The Importance of being Eugene." In reading the "Truth Seeker" it is my habit to look to the Georgies for the eugenics, however, Mr. Harman's organ, in its new magazine form, undoubtedly attains a new dignity, and will
acquire a wider influence, though its contents may never quite justify so awe-inspiring a name.

The New York "Evening Post" camped on Anarchistic ground when it said the other day:

"We may be free from many traditions that enslave feudal Europe, but the tyranny of local pride is as oppressive a tradition as any Spain or Austria can show. No one can be born in Derbyville without growing up into the inculcated conviction that nature and fate have destined it to supplant New Hartford, although New Hartford is on the river and Derbyville is not. No youth can go to college without implicitly assuming a pledge to send his eldest son there, though there are many better colleges in the same State. When Smith of my city announces himself as a candidate for Grand Trustee of the Order of Emancipated Reindeer, it is incumbent upon me to support him, in spite of the fact that I don't like Smith's face, and our wives have quarreled.

The Anarchistic sentiments wear a very thin disguise to one who knows that "local pride" and patriotism are equivalents.

Last autumn, at the time of the first arrests in this city under the new statute against "criminal Anarchism," it was found, after the examination of the prisoners, that a sympathetic audience in the court-room had placed my Anarchist stickers in great profusion upon the backs of the benches. This commendable form of "propaganda by deed" has recently been paralleled in Des Moines, Iowa, according to the following despatch to the New York "Sun":

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 8—Recently the phonograph was introduced in court procedure here. Anticipating that the voluminous testimony of an equity case would be needed in another trial, Court Reporter William H. Jayne had the evidence filed into a phonograph record, and, when court opened this morning, the machine was set in motion.

"Courts are the abomination of the earth, and lawyers are the emissaries of the devil," drew out the talking machine, while Judge Howe, Court Reporter Jayne, officials, and operators looked at each other in blank amazement.

"With the courts abolished and all laws repealed, America would be free indeed, and liberty would come into her own," it continued.

By this time Reporter Jayne had grabbed the machine, and the wanton desecration of the temple of justice ceased.

In the "American Journal of Eugenics" E. C. Walker writes:

The scholarly theorists who smile so decorously at mention of "right" and "wrong," and blithely consign "conscience" to the dust-heap of antiquity, show very clearly, by their indignant denunciation of outrages inflicted upon weak peoples and persons, that all their elaborate and fertile arguments about the glory of "might" and the futility of ethics are purely academic, that their ingenious speculations have taken no real hold on their lives.

These "scholarly theorists" show nothing of the kind. Their "indignant denunciation" of the oppression of the weak by the strong shows simply that they are not in sympathy with it, and that they are trying to stir all those not in sympathy with it to exercise the might which is theirs, if they did but know it, to stop it. Might is glorious to each of these "scholarly theorists" only in so far as it is used in the interest of his ideals. Mr. Walker evidently thinks that their arguments would become real, rather than merely academic, only if they should exercise their might to obtain what they do not want and what they
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The same charge is often brought against Mr. Walker's free love philosophy. It is the general complaint of the old against the new; and it is not without foundation. Bernard Shaw never said a truer word than when he answered the Comstock crowd: "Yes, my books are dangerous to the young." Everything new is dangerous. The railroad was dangerous; the automobile is dangerous; the flying-machine will be dangerous. What of it? Are we cowards, or are we men? It is to be hoped that Mr. Walker, on seeing his words in print, turned over the leaf and read on the opposite page the excellent article by M. Florence Johnson. Answering a question that had been propounded in a previous number, "Why is the subject of eugenics the most scientific and majestic problem of the day?" Mrs. Johnson says:

It is the most majestic problem because it is as yet the most unsolved problem, and because all the religious teachings and customs of society have cultivated "sacred" feelings regarding sex, and will oppose its being made a scientific subject.

The most majestic because the most unscientific. This admirable phrase contains a complete answer to Mr. Walker, and he should study it well. The keynote of his politics and ethics finds expression in the words "sacred" and "majesty" and other opaque and mouth-filling terms. In the rarefied and clarified atmosphere of science this evolutionist finds difficulty in breathing.

A recent article in the London "Mail" on Thomas Hardy contained the following sentences:

Mr. Hardy's novels are nearly all faulty in form, but the poems are full of emotion and formally perfect. . . . He
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falls back, as a rule, upon such events, is dependent upon some sort of ready-made plot. Upon some sort of dramatic machinery, he infuses his characters to

By this the editor of the New York "Times

Saturday Review" is "upheld to wonder at the state

of literary thought in a country whose greatest writer

is the subject of criticism so meagre as this." So he

writes a column of eloquent defence of Hardy's plots

and dramatic power. "England," he declares, "is

incompetent to criticise Mr. Hardy." After which

this competent American critic concludes as follows:

It is a pity so many people know only "Tess," and "Tess,"

two worthless books, excelling in their mirth and brevity

"Tess" is a satire, a book in the wise typical of their

author's life work.

It is safe to say that England's "greatest writer"

is less offended by the inanity of the London "Mail"

than by the insanity of the New York "Times."

The immigration question affording a fine excuse

for a congressional "junket;" a special immigration

commission was sent to Europe lately to study the

problem. Senator Latham, of South Carolina, was

a member of the commission. After he had made his

studies, he was interviewed in London, and in the

conversation held, among other things,

What I saw tended to disprove the old tradition that only

the best and bravest cross the seas. I found that the best men and

women were generally satisfied and prosperous under local

conditions. These do not emigrate.

To need to go to Europe to find that out, one has

to be as ignorant and stupid as a congressman. If

our national lawmakers had appointed a special com-

mission to read the file of Liberty, it would have been

less expensive and equally efficacious. To be sure, the

commissioners and their wives would have failed to

see the Café American, Maxim's, and the Moulin

Rouge, but they would have found in Liberty, of

April, 1897, on page 12, the following paragraph:

The law in question (the contract labor law) attracts to our

shores mainly those who have not had enough self-reliance and

energy to make a place for themselves in their native land. In

American employers were free to contract for the services of

foreign workmen, they would find, as a rule, employ the

European, unemployable, rather than send foreign

workers for the services of their employers, who obviously

consider the better portion of foreign laborers. Of course, it

sometimes happens that an exception by self-reliant foreigner

throws up a good thing at home for the chance of a still better

one here; but as a rule, the emigrant from foreign shores is one

who chooses between nothing there and whatever he may get

here. The contract labor statute is no exception to, but a

peculiarly forcible confirmation of, the rule that law puts a

premium on efficiency.

Liberty not only stated the fact that Senator Latimer

saw, but pointed out one of the reasons for it, a

reason very unpalatable, too, to persons who make

their living by making laws. The editor of Liberty

has brains; the senator from South Carolina has only

eyes.

Lou Payn, the Republican boss, says: "If I were
governor or president, I would take two things into

consideration in making my appointments. I would

insist that a man be absolutely honest, and that he be

a politician." It is obvious that, if Lou Payn were
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governor or president, he would make no
appointments.

Reading the New York "Times" the other day, I
came upon this item of telegraphic news:

In Boston, May 31st. Believing that, with the aid of the law,
he could force his young wife to live with him, Hugo Lewis
Sherman, who two weeks ago married Madele Peavy, the actress,
appealed to District Attorney Stedger to act. The district
attorney declined to act. He told Sherman that, were she held
in durance, the law would give him recourse, but she is remaining
away from him voluntarily and nothing can be done.

Further down, the same column I happened to find
this item of local news:

Louis Storr, a furrier, who lived at one time at 209 East Tenth
dreet, was sentenced to State prison yesterday by Judge
O'Sullivan in General Sessions for not less than one year nor
more than two years on a charge of abandoning his wife, which
is now a felony.

So the law of Colorado, made by men and women,
allows a wife to leave her husband, while the law of
New York, made by men exclusively, punishes a hus-
band who leaves his wife. I infer that the New York
men are moralists, and the Colorado women egoists.
To a man like E. C. Walker, who is both a free lover
and a moralist, this state of affairs must be peculiarly
perplexing.

GORDAK'S POEMS

It is a familiar dispute whether we should value a
poem in proportion to its positive merits and shut our
eyes to its defects, or whether uniform general
excellence should be rated higher than a mixture of
temporary greatness with all possible faults. For
myself, I would prefer the latter. I do not find even
glimpses of perfection in the work of William Walpole
Gordak, one of the finest of poets, great or small, but one
who has certain peculiar powers to stir me.

The main trouble with Gordak was that he was no
critic. This is a common enough complaint among
poets, but I think they seldom have it so badly as he.
In the first place, he seems, through most of his life,
ot to have realized the value of his own work. It
may be that some of the poems in the volume "Here's
Lark to Lora," which he wrote before he began,
were written when he was at the age at which poets
generally produce their best work; but I hardly suppose that he
had tried to write verse of serious value till he
began, at a comparatively late age, to write it for
Liberty. At that time he spoke of himself, in a letter
to me, as writing occasionally nonsense-verses for the
children, and he sent me a sample which was certainly
GORDAK'S POEMS

no competitor for a high prize. Afterward, when he began to find that his verses were valued, they went to
the press — broadcast. Any paper with which
Gordak felt any sympathy could have his verses.
usually good, sometimes very good. If anybody ever
cares to collect Gordak's complete poetical works, he
will have to search Anarchist papers, radical papers,
local papers, sometimes ephemeral, almost always
obscure; and it will be no easy task to get them
together. But Gordak seems himself to have had the
feeling that he was past his poetical prime when he
began to write: for he says (it is not in "Here's Luck
to Lora":)

Oh, had I but the poet's soul I lost
A mint to pay the pain and shame it cost.
A face the struggle in a world of woe —
When the dull clowns their malice spewed on me.
Who had not injured them, and little thought
That I was, they held my liberty
And would coerce me to their cant and rot.

If I but had the poet's soul I lost,
With fire and fury I would meet them now;
In dust and ashes they would pay the cost,
A bounden at receiving blow for blow.

For when I see the earth unpopulated,
The barren fields, the joyless lives of men,
I am filled with that eternal hate
That shall revivify the world again.

Weak as I am, I yet can prophesy;
Like John the Baptist, I can tell of him
Who comes — a hero of this century —
The blossom of the ages old and dim.

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The fruit of all time, greater far than all,
Legionator, creator, and child of song,
Emblazon on the Arrows, at whose call
The verses shall spring to redress the wrong.

Now, if Gordak really had once much greater
poetical powers than he showed in the time of his
productivity, — and this is what we have to assume
from the analogy of other poets, who, especially if
they be of the Gordak type, generally do their best
work while young, — what has the world lost by his
silence in those years? A very great poet certainly.

As to the edition of his complete works of which
I just now spoke, the world can hardly hope to see it.
This sixty-two-page volume goes bet a little way
toward it. Not only is its selection limited in extent,
but it does not represent what is to n — the strongest
side of Gordak's poetry. The verses, as just cited
tell his ideal of what a poet should be. To be sure,
he had another ideal, at least of what he himself in
certain moods would be; and this other is put into the
book, as being altogether appropriate to it:

They tell us we must leave the wood,
The mead, the stream, the hazel glen,
And stir the broth of bad and good
Among the muddy hearts of men;
To be august, superior,
Must sing the song of love and hate,
And pipe the praise of men of war,
And sound the depths of human fate.
Ah, well-a-day! but not for me
The soul-anatomist's great part;
I'd rather watch the bumble bee
Suck honey from the clover's heart.
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Let others strum pathetic tunes
Upon the heart strings of the race,
But I will sing the languid moons
Of summer in a shady place.
The earth is older than the man,
And better loved, the stream is old,
So let me issue the poem's plan
Beside its waters deep and cold.

And yet we have elsewhere — if we have fles of
obscure papers, or a well-selected scrap-book — his
testimony that this latter ideal, even in its limitation
to his personal poetic life, was constantly failing to
satisfy and hold him; and in particular we have "The
Minor Poets," in a tone which cannot be taken as not
meaning what it says:

Those little shivering poets — where are they?
Behind the battlements of caste and gain:
No deep and thrilling chords they dare to play,
For fear they might be called on to explain.

Melodies are they and touched with fire,
But earnest, honest ardor for things great
Persuades them not; they only work for hire,
Like lawyers or the servants of the State.

They'd get just what they ask for and no more —
A little transient praise and dainty fare;
But never will gain a foothold on the Shore
Of Honorable Mention anywhere.

Why, twenty lines of Shelley will outlive
A hundred thousand volumes of their ditty;
Though mightiest as well hold water in a sieve.
As pledge them fame for any length of time.

We need not just now discuss the soundness of this
judgment, or point out that Gordak's description of
the worthless "minor poet" fits conspicuously to
Shakspeare and Homer; we have to face a more
pertinent and more puzzling question. Why was it
that Gordak, when this was his mind, and when he
had printed poems belonging to the class of poetry
that he rated highest, chose to exclude this class from
his collection of poems to be printed for permanence?
How comes it that "Here's Luck to Lo an" contains
the praises of Keats and Morris, and contains
Gordak's poems having the quality of Keats and
Morris, but does not contain this poem with its praise
of Shelley, and does not contain the poems that have
the Shelley quality, though it was to the Shelley
quality alone that Gordak in his soberest mood would
promise immortality.

It may be that his self-criticism was more unsparing
in that which he rated higher; he may have felt that
he had done fairly well in the minor sphere, but fell
too conspicuously short of what was wanted in the
greater poetry. Or it may be that he had heard that
legitimate poetry should aim merely at beauty, and
not be didactic; and he may have felt that, when he
was compiling a volume for publication, and not
giving free poetic expression to his own instinct, he
should conform to what he supposed to be an
accepted canon of taste. Or it may be that he
thought his book would be rejected by publishers,
if it contained Anarchistic matter; possibly he hoped
that this less offensive volume might be the entering
wedge for a different one which he might live to
publish.

But it was not in this minor sphere that he did best.
I have said that this volume contains matter having
the quality of Keats and Morris; and I would have
GORDAK'S POEMS

this understood in its most laudatory sense. There is
matter here that is fully worthy of Keats. If a poem
like "The Thunderstorm" challenges direct com-
parison with James Russell Lowell's "Summer Storm,"
it bears the ordeal perfectly. Take a bit out of the
coming on of Gordak's shower:

And then that love the glory of the storm
Turned with rapt faces to the deepening sky,
Where far-off thunder rumbled low and long;
While ruffled corn, and grass, and woodland sigh,
Thrilled by expectant change, a moment swayed;
Then, lushed in calm, a deeper stillness made.

Now were the westward hills and forests drowned
In rainy mists, and dim to mortal eyes
Grew the white-shining stream and sunlit ground;
But grandeur filled the everlasting skies
A strange and shuddering beauty — as the broad
Black belt bore up that archangelic horde.

The sun went out; low moaned the frightened sea,
And hurried birds skimmed close upon the sand,
And screaming gulls across the foam did flee,
While wildest tumult struck the darkened land;
A mighty wind bore down the sapling oak,
And cracking through the thick-set forest broke.

Both Lowell and Gordak have given us genuine
typical New England thundershowers, yet each shower
is as individual as it is typical. In each one we
recognize the weather of an actual day. And if one
must choose between them, I believe that Gordak's
poem will stand the test of persistent re-reading, and
comparison with its fellow, better than Lowell's will.
But the faults of Gordak's work are most strongly felt
in this poetry that aims purely at beauty. I, for my
part, am willing to pass lightly over his disposition to

coin new words and new syntaxes on slight provocation,
or to treat foreign languages in such fashion as
rhyming "Parisian" with "lens" (which is in this
book), or exclaiming "Festina lente, thoughtless
rulers all" (which is elsewhere): but I should warn
Gordak, if he were still within reach of the warning,
that such things will in general more readily find
pardon in poetry "with a purpose." And, what is
more, Gordak's work in this book has almost nothing
beyond the equivalent of Keats or Morris, or some
other predecessor — oftenest, perhaps, these two. If
we look in these poems for something that nobody but
Gordak could have written, we must rake with a fine-
tooth comb: and we find a scrap like

Nor know where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be fools,

—which is far too slight to be Gordak's best, but it is
pure Gordak — or this:

yet I knew:
The source of pleasure, dreamed it oft,
Stargazing at the depths night-blue,
Or when the rain beat on the loft.

Hail to the common things that be!
The sound of rain upon the roof,
The rose, the wild anemone,
The rhythm of the horse's foot,
The scent of pine forests, clear
Of autumn's tinted foliage,
The smooth and slumberous fields of snow,
Familiar things — man's heritage.

But here, when we begin to find things that no one
but Gordak could have written (and a poet cannot
long survive except by his work that is unique: what
poet does the world honor for the excellence with which he wrote things that the greatest of his predecessors might have written (if we find ourselves getting into what I have called the Shelley quality, which Gorka's poems in general ruled out of this collection.

The quality in Shelley to which Gorka obviously refers in the lines I quoted, and which equally characterizes Gorka's poetry outside of the book "Here's Luck to Lora," is didacticism in a two-fold aspect: it is the use of poetry as a mouthpiece for a philosophic formula of life and as a tool for moving the world to right social wrongs. Shelley's formula of life was determinism. This word did not then exist in English, so Shelley called it by the less definite name Necessity. It was difficult for me to get much poetry out of that. Gorka's formula is the origin of pleasure from racial familiarity: whatever has from of been familiar to the race is a pleasure to the memory of the race. This makes better poetry than determinism. Aside from the passage above, take this from outside the book:

And when the thunder shakes the stead
Down drives the pelting rain,
It fills me with a joyous dread
Forever and again.

And then, O dark-blue night of stars,
The loneliness that never was
Until we knew it! Joy hath come
Upon us with the years.

or this — has any poet ever come nearer to presenting a basis on which Egoist and Altruist could meet? (I do not say that either of them will acknowledge himself willing to meet, of course.)

But it is in his practical didacticism that Gorka has most power over me. It is when he is most in earnest that he means most, and it is when he means most that he says most in a few words. Take this series of samples from a single poem in Liberty:

What? be the gaping peasant of his cell
Wipe words of a querulous chime?
To thrust the woman forward to her fall
The half freed slave to lure and bind again?
To rob the children of their joy and health,
To tempt women of their happiness?
What! be in soft indulgent weal?
This! But no other reason can I guess
Save this — the only answer I can find:
It has not been the custom of my kind.

Superior in virtue, — say it not;
And, if I were, I did not make myself.
Though weaged and riven by the common lot,
I have not coveted another's pelf.
But why? some instinct vague and curious,
Some faint or fortune of my winged strain,
Too dense to solve, too weighty to discuss.
Involves my being; and I say again
To those who wish me otherwise inclined:
It has not been the custom of my kind.

No man can see the light and fail
To follow: none can look afar,
Beholding where the heavens grow pale
The glimmer of the Blazing Star,
Save in his heart begins to burn
Some reflex of that heavenly fire;
He cannot waver, flinch, or burn.
He must advance, he must desire.

The vision of the purely sane;
The fact of happiness — the life
Of health, of temperance, and peace —
The normal desults of strife
And servitude — content, release.
GORDAK’S POEMS

With hearts by custom long grown cold
For what they deem men cannot do,
Who look beyond the bounds
Of habit, and discern the light
Of our Ideal.

Is there another poet known who could have written
these lines? If so, what has his name been?—And
yet, in selecting his poems to be put in permanent
form, the man left this one out!

If Gordak fell a prey to some critic telling him that
the dialectic was not to be included among poetry
proper, I can only rail against the whole tribe of
pedants who try to fence art in by formulas. If that
essay of Macaulay’s in which he lays down the prin-
cipal that poetry is that poetry does, and that, when a
man says “This poem is more pleasing than the other,
but it is less correct,” he ought to say “The principle
by which I have been judging correctness of poetic
structure is an incorrect principle,” could be made a
required part of the high-school course, we should be
rid of much evil. The Greeks knew better. Every
Greek poet of the classic age whose reputation was so
high that any considerable part of his work survives
knew that the highest purpose of his art was to teach;
he wrote from that standpoint, and it did his work
good. Lyric, tragic, comic, elegiac, they are all of
them preaching. The result is that their works are
recognized by the civilized world as the supreme model
of poetic taste.

Now we see people — plenty of them — propounding
a rule of taste which condemns the Greeks. So

LONG AS THIS RULE IS MERELY OFFERED AS A GUIDE IN THE
FORMATION OF TASTE, AND THE PRESERVATION OF WORKS IS
LEFT TO BE DETERMINED BY THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST,
LITTLE HARM IS DONE: FOR THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST HAS
AN ADMIRABLE WAY OF RIDING ROUGH-SHOD OVER FALSE
RULES. BUT, IF SUCH A RULE IS TO DETERMINE WHAT WORKS
SHALL BE PUT INTO A MATERIAL FORM CAPABLE OF SURVIVING,
THEN RAGE IS JUSTIFIED.

I have a strong suspicion, however, that Gordak’s
selection was actually determined by the thought of
what publishers in general might be supposed willing
to print. I am the more confirmed in this suspicion
when I find that in “Venas” he has left off the last
two verses:

The crown of all incarnate bliss;
I saw, as she reclining lay,
The lovelorn lips red ripe to kiss,
Her laughing, lovelorn eyes of gray.
The graceful arms, the Grecian head,
Her sculptured body white and sweet.
The marble mounts where love hath fed.
Her rounded calves and dimpled feet.

And as I gazed upon this scene,
I thought of all the million years
That go to make the women queen
Of Love and of our smiles and tears;
Of by what slow gradation came
This maddening beauty, till to-day
Not to desire seems like shame,
And not to love means life’s decay.

Gordak certainly did not cut this out because it was
contrary to his taste as poetry, for it wasn’t. He may
have cut it out for the sake of getting greater unity,
to be sure. But it locks very possible that he may

I have cut this out, if I may say that this was cut out,
therefore, not because I thought it bad or uncom-
fortable, but because it did not fit the general con-
cept of the book which he was bringing out. Yet it
was good; it was better than many of the poems. I
might have been satisfied if this had been left in.
But it is left out, and I wish it had been left in.

I am not satisfied. I have more or less been
able to make up my mind that I do not like
Brigham Young. I am not satisfied with his
response to the address of the Council.
Yet I do not think that he is any worse
than Brigham. I do not think he
has been brought into that state
that good
have cut it out for fear of offending a publisher, and that the more earnest of his other poems may have been omitted for a like reason. Now, if it be so, see how the whirligig of time brought in its revenges. The book is issued by a publisher who would have been glad to have it contain such matter as he is glad to publish in Liberty; and Gordak is dead, and cannot take advantage of any possible success to compile a second volume; and nobody now alive knows where to find the scattered poems that might belong in the second volume, unless Gordak has kept a set of them and left it in good hands. From this let men learn how foolish it is to aim at something less than the best, on the ground that the something less is more practicable.

Therefore, I end as I began, that Gordak was no judge of his own work. But his work was very good, and any collection of it is welcome.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

I am glad to see that Michael Monahan has been able to revive the "Papyrus." His scoring of Arthur Brisbane, in the first number of the new series, for his responsibility for yellow journalism, is one of the most satisfying things on that subject that I have read. Yet I could not help thinking how many better men than Brisbane have shared in that responsibility. Ernest Crosby was one of these,—a thought which was brought home to me by the fact that the article on Brisbane immediately followed the editorial tribute to that great character.

LIBERTY

THE BUTTER-S-IN

Those who read Liberty of December, 1906, remember the wonderful article by "Fornina," glorifying the "Forty,"—that is, the individual who seeks his pleasure in his own way, regardless of the wishes and example of the crowd. The present article, by the same author and also translated from the "Figaro," is a fitting companion piece, picturing the busybodies who are unwilling that anyone should be an "Forty." The French title, "Les Intempestifs," does not lend itself readily to translation. Literally it means "The Untimely Ones," "The Meddlers" might serve; but my friend, Mr. Emil Péron, has placed me under obligation by suggesting the bit of American slang that meets the case.

They are queer individuals. One knows them well only at his cost and after long experience. Nothing external declares the maleficent genius with which they are endowed. Even their reputation reassures one. People say that they are excellent, and so devoted! . . . Why should one distrust these tranquil personages, whose minds seem open and whose manners are either affable or cordially brusque? On the contrary, they inspire confidence at the start, by their air of conviction which we see, by the settledness of their judgment which we feel. They are certain of a multitude of things . . . They remind one of solid and resisting blocks. They give utterance to reasonable opinions; in case of need, they come to the support of the moral and the aesthetic with advice that is charged with authority; they do not fear the commonplace, but they announce it with so much vigor that it takes on the character of a new and singular truth. In short, they resemble everybody, and
at first sight one cannot discover their strange and
dreadful manner.

To succeed in his career, the Butter-In must, in
addition to the particular gift, possess a certain
ensemble of virtues and weaknesses.

Not every one who wishes can be a butter-in.

First of all, the good butter-in has enormous vital
energy. Then, he must be inexorably persuaded of
his own omnipotence in the moral order; the smallest
doctrine on this point would jeopardize his enterprises.
He must also think himself fitted to govern the world,
restricting the exercise of his faculties to a group out
of pure good grace. Furthermore, his pride, by force
of extension, must have degenerated into altruism;
and, finally, he must be possessed of tireless activity,
imagination, wit, and aiiceté, and a little
stupidity. He must be sufficiently indifferent to his
personal affairs, sufficiently detached from his own
advantages, not to be encumbered when he takes in
hand the affairs of his neighbors and enters into their
adventures. The butter-in who knows his trade gives
—so much does he forget himself! —the illusion of
being consumed by the passion of self-defile. In
truth, he simply obeys his own frantic desire for
damnation. He is not wicked, and he believes himself
to be very good. He thinks himself entitled to the
gratitude of his victims, never gets it, and, as there is
no nonsense about his vanity, is astonished thereat.
Generally, although an optimist by destination, the
Butter-In speaks of men with some bitterness.

There are two sorts of butters-in: the indiscreet
and the subtle.

The indiscreet gives advice generously, even when
not asked for it; criticizes the course that he sees you
following, and shows you the consequences of it;
inquires regarding your intentions, and proves to you
that it is better to change them. He proposes to
meddle with matters which you prefer him to let
alone, offers his recommendation, tries to reconcile
you with one person and embroil you with another,
endeavors to arrange a marriage for you, wants to
take you on a journey and introduce you to people.
He compromises you by immoderate flattery, lowers
you by disparaging your most magnificent enemies,
promises to make money for you, exerts himself to
regulate your affairs and better your situation.
assumes to console you, to instruct you, to guide you,
precisely when you do not wish to be consoled or
instructed, and when you are hungry for independence.

The clumsiness of this intolerable individual is so
irritating that one does not permit him to take too
great advantages. But it is rare that he takes none
at all. So many solicitations, a cordiality so over-
flowing, such an air of disinterestedness, are touching.
One accepts a bit of advice, a shadow of a service:
one delivers a little of himself. Happily the clumsy
haste which the Butter-In shows to invade the
territories thus half opened to him reawakens the
instinct of defence, and one throws him out. He goes
away, full of recollections of the good offices that he
has rendered, or, in their absence, of the intentions
that he had of rendering them. He puts you down
for a mediocre and stupidly vain soot; he despises
you. And, if afterward you suffer some damage, he
takes in, that secret pleasure which even the best of
men feel when they see things turn out badly that
insist on turning out without their aid.

The subtle is infinitely more terrible: one does not
gain rid of him so easily. Sometimes one does not get
rid of him at all!

On one of those days when life is hard to bear,
when one feels the burden of inner solitude, one meets
him. This monster prowling about in search of his
prey is immediately apprised of the momentary
weakness of your heart. Unlike the indiscreet, he
puts no direct questions, he offers nothing: he simply
shows his sympathy by an indirect word, a look. He
gives you to understand that he comprehends, and
that it is in his power to help you. He does not
insist. He has no intention of forcing confidence...
Infamous personage! He lies in ambush, he watches,
he fascinates. He has the air of one utterly without
curiosity. His reserve attracts...

He appears before you like Kipling's box executing the dance
of hunger before the poor innocent monkeys...

Encouraged, half captured, you risk a word somewhat
more precise. The Butter-In's face becomes animated,
and now he interrogates with a warmth that completes
his victory. You confess something of your enmi,
he glides in, insinuates himself, penetrates; it is done,
he has entered into your secret. He surveys your
heart and your life with a sagacious look. In a
minute he has seen all, he knows; he is about to act.
Then, little by little, he reveals himself. He installs
himself, spreads himself, takes up all the room there
is. With an adroit hand he suppresses your liberty,
takes away your right to choose your path, to look
out of the window, to breathe. He intervenes,
decides, reforms and upsets everything, with an
irresistible authority.

The Butter-In is persuaded of these two points:
first, that diseases, entanglements, misfortunes, every
thing untoward that happens to others, happens to
them through their own fault; second, that he has
received from heaven the power to discern, without
possibility of mistake, the proper thing to bring
happiness to each. It irritates him to see so many
people making so poor use of their good opportunities;
he is eager to substitute himself for these bunglers in
order to reestablish order in their lives. He is not a
simple counselor satisfying his taste for useless words;
no, he wishes to be obeyed, and often he is obeyed.

How resist him? He is so well informed about every-
inght! He puts his time, his thought, his influence,
and even his money, at the service of his victims. To
him nothing is too costly that will make him their
master and give him the right to lord it over their
existence. And what force he has, what coldness, what
vigor ever ready to combine, to judge, to decide! His
mind remains supple and free, for these tragedies, these
comedies, into which he thrusts himself, are not his
affairs. Nothing threatens either his skin or his heart.
None of these things concern him. With heroical calm
he orders the most heartrending sacrifices, with
persuasive warmth he impels to the most tiresome
tasks: it is not he that一味 or yawns. He tortures his
victims "for their good," like that Torquemada — the
typical Butter-Inf who put people on the grill to
save their souls.

The Butter-Inf is at home on all subjects. You are
dubbed as the person you are determined to be; you do
not know how care for yourself. Entrust yourself
to him and you will be cured. He inflicts upon you
his doctrine, its essence, its methods. If you are so
unfortunate as not to get better, it is pure perversity
on your part; he gets angry, he reprimands you. He
has given you the means of health; he healthy without
delay, or you will be the worst of ingrates, a hopeless
neurotic who takes pleasure in his morbid manias,
a sad imbecile. The vigorous butter-Inf, who knows
what you need, administers his energy to you with a
care. He humiliates you, amazes you, deprives you
of your power of reaction. He would fill you, so sure
is he of the efficacy of his system.

Are you passing through a sentimental crisis? Here
he is, ready to serve you. Things can be arranged,
they will be arranged; is he not a hand? You have
been betrayed, you are no longer loved, or you are
loved less: you are hurt, doubtful, sad; you still hope,
you are tenderly to forgive . . . God knows what
you would do without the Butter-Inf! But he takes
charge of everything, he will save you from yourself.
He takes too keen an interest in everything that
concerns you to indulge you in weaknesses that later
you would regret. You think the contrary?
Naturally! What do you know about yourself? It is
he that knows your needs, your aspirations, your real
intentions, your sincere desires. The wrong done to
you exacerbates him even more than it wounds you.
You are being treated worse than you think; he

proves it to you. He searches your heart for the
elements of anger that already had begun to scatter;
be reasonable them, and sets fire to them. He cannot
bear that, through cowardice, you should derive a
pretext from the fragments of the happiness
destroyed. If you are not proud enough, he will be
pride for you. He commands, commands, contributes
to them, carries letters, charges himself with messages,
corrects and envmons the words which it is his
mission to repeat, for your dignity is more precious
to him than to yourself. He helps you to bear your
heart out, and goes home glorious and satisfied.

He loves violent situations because they lead to
increase his influence. In his soul there is no avarice;
he wishes to dominate that is all.

Following this idea that no man—except himself—
is capable of choosing his real good, the Butter-Inf aims
to effect a complete change in the existence of his
victims. Hardly any one is satisfied. The Butter-Inf
is convinced of it. Nobody does what he ought to
do! And he gets to work to restore harmony about
him. He urges the novelist to write for the stage, and
the dramatist to go into politics. No sooner does he
enter into the confidence of a desolate widow than he
constrains her to marry again, no matter how, no
matter whom; if only she gives up the idea of follow-
ing the instincts of her heart, he is content. He loves
to turn artistic natures toward sordid instincts, to
counsel those who have a preference for society
to retire to the country to read Montaigne. Workers
who are fond of solitude and silence must participate
in evening gayeties. He hopes to turn aside the
passionate from passion, but he preaches the beauties of love to people of refractory temperament. Never is he content with the ideas that he finds in you. He gives you to understand that every effort made by you to the blessed moment when you first met him was utterly vain. You were in a bad path, you must take another, begin everything again, go elsewhere. Your friends, mistresses, lovers, do not fail to displease him. He disapproves the character of one, the nose of another. And, if this character and this nose, in which you have put your hope, happen to cause you ennui, "I told you so!" cries the Butter-In. For no butter-in was ever wrong!

When docile following of his advice leads to disaster, he is not astonished; you have done what he said, to be sure, but have you done it as he told you to do it? Certainly not! Then . . .

What an inexplicable pleasure these people take in meddling in others' affairs! They derive no profit from it. One fears them, one tries to get rid of them; sometimes one hates them. Unseasonable service, undesired advice, are things not to be forgiven. They have excellent intentions, yet the results of their actions are almost always disastrous. Useless to the strong, they depress the weak by diminishing their sense of responsibility. They lack the suppleness that penetrates to the depths of the feelings, the secret springs of conduct. If they had this suppleness, they would also be acute enough to understand that advice helps nobody, and that you partially destroy another's will by substituting for it your own. But they understand precious little of things essential. These ineffectual

dominate are the dust, the waste, the butchery, of which nature is so prolific in her gropings toward the masterpiece. She finds it necessary to clutter our path with butters in by the thousand before producing a leader of men, or a great queen.

PRE-DARWINIANISM

I can recall no precise parallel to the way in which the world has treated the great principle established by Darwin.—I mean not natural selection, whose scope is still under debate, but the doctrine that species originate by evolution from other species. That the doctrine was hotly debated when new is not surprising. But now we see it accepted without question by all scientific men, while at the same time the impression of the general public is that it is an exploded notion which was talked about for a while but was too absurd ever to get any credit among sensible people. This is the unique thing,—that, in an age of enlightenment, and an age in which the opinion of scientific specialists is accepted as decisive for matters within their specialties (and sometimes outside these), the doctrine that the specialists regard as correct should be well known to the public and yet known only as an exploded folly.

There is a second illogicality which is not quite so unique, but I think it has something to do with the first, nevertheless. This is the way in which even those who accept the doctrine of evolution continue to hold views which have become obsolete by the intro-

* The fact is pointed out well said, for La fée is almost entirely
paragraph.
that observations of nature must be interpreted by
this standard: may, by this standard must their
admissibility as true observations at all be tested.
And Roosevelt avows himself to be following Bur-
roughs as a leader and teacher. Now, Darwin having
lived, it is really inadmissible that men of fair scientific
education should hold such views. They might hold
—if the evidence were not all to the contrary
—that the element of reason in bestial life is always too
small to be perceptible, and likewise the element of
instinct in human life; but they don't seem to restrain
themselves even to such tenets as these. Burroughs's
argument against Long culminates in a demonstration
(only Burroughs fails to draw this particular
conclusion) that you cannot with the help of the whip
teach a dog to sit on its hind legs and beg, or to jump
over a stick. For wild dogs in their state of nature
cannot possibly have any instinct admonishing them
to do such things as to escape a whip; and they
cannot feel the whip as a motive to these actions,
which have on their face nothing to do with a
whipping, except by forming just such an association
of the one thing with the other as Burroughs denies
that a beast can ever form. Such principles might
have been exploded without the help of the evolution-
ary generalization, one would think. Furthermore,
while I do not know that Burroughs and Roosevelt
exactly deny that beasts of the same species have
notable individual differences in temperament, or
intelligence, or instinct, or habits, or whatever may,
according to Burroughs, determine a beast’s way of
acting, and that the observation of the exceptional
beast is as instructive and profitable (especially if that beast seems to stand above his fellows) as that of the ordinary beast, yet Long is certainly right in saying that they do not give sufficient practical weight to these considerations; and this also is because they have not learned Darwin's lesson thoroughly enough to realize the importance of variations in biology.

The sum of the matter is this. Long teaches (whether he exemplifies it or not, most folks have no opportunity to see) the right and scientific method and standpoint for the observation of nature; consequently his books are the right thing for the children. Burroughs teaches and exemplifies the false and un-scientific method, whereby you cook the observations to make them square with a preconceived notion, and a mistaken notion at that. Burroughs's science is under the heel of headless ideas which continue active because they are not conscious that they are dead. And Roosevelt is a ramification of Burroughs.

It is pre-Darwinianism, again, when C. E. S. Wood, in the April number of Liberty, says that the hatred of serpents originates from the book of Genesis. A student of sociology in our day ought to know that the hatred and horror of snakes is common to men and monkeys, and is more intense in monkeys than in men; wherefore it is an inheritance from a common ancestry more ancient than any date assigned to Genesis, or even to Eden. When our ancestors lived in trees, out of the way of wolves and crocodiles, they had to fear only three important animal enemies—the snake tribe, the cat tribe, and the insects that carry contagious diseases. Therefore it was highly valuable to them if they, or any of them, had the quality, well known still to exist in a few men and women, of being unable to have rest, or comfort, or quietness, so long as a cat is anywhere near, even though the cat be not perceptible by any of the ordinary senses.

Likewise, it was valuable to them to have a snake without stopping to think why; and one need not be kept from recognizing the naturalness of this antipathy by the fact that to the snake, as well as to the cat, many persons (of whom I am one) feel no antipathy whatever. The hatred of the snake is also reinforced by the general hatred of the strong for any creature which is at once weak and dangerous, especially if it strikes when you did not see that an enemy was near. (This last observation is especially commended to the attention of those who approve or palliate the policy of assassination and terrorism. However justifiable the actions of the rattle-snake may be, however good may have been Franklin's arguments in favor of it as a more honorable emblem for the United States than the bald eagle, we know what treatment it gets, and we know that its fight is a losing one. Those who choose to make themselves the rattlesnakes and copperheads of society must expect, by all analogy of history, that they will be treated as such; and a rattlesnake is not so treated as to facilitate the snake's getting what it wants. Also, creatures that are classified in the same group with rattlesnakes, or are thought to resemble them, receive the same treatment: a fact which is of no advantage either to them—or to the rattle-
view of its authority. The records in Genesis are not drawn up for the purpose of inculcating a course of life which is to be followed, but for the purpose of showing things that are already extant. Hence, when we find a certain rule or condition of Genesis as proper, this proves, not that the book is a source of the rule, but that the rule is older than the book.

Since I am on Wood, let me turn aside from pre-Darwinianism long enough to remark that Wood, on the other side of the continent, did not get the whole of the report he quotes about Father Teeling, of Lynn. According to the Boston papers, the Lynn priest not only ruled that women must not appear in his church bareheaded, but also declared it to be indecent (though not within his power to stop) that women should go bareheaded on the street; and for this also he quoted the same text in Corinthians as authority. But the text in Corinthians declares that it is indecent for a man to have his head covered under the given circumstances, just as plainly as it declares that it is indecent under the same circumstances for a woman to have her's bare. Wherefore, if this applies to walking on the street, it follows that it is indecent for Father Teeling to go out on the street with a hat on, and the police ought probably to run him in if he does so; and likewise any other man.

Q. E. D.

To come back to my text, it is pre-Darwinianism again when people say that all a man's actions are motivated by the desire for happiness. The assertion that this is the best and most rational motive in every case is an assertion to which no science except ethics
or theology can make any objection; but the assertion that no other motive is extant is an assertion which ought to become conscious that it is dead since Darwin has lived. It is the sign of a brain that has not yet learned to look at the universe from an evolutionary standpoint. If the structure of man's mind were of mysterious and unfathomed origin, the bringing all his acts under a single motive would not merely be admissible along with the rest of the mystery, but would even seem to diminish the mystery by the simplicity of the formula. But, if man's mind has come to be what it is by the progressive inheritance of such variations as are useful to the species, then it is supremely improbable that this process has given only one sort of impulse for all actions, the regular and the occasional, the essential and the non-essential, the urgent and the postponible. Just as there is reason as well as instinct in animals, so there is instinct as well as reason in man. Pleasure and pain are not two sides of the same thing (and they do not even seem to be, except when a theorist is trying to simplify his theory by bringing everything under one hat), but totally disparate impulses which are appropriate to different purposes, the one to those acts which merely had better be done sometime, the other to those acts which have to be done now. But some of the most urgent acts of all, such as the avoidance of a recognized danger of death, are entrusted not even to pain, but to an automatic and unreflecting impulse which is surer and prompter in its action than pain itself. Again, when a course of action is once begun, it is taken charge of by the nerve-saving impulse to keep on: and the man not only goes on walking or running or hoeing, but even turns corners and throws out stones and starts again after stepping, without constantly thinking of any desire connected with the walking or running or hoeing. I do not consider that this is all: I think that I could find still other disparate motives without going into the sphere of ethics as commonly understood: and I think that there are altruistic motives (I use the plural deliberately, meaning to imply more than one type of motives not reducible the one to the other) which are as distinguishable from the pleasure or pain of sympathy as they are from the calculation of an expected cash profit to accrue to me from my neighbor's prosperity. But, even if this were demonstrated to be false, and if all motives alleged to be moral or altruistic were successfully reduced to the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain, it would still remain true that neither pleasure nor pain, nor the two together, constitute the sole non-moral motive from which men act.

Steven T. Byington.

The German vice-chancellor is preparing a scheme for the maintenance of persons out of work while they are seeking employment. When this scheme gets into operation, the trade of seeking employment will be followed with an astonishing persistency. In that trade the open shop will prevail, and there will be no danger of strikes.
UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

In the outlook of Anarchy, conceived of as the mother of order, an international Peace Congress ought to be about the best thing anywhere in sight. Because all the ends of order are peace, and the sure result of peace must be order. It makes little difference which end foremost the object is presented—whether the Anarchy end or the Peace end; if we see one coming, we know what must be following. When the woman passenger asked the conductor of the trolley car whether she should go to the front end or the rear end of the car to alight on reaching her street, he said: "It don't make any differ, lady; both ends gets there." Peace and Anarchy, meaning order, sustain the relation of the two ends of the car, and, as remarked, either end foremost suits. And, just as naturally as Peace and Anarchy come and go together, so War and the State united stand, or divided fall and are counted out. Real peace has not subsisted since there were two armed governments on earth. There has been that which was called peace—the peace humorously proclaimed in the Thanksgiving order, the message to congress, and the speech from the throne—which, however, is not peace, but a brief cessation of hostilities. It is a rest after the last war, said rest being confined to the combatants and their assigns who are deceased; and it is otherwise a period of preparation for a future war, made at the expense of the joyous survivors.

If peace waits on the reduction of the function of government to the performance of police duty, religion, or the church, will have to go. The original purpose of the State was to protect and enforce some form of worship. I believe that the government of Spain, and perhaps of some other European countries, has no excuse to exist except the maintenance of faith. This government of the United States is reputed to be the first one ever set up with any other object in view. Some of the men instrumental in outlining its original policy had the delusion that the people could be governed—that is, held politically subject—otherwise than through their superstitions. Their successors are correcting the error as fast as they can by converting the State to the uses of the church. And anybody is blind who cannot see that imperialism, or the policy of annexation, is the same thing as the Christian missionary business. It is the "overflowing fountain," as Christianity is defined by Mr. Bryan, who himself slops over perpetually.

Only a few know about the identity, here affirmed, of Peace and Anarchy. And what else could you expect when Anarchy is presented, judged, and condemned as another sort of government that varies the conventional way of administering justice by starting with the execution instead of with accusation and trial. That is not Anarchy; it is "unwritten law." As I would define the Anarchistic philosophy, it is not the personal bumping off of an individual ruler, but rather the taking away of the thing he rules with. The
force. Anarchist is a Protestant blowing up the pope or a cardinal by means of some high explosive hove next to him in the shape of a bomb, whereas the peace. Anarchist, as I understand his method, would be a denier of sacrificing unbelief as his propaganda and withholding his tithes to make the deed jump with the word.

So peace is a matter of not putting any belief, or money, into a government that manifests mainly through armies and navies. There is no peace sentiment about building warships and forts witherwith to defy the powers. A few weeks ago, when murders by Italians got more frequent than comported with the safety of the police, the policy of disarmament was adopted, and so far enforced that not a policeman has been killed since. Considering the restricted scope of the reform, and who gets the benefit of it, this is not so good an illustration of the point as I would like to give, but it at least proves the birth of the idea that the first step toward peace is to give up the gun.

The government of Italy has demanded of the Hague conference that a delegate from Cuba or from a Central American State (the accounts name both places) shall be pushed out of its councils because he is a condemned Anarchist and an exile from King Victor Emmanuel's realm. If this chap is an Anarchist proper, and not one of those unofficial executrices or unwritten-law fellows, he is exactly the delegate who can tell the peace conference where they will have to stand to see the peace band-wagon come up. Of course, if they don't want peace so much as they want to govern their fellow-man, they don't have to have it, and will not follow his advice.

How does it happen that a man who derives the one great satisfaction of his life from gazing at himself in a looking-glass, by his own volition, will avert his face, side-step the reflection, and go up in the air if somebody else holds the mirror before him? When the act, in one case, brings to his countenance an expression of perfect self-complacency, it seems strange that, in the other case, the effect on him should be so different that it amounts to an annoyance, under which he may knock the glass aside hard enough to break it, or maybe smash the person who has it in his hands. Leave him alone with a looking-glass, and it is likely to waste time viewing himself in a variety of postures, and will even distort his features and still find them fascinating; but lead him unsuspectingly before the glass, and you must be twice as strong as he is to hold him there. He can see therein nothing but himself; nevertheless he would show more pleasure standing in front of and inspecting a cage of monkeys.

The freakishness of a human being in this respect explains the resentment shown by some writers who were quoted in the May number of Liberty. Not having this freakishness in mind, I had carelessly, and impertinently as I am aware, sprung the looking-glass on my Jewish fellow-citizens. It cannot be claimed that the reflection showed a single one of them any detail of himself that he had not examined and lamented or admired a thousand times, and all of them are those who represent others, and complain because the body they entered is not exactly who they are not. Their remarks are not pretentious, but they are not too pretentious either. Nothing more is required of them, and, except for the given name, they are set down during the mists of atmosphere.
UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

them are aware of the fact. As I pointed out nothing reprehensible or unpraiseworthy, they could not fairly complain that they had been misrepresented, and they took the course that any lawyer would approve. They entered a demurrer, which means that the facts stated are not sufficient to constitute a good cause of action. Their replies bulk large, because the writers are sophisticated rhetoricians, as Disraeli said; and the rest of their answer is surging to get out of range of the mirror. All this was natural. What else could they do, and how could the editor of Liberty have made a better application of "Much Ado About Nothing" than when he used it as a heading for their remarks?

I am disappointed and mortified beyond telling; and, except for the brilliant essay the affair has given me a chance to write on the strange behavior of the man before the glass, I should, on the whole, set down the reception of my Judenfrage piece as a frost. Not a feature of it came out clear in the atmosphere of the East Side. The critics missed the purpose, they missed the point, they missed the "spirit" of it; and then, just to be consistent, they overlooked my name at the end. They did not understand what had been written, or who wrote it.

Controversy on the merits of the Jews is not for me. They appear to be all right, and in a discussion I am convinced that the other fellow has no show. I have about the same high regard for an anti-Semite or Jew-baiter as for an anti-Japanese hoodlum; but I still think that the Jews are relatively a commercial people, and am feeling sore because the replies made to my

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inquiry are so vague and indirect. I asked whether any Jews are Socialists, and, if so, what they expected to gain by a change to a system that promises to do away with commercialism; and I am not a thought the wiser for being told in response that Mr. Tucker is an anti-Semitic.

The way to dispose of a question is to give an answer to it or to let it alone. On the Fourth of July a speaker at the celebration in Paris appealed to the reflective faculties of his hearers by inquiring: "Do married men make the best husbands?" His audience only laughed. Now, to laugh is better than to get red-headed; but neither is an answer. The speaker asked: "Do married men make the best husbands?" and the question is: Do they?

In a back number of Liberty the prophecy was risked by the writer that the government would enlarge its supervision over offspring born to us, and that the fruit of our loins would be picked by the State for superior purposes earlier than it is now for purposes of education. The day looked to be coming this way when children would be delivered directly into the hands of public officials trained to catch them on the fly. I did not expect any confirmation of that view this year or next. I was forecasting at long range. Like other prophecies that are forgotten unless some event happens to fit them, this one was on the point of escaping my recollection, when Mr. Roosevelt passed out a promise to an assemblage of Indiana agriculturists, on Decoration Day, that might have been prompted by the same unbidden
thought: for the president then and there proclaimed an eight hour day for farmers’ wives, outlined a system of instruction for the men, and said that the government, through the agricultural, department, proposed to dry-nurse the children, who were the best crop the farmers could raise. That is about what I said would be the next move. And now will the newspaper editors go on fooling themselves with the idea that, while Roosevelt directs the policy of the government, there is no forecasting what its next move will be; or will they read Liberty and get wise?

Mr. Roosevelt added a detail that somehow or other I missed. He says that first aid to parents will be extended through the department of agriculture. It is a relief to know the worst. He might have created a new cabinet officer, and called him the Secretary of Eugenics (formerly Lucifer); or, seeing only the obvious, he could have claimed that the supervision of marriages and births properly belonged to the department of commerce and labor; but the question is settled, and settled right. His attitude heretofore toward improvement of the human race by artificial selection shows that he approves its classification as “barnyard ethics”; and a department of agriculture stepping about the barnyards of our land would furnish an inspiring sight not to be too frequently repeated. The observations there taken would fortify the members to go into the house and give improving advice. After the administration has shortened the working day of farmers’ wives to eight hours, it might take up the problem of bringing births nearer together. Many perfectly-developed and robust infants have appeared in half a year or so after the marriage of the parents. If this can be accomplished in the case of the first child, it is the duty of the agricultural department to find out why future additions to the family do not show the same expedition. Great glory awaits this department as the brains, backbone, and so on, of the republic.

Last his words escape the eye of those who can best appreciate them. I will briefly quote from a recent speech by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University. Dr. Wilson recklessly spoke as follows:

There can be no liberty, if the individual is not free; there is no such thing as corporate liberty. There is no other possible formula for a free government than this: that the laws must deal with individuals, allowing them to choose their own lives under a definite personal responsibility to a common government set over them, and that government must regulate, not as a superintendent does, but as a judge does; it must not direct.

The words which I have enclosed in brackets are surplusage, like the pious “under God” in Lincoln’s Gettysburg speech and the second clause of Spencer’s definition of rights. Dr. Wilson might as well have omitted the governmental note, and let the individual answer to other individuals for his abuse of freedom, which abuse is termed “invasion”—a good word, not to be used so often as to get worn out, or lose the freshness of its bloom, or sink into the vocabulary of cant. An interesting lot of conclusions follow the negation of the government’s function to “direct.” I ask Dr. Wilson if he has considered the bearings of his proposition on the appointment of official ghostly
advisers called chaplains: on the rules and regulations of the post office as to the kind of thought it will concede to transmit: on the “duties” of the various federal departments, bureaus, and commissions: on divorce laws, Sunday laws, anti-vice laws, prohibition, proclamations, executive orders, messages to congress, and magazine interviews on nature-fakirs. These are all directive, supervisory, oratory, and indicate government by impulse. The notions of the president of Princeton are hopelessly primitive. They are those of a man who has not framed up government as a Sunday-school teaching pickpocket and burglar, who will operate with chosen pals, but will permit no individual competition.

The most hilarious note on the exposure and conviction of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco is of course to be found in one of Hearst’s papers. “All the communities of this continent,” says the “American,” “will share San Francisco’s elation in the final triumph of the people over graft and dishonor.” The triumph of “the people” is pretty good. The people had their “triumph” all right, but it was not in the downfall of the grafters: it was in their election to office. This incident should be recorded right.

When expositors of graft got after Schmitz, the people held great indignation meetings addressed by their representatives and by Father Yorke, the people’s priest, at which the mayor’s detractors were exhibited as thwarters of the popular will. It would be the prudent course to ascertain the feelings and temper of the “common people” of San Francisco before offering...
under a rule of such an absurd law, the package doesn't get. You have recourse to no process, and wonder why petty larceny was ever made a crime.

The superior wholesomeness and gravity of sinners as compared with saints has always been noticed. That the cheerful one should stand straight and live long, while the serious and overrighteous man gets round shouldered and peters out, supposed to be due to divine mercy, which would give the wicked time to repent. Some other explanation is needed. The chap in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" strolling under a bundle of sins is not true to life. I talked with a man who had all of the moralities at his tongue's end, and who was admirable in every way except that he provoked in you a desire to kick him. He knew what the conduct of every person should be, and the burden of his speech was "A man ought to," or "It ain't right for a man to," and "I always make it a rule." He had practised all good precepts from his youth up, and bore only the sins imputed from the fall of Adam. But these he deemed a heavy load. And he was getting aged and bald and narrow-chested and shrunk, and tired and uncommunicative except when some folly of his fellow man stirred him to utter a groan. "It seems to me," he said one day, "as if it was about impossible for a man to live up to his knowledge of what is pleasing in the sight of God." He was worrying himself thin over that. I looked at him attentively, and recalled the lines of the hymn:

And I said to him, "No, you're against it, me friend, but it is your business, and not mine. I haven't yet decided, and I have ten years to think of it."

I have often thought that such a trial of men, such a promise of marriage, if she is to be endowed as I think she is, makes the whole universe eligible for it. But I have love and sympathy and I must share..."
And I have a criticism to pass on the course chosen by that New York woman who, having entered into a trial engagement with a man, sued him for breach of promise when he terminated the arrangement without marrying her. The law gives her that right, and, as she is bound to support and obey the law, she is entitled to any benefit she can derive by appealing to it. But the law is a cold proposition to bring into a love affair. It penury can repress the noble rage of a poet, and freeze the genial marrow of his soul, not less must a lawsuit refrigerate the lover. The legal ceremony, taken seriously, chills more or less the parties to a marriage; a wedding by order of the court would be arctic. For my own part, I doubt and suspect the utter abandonment of a love that waits on marriage settlements; and the affection whose yearn will be satisfied with possessing its object or three thousand dollars in lieu thereof cannot be the real thing by a wide lot. Engaged persons expect, and promise when they marry, to love each other forever. But, if it falls out

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that one party does not want to marry, the other will hate him so heartily inside of six weeks as to sue him at the law and penalize him to the limit. It looks unreasonable. Damages for breach of promise are founded on neither good sense nor experience. In the first place, as many engagements turn out happily when they are broken as when they are kept; and, while a man may disappoint a woman some if he does not marry her, the chances are in favor of his disappointing her a good deal worse if he does. I am satisfied that marriage would oftener prove a success, and wedded happiness be vastly increased, if husbands never did their wives any greater unkindness than not marrying them.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

Young brother, young sister, with the uplift gaze,
Would you follow the new vision, live the new life?
Have you conceived an ideal beyond old creeds and customs?
Does it call you? Would you follow? Count the cost!
Has poverty no terrors for you?
Can you be driven from shelter to shelter till “home” is an empty name,
And can you still be true?
Can you hunger while prostitution feasts and flourishes,
And keep your genius pure?
Have you reckoned with the world’s scorn, and counted it as naught?
Can you discount the averted gaze where once shone welcome?
Still I say to you—Count the cost!
Do you know the price you shall pay for your freedom?
A sword shall sever you from kindred, friends, lovers.
Not one who is not of the new, not one of the old can hold you or be held.
One by one you shall sacrifice them on the altar of your progress,
UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

In a land where pain burns through, your heart shall cry out to you for cruelty. Your tears shed with pity, but they will never understand. The reproach in their eyes shall haunt your sweetest joys, And your secret triumphs shall ring with their deceit.

They whom you love, love, love:
Can you pay for your progress the price of their pain?
Their joy, oh, but—and die, still going on!
For your soul never expire!

But you shall gain: Strength that grows by resistance, power that is born of purpose;
A deeper insight, a clearer understanding, a greater love.
And here and there, along steep hillsides, beside yawning chasms,
A warm hand shall clasp yours,
Clear eyes shall look into yours with the look that knows and responds.

And you shall claim comrades, yours, your own!
You may not keep them with you, but you shall know That somewhere on the pathway they too are climbing, They too are pursuing the dream and the vision.
And in you shall be born a living, leaping Hope that into the life and the yearning,
Into the world's weariness and woe, A new light shall dawn, a new day shall break;
That, whether you stand or fall, the world shall grow by your striving;
That slowly, but with onward sweep of endeavor, On into Freedom and Joy life, the World is advancing.

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